



JUNE 1977

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 127



Original Switzer's Camp—circa 1886.—*Pasadena Historical Society*

SWITZER'S: GENIAL RESORT OF THE OLD SIERRA MADRE

By JOHN W. ROBINSON

Before the Angeles Crest Highway and other surfaced roads penetrated into the heart of the San Gabriel Mountains, hiking was a favorite sport. Multitudes of lowland residents, young and old alike, enjoyed weekends and holidays rambling over the range. Trails vibrated to the busy tramp of boots and the merry singing of outdoor enthusiasts. Campfires flickered at night along countless streams and on forested benches. The Great Hiking Era was in full swing.

To offer food and lodging to this mass of weekend hikers, trail resorts sprang up along the

main footpaths and in shady nooks deep in the mountains. Rates were reasonable — overnight accommodations seldom cost more than a dollar per night, and meals were cheap. With lodging and food readily available, the hikers could travel light — no need for a heavy knapsack and bedroll.

The first, and for years the most popular of these trail camps, was Switzer's, located deep in the tangled greenery of the Arroyo Seco. The mountain resort was the idea of one Perry Switzer, a middle-aged Los Angeles carpenter

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

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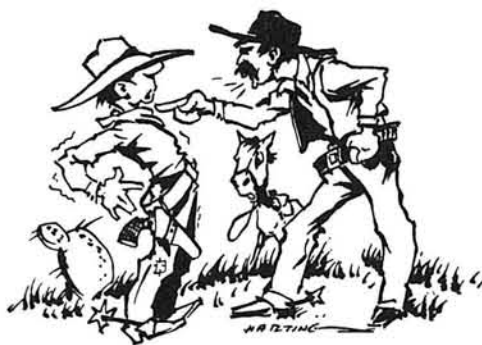
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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1500 words
or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.
Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

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Los Angeles Corral



The Foreman Sez . . .

Surprise! Most of the time I am too damn busy to write anything for this column. It probably isn't read anyway, so why bother? It is about all I can do to keep the *Branding Iron* on time, let alone create a few choice words in this spot. Creating each issue of our quarterly is really no big deal at all, except when you have little on paper to fill in the blank spots. I feel more like a dentist than editor, as I have become a great puller of articles from a most unproductive Corral.

After seven years at the wheel of this organ I am going to turn in my chips shortly. I have wanted to dump this job for a long long time, but there wasn't a sole to fill my shoes until Ernie Marquez came along. Sad, but true. The only members of the Corral with any graphic sense at all are Paul Bailey, Art Clark, and Robert Weinstein, but every one of these gentlemen have given so much of their time over the years one could not ask them to take over the *Branding Iron*. Paul Bailey, for example, was editor for years and certainly would not like to spend his "Golden Years" at this thankless job.

Yes I know, Tony Lehman is my fellow helper or assistant editor if you wish to brand him that, but he has told me over and over, that he quits when I do and he certainly does not want my job. I can understand that.

Ernie Marquez is a graphic designer in his own right and I am sure in a year or so will do wonders with the *Branding Iron*, or maybe he will become a dentist too? At present I am afraid I have little legacy to leave him.

I am glad there is no regular meeting during the month of June. In fact Paul Bailey and I will not even be at the Fandango. We will be aboard the big bird bound for Oklahoma City and the 25th Anniversary

gathering of the Western Writers of America. Many of our meetings and events will be held in the famous Cowboy Hall of Fame and certainly looking forward to it.

My reason for not wishing to attend a June meeting of the "Westerner Supper Club" is to avoid all the questions I receive as I come in the door. Instead of a nice greeting all I hear is "How come the *Branding Iron* is late? When will we get it." Then someone else will question "Where is the blasted *Brand Book*, I sent an article in for that a year ago and want to see it in print."

Of course many of these questions always come from the non-producers and the Los Angeles Corral is composed of many of those. Their claim to fame is polishing the knife and fork, then swallowing a gallon of wine and falling asleep in the speakers face. Sad, but true.

Yes the June *Branding Iron* is late. Why? Well I just spent about 62 hours of my free time laying out the blasted *Brand Book*. Not that it is tricky in layout, it just takes that amount of time to design the blasted thing. I know for sure that Tony Lehman, as your editor, has had his eyes opened as to the amount of work involved in the production of this issue. The editing, the acquisition of illustrations, the typesetting and proofreading, the checking layouts, the writing of captions, working up the final paste up for the printer. All this takes hours and hours of people's free time, minutes they would rather place in their own hobbies and interests.

With all this additional effort on my part it has been difficult to do both *Branding Iron* and *Brand Book*. A twig had to bend somewhere and it was the June issue.

Now that summer is with us, why not do a bit of research and put it down on paper. Why not build a backlog of articles for your editor to be: I am sure he would enjoy working with a selection rather than having to make up a bunch of stuff as I have done in the past. Try writing instead of plunking down in that big easy chair and watching the dull summer re-runs. It might bring back memories of all the things you learned in school.



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

MARCH

Bill Lorenz brought to us a bit of history and tales of life and development along the California-Baja border. As a former resident of the Imperial Valley, he told of bringing water to this arid wasteland and the creation of a veritable garden spot on both sides of the border. He finished his program with a water project film which showed the building and maintenance of the water canal system.



Scene at the March meeting with (from the left) Deputy Sheriff Holland, speaker Bill Lorenz, and Sheriff Tolford.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph
APRIL

Corresponding Member Dean Combs presented us with a delightful evening on April 13. His subject was "Wire That Fenced the West: The Story of Barbed Wire." Not only did he present a history of fencing which lead up to barbed wire, but showed all kinds of examples by means of slide projection. Two inventions brought about the end of different eras in the old West. One was the repeating rifle, the effect of which we already know; the other was barbwire, the effect of which was not only dramatic but traumatic. As Combs showed, it was simply fence wire with barbs

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on it, the commonest designs consisting of two wires twisted together with the barbs themselves twisted a number of times and in various ways around the wire. Within a decade of its introduction in the 1870's, it changed the character of the wide-open ranges of the West.



