we were reading the book, word came of the passing of Arturo Grosso of Laguna Chapala.

This volume contains twelve chapters, each written independently, and each is more or less complete in itself. The first is one of the best and tells of a journey into the Sierra San Pedro Mártir to produce a painting for Braulio Maldonado, newly elected governor of newly created state of Baja California Norte (1956). One will find these upland valleys little changed and still reached only by muleback or on foot.

As Sonora Sketchbook is centered about the village of Los Alamos, so is Scarcely Any Fences centered about the resort at Bahía de Los Ángeles, about halfway down the long slender peninsula. And of course Antero Diaz and Dick Daggett are the lead characters. Daggett has left us, about a decade ago, and Diaz has greatly expanded his operation, but there is still some of that feeling of being at the end of everything when one arrives at Bahía. Three of the chapters concern the rugged trips and the problems of driving over what passed for roads twenty years ago. The modern visitor, who finds that the highway is paved all the way to the end of the resort, will have some trouble relating to the accounts. His charming story of the Virgin of the Rock is now but a story of past years, as the Transpeninsular Highway bypasses the lonely Virgin by several miles.

If one wishes to attempt to find the Lost Mission of Santa Isabel, he will find it as inaccessable as when Dana and Ginger Lamb were attempting to locate it and the Hiltons were lost attempting to find the Lambs. If you were to stop in Ensenada, you will find that Gaston Flourie is still as sure as ever that he will soon locate the Lost Mission. One of the most delightful incidents related refers to Gaston and his dreams. To quote:

"Recently (c. 1954) one of the authors of a well known and very accurate work came through Ensenada and stopped to see my friend Gaston Flourie and stated that there was positively no such thing as a lost mission . . . and that Gaston was wasting his time looking further.

"Can you image this horrible practical fellow," moaned Gaston, "trying to convince me that this Mission of Santa Isabel does not exist? It is a crime in this country to destroy a man's property, but, my friend, it should be a crime to destroy a man's dreams!"

Though years have passed, I am sure that Peter is still as sure as ever of his logic, and Gaston of his dreams—and I am still more positive that Gaston will be able to come up with more dreams of his lost mission and that not even a covey of writers could ever destroy them.

Two chapters cover the Hiltons’ trips to Isla de Angel de la Guardia and these are two of the most important stories of the volume. This arid island is still as unexplored as when Padre Linck, the Jesuit, first thought he saw lights on the island in 1765 and sailed across the strait to check it out. John made a journey up a rugged arroyo and located groves of blue palms in an upper canyon. They did not find any open or flowing water; still where blue palms flourish, water can not be far from the surface. As far as I know this is the first documentation of the possibility of Indian habitation of La Guardia, though the late Burr Belden had often told me of John’s exploration of this island.

Other chapters tell of trips south to El Arco, located at the border between Baja California and Baja California Sur (now reached by a paved highway), and of a foolhardy attempt to drive across the unbroken sand stretches of the Vizcaino Desert toward Laguna Guerrero Negro, which he successfully completed.

All in all it is amazing how a few years have changed Baja California from a last frontier, whose exploration was a challenge to those who ventured into its bare lands, to the tourist haven of recent time. Still there is much of the Central Desert that has not been reached by paved highways, though irrigated farms are becoming increasingly frequent and even much of the range land is now closed by barb-wire fences.

While Hilton’s journeys are of a different era than those of such as Linck, Consag and Portolá, some annotation of Hilton’s writings would have been as desirable as those of the mission fathers and of the soldiers of the King.

—Walt Wheelock

Page Sixteen . . .

THE SAN FRANCISCO VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF 1856 REVISITED

By Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

In 1971, to honor its first twenty-five years of activity, the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners published The San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856: Three Views. The heart of the volume contained the written statements by William T. Coleman, Sherman, and James O’Meara, eyewitnesses and participants in that momentous event. In the introduction to the book, I surveyed the more important primary and secondary sources which dealt with the history of the 1856 Vigilance Committee, concluding with the bald fact that a “judicious history” of the movement has yet to be written. I am still of that firm (Continued on Page Four)
JULY

Certainly one of the more interesting meetings of 1977 was Dennis Casebie's slide lecture entitled The Mojave Road. At first thought concerning the program, one could not help but wonder how the speaker could enthral an audience with slides of a wagon road running across the Mojave Desert. Who wants to see slides of ruts in the sand, lizards scurrying from rock to rock, and bits of old junk and a piece of sagebrush here and there? Casebie began with a full description of each trail through the Mojave over the years, and then by means of a slide map, followed by time lapse photography showed what that particular section of the desert country looked like years ago and what the exact same spot looks like today. It was truly fascinating and one could hear wine soaked napkins falling to the floor as Corral members raised their heads from the chin position to view these pictures and listen to the running commentary. The speaker's knowledge, and his great enthusiasm for the desert, turned an expected dull evening into one of overpowering delight.

AUGUST

The old long wharf at Santa Monica was the theme of Associate Member Ernest Marquez for the August meeting. Ernie was born on land that was part of the Rancho Boca de Santa Monica, and with a curious mind wondered what that old wharf was doing on his great-grandfather's property. His years of research into the former Southern Pacific long wharf, which was sides grew hotheaded and abused one another roughly, but few bones were broken and little blood was shed."

Today, the old officers quarters at Drum Barracks is the sole tangible memento of the Civil War period in Los Angeles. But thanks to John Robinson's skill and industry, we have an excellent book a permanent and valuable insight into the events and the people that figured so importantly during this turning point in both our community's and our nation's history.

—Tony Lehman


Reading this book is a unique experience. It is the next best thing to spending your vacations on the Lazy K Bar ranch on the fringes of the Crazy Mountains in the Big Sky State of Montana. You get to know Spike, his family, his horses and his fabulous "Melville country."

The book is written in the author's genuine horsey-livestyle language, descriptive and salacious, just as he talks. Here is a man who likes what he is, what he does, and where he is. His story proves it and tells you why. From start to finish it is full of what Spike terms "joie de vivre." This part of The Treasure State is off the beaten path and has remained a horse and cattle country hidden away from the modernization of farms and towns.

As Spike puts it, "the region was never easy on people, or horses, and it was tough to get by, but it marked its own with a wry humor, deep toughness of character, individuality, a streak of nonconformity and an innate decency ... they were good people, and I grew up with, fought with, played with and worked with all my life."

In describing the book and the title, he says "the old-time ranchhand wasn't exactly top heavy with worldly goods. His horse gear, a bedroll, and a warbag—as a rule a seamless sack holding a few clothes—was about all, and in total it was always spoken of as, "my forty years' gathering's."

And they are well worth reading.