Barbed wire authority Dean Combs flanked by Deputy Holland and Sheriff Tolford.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph

MAY

Dr. Drury, a long time member of the Los Angeles Corral presented an electrifying story of "Lawyer: Head Chief of the Nez Perce, 1848-1876, and the background for the Chief Joseph War of 1877." This story of Chief Lawyer, as he was called, unfolded for those in attendance some of the events leading to the Chief Joseph uprising of 1877, the centennial of which is being observed in 1977. Drury, an authority on the early settlers of the Pacific Northwest, extracted some of this choice material from his forthcoming book to be published this winter in which Lawyer will receive the recognition he deserved in maintaining peace between the Indians and the settlers.



Photograph of May speaker Clifford M. Drury.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph

JUNE

The annual Fandango was held at the Flintridge Sacred Heart Academy in Pasadena. Dr. Gloria Lothrop was the guest speaker and she told about the missionaries, madams and the mavericks in her topic "A Portrait of Pioneer Women of the West."



Corral Chips

Corresponding Member *Katherine Ainsworth* addresses a combined dinner meeting of the California Historical Society and the Historical Society of Southern California on the topic "History and Me." A few days later, carrying a bouquet of fragrant red roses, she rides as honorary grand marshal in the Monrovia Day Parade.

Also acting in the role of grand marshal is *Iron Eyes Cody*, resplendent in Indian garb for the parade in Monterey Park.

The Chicago Corral of the Westerners elects C. M. *Roger Henn* for a second term as Sheriff.

The annual spring meeting of the Associated Historical Societies of Los Angeles County is attended by numerous members of our Corral: *Everett Hager, Dutch Holland, Walt Wheelock, Ray Wood*; Associate Members *Bill Burkhart* and *Ernie Marquez*; along with Corresponding Members *Anna Marie Hager, Marie Harrington, Peggy Cassidy*, and *Q. E. Burkhart*.

Associate Member *Earl Nation* enlightens the Zamorano Club regarding his notable ancestor in a talk on "Carrie Nation, Your Loving Home Defender."

The San Fernando Valley Historical Society features two Westerners in a row at its monthly meetings. *Ward DeWitt*, introduced by the Society's president *Dwight Cushman*, gives an address on "Travelling the Overland Route with the Prairie Schooner Lady," and is

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SWITZER'S ...

and builder. Grubstaked by a well-heeled friend named Harvey Walker, Switzer, in the spring of 1884, built a rough trail nine miles up the Arroyo Seco to a little forested bench just above an 80-foot waterfall, and here erected a tent camp for hikers and horseback riders. He was joined by Bob and Liz Waterman of Pasadena in managing the hostelry. Room and board was offered for \$1.50 per day. Advertisements in Los Angeles and Pasadena newspapers soon brought in many guests, sometimes more than Switzer could conveniently handle.

John Muir described Switzer's Camp in his *Picturesque California*, published in 1887: "Switzer's Camp is made in a sheltered nook on the main stream of the Arroyo Seco. A central log cabin with its stove chimney is the common sitting room, around which are the other cabins and tents. An old-fashioned Dutch oven adds interest to the scene, and the sweetest of brown loaves and the brownest of baked beans issue from its capacious depths. Here one may sleep on a bed of fragrant fir branches while the Arroyo sings over its rocky bed, and awake in a heaven of sylvan music made up of robin trills, the notes of linnets and finches, and sharper squirrel chirps strangely co-mingling."

Three times a week the stage ran from Pasadena to Las Casitas, just above the canyon entrance. From this stage stop a guest had his choice of a "shank's mare" or riding the back of a temperamental burro for the eight miles, sixty stream crossings, and endless zigzags to the rustic resort in the wilderness setting. Switzer was humorously dubbed "The Commodore" for his fleet of burros that navigated the tortuous Arroyo Seco trail.

As guests approached the camp, they found a cowhorn dangling from a manzanita bush with printed instructions to issue forth a blast for each hungry visitor. The cook, hearing the horn and the count, began to prepare the grub. Trout dinners were a regular feature on the menu.

The daily activity at Switzer's Camp included the choice of loafing in a hammock, fishing, or hiking along any of several trails built by Switzer and Waterman to nearby points of interest. Frank Coleman of Pasadena, who made the trip to the resort in 1888, recalled that Switzer often led trail trips himself. A favorite jaunt was the airy scramble up Strawberry Peak. Coleman remembered Switzer as "a kind-hearted, easy going Missourian who led visitors over the mountain trails on his pinto pony. He always carried a Winchester rifle across the saddle. When asked



PERRY SWITZER

Founder of Switzer's Resort in the Arroyo Seco—circa 1884.

—Pasadena Historical Society

why, he replied, 'We might meet a critter!' "

The "critters" were wild grizzly bears. One mammoth silvertip bear entered camp one night and killed a burro. Bob Waterman once killed a grizzly cub not far from camp; that night the guests enjoyed a 60-pound bear roast. Fortunately, most grizzlies kept their distance from the camp.

The friendly hospitality of Commodore Switzer and the Watermans attracted thousands of Southern Californians to the wilderness camp throughout the late 1880's and into the 1890's. However, the resort was not a financial success. Some years Switzer barely broke even, and other years red ink showed on the ledger sheets. In the early 1890's Walker died, and the pressure to end the financial drain on his estate was applied by the benefactor's heirs. In 1894, Switzer, in failing health, left his camp to live with a nephew. He never returned to his revered Arroyo Seco.

The ax finally fell on the resort during the disastrous forest fire of 1896. The holocaust devastated much of the Arroyo Seco watershed and damaged the camp. The destruction was so



The famous Rock Room at Switzer-Land.

extensive that Switzer's Camp was abandoned. For the next nine years it lay empty, save for visits by weekend hikers.

In 1905 Switzer's came to life once again. Clarence Martin, one of the Mount Wilson owners, rebuilt and managed the camp with the help of a man named Brainard. It was during this period that the Great Hiking Era was at its peak, and it was primarily the multitudes of mountain hikers that kept Martin in business.

By 1911, Switzer's was just one of many trail camps that catered to hikers in the San Gabriels. It remained for the next owner, Lloyd B. Austin, to make Switzer's *THE* number one resort in the range.

Austin, a Minnesota farmer with deep religious convictions, was at the time a director of the Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. One fall weekend in 1911 he hiked up the Arroyo Seco and became fascinated with the verdant beauty of the canyon. Borrowing from friends, Lloyd Austin, his wife Bertha and their four young children bade farewell to city life and took possession of the struggling resort. For Austin, his new home in God's wilderness was testimony to the proverb "Life begins at 40" — his age when he assumed control of the resort in January 1912. It took only a few years for the Austins to transform Switzer's into a thriving mountain hostelry.

The famed Rock Room, a large boulder and log building with rustic spruce furniture and a fireplace banked against a huge rock, was built first. Small cabins replaced the tents at appropriate intervals under the great live oaks and spruces. Before long the camp's capacity

reached 185, but it was not unusual to find at least 400 weekend visitors on the grounds, many sleeping outdoors on cots or in sleeping bags. Hanging above the footbridge at the camp entrance was a sign reading: LEAVE YOUR CARES AND ANIMALS THIS SIDE OF THE STREAM. Another sign over the lodge read: THE AUSTIN HOME . . . AND YOURS.

While life at Switzer's was casual, Austin wanted his guests to have the opportunity of a variety of experiences. He added a tennis court, a croquet court, a well-stocked library and a children's playground. An open air dance floor provided a "Switzer Saturday Night" for the younger generation.

At first Austin called his rebuilt resort "Camp Losadena," but the name failed to catch on with those who had long known it as Switzer's. The name was then changed to "Switzer-land," and it was known by this designation for 24 years — as long as the Austins lived there.

If ever a resort was molded by the warmth and personality of its owners, Switzer-land certainly was. The enthusiastic Austin hospitality made it the favorite spot for Southern California outdoor lovers. Guests flocked in from all over the Southland — school classes, church groups, Boy Scouts, college fraternities, families, and a fair share of celebrities. Among those signing the guest register were Henry Ford, Shirley Temple, Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable. It was said that Austin's resort lured a special brand of mountain enthusiast. An advertising brochure for the camp read: "Switzer-landers are people you like, genuine friends of the mountains, who prefer khaki to

silk, and care more for nature than noise."

Austin's most satisfying achievement was the building of a miniature Christ Chapel, perched precariously on a cliff 200 feet above the falls. The idea of erecting a place of worship in the canyon had long been with Austin. "Creeds didn't matter, they might be as varied as faces," Austin wrote later in his autobiography, "But 'Faith of Our Fathers' was for me as indigenous in the canyon as it had been on the farm. . . . Men are brothers when they pray."

Around 1920 a chapel building fund was started. It had a modest beginning, with nickels and dimes contributed out of pocket by guests who liked the idea. One day a businessman contributed \$100. Sights were raised, the chapel idea was publicized in Southland churches, and by 1922 over \$6,000 was in the "kitty."

Mission Inn architect Arthur Benton provided the design, and the granite cornerstone was laid in June 1922. Burros toled a ton of cement and sand to the cliff-edge site. An iron bell, a set of chimes, stained glass windows, and a reed organ were all carried up the trail by young volunteers. These were gifts from churchgoers all over Southern California.

The chapel's dedication to "The God of the Open Air" was held in June 1924, with services conducted by several Pasadena ministers. The outdoor amphitheater, seating 200, became popular as a center for conferences, youth retreats and weddings, as well as providing regular Sunday morning services. Sunday morning hikers, far down the canyon, paused to listen to music from the soft chimes and hymn singing. Truly, no place of worship in Southern California was ever closer to heaven.

When Lloyd Austin finally retired from his beloved Switzer-land in 1936, Clifford Clifton and Ransom Callicott, owners of the Los Angeles-based Clifton Cafeterias, took over. They were succeeded two years later by a succession of owners. E. R. Swanson, who reigned from 1948 until 1959, was the last proprietor.

Switzer-land was never quite the same after Austin's departure. The unlikely bedfellows of progress and disaster combined to forever change the face of the Arroyo Seco and its resorts. Progress came in 1934 with the completion of the Angeles Crest Highway to Red Box and beyond. Weekend tourists could now drive well beyond Switzer's in less than an hour, and with easy access into the high country, the old camp lost some of its wilderness appeal. Disaster played its hand four years later when the great flood of March 1938 wreaked havoc in the canyon. Overnight the road to Oak Wilde, four miles below Switzer's, was demolished, the



Austin's Christ Chapel hanging on the side of the gorge as photographed in 1922.

canyon trail was badly damaged, cabins were washed away and trees were torn out. Nature's angry hand had turned a gentle wilderness area into a topsy-turvy, debris-strewn scene of devastation.

Switzer's lasted another two decades, gradually withering on the vine. Its passing in 1959 went virtually unnoticed. A few years later the Forest Service removed the buildings and demolished the stone chapel on the cliff.

Time and nature's gradual healing process have today restored much of the beauty of the Arroyo Seco. At the site of Switzer-land now stands a public campground. In honor of yesteryear's pageant, it has been named Commodore Switzer Trail Camp. On weekends, hikers and picnickers lounge under the canopy of live oaks and spruces, enjoying the same sylvan delights Perry Switzer and Lloyd Austin relished in ages past.



NORTH ALASKAN ESKIMO DOGS

By PAUL W. BORCHERDING

Dogs, until very recent times, were an essential requisite for land transportation to the original inhabitants of Northern Alaska. People without dogs were considered poor and had to depend on others for travel and, much of the time, for meat.

Each dog had a name and responded accordingly. While dogs had no souls, their names could suggest the entrance of a soul. For instance, a family with no children might name a dog for a deceased relative. This did not occur often but the practice was well known. The naming of a dog for a human permitted it to be taken into the house and fed better than other dogs. There were no dog nicknames nor were the names descriptive. There were a whole group of names reserved for dogs and never used for persons. The surviving child in a family, after a succession of deaths, might be given a dog's name to break the sequence, and this was believed to save the life of the surviving child.