—Ralph Miracle


Feeling sure that this book will be compared with Hilton's earlier work, Sonora Sketchbook, I reiterate that volume possible for the fourth time and found it as fresh as ever. We had just returned from an Easter Week jaunt to Sonora and had spent some time in Los Alamos, about which work is centered. While much of John's writings are concerned more with people than places, we found little changed in Sonora, once one gets away from the modern tourist developments along MEX 15, Bahia Kino and Guaymas. Reading from the Sketchbook we could understand John's enjoyment of even-spent in dona Luiza's parlor and the companionship and friendship of this cool room that opened onto a flower-filled patio. We spent an evening there, though now it is dona Armida's parlor, but the old Steinway and that "most elaborately hand-painted spittoon" are still there. While we discussed Mexico's problems of development, most of our conversation concerned Juanito, and on leaving dona Armida gave me two warm embraces and made me promise to carry them back to Juanito. This I promised, though probably I shall deliver them a la subrogada.

By comparison, Baja California has greatly changed since Hilton wrote Hardly Any Fences in 1958-59. Reading the text, one has a feeling that it is describing contemporary Baja, California, and that a traveler would have no trouble reconciling the material with the present roads. This is just not so. Again much of the material concerns the people of the Peninsula, but only a few remain. Alberta and Aida Melting still hold forth at Rancho San José, and this part of the description would be little different today. Dona Anita Espinosa de El Rosario is still as active as ever, are Antero and Cruz Diaz of Bahia de Los Angeles. But Dick Daggetts, padre y hijo, are both gone, as are Charley Utt, Ginger Lamb, Hattie Hamilton, and as...
secessionist sympathy and activity was one Henry Hamilton, a lawyer and Londoner, and editor of the Los Angeles Star, and an avowed negrophobe and Lincoln detractor. Typical of his invective was the characterization of Lincoln as a "corrupt, usurping, bloody-handed despot." Hamilton was ultimately arrested for treason, imprisoned briefly at Drum Barracks, then placed on a steamer bound for Alcatraz, only to be released a mere ten days after his initial arrest. Thoroughly uncharacteristic, his vitriolic and bigoted editorials continued to espouse the Confederate cause.

Not surprisingly, there were genuine fears of a conspiracy to deliver Southern California to the South. A secret organization, dubbed the Knights of the Golden Circle, was active here in efforts to recruit for the Confederate army and to get these volunteers to the Confederacy. And there is little doubt that the Knights might have made a bold move to seize Southern California had Confederate forces from Texas succeeded in reaching the Colorado River. The "Monte Boys," rabbid Southerners from the nearby town of El Monte, were another group of armed sympathizers who marched out more than once spoiling for trouble and damning the Union cause.

To control this potentially dangerous situation, Federal troops were hastily assigned here, taking up temporary posts on the outskirts of the city to begin with, then later establishing Camp Latham on Ballona Creek (near today's Culver City), and Drum Barracks down at Phineas Banning's town of Wilmington. The former was used to train Colonel Henry Carleton's California Volunteers; the latter became the major headquarters for shipping military supplies and equipment all over the Southwest. Drum Barracks also housed Beale's famous but shortlived Camel Corps when it was moved down from Fort Tejon.

The presence of soldiers effectively contained Southern California for the duration of the Civil War struggle, but these years remained marked by conflict and unrest between those who adamantly supported the Union and those who just as fervently backed the Confederacy. Fortunately, as Harris Newmark recorded, "men on both sides in Los Angeles refused to use the hotbed of sectionalism in the area, and the city remained peaceful throughout the war."
... San Francisco Vigilance opinion.

During the course of my research on the preparation of the text, I discovered by sheer chance a heretofore unpublished letter by William Tecumseh Sherman to Governor J. Neely Johnson, dated November 3, 1856, which contributes another important piece to the historical mosaic of the train of 1856 events. In 1972, that letter was published in a limited edition as a keepsake for the eleventh joint meeting of the Boxborough and Zamarano Clubs in San Francisco. It seems fitting that the letter should be republished in The Branding Iron so as to make it more accessible to those who have acquired a copy of the Westerners' silver anniversary publication.

The letter helps explain why Governor Johnson finally agreed to withdraw his June 3, 1856, proclamation which had declared the "County of San Francisco to be in a state of Insurrection." The crux of the matter was the return to state control of the arms which had been seized by the Vigilance Committee. By October the issue was directly enjoined: the Vigilance Committee demanded withdrawal of the proclamation before the surrender of the arms; the Governor demanded the surrender of the arms before the withdrawal of the proclamation.

Sherman intervened to mediate the impasse. On October 29, 1856, he wrote to the Governor, "It occurs to me that you require, before you issue any writ touching the Proclamation, that you should have before you a written document showing that the last act of resistance to the State had ceased, and therefore sufficient reason to discharge your duties. If the arms were surrendered, then the Governor would withdraw his proclamation. Time, however, was of the essence.

Governor Johnson had one ace up his sleeve. An election was scheduled for Tuesday, November 4. If the election was held under the stigma of the June proclamation, the legality of the returns could be challenged in the courts; mayhap the entire election would be declared null and void. To preclude that possibility, the Vigilance Committee was anxious for a solution.

Telegraphing the Governor on October 31, Sherman asked cryptically: "Will you recall the Proclamation on the unconditional surrender of the State Arms? Answer by Telegraph." In the meantime, Sherman sought positive assurance from the Vigilance Committee. He received that on November 3, when Judge Thomas W. Freelon, speaking for the Vigilance Committee, pledged that the arms in question "will this day be delivered up to the proper authorities." And so they were. That same day, General William C. Kibbe, State Adjutant General, wired the Governor: "The Vigilance Committee have surrendered some 32 cases of State Arms & accoutrements this day to me. . . . These arms I have shipped to Sacramento in accordance with your instructions—The surrendering of the State Arms at this time is a tacit acknowledgment by the Committee that this Country has been in a state of insurrection since the issuance of the proclamation. Consequently an important point has been gained. The Cannon will be forwarded as soon as the Excitement is allayed."

Governor Johnson proceeded immediately to counteract his proclamation. The fact that "satisfactory information having been received by me that combinations for the purpose of resisting the execution of legal process by force, existed in the County of San Francisco in this State and that an unlawful organization styling themselves the Vigilance Committee had resisted by force the execution of criminal process and the power of said County had been exhausted . . . I have this day received satisfactory information that the causes which required the issuance of the [proclamation], no longer exist; therefore I do revoke and withdraw said Proclamation." Thus the conflict was amicably settled, on the eve of election day.

What follows is a letter which undoubtedly played an important part in the peaceful solution to this highly complex and potentially explosive constitutional situation. It was found in the Military and National Guard Papers, 1848-1861, Box 3, in the State Archives, Sacramento.

and coach entrepreneurs of Shasta County—whose rollicking exploits included a little California ship piracy in the Civil War. I need not tell you how much I enjoyed it, and the gifted way George had of telling it.

After treating myself to this re-reading of the Fullerton opus—I turned to the rear of the book—to the bibliographical notes on the contributors. I read with interest and delight: "George E. Fullerton—a native of San Francisco—and a product of the schools of Oakland. His grandparents came to California in the early fifties, and his mother was a native of California. He married Isabel Greathouse, also of a pioneer California family. So George had been unabashedly writing about his fractious kinfolds! And that, in my language, makes George Fullerton truly a Westerner!