A good dog was highly valued by the owner. If death occurred, grief was not customarily shown; however, a child was free to do so. An old dog might be killed and skinned but not eaten. Some groups raised puppies for food and clothing. If a dog became sick during a journey, it might be carried on the sled, and if the dog team became very tired a day or two of rest might be called. In summer, teams were not regularly fed or watered. Wintertime, however, called for greater care when they became necessary for transportation. When not in use, summer or winter, they were staked down. In winter they burrowed in

the snow and were given shelter only during the most inclement weather. Feeding was once a day and consisted of water, blood and blubber excluding whole meat or any parts of the whale as this was considered hateful to the whale. Walrus was the usual dog feed as this meat was unpopular with humans. Fish were also fed as well as caribou droppings mixed with oil and not infrequently human feces.

Attitudes toward dogs were an important part of aboriginal culture and might be termed dog law. If a dog bit a person, barked too much, annoyed children and so on, the owner would be requested to control the dog or tie it. If the offense was repeated, one was free to kill it, which in turn might lead to a violent reaction. If, however, the owner had been warned and failed to comply, the dog could presumably be killed with impunity.

There were some supernatural notions about dogs. Under no circumstances could one be killed if it had bitten a person. If the dog was killed, the person bitten would die. This was in conflict with the white man's culture which demanded the killing of a vicious dog. Dogs might talk to their masters, pulling the skin of the head back and speaking. However there were no dog-spirit helpers.

Dogs were inherited. If the inheritor was an unskilled person or an orphan, others might take and divide them. Relatives would sometimes keep them for a young person until sufficient handling skill had been developed. Children and primarily boys were trained at the age of about 5 or 6 in the care and handling of dogs. Long experience was mandatory before

taking dogs out into the Arctic winter and relying on them for one's life.

Very seldom were there pet dogs in the aboriginal culture. If there was a favorite dog, it was allowed in the house but was not broken to a team. Small children played with puppies; little girls treated them as babies and carried them in their parkahoods.

The dog population was greater among the maritime people than the inland people. A 6-dog team was usual inland and was sufficient for winter travel since a sled with iced runners was extremely mobile and a few could pull a great load. On the coasts, 14 to 16 to a team were not unusual as the heavier box sled was used and the runners were not iced.

A team was regarded as valuable property. A trained lead dog was never sold. Generally there was a feeling against selling or trading them except puppies. A trained dog to the owner's liking was kept.

It was said that a dog when working ate as much as a man, which meant 6 or 7 pounds of meat a day. This required that the efforts of the hunter had to include obtaining meat for the dogs as well as the family. Good care was therefore necessary. Boots, for example, were made for them as protection against ice. They might be rubbed down with oil or a mixture of oil and marrow as mosquito protection.

Sometimes a team was lost. A rift might occur while traveling on the ice which necessitated the abandonment of a team. This became disastrous to the owner as it required the purchasing of puppies from others and beginning all over again. At least three years of training were required before the new team was ready for use.

Dogs of the region were nondescript and the classic Eskimo dog was a rarity. They appeared in all shapes and sizes as no apparent attempt was made to effect selective breeding, nor does there appear evidence of interbreeding dogs and wolves.

Dogs were trained by women. Puppies were kept in the house hallway and trained from tearing things up by striking with a stick. They also learned not to eat in the house. When broken to a team the puppy was first harnessed and permitted to pull against its mistress. Following this training, the dog was hitched to a sled. The woman would stand in front and call as the dog came forward pulling the sled for which it was rewarded. The reward could be either food or petting. A newly broken dog was harnessed behind experienced dogs.

Dog hitching and transport were ancient in the North Alaskan Eskimo area as they were in the entire Eskimo zone. The ordinary style harness used consisted of a collar with a strap extending down from the back of the neck to the middle of the back, where it met a strap which passed from the lower part of collar between the forelegs and up on each side over the ribs and attached to the back strap. At this point the harness was attached to a trace. There were two types of traces used in the aboriginal culture, the fanwise and the single trace. Each trace was directly attached to the front of the sled with a pin in the fanwise hitch. The fanwise trace was preferred for hunting as the dogs could be readily released when polar bears or wolves were in sight. In the single line hitch, the dogs were hitched alternately on each side of a single straight line fastened to the sled. Sometimes a woman or a child would run ahead with the first dog although anyone might do this including the owner of the team. A bitch in heat might also be put at the head of the team so that the others would follow more readily. Walrus hide was used for tracing material. The single trace was considered superior to the later used tandem hitch as it placed the burden directly on each dog. When the load was very heavy or the dogs too numerous to work well in a single team, one or two would be attached to the forward stanchions on each side of the sled, in addition to the team in front.

Tandem hitching was introduced in 1906-07 by the Native Service School and may also in part have been derived from reindeer, which were also hitched in pairs. A lead dog was commonly used in tandem hitching. Both men and women trained the leader, selecting a puppy which seemed best for the task. In these later times, the leader was a pet, often slept in the house during the winter and was not staked out in the snow as were the other members of the team. A good leader was trained to respond to the orders of the driver. The dog stopped on command and learned to change direction either by verbal command or signals with the arm. In the latter case, the dog would stop and look behind, then lead in the direction indicated by the driver. When the lead dog was lost, the woman would usually go ahead and direct the team. It was the lead dog that was specifically trained to the commands given. After training, the only sure way to determine the effectiveness of the dog as a leader and how it would get on and work with the other members of the team was by actually working

on the team.

In summary, dogs were considered primarily as a means of transportation by the North Alaskan Eskimo. They were also generally treated well, though impersonally.

Mechanization has inevitably come to the Far North. As a consequence, dogs and sleds have been replaced by the snowmobile to quite an extent.

CORRAL CHIPS . . .

followed a month later by *Powell Greenland* on the topic "Mining Relics of the Gold Country."

C.M. *Ralph Miracle* has written an article for *Montana: The Magazine of Western History* entitled "The Asian Adventures of a Cowboy from Montana." The fascinating piece narrates the story of Fred Barton and his horse ranch in China where he raised mounts for the mighty warlords.

A record crowd throngs the Sacramento Corral when they turn out to hear *Clifford Drury* describe the "American Beginnings on the Pacific Coast."

Byron Bailey, ensconced now in the old mining town of Auburn, continues taking an active role in historical matters by being elected a director of the Placer County Historical Society and by being appointed to head the oral history section of the Placer County Library.

Past Sheriff *Ray Billington's* talk before a seminar held at the William Andrews Clark Library proves the highlight of the day for fellow Westerners in attendance. Ray's topic, "The Image of the Southwest in Early European Westerns," was really outstanding judging from the warm reception given it. On hand: *Everett Hager, John Kemble, Doyce Nunis, Dutch Holland, Dwight Cushman, William Hendricks, Tony Kroll, Raymund Wood*; Associate *John Swingle*; and Corresponding Members *Anna Marie Hager, Keith Dawson, and John Dunkel*.

The American Indian and Cowboy Artists Society holds its First Annual Art Exhibition and Sale in San Dimas, California, where Corresponding Member *Easy Cheyno* confers the "AICA Man of the West Award" on film star Roy Rogers and an honorary membership on our own *Iron Eyes Cody*. Pondering the works of art on display with a critical eye are judges *Earl Adams, Carl Dentzel, Iron Eyes Cody, and Tom McNeill*. Westerner artists represented in the outstanding show include *Andy Dagosta* and Corresponding Members

Ken Mansker, Easy Cheyno, and David Villaseñor.

Tony Kroll draws upon his skill as an engraver to design an attractive and appropriate bookplate to appear in the volumes forming a memorial collection in honor of Ing. José G. Valenzuela, former president of the *Association Cultural de las Californias*.

Among the members of an eleven man committee chosen to direct the refurbishing of the San Pedro Ferry Building for a maritime museum are *Robert Weinstein, John Kemble, and Carl Dentzel*.

Corresponding Member *Grant Dahlstrom* is the subject of a feature article in the *Los Angeles Times* Sunday book review section chronicling his "fifty years of excellence" in the printing profession. Grant has also recently completed *Bill Kimes'* monumental bibliography of the published works of John Muir.

Bounding into Los Angeles' new Bona-venture Hotel for a talk on "The Arroyo Seco Culture" is *Carl Dentzel*. The occasion is the opening of an exhibit of Susan Schary's historical paintings at the Louis Newman Galleries.

The annual meeting of the Santa Monica Gemological Society hears C.M. *John Ferguson, Sr.*, assay "The Great Diamond Hoax."

Associate Member *Abraham Hoffman* attends the 70th annual meeting of the Organization of American Historians in Atlanta, Georgia, and presents a paper on "The Writing of 20th Century American History: Textbooks and the Mexican-American Minority."

Historic preservation is the topic of *Doyce Nunis'* talk for the Friends of the Banning House.

Assistant Roundup Foreman *Tony Lehman* joins the De Anza Trailriders for their annual weeklong endurance horseback jaunt, this time trekking through the Twentynine Palms National Monument, up into the mountains around Big Bear, over to Lake Arrowhead, down through Cajon Pass, for a final saddle-sore rendezvous in Riverside.

Speaker at the commencement exercises for Pomona College is *John Kemble*, who retires this year after many years of distinguished teaching in their Department of History.

The latest from *Robert Weinstein's* talented pen is *The Collection, Care and Use of Historical Photographs*, published by the American Association for State and Local History. A recent issue of *American West* is also enhanced by one of Robert's articles on

West Coast maritime photographers. And down in Wilmington, the newly restored Banning House has on display murals he has installed that pictorially convey the development of San Pedro Harbor.

Highlighting the 30th Annual California History Institute is the dedication of the Dr. and Mrs. *Joseph J. Shebl* Reading Room at the Pacific Center for Western Studies, University of the Pacific. Dr. and Mrs. Shebl presented to the Pacific Center for Western Studies a large and useful collection of western historical material, particularly in the area of periodicals. Speaker at the Jedediah Smith Society Breakfast held during the Institute is *Ray Wood*, whose talk on "Jedediah Smith, A Protestant in Catholic New Spain" touches on new research regarding Smith and his intrepid party. Noted among those attending the two-day affair are *Byron Bailey*, *Dutch Holland*, Associate Member *Bill Burkhardt*, and Corresponding Members *Victor Plukas*, *Coke Wood*, and *Al Shumate*, who introduces one of the speakers. Dr. Shumate, incidentally, is a recent recipient from Pope Paul VI of The Pontifical Honor of Knight of Saint Gregory.

A Sentimental Venture by *Eddie Edwards* contains much of the text of a talk he gave before this Corral in 1975, along with a bibliography of his published writings.

The death of C.M. *Burr Belden* has saddened his many friends. His unique and many contributions to the recorded history of Southern California will long remain a tribute to his memory.

Pro Patria, an historical play based on the invasion of California by the pirate Hippolyte Bouchard, was authored by *Don Meadows* as the senior class production at Pomona College back in 1921, but has been reborn with eight performances at a theater in the appropriate setting of San Juan Capistrano.

The Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club confers its Media Award on C.M. *John W. Robinson* for his numerous books and pamphlets devoted to Baja California and the mountains of Southern California.

The Biltmore Galleries stage an exclusive showing of thirty of C.M. *Ben Abril's* recent oil paintings.

Land of Tall Skies: Pageant of the Colorado High Plains by C.M. *Dabney Otis Collins* is published by the Century One Press in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The usual Colorado River boat run by C.M. *O. Dock Marston* has had to be cancelled because of drought conditions that

have lowered the river to the point where the large inflated craft used to maneuver through the Grand Canyon will no longer float.

The 15th Annual Baja Symposium listens attentively and appreciatively to *Glen Dawson* as he traces the history of the organization from its first symposium back in 1963. Attending are *Bill Hendricks*, *Walt Wheelock*, *Henry Welcome*, and *Tony Kroll*; Associate Member *John Swingle*; and Corresponding Members *Anna Marie Hager* and *Bill Lorenz*.

Bill Kimes and his wife Maymie have been setting a busy pace of late, witness the following: a television appearance on San Francisco's KGO weekend talk show where they field questions telephoned in from the audience; putting on a program for the California Historical Society's Wawona-Yosemite fieldtrip; doing the same "Earth, Planet, Universe—John Muir" show for the 13th Annual Congress of History in San Diego; and, finally, playing host to an official from Scotland's Parks Planning Commission, a gentleman who is responsible for naming the coastal park of Dunbar (Muir's birthplace), the John Muir Country Park. We thought you were retired Bill!

Ray Billington is elected an honorary member of the Washington State Historical Society. He also guests as speaker before the Claremont University Club.