For no man who knew him could ever doubt or discount the love he held for the organization his hands and mind had so truly helped to fashion. All one has to remember about George Fullerton's love and loyalty towards the Westerners are those many nights when George had to be wheeled into the meetings, his once strong limbs mutilated by surgery, in constant pain, but his bushy blue eyes still alert and dancing to the events, and talks, and camaraderie, which make up an evening at the Westerners. There are few men living with the guts to pay such a painful price to remain in the circle of fraternity with the men of thirty years of close and brotherly association. George Fullerton was a real Westerner—and make no mistake.

And just a thought should be added to the attentive care of another charter member Westerner, and Honorary Member and ex-sheriff—Paul Galleeher—in so many times making it possible for the handicapped George to share these precious evenings with his friends, almost up to the last. Can't you just see those beetle eyebrows of George, wherever he is as of this moment, lifting appreciatively, and his resonant voice saying "That Galleeher fellow was a real honest-to-God Westerner."

And so was George E. Fullerton. Believe you me—he was! It's not easy or a happy thing to stand by and watch the old trees fall.
In Remembrance

GEORGE E. FULLERTON
1898-1977

By Paul Bailey

It seems sad, and most difficult to understand, that the taller the tree, the more rugged and stalwart its limbs, the more inevitable is the certainty that it will be severed from life, and be cut down.

George E. Fullerton, especially to his fellow Westerners, was just such a tree—big, rugged, tall, and inspiring—and to us who have known him from the beginning—the felling was a little too merciless, cruel, and prolonged for us to fully comprehend the sometimes necessary edicts of our earthly sojourn.

From the hour of its birth, Los Angeles Corral of Westerners has enjoyed the rugged, faithful, beautiful tree that was George E. Fullerton. Before our eyes we have watched the tree grow to stately stature, and before our eyes we have witnessed its inevitable cutting. For thirty-one years he has been an essential and beloved part of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. For thirty-one years he sat with us, worked with us, grew stately in our midst, shared our victories, and shared our problems.

One cannot think back to a single hour in those three decades of existence when George was not with us—working and sharing. In thumbing through the nostalgic and proud shelf of every monumental Brand Book published by Los Angeles Corral of Westerners—we find the name of George E. Fullerton gracing the published roster of its members. In the first Brand Book, published in 1947, there is George’s name. In the historical files of the Corral’s magazine, The Branding Iron, George’s name glides everlastingly through in the various posts and activities he shared in his long sojourn in our midst.

In the first formative meetings of Los Angeles Corral in 1946—held in the living room of Homer Britzman’s home—the former San Marino home of Charles Russell, Trail’s End—George Fullerton shared in the actual setting up of The Westerners—an organization he lived to see grow world-wide. At the first official meeting, held that same year, at the old Redwood House, alongside the Los Angeles Times at First and Broadway, he shared one of the fifty Boston sea-captain chairs, with the other founding fathers of our most unique and beloved order. Today there are mighty few left of those oldtimers.

The great ones on the roster who have passed on, and now the roster listing our beloved George—reads like a who’s who of American historians, notable artists, and bookmen.

In 1960, George Fullerton served the Corral as its Deputy Sheriff. In 1961 he was chosen as its Sheriff. He served faithfully and well in many capacities, filling working posts on boards and committees—and always doing his job consumately well. On Brand Book No. 10, in 1963, he served as editor and associate editor. Always with us, he was a vital and essential part of the organization he loved.

Among the writings of George E. Fullerton, no finer example can be pointed to than the historical piece he did for the California Historical Society's Records. It records that Robert Bruce Wallace was the eldest child of William Quinn Wallace and Eleanor Wigton Wallace. He was born June 3, 1830, at Sadsburyville, Chester County, Pennsylvania. When seven, his father moved the family to Harrisburg where he took a position in the state auditor general’s office. After an ordinary education, young Wallace entered the employ of his grandfather who operated a foundry and store at Rock Hill in Huntingdon County.

In January 1852, when twenty-one, Wallace left Pennsylvania for San Francisco, accompanied by a young friend and his uncle, A. Jackson Wigton. Traveling via the Panama route, they finally reached California. There hardships had to be faced. In 1854, Wallace was employed as supercargo.
on a vessel bound for Australia and the Far East. He returned from his overseas voyage to resume his search for a land-oriented career. But his only claim to fame apparently lies in his service with the 1856 San Francisco Vigilance Committee, as attested to in his letters written to Pennsylvania kin.

The year following his stint as "sheriff" of the Vigilance Committee, he married Josephine Lawrence, a young widow with a small son, August 3, 1857. Death claimed him at a young age, thirty-one, on January 23, 1861. He "died from softening of the brain, from over work," and was buried in Lone Mountain Cemetery in San Francisco, survived by his widow and stepson. In April 1885, his remains were sent east to be reinterred in the Wallace family lot at Mt. Kalmia Cemetery in Harrisburg.

To compliment these heretofore unpublished documents, Robert A. Weinstein has prepared a brief essay to accompany five unique photographs of San Francisco and Fort Vigilance in 1856. As a personal aside, two photographs are included here—the graves and monuments of the two men hanged by the Committee, Casey and Cora. Also included is a broadside of the Constitution of the 1856 Vigilance Committee located in the Huntington Library, San Marino. These new documents and illustrations may rightly be labelled an agenda to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners' Silver Anniversary publication, for such they are.

The Sherman Letter
San Francisco, Cal.
Monday, November 3, 1856
Governor Johnson, Sacramento
Dear Sir:

On Saturday night last I waited at the Pacific Express office and received your letter of Nov. 1 on the arrival of the Sacramento Boat.

I read your letter with much interest and assure you that I have always and still do believe that your whole desire has been to execute the high duties devolved upon you in a manner worthy of your office. I know that you would hold no correspondence with the Vigilance Committee or any men acting for them, and all I supposed possible was that an actual delivery to me or to Gen. Kimble of the State arms, you would say that the Proclamation would be withdrawn. On Saturday the warehouse receipts for 31 cases of arms was placed in my hands subject to a promise from me to return them to the parties from whom I received them, unless at 3 PM. I would promise that the Proclamation would be withdrawn when that time arrived. I was in possession of your dispatch dated Nov. 1, 2-5 P.M. "I have written fully in our conversation I stated my intentions, but I shall not in advance make any promises. The withdrawal of the Proclamation must occur without any prior promise to do so."

Signed J.N.J.

I felt certain that if the arms could be sold to you Saturday afternoon, you would withdraw the proclamation, but I would not pass my absolute promise and so answered. I asserted to the Gentlemen that the chances were 99 in 1000, that their object would be attained, but you can well understand that I could not pass my word when I had not the absolute certainty on which to base a promise.

I take it for granted that it is now too late to do anything farther and that the Election will be held tomorrow subject to the Proclamation, and how far it will be binding or subject to the control of the Executive after the result is made known is beyond my understanding. My opinion is that an Election is not inconsistent with a State of War, for I know that Governor Mason ordered Elections in California during the War with Mexico and the successful candidates were installed in office. I do not think the Election will be void, but that your approval after will legalize the whole. It would be a dangerous exercise of your power to annul an Election should the Candidates succeed whom you reject as hostile to your policy.