Westmont College in Santa Barbara announces the appointment of C.M. *Glen Adams* to the position of Vice President for Public Affairs.

Buena Vista, a collection of seventy-five color prints of the Kern region, accompanied by a text composed of *haiku* poetry, has been created by C.M. *Ardis Walker*.

Lastly, a smiling Sgt. *Ernie Hovard*, astride his policeman's black and white Honda, gazes amiable from the pages of *You* magazine, a supplement to the *Los Angeles Times* for May 24. If he ever stops you in Pasadena for a traffic violation, be sure to show Ernie your Westerners membership card. He'll recognize you as a friend, shake your hand, smile broadly, and then issue you the citation.





FAR WEST PASSAGE

By Wilbur Hoffman

South Pass was an important landmark to west bound Oregon Trail emigrants, because here the Oregon Trail crossed the Continental Divide. At this point emigrants were about half way to their destination, standing at the gateway to the Oregon country and the Far West. Actually emigrants crossing South Pass until 1846 were leaving the United States. Those heading for the Pacific Northwest were entering territory jointly owned by Great Britain and the United States. Emigrants turning on the Oregon Trail southward to California were entering Mexican territory. And even though they had just crossed the summit of the continent, the pathway ahead was not downhill all the way to Oregon or California, but an important passage to the Far West had been surmounted.

The thoughts and emotions felt by a few travelers as they tarried at campgrounds near South Pass are recorded in their journals. John Hawkins Clark wrote:

"... We were now upon the Pacific slope and felt rather lonesome. Took a walk upon a rising mound and from there bid farewell to the Atlantic. We have thus far traversed the water's course from the Missouri to the Rocky mountains; we now bid it adieu to follow the water's course . . . as it speeds its way to the great ocean of the west. It has been a hard task to climb to the elevation we now occupy . . . we felt a kind of proud satisfaction in walking to and fro, gazing at what we had toiled so hard to overcome."

Lodisia Frizzell, in a more lamenting vein observed:

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"I felt tired & weary, O the luxury of a house, a house! I felt that someone had expressed, who had traveled this long & tedious (*sic*) journey, that 'it tries the soul.' . . . That this journey is tiresome, no one will doubt, that it is perilous, the deaths of many will testify, and the heart has a thousand misgivings & the mind is tortured with anxiety, & often as I passed the fresh made graves, I have glanced at the side boards of the waggon (*sic*), not knowing how soon it might serve as a coffin for some one of us; . . ."

And Alonzo Delano wrote:

"... There lay extended before me barren reaches of table land, the bare hills, and desert plains of Sweetwater, while long trains of wagons, with their white covers, were turning the last curve of the dividing ridge, their wayworn occupants bidding a long, perhaps a last adieu to eastern associations, to mingle in new scenes on the Pacific Coast . . ."

A modern traveler standing on the summit of South Pass in Wyoming and looking eastward down the slowly rising expanse of rough prairie can see numerous wagon ruts slicing the sagebrush toward his position. These ruts were ground by creaking covered wagons lumbering westward from Missouri bound for either Oregon country or California.

This migration started with N. L. E. Bonneville's leading the first wagons over the Pass in 1832. Then followed a small trickle until the 1840's. The trickle grew until it became a

swollen torrent in the years 1849 and 1850, when an estimated 155,000 gold seekers rushed to California. The ruts remain today as a memorial to those resolute empire builders.

Several miles west of South Pass near Highway 28, westward bound pioneers found their first opportunity to leave the main trail for a short cut to Oregon country. But it sliced through arid desert more suited for mules than for oxen. Known as the Sublette Cutoff, its single lane of ruts strikes westward through the sagebrush and disappears over a distant, lonely hill. (The cutoff eventually rejoined the main trail.) A marker at the junction advises, "Left to Utah and California. Right to Oregon."

Even though the area is called a pass, and its elevation is 7550 feet and the Continental Divide winds through it, the region is not mountainous. Sagebrush and rolling prairie interspersed with rough hills is the view the eye can see for miles in a circle, except for very distant mountains to the north and to the south.

Today, South Pass is perhaps more bleak and sparsely inhabited than when emigrants migrated over it. The nearest town, Farson, Wyoming, is about fifty miles southwest at the junction of U.S. Highway 185 and Wyoming Highway 28. Farson is approximately sixty miles north of Rock Springs, which is on Interstate 80. South Pass is on Wyoming 28. These roads are paved and in excellent condition.

Near Farson the Oregon Trail made a historic crossing over the Little Sandy River. On the west side of the river spreads a campground where Brigham Young and his Mormons rested during their famous trek to Great Salt Lake Valley in 1847. Here they consulted Jim Bridger, famous westerner and mountain man, about the Valley. Bridger tried to discourage the Mormons from going there. As if to dramatize his point, he supposedly told them that he would pay \$1,000 for the first melon grown in the Valley. Also near Farson is the historic old Big Sandy Stage Station.

Exploring the South Pass area can be adventuresome. Along the old Oregon Trail about two miles westward from the summit is a spot where the grass is greener. Known as Pacific Springs, its waters nourished a few acres of sandy soil. Here sit the forlorn buildings of the Pacific Springs Pony Express and Overland Stage station. They stand deserted in the stillness that has settled over this vast wilderness after the last pioneer passed by. Cattle grazed on the grass, cattle that supplied beef for hungry passengers and crews of the Overland stagecoaches when they passed here. This oasis also fed horses that replaced spent stagecoach teams or lathery

mounts of galloping Pony Express riders. The area was also a popular campground for west-bound wagon trains.

A bit further along the Trail stands a crude, weatherbeaten stone monument dedicated to the first white women who traveled over the trail — Narcissa Whitman and Eliza Spaulding — in 1836. Their missionary husbands Dr. Marcus Whitman and Henry Spaulding, established missions near present Walla Walla, Washington, and Lewiston, Idaho. Another stone marker nearby was erected by Ezra Meeker to mark the trail. In this area careful observation may reveal forsaken graves of emigrants who died along the way. And a present day explorer might see curious antelope observing him, their heads peering over the brow of a nearby hill.

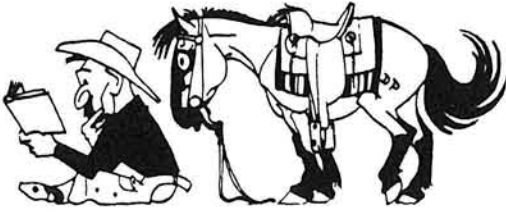
To explore these sites, a modern traveler can drive, with great care, however, on some of the original covered wagon roads. And he may also hike. Or he can, if he has proper equipment such as a camper, tarry for several days, since other sites and roadside parks dot the region, including a ghost town. If more than one day is spent there, sufficient water and food are a must. Wyoming highway maps plot points of interest. An information marker stands at the summit of South Pass near the highway.

Corresponding Members Welcomed By Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners extends the paw of friendship to the following new Corresponding Members. They are: Q. E. Burkhart, Pacific Palisades; David Dana III, Corona del Mar; Bill Ferris, Woodland Hills; Ralph Goodson, Marina del Rey; Hubert Honanie, Pasadena; Ralph W. Johnson, Los Angeles; Ralph W. Selk, Northridge; and Dale Wopschall of Pasadena.

Corral Welcomes Three New Associate Members

The Corral welcomes the following men to Associate Membership status. These are members who have given of their time and talents to further the goals of the Los Angeles Corral. They are: Ernest Marquez, Rodman W. Paul, and Victor Plukas.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

I have been reminded many times by one of our bookseller members, that this column was supposed to be restricted to regular, associate, and corresponding members who produce books. One must chuckle at that comment, as the book review column would have been blank most of the time following that rule.

Many good books have been coming into my mailbox lately. I generally pass along most of the books to members for review and that is the last time I ever hear of the book. For about two years I kept track of all the titles I passed out and after asking for the review two to three times I gave up in disgust. I should have realized it is tough to read a book and make a report of it.

So we will have a couple in depth reviews this month and several which deserve more than honorable mention, but at least we are calling them to your attention.

RANCHOS OF CALIFORNIA, edited by Robert G. Cowan, Robert G. Cowan Press, 1650 Redcliff St., Los Angeles, Ca. 90026, 152 pp., 1977. \$9.00.

This volume, long out of print, is now available once again. It lists some 698 Spanish concessions and Mexican grants, their size, location, dates, grantees and claimants with cross indices. Cowan tells a bit about the concessions of ranchos, Spanish and Mexican governors of California, and a brief, but vivid description of the life among the rancheros. A fine gift or research item for all you Gringos.

THE PIONEER MINE AND THE PACK MULE EXPRESS by Ernest A. Wiltsee, Quarterman Publications, Inc., 5 South Union St., Lawrence, Mass. 01843, 144 pp., \$20.00.

This is a reprint of Wiltsee's book published in 1931 to portray a phase of the early history of California mail and express service seven years after the discovery of gold

in the state. He tells of mail service, the establishment of the early express companies and the relationship of these companies to the life of the mining regions. While the history of each company is not given, a complete list of all companies known to the author is contained in the index. This appendix also contains some fine examples of postal cancellations of the time for you stamp collectors.

GOLD RUSH STEAMERS OF THE PACIFIC by Ernest A. Wiltsee, Quarterman Publications, Inc., Lawrence, Mass., 422 pp., 1977. \$35.00.

First published in 1938, this volume has long been regarded as a classic in the field of Western Americana. The author discusses all the ships that made it to California from 1848 to 1869 in chronological order. He also features in detail the gold rush period, the inauguration of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the Empire City Line, and the other competing firms of the period.

All those interested in early California history and the Argonauts will be interested in this choice reprint.

COLORADO MINING ... A Photographic History by Duane A. Smith, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 176 pp., 1977. \$13.50.

In the 1850's, the first of many thousands of prospectors went to Colorado to make their fortunes. They took their pack mules, tents, shovels, and early cameras and headed into the Rockies. Thus mining and photography developed simultaneously in Colorado.

To one who attended college in the centennial state, the name Colorado is synonymous with early mining. I spent many a spare moment poking into old mining ghost towns and reliving the wonderful past. Duane Smith combines text and photographs to tell the story of Colorado mining from gold rush days around Pike's Peak to the search for oil from shale around Grand Junction today.

He tells about the famous mining personalities such as Horace Tabor, Meyer Guggenheim, and Winfield Scott Stratton, to name just a few.

The wonderful illustrations and story captions give the reader a glimpse of the drudgery, hope, and disappointment of the miners. The life of the workers at play, the railroaders who hauled the ore, and the freighters who brought in the merchandise to outlying towns.

All those who are interested in Western Americana are surely to enjoy this book.

THE MINING MEN by Otis E. Young, Jr., Lowell Press, P.O. Box 1877, Kansas City, Mo. 64141, 298 pp., 1976. \$9.95.

In the last 30 years I have read a lot of western novels and I must say most of them have been entertaining, but really not absorbing history. Not only is this an unusual story of Gold mining and prospecting in the West, but the execution of the story is most unique. In episodic form Young tells the story of a gold mine, the *Molly Pitcher*, and of the men who worked her and the women who supported them. It is a story in time running from 1871 to 1932.

The story is not the only beauty to this book. Book lovers will enjoy the design and choice pencil sketches by artist Tom Phillips. Graphics, good art and fine writing blend to make *The Mining Men* worthy of your attention. If only space would permit to tell you of the vital part of this story which forms such an important part in the westward movement.

—Art Brush

CONTENTIOUS CONSUL: A Biography of John Coffin Jones, First United States Consular Agent at Hawaii. By Ross H. Gast. Los Angeles: Dawson's Book Shop. 212 pp., six illustrations. Index by Anna Marie and Everett Gordon Hager. \$10.00.

Slowly, methodically, but with God-blessed certainty, is the "in depth" scenario being assembled to one of history's most fascinating epochs—the rise and fall of the Kingdom of Hawaii. Nothing could more lucidly reveal the exploitation, rape and final extinction of the peaceful and friendly little island nation in mid-Pacific than the letters and memoirs of the actors in the drama. Never could the *haole* invasion—by missionaries, whalers, "trading" entrepreneurs, and revolutionists—find a more graphic and accurate accounting than is found in this remarkable and valuable book. Why? Because John Coffin Jones, as American Consul to the Hawaiian monarchy from 1817 to 1839—twenty-two years—minded America's political and commercial interests through a period of the most cold-blooded rapacity ever perpetrated on a small and defenseless country—a time of travail for the Hawaiian people which ended in final tragedy—total American takeover.