I believe the Vigilance Committee still retain their Organization and wield a dangerous power, and I would like to see them put so completely in the wrong as to arouse on the side of the legal authorities cards embossed with the photographer's name and address.

These three were photographed between January and June of 1856 by G. R. Fardon and are part of a larger group he made showing most of the streets and significant civic and mercantile structures of San Francisco at that time. They were published by Herre and Bauer in the City at that time under the title, San Francisco Album, Photographs of the most beautiful views and public buildings of San Francisco.

Neither cameras nor lenses in those days were "fast" enough to stop motion as cameras can today and inanimate views of landscape as these were popular. Anything that moved would blur in consequence of the long exposure required and we can see blurred images in one of these photographs. The daguerreotype had not yet been altogether replaced by the new glass negative process in 1856 and J. M. Ford's well patronized portrait gallery on Montgomery Street can easily be discerned.

The view of Portsmouth Plaza is one of the earliest we have of the historic founding center and some of the familiar buildings, The Bella Union, the Eldorado and the Verandah Store are in evidence, the newly planted saplings testimony to rampant civic pride. The widely sold "knock down" houses prefabricated in the East and brought to San Francisco's water lots, relics of when the area was under the waters of the Bay. One can see the driven pilings and the wooden walkways that transformed the shallow Bay into saleable real estate; the very pilings still being uncovered as San Francisco digs into its past to build the city anew.

Robert A. Weinstein

An interesting note in Fardon's best-known photographs of Fort Gunnybags are the remains of the early water lots, relics of when the area was under the waters of the Bay. One can see the driven pilings and the wooden walkways that transformed the shallow Bay into saleable real estate; the very pilings still being uncovered as San Francisco digs into its past to build the city anew.
SAN FRANCISCO — 1856

By Robert Weinstein

Overnight the California Gold Rush transformed Yerba Buena into a new metropolis, San Francisco, a name for California, a new and exciting name for the gold-maddened world of that day.

So many tales were told of this fabled city that began to boom larger than life, a myth that grew more unbelievable with every retelling. Need mounted in all quarters for a believable picture of that day. The flood of words written and spoken about it was proving inadequate, offering imprecision and romance far too little dependable fact. People needed to see for themselves. Only the newly-discovered daguerreotypes as Robert Vance, Fred Coombs, Albert Southworth, Carleton Watkins and Mrs. Molly Shannon, midwife and daguerrian. They were followed soon after by the ambrotypists and when the glass negative process was introduced in 1851, a technique that allowed photographers to make as many paper prints from one negative as they wanted, such views of the growing city were reproduced here.

We have shown three typical views of "downtown" San Francisco in 1856. They were paper prints, pieces of writing paper made light sensitive by the photographer in advance of exposure and developed by the naked sun's rays, chemicals were not required as they are today. We know such photographs now as developing-out prints and they were sold then, mounted on the opinions of the moderate people here and throughout the State. They still control the Press. Your Brother has just called, and I will stand ready when he returns to provide from Judge Freelon the paper you request. The telegraph is received and I have telegraphed you that I have the letter of Judge Freelon which is herewith enclosed. I have also seen Gen. Kibbe and the Gentlemen who is up at Sacramento. I think the delivery to Kibbe and this letter of Freelon is all you need to justify you in withdrawing the Proclamation and I for one will be glad if you can telegraph it down so that it can be published in the morning papers before the Polls are opened.

Sincerely your friend
W. T. Sherman

The Wallace Letters
San Francisco May 21, 1856

Dear Father:
Not a moment leisure. I am aid to Chief of Vig Committee. Requires all my time. Don't be alarmed for me. The danger is over. We have the hounds or villains as you would call them secured. The Bulletin I send you I took from the murder Casey's room when I was placing his guard over him. Keep it as a sort of relic for every man connected with this revolution will be proud of it.

The Wallace Letters
San Francisco June 20, 1856

Dear Sister Annie:
I have but a few moments to devote to you. Been kept so busy for the past month, day & night. Sleeping in my clothes all the time, ready for emergencies. We are a powerful organization and San Francisco has been ruled by murderers & villains long enough. We are sweeping them from the country. I don't know how long this may last but there is every appearance of its continuing some time. The Governor has issued his proclamation calling on the militia. Very few responded to his call and they are the ones we are banishing. We number several thousands. Our army is larger by considerable than Genl. Taylor's at Buena Vista. Among us are several preachers, some old men sixty years of age & all the merchants & in fact all the respectable portion of the community.

Fort Vigilance
San Francisco July 5, 1856

Dear Mother:
I scarcely know what to say to you. The Vigilance Committee are still at work clearing out the Murderers, Thieves, Ballot box stuffers & c. We will send off to-day Six, two of them are from Philadephia. We have in custody a Judge of the Supreme Court, David S. Terry, now under trial for stabbing one of our men while attempting to arrest a scoundrel, who was an intimate friend of the Judge's. The man who was wounded is still alive and there is a chance now for his recovery; if he dies, the Judge will hang. He is formerly from Texas, has a notorious reputation. Killed a man in Galveston. Stabbed a witness in open court in this country. He can never again take a seat on the "Bench" in California. Yesterday was a peculiar Fourth of July. Some few fire companies & military were parading, but our Six thousands thought it would be bad taste to make any display until our work is done. You should have seen the rush of excited people when the news spread that Terry had killed Hopkins. We surrounded the armories of the "Law and Murderer" party, took them prisoners, with arms and ammunitions, thus in an hour completely annihilating them. A man named Andrews and myself took "Terry," put him into a carriage, and guarded by three thousand muskets brought him to our quarters. I don't know when we will disband, but not until we have finished our work.
Dear Mother:

Yesterday as I was saying, was set apart for a "Parade of our forces. We turned out about 5,000 men under arms. It was the most imposing sight ever witnessed. I never in my life saw so many persons together who all appeared to hail us as their deliverers from a worse than a Tyrant's rule, that of the villains whom we have either Banished from the state with orders never to return, under the penalty of Death or already sent on that long journey. The sidewalks, windows, doors, balconies etc. were thronged with old & young. I had no idea that San Francisco could boast of so many lovely faces. Bouquets & wreaths were showered upon us as we marched through the different streets, my men all splendid looking fellows, and most of them real dare-devils, in fact my boys are the only ones who have had any fighting to do, as we have had arrests & ship away the Banished. By the way I have not told you of my promotion, from "Deputy Chief" to "Chief of Police." I am now at the head of the Police Department of the Committee of Vigilance. This organization is divided into three Departments, the Executive, Military & Police. Each one has its own chief. The Military and Police are independent of each other, but both act under the orders of the Executive Committee, which is something similar to a Senate. It is composed of our best men all of them deeply interested in the welfare of our state, all of them of men of experience, & most of them of over forty years of age. Consequently you hear of no rash proceedings on their part, as would be the case if young men filled their places. The Chiefs of the Military & Police are appointed by the Executive Committee. I consider the approbation & confidence of such a body of men of more value than anything else in this world. The newspaper accounts of yesterday's parade are not altogether correct, as their reporters have no knowledge of the secret proceedings of the Committee and have to pick up their information as best they can. Everything passed off quietly until about 6 o'clock P.M. when we had arrived within a short distance of our Quarters. I had cautioned my men to pay no attention to anything that might be said of any of the "Laze & Murder" party as we passed along, but two of the Ruffians who had been using very insulting language to Ladies & others friendly to us & emboldened by our forebearance approached close to our line & applied a very insulting epithet to one of my men, but the rowdies had calculated a little too much on our good nature. To their astonishment, they received a knock down from a couple of my boys. Their friends rushed to their assistance. For a short time the fight was pretty general. At last got the two I wanted and carried them to our rooms. They have been tried to-day. One of them will take a sea voyage to-morrow. On his trial it appeared that he was a noted scoundrel, but from certain influences had gone unhonored of justice.

We shall probably adjourn in a few days, but ready to meet again at a signal that we are needed, and we be to them if they give us cause to assemble again.

I have been so situated for the past eight months that I have not corresponded regularly with any of my many acquaintances in the state. I need mother's letter by the last steamer, the first in a long time. Since in making the election returns. The time is almost up. . . . Some additional returns just reed make the vote of this State for President somewhat doubtful.

Postscript. As in all works, invariably an author will commit a few errors of commission as well as omission. This is true of The Vigilance Committee of 1856. There is one bibliographical entry which should have been included. In my opinion, the latter edition is the best, and that is the one I relied on, rather than the original imperfect 1835 edition. So much for an error of commission.

Recently, in reading a book catalogue, a habit to which I am terribly addicted, I came across a fugitive governmental document on the 1856 Vigilance Committee, which I promptly purchased. This item should have been included in The Vigilance Committee of 1856 bibliography—it is important. "Report of the Secretary of War, Communicating. In compliance with a resolution of the Senate, of the 2d instant, correspondence in relation to the proceedings of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, California," U. S. Senate, Executive Document No. 43, 34th Congress, 3d Session (Washington, D. C., 1857), 29 pp.

One reviewer felt that Stewart E. White, The Forty-Niners: A Chronicle of the California Trail and El Dorado (New York, 1921), should have been included in the bibliographical discussion because it had been widely used as a textbook. Chapters XIII-XVI, pp. 174-265, center on the 1856 Vigilance Committee. The treatment is sympathetic, but the research is dated.

It should be noted that it was not my intention to cover every book which had dealt with the Vigilance Committee of 1856 either in passing reference or in some detail. My intention was to discuss only major works which focused on that extraordinary event.
Dear Mother:

I am now at the head of the Police Department of the Committee of Vigilance. This organization is divided into three Departments, the Executive, Military, & Police. Each one has its own chief. The Military and Police are independent of each other, but both act under the orders of the Executive Committee, which is something similar to a Senate. It is composed of our best men, all of them deeply interested in the welfare of our state, all of them men of experience, & most of them over forty years of age. Consequently you hear of no rash proceedings on their part, as would be the case if young men filled their places. The Chiefs of the Military & Police are appointed by the Executive Committee. I consider the approbation & confidence of such a body of men of more value than anything else in this world. The newspaper accounts of yesterday's parade are not altogether correct, as their reporters have no knowledge of the secret proceedings of the Committee and have to pick up their facts the best they can. Everything passed off quietly until about 6 o'clock P.M. when we had arrived within a short distance of our Quar ters. I had cautioned my men to pay no attention to anything that might be said of any of the "Lame & Mousy" party, as we had both of the Ruffians who had been using very insulting language to the comers of the state, and never return, under the penalty of Death or already sent on that long journey. The sidewalks, windows, doors, balconies &c., were thronged with old & young. I had no idea that San Francisco could boast of so many lovely faces. Bouquets & wreaths were showered upon us as we marched through the different streets. At my side, as we had to make all the arrests & ship away the Banished. By the way I have not told you of my promotion, from "Deputy Chief" to "Chief of Police." I am now at the head of the Police Department of the Committee of Vigilance.

Since I was saying, was set apart for the parole of our forces. We turned out about 5,000 men under arms. It was the most imposing sight I ever witnessed. I never in my life saw so many persons together (who all appeared to hail us as their liberating from a worse than a State of death). Bouquets & wreaths were showered upon us as we marched through the different streets. The fact is they feared to commence a row, knowing that if they did, the chances were they might so taken as ornaments for decorating the Lampposts on the streets.

You need have no fear for my safety in the event of my visiting New York. I would feel more secure there than here & the fact is they know who to attack, and when, I value them as highly as I do a cow, I would shoot one as quickly as the other, if they should attack me... Phil Herbert (Keating's murderer) goes to Washington by the Steamer of to-day. He yesterday sent a challenge to Tom King for something displeasing that had been published in the Bulletin. King took no notice of him. Word was brought me that Herbert was laying in wait to attack Tom King as he should leave his office to go home which was about 4½ o'clock P.M. I rather imagine Mr. Herbert saw some persons lounging about the neighborhood which did not add to his feeling of safety in case he should assassinate King. So he left and that was the end of it.

The Steamer has been delayed for several hours to-day to allow an opportunity of sending election returns. The time is almost up... Some additional returns just read make the vote of this State for President somewhat doubtful.

Postscript. As in all works, invariably an author will commit a few errors of commission as well as omission. This is true of The Vigilance Committee of 1856. There is one bibliographical entry which should have been clarified more succinctly. Stanley A. Coblenz, Villains and Vigilantes: The Story of James King of William and Pioneer Justice in California, originally appeared in 1936. New material, however, was incorporated into an 1957 edition, and in the 1961 edition, which was cited. In my opinion the latter edition is the best, and that is the one I relied on, rather than the original imperfect 1936 edition. So much for an error of commission.

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Page Eight . . .
 Overnight the California Gold Rush transformed Yerba Buena into a new metropolis, San Francisco; a new name for California, a new and exciting name for the gold-maddened world of that day.

So many tales were told of this fabled city that it began to loom larger than life, a myth that grew more unbelievable with every retelling. Need mounted in all quarters for a believable picture of San Francisco, the flood of words written and spoken about it was proving inadequate, offering imprecision and romance and far too little dependable fact. People needed to see for themselves. Only the newly-discovered daguerreotypes as Robert Vance, Fred Coombs, Albert Southworth, Carleton Watkins and Mrs. Molly Shannon, midwife and daguerrian. They were followed soon after by the ambrotypes and when the glass negative process was introduced in 1851, a technique that allowed photographers to make as many paper prints from one negative as they wanted, such views of the growing city are reproduced here mushroomed.

We have seen three typical views of “downtown” San Francisco in 1856. They were paper prints, pieces of writing paper made light sensitive by the photographer in advance of exposure and developed by the naked sun’s rays; chemicals were not required as they are today. We know such photographs now as developing-out prints and they were sold then, mounted on the opinions of the moderate people here and throughout the States—they still control the Press—Your Brother has just called, and I will stand ready when he returns to provide from Judge Freelon the paper you request.