In 1817, when Jones first visited Hawaii, and in 1821 when he returned again in command of the brig *Tamahourlanne*, owned by the Boston maritime merchants Marshall & Wildes, any U.S. diplomatic outpost was more a matter of advantage and prestige than of monetary remuneration. The prevailing pay as consular representative was little or nothing. But when Jones stepped ashore in Honolulu for the second time, he came to stay. His living was to come from his job as resident manager for Marshall & Wildes. He brought with him also a Washington appointment—as United States Commercial Agent—actually American Consul for Hawaii. This post John Coffin Jones served, with considerable turbulence, until finally removed in 1839. From 1841 to 1846 he lived in Santa Barbara, California, with his final wife Manuela Carrillo.

Jones came to Honolulu to fill the coffers of Marshall & Wildes and to fill his diplomatic obligations for the nation he served. It was his misfortune to have arrived during the decline of the sandalwood trade. This fragrant and precious wood, so prized in Asia as incense char and for dainty and perfumed wood-carving, had, from the time of King Kamehameha I, been the principal export from the islands.

American shippers out of Boston and New York, their vessels laden with cheap gimcracks desirable in the eyes of native Hawaiians, would trade off their cargoes for sandalwood which the enterprising Yankees would then haul out to China, to be sold there for enormous profits. Or the Hawaiian royalty, who controlled the traffic in sandalwood, would be advanced the money by American entrepreneurs for future delivery of sandalwood yet to be cut out of the forests. Marshall & Wildes held their share of the monarchical (i.e. public) debt. And it was one of Jones' delicate duties (1) to collect either sandalwood or money for Marshall & Wildes account; or (2) collect, in the name of the United States, either sandalwood or money for the account of other Yankee traders.

After the death of Kamehameha I, and the kingdom fell into the hands of Prince Liholiho—who reigned as Kamehameha II—the trade accelerated until Hawaii was literally denuded of sandalwood, and its unfortunate natives had been taxed and worked into genocide to procure it. Talk about a public servant walking the tightrope of "conflict of interest"! How Jones handled two decades of it not only makes interesting and prophetic

reading, but reveals the growing miseries and problems that would eventually put end to the Hawaiian Kingdom.

The intimate personal life of John Coffin Jones, as revealed in this fine biography, is a fascinating tale in itself. Stubbornly and maliciously Jones opposed the Protestant missionaries. And they just as avidly hated him—not only for his determination to establish Unitarianism and Catholicism in the islands, but because he was an active and conscientious layer of women, with special preference for lovely *wahines* of royal blood.

The book, skillfully written by historian and Polynesian authority, Ross H. Gast, is carefully documented, and draws heavily on original sources. Heartily recommended to every Westerner interested in probing the fantastic lore of America's "farthest west"—the brightest and most beautiful of all western historical areas—the islands of Hawaii.

—Paul Bailey

WILLIAM MULHOLLAND: A Forgotten Forefather, by Robert William Matson. Stockton, Pacific Center for Western Studies, University of the Pacific, 1976, 89 pp., biblio., index, \$7.00.

William Mulholland may not be as well known today as he was at the turn of the century as the subtitle suggests, but the controversy he initiated in Owens Valley is still an active issue. While that saga continues he is likely to be remembered. It is true that the part he played in bringing Colorado River water to the Los Angeles basin is rarely noted.

This monograph, the sixth published by the Pacific Center for Western Studies, University of the Pacific, is based on a thesis by the author for the California State University, San Diego. The volume is not a biography of Mulholland, but rather a summary of his career in the development of water supply for the City of Los Angeles based largely on articles published by his engineering contemporaries.

Born in Belfast, Ireland, September 11, 1855, raised in Dublin, Mulholland took to the sea for four years. By 1874 he was working in logging camps and aboard Great Lakes logging vessels until 1877. He and his brother arrived in San Francisco at that time and began working their way south. Reaching Los Angeles, Mulholland accepted a job as laborer with the privately owned City Water Company, becoming its superintendent in 1886. The City of Los Angeles purchased the facilities of the City Water Company in 1902,

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forming the municipally owned Domestic Water Works retaining Mulholland as its first superintendent.

A number of dry years (1893-1905) impressed upon Mulholland and the citizens of Los Angeles that lack of water would seriously curtail development and growth of the area. To solve this problem he proposed the construction of an aqueduct to bring water from Owens River to the city, a project quickly approved by the voters. There was opposition, of course, and Mulholland was criticized by his detractors who claimed that the aqueduct was poorly designed and that he used poor concrete, all proven false by its 65 years of life.

As Southern California developed following World War I, Mulholland widened his search for water. In the early 1920's he turned to the Colorado River, filing on a portion of the flow for the City of Los Angeles in 1924. The project was more than Los Angeles could handle alone at the time, and he sought the assistance of City Attorney W. B. Mathews. It was Mathew's brilliant legal work that led to the formation of the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California resulting in additional water to the coastal plains.

Mulholland reached the peak of his career in the mid-1920's. His detractors found the continued success of the Owens River aqueduct had proven him right. Disaster struck in 1928 with the failure of the St. Francis Dam, a blow from which Mulholland never fully recovered. He retired December 1, 1928 and lived a quiet life until his death in 1935.

Los Angeles and its urban areas owe a great deal to Mulholland and his foresight in enlarging its water supply. He should be praised in particular for his ability to sell the citizenry on the need and to vote the money necessary to carry out the water projects. It is interesting to note that twice in his career Mulholland stated that the needs of the community had been solved. In 1892 he said that the Los Angeles River would supply the city for the next 50 years. Two years later, however, he was actively engaged in conservation and attempting to augment the local sources. Again in 1920, he believed that the city had a sufficient water supply, yet three years later he was working to bring Colorado River water to the coast.

William Mulholland highlights an important part of the growth and development of the Los Angeles basin and as such should have a place in the libraries of local history collections.

—Dutch Holland