A telegram is received and I have telegraphed you that I have the letter of Judge Freelon which is herewith enclosed. I have also seen Gen. Libby and the Gentlemen who is up at Sacramento. I think the delivery to Libby and this letter of Freelon is all you need to justify you in withdrawing the Proclamation and I for one will be glad if you can telegraph it down so that it can be published in the morning papers before the Polls are opened.

Sincerely your friend
W. T. Sherman

The Wallace Letters

San Francisco May 21, 1856

Dear Sister Annie:

I have but a few moments to devote to you. Been kept so busy for the past month, day & night. Sleeping in my clothes all the time, ready for emergencies. We are a powerful organization in San Francisco has been ruled by murderers & villains long enough. We are sweeping them from the country. I don’t know how long this may last but there is every appearance of its continuing some time. The Governor has issued his proclamation calling on the militia. Very few responded to his call and they are the ones we are banishing. We number several thousands. Our army is larger by considerable than Genl. Taylor’s at Buena Vista. Among us are several preachers, some of thirty years of age & all the merchants & in fact all the respectable portion of the community.

Sincerely your friend

W. T. Sherman

Committee of Vigilance Rooms

San Francisco, Aug. 19th/56

Dear Father:

Yesterday was a glorious day for Vigilants in this city. It was just 3 months since we first appeared on the streets in arms. On that occasion (twas a Sunday) we marched three thousand of our men from our Rooms on Sacramento St. (Since known as Fort Vigilance or Fort Conaty Bags) all was silent as the grave, not a strain of music to enliven us, but on every countenance you could read the determination to accomplish our purpose, which was to take from the County Jail & the custody of corrupt authorities, the murderers Casey and Cora. Oscar Smith, “Chief of Police” & myself went ahead of the party. He then asked me how I was armed. I said only my revolver. He said I had better get a Bowie knife for “Bobby” says he, I will not conceal the danger from you, if we have to fight for those prisoners, you and I will have to enter that Jail to take them. Fortunately...
on a vessel bound for Australia and the Far East. He returned from his overseas voyage to resume his search for a land-oriented career. But his only claim to fame apparently lies in his service with the 1856 San Francisco Vigilance Committee, as attested to in his letters written to Pennsylvania kin.

The year following his stint as "sheriff" of the Vigilance Committee, he married Josephine Lawrence, a young widow with a small son, August 3, 1857. Death claimed him at a young age, thirty-one, on January 23, 1861. He "died from soften's brain, from over work," and was buried in Lone Mountain Cemetery in San Francisco, survived by his widow and stepson. In April 1885, his remains were sent east to be reinterred in the Wallace family lot at Mt. Kalmia Cemetery in Harrisburg.

To compliment these heretofore unpublished documents, Robert A. Weinstein has prepared a brief essay to accompany five unique photographs of San Francisco and Fort Vigilance in 1856. As a personal aside, two photographs are included here—the graves and monuments of the two men hanged by the Committee, Casey and Cora. Also included is a broadside of the Constitution of the 1856 Vigilance Committee located in the Huntington Library, San Marino. These new documents and illustrations may rightly be labelled as an agenda to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners' Silver Anniversary publication, for such they are.

"The Sherman Letter"
San Francisco, Cal. Monday, November 3, 1856

Dear Sir:

On Saturday night last I waited at the Pacific Express office and received your letter of Nov. 1 on the arrival of the Sacramento Boat. I read your letter with much interest and assure you that I have always and still do believe that your whole desire has been to execute your high duties devoted on you in a manner worthy of your office. I know that you would hold no correspondence with the Vigilance Committee or any men acting for them, and all I supposed possible was that an actual delivery to me or to Gen. Kirkhove of the State arms would that the Proclamation would be withdrawn. On Saturday the warehouse receipts for 31 cases of arms were placed in my hands subject to a promise from me to return them to the parties from whom I received them, unless at 3 PM. I would promise that the Proclamation would be withdrawn. When that time arrived, I was in possession of your dispatch dated Nov. 1, 3-5 P.M. I have written fully. In our conversation I stated my intentions, but I shall not in advance make any promises. The withdrawal of the Proclamation must occur without any prior promise to do so.

Signed J.N.J.

I felt certain that if the arms could be sent to you Saturday afternoon, you would withdraw the proclamation, but I would not pass my absolute promise and so answered. I asserted to the Gentlemen that the chances were 999 in 1000, that their object would be attained, but you can well understand that I could not pass my word when I had not the absolute certainty on which to base a promise.

The 31 cases about which I telegraphed you no doubt contain arms, but whether they hold all the arms I cannot tell without personal inspection, and on speaking of the six pounders, I found that they had two given to the California Guard, a body of men who are not true to you, and I had good reason to doubt if you would be willing to act as though they were in the custody of the State Authorities.

I take it for granted that it is now too late to do anything further and that the Election will be held tomorrow subject to the Proclamation, and how far it will be binding or subject to the control of the Executive after the result is made known is beyond my understanding. My opinion is that an Election is not inconsistent with a State of War, for I know that Governor Mason ordered Electeds in California during the War with Mexico and the successful candidates were installed in office. I do not think the Election will be void, but that your approval after will legalize the whole. It would be a dangerous exercise of your power to annul an Election should the Candidates succeed whom you reject as hostile to your policy.

I believe the Vigilance Committee still retain their Organization and would wield a dangerous power, and I would like to see them put so completely in the wrong as to arouse on the side of the legal authorities cards embossed with the photographer's name and address.

Three of these were photographed between January and June of 1856 by G. R. Fardon and are part of a larger group he made showing most of the streets and significant civic and mercantile structures of San Francisco at that time. They were published by Herron and Bauer in the City at that time under the title, San Francisco Album, Photographs of the most beautiful views and public buildings of San Francisco.

Neither cameras nor lenses in those days were "fast" enough to stop motion as cameras can today and inanimate views of landscape as these were popular. Anything that moved would blur in consequence of the long exposure required and we can see blurred images in one of these photographs. The daguerreotype had not yet been altogether replaced by the new glass negative process in 1856 and J. M. Ford's well patronized portrait gallery on Montgomery Street can easily be discerned.

The view of Portsmouth Plaza is one of the earliest we have of the historic foundling center and some of the familiar buildings, The Bella Union, the Eldorado and the Verandah Store are in evidence, the newly planted saplings testimony to rampant civic pride. The widely sold "duty" house prefabricated in the East and brought to San Francisco, round the Horn, in the holds of sailing ships dot the sandy hills in abundance. Look at the varieties of style in architecture we can see in these 1856 views. They are an astonishing reflection of the cosmopolitan influences that took root in the infant frontier city.

An interesting note in Fardon's best-known photograph of Fort Gunnybags are the remains of the earlier water lots, relics of when the area was under the waters of the Bay. One can see the driven pilings and the wooden walkways that transformed the shallow Bay into saleable real estate; the very pilings still being uncovered as San Francisco digs into its past to build the city anew.

Robert A. Weinstein
In Remembrance
GEORGE E. FULLERTON
1898-1977
By Paul Bailey

It seems sad, and most difficult to understand, that the taller the tree, the more rugged and stalwart its limbs, the more inevitable is the certainty that it will be severed from life, and be cut down.

George E. Fullerton, especially to his fellow Westerners, was just such a tree—big, rugged, tall, and inspiring—and to us who have known him from the beginning—the felling was a little too merciless, cruel, and prolonged for us to fully comprehend the sometimes necessary edicts of our earthly sojourn.

From the hour of its birth, Los Angeles Corral of Westerners has enjoyed the rugged, faithful, beautiful tree that was George E. Fullerton. Before our eyes we have watched the tree grow to stately stature, and before our eyes we have witnessed its inevitable cutting. For thirty-one years George has been an essential and beloved part of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. For thirty-one years he sat with us, worked with us, grew stately in our midst, shared our victories, and shared our problems.

One cannot think back to a single hour in those three decades of existence when George was not with us—working and sharing. In thumbing through the nostalgic and proud shelf of every monumental Brand Book published by Los Angeles Corral of Westerners—we find the name of George E. Fullerton gracing the published roster of its members. In the first Brand Book, published in 1947, there is George's name. In the historical files of the Corral's magazine, The Branding Iron, George's name glides everlastingly through in the various posts and activities he shared in his long sojourn in our midst.

In the first formative meetings of Los Angeles Corral in 1946—held in the living room of Homer Britzman's home—the former San Marino home of Charles Russell, Trail's End—George Fullerton shared in the actual setting up of The Westerners—an organization he lived to see grow world-wide. At the first official meeting, held that same year, at the old Redwood House, alongside the Los Angeles Times at First and Broadway, he shared one of the fifty Boston sea-captain chairs, with the other founding fathers of our most unique and beloved order. Today there are mighty few left of those oldtimers. The great ones on the roster who have passed on, and now the roster listing our beloved George—reads like a who's who of American historians, notable artists, and bookmen.

In 1960, George Fullerton served the Corral as its Deputy Sheriff. In 1961 he was chosen as its Sheriff. He served faithfully and well in many capacities, filling working posts on boards and committees—and always doing his job consumately well. On Brand Book No. 10, in 1963, he served as editor and associate editor. Always with us, he was a vital and essential part of the organization he loved.

Among the writings of George E. Fullerton, no finer example can be pointed than the historical piece he did for the Westerner's Brand Book No. 7 (1957) entitled "The Fabulous Greathouse of Panama". When seven, his father moved the family to Harrisburg where he took a position in the state auditor general's office. After an ordinary education, young Wallace entered the employ of his grandfather who operated a foundry and store at Rock Hill in Huntingdon County.

In January 1852, when twenty-one, Wallace was employed as supercargo on the Panama route, they finally reached California, There hardships had to be faced. In 1854, Wallace was employed as supercargo
San Francisco Vigilance opinion.

During the course of my research on the preparation of the text, I discovered by sheer chance a heretofore unpublished letter by William Tecumseh Sherman to Governor J. Neely Johnson, dated November 3, 1856, which contributes another important piece to the historical mosaic of the train of 1856 events. In 1972, that letter was published in a limited edition as a keepsake for the eleventh joint meeting of the Roxburgh and Zamorano Clubs in San Francisco. It seems fitting that the letter should be republished in The Branding Iron so as to make it more accessible to those who have acquired a copy of the Westerners' silver anniversary publication.

The letter helps explain why Governor Johnson finally agreed to withdraw his June 3, 1856, proclamation which had declared the "County of San Francisco in a state of Insurrection." The crux of the matter was the return to state control of the arms which had been seized by the Vigilance Committee. By October the issue was directly enjoined: the Vigilance Committee demanded withdrawal of the proclamation before the surrender of the arms; the Governor demanded the surrender of the arms before the withdrawal of the proclamation.

Sherman intervened to mediate the impasse. On October 29, 1856, he wrote to the Governor, "It occurs to me that you require, before you issue any state paper touching the Proclamation, that you should have before you a written document showing that the last act of resistance to the State had ceased, and therefore though reluctant to mingle again in any public transaction, I am willing for the sake of peace and quiet to do this." A solution was proposed: simple: if the arms were surrendered, then the Governor would withdraw his proclamation. Time, however, was of the essence.

Governor Johnson had one ace up his sleeve. An election was scheduled for Tuesday, November 4. If the election was held under the stigma of the June proclamation, the legality of the returns could be challenged in the courts; mayhap the entire election would be declared null and void. To preclude that possibility, the Vigilance Committee was anxious for a solution.

Telegraphing the Governor on October 31, Sherman asked cryptically: "Will you recall the Proclamation on the unconditional surrender of the State Arms? Answer by Telegraph." In the meantime, Sherman sought positive assurance from the Vigilance Committee. He received that on November 3, when Judge Thomas W. Frelon, speaking for the Vigilance Committee, pledged that the arms in question "will this day be delivered up to the proper authorities." And so they were. That same day, General William C. Kibbe, State Adjutant General, wired the Governor: "The Vigilance Committee have surrendered some 32 cases of State Arms & accoutrements this day to me. . . . These arms I have shipped to Sacramento in accordance with your instructions—The surrendering of the State Arms at this time is a tacit acknowledgment by the Committee that this Country has been in a state of insurrection since the issuance of the proclamation. Consequently an important point has been gained. The Cannon will be forwarded as soon as the Excitement is allayed."

Governor Johnson proceeded immediately to counteract his proclamation. The fact that "satisfactory information having been received by me that combinations for the purpose of resisting the execution of legal process by force, existed in the County of San Francisco in this State and that an unlawful organization styling themselves the Vigilance Committee had resisted by force the execution of criminal process and the power of said County had been exhausted . . . I have this day received satisfactory information that the causes which required the issuance of the [proclamation], no longer exist; therefore I do revoke and withdraw said Proclamation." Thus the conflict was amicably settled, on the eve of election day.

What follows is a letter which undoubtedly played an important part in the peaceful solution to this highly complex and potentially explosive constitutional situation. It was found in the Military and National Guard Papers, 1845-1861, Box 3, in the State Archives, Sacramento.
secessionist sympathy and activity was one Henry Hamilton, who purchased the Los Angeles Star and became a leader of the Los Angeles Times. He was also a prominent editor of the Los Angeles Star and an avowed proponent of Lincoln's policies.

Typical of his writings was the characterization of Lincoln as a "corrupt, usurping, bloody-handed despot." Hamilton was ultimately arrested for treason, imprisoned briefly at Drum Barracks, then placed on a steamship bound for Alcatraz, only to be released a mere ten days after his initial arrest. Thoroughly unchastened, his vitriolic and bigoted editorials continued to espouse Confederate causes.

Not surprisingly, there were genuine fears of a conspiracy to deliver Southern California to the South. A secret organization, dubbed the Knights of the Golden Circle, was active here in efforts to recruit for the Confederate army and to get these volunteers to the Confederacy. And there is little doubt that the Knights might have made a bold move to seize Southern California had Confederate forces from Texas succeeded in reaching the Colorado River. The "Monte Boys," rabid Southerners from the nearby town of El Monte, were another group of armed sympathizers who marched out more than once spoiling for trouble and damning the Union cause.

To control this potentially dangerous situation, Federal troops were hastily assigned here, taking up temporary positions on the outskirts of the city to begin with, then later establishing Camp Latham on Ballona Creek (near today's Culver City), and Drum Barracks down at Pointe Banning's town of Wilmington. The former was used to train Colonel Henry Carleton's California Volunteers; the latter became the major headquarters for shipping military supplies and equipment all over the Southwest. Drum Barracks also housed Beale's famous but shortlived Camel Corps when it was moved down from Fort Tejon.

The presence of soldiers effectively contained Southern California for the duration of the Civil War struggle, but these years remained marked by conflict and unrest between those who adamantly supported the Union and those who just as fervently backed the Confederacy. Fortunately, as Harris Newmark recorded, "men on both sides..."
THE MONTHLY ROUNDPUP

JULY

Certainly one of the more interesting meetings of 1977 was Dennis Casebier's slide lecture entitled The Mojave Road. At first thought concerning the program, one could not help but wonder how the speaker could enthral an audience with slides of a wagon road running across the Mojave Desert. Who wants to see slides of ruts in the sand, lizards slothing from rock to rock, and bits of old junk and a piece of sagebrush here and there? Casebier began with a full description of each trail through the Mojave over the years, and then by means of a slide map, followed by time lapse photography showed what that particular section of the desert country looked like years ago and what the exact same spot looks like today. It was truly fascinating and one could hear wine soaked napkins falling to the floor as Corral members raised their heads from the chin position to view these pictures and listen to the running commentary. The speaker's knowledge, and his great enthusiasm for the desert, turned an expected dull evening into one of overpowering delight.

AUGUST

The old long wharf at Santa Monica was the theme of Associate Member Ernest Marquez for the August meeting. Ernie was born on land that was part of the Rancho Santa Monica, and with a curious mind wondered what that old wharf was doing on his great-grandfather's property. His years of research into the former Southern Pacific long wharf, which was sides grew hotheaded and abused one another roundly, but few bones were broken and little blood was shed."

Today, the old officers quarters at Drum Barracks is the site tangible moment of the Civil War period in Los Angeles. But thanks to John Robinson's skill and industry, we have in this excellent book a permanent and valuable insight into the events and the people that figured so importantly during this turning point in both our community's and our nation's history.

—Tony Lehman


Reading this book is a unique experience. It is the next best thing to spending your vacations on the Lazy K Bar ranch on the fringe of the Crazy Mountains in the Big Sky State of Montana. You get to know Spike, his family, his horses and his fabulous "Melville country."

The book is written in the author's genuine horseman's language, descriptive and salty, just as he talks. Here is a man who likes what he is, what he does, and where he is. His story proves it and tells you why. From start to finish it is full of what Spike terms joie de vivre. This part of The Treasure State is off the beaten path and has remained a horse and cattle country hidden away from the modernization of farms and towns.

As Spike puts it, "the region was never easy on people, or horses, and it was tough to get by, but it marked its own way with a wry humor, deep toughness of character, individualism, a streak of nonconformity and an innate decency . . . they were good people, and I grew up with, fought with, played with and worked side by side with all my life."

In describing the book and the title, he says "the old-time ranchhand wasn't exactly top heavy with worldly goods. His horse gear, a bedroll, and a warbag—as a rule a seamless sack holding a few clothes—was about all, and in total it was always spoken of as, "my forty years' gatherin's."

And they are well worth reading.

—Ralph Miracle

Feeling sure that this book will be compared with Hilton's earlier work, Sonora Sketchbook, I reread that volume, possibly for the fourth time and found it as fresh as ever. We had just returned from an Easter Week jaunt to Sonora and had spent some time in Los Alamos, about which that work is centered. While much of John's writings are concerned more with people than places, we found little changed in Sonora, once one gets away from the modern tourist developments along Mex 15, Bahia Kino and Guaymas. Reading from the Sketchbook we could understand John's enjoyment of experiences spent in dona Luisa's parlor and the companionship and friendship of this cool room that opened onto a flower-filled patio. We spent an evening there, though now it is dona Armida's parlor, but the old Steinway and that "most elaborately hand-painted spittoon" are still there. While we discussed Mexico's problems of development, most of our conversation concerned Juanito, and on leaving dona Armida gave me two warm embraces and made me promise to carry them back to Juanito. This I promised, though probably I shall deliver them a la subrogada.

By comparison, Baja California has greatly changed since Hilton wrote Hardy Any Fences in 1958-59. Reading the text, one has a feeling that it is describing contemporary Baja, California, and that a traveler would have no trouble reconciling the material with the present roadways. This is just not so. Again much of the material concerns the people of the Peninsula, but only a few remain. Alberta and Aida Meling still hold forth at Rancho San José, and this part of the description would be little different today. Dona Anita Espinosa of El Rosario is still as active as ever, are Antero and Cruz Diaz of Bahia de Los Angeles. But Dick Daggetts, padre y hijo, are both gone, as are Charlie Utt, Ginger Lamb, Hattie Hamilton, and as
we were reading the book, word came of the passing of Arturo Grosso of Laguna Chapala. This volume contains twelve chapters, each written independently, and each is more or less complete in itself. The first is one of the best and tells of a journey into the Sierra San Pedro Martir to produce a painting for Braulio Maldonado, newly elected governor of newly created state of Baja California Norte (1956). One will find these upland valleys little changed and still reached only by muleback or on foot.

As Sonora Sketchbook is centered about the village of Los Alamos, so is Scarcely Any Fences centered about the resort at Bahia de Los Angeles, about halfway down the long slender peninsula. And of course Antero Diaz and Dick Daggett are the lead characters. Daggett has left us, about a decade ago, and Diaz has greatly expanded his operation, but there is still some of that feeling of being at the end of everything when one arrives at Bahia. Three of the chapters concern the rugged trips and the problems of driving over what passed for roads twenty years ago. The modern visitor, who finds that the highway is paved all the way to the edge of the resort, will have some trouble relating to the accounts. His charming story of the Virgin of the Rock is now but a story of past years, as the Transpeninsular Highway bypasses the lonely Virgin by several miles.

If one wishes to attempt to find the Lost Mission of Santa Isabel, he will find it as inaccessible as when Dana and Ginger Lamb were attempting to locate it and the Hiltons were lost attempting to find the Lambos. If you were to stop in Ensenada, you will find that Gaston Flourie is still as sure as ever that he will soon locate the Lost Mission. One of the most delightful incidents related refers to Gaston and his dreams. To quote: “Recently (c. 1954) one of the authors of a well known and very accurate work came through Ensenada and stopped to see my friend Gaston Flourie ... and stated that there was positively no such thing as a lost mission ... and that Gaston was wasting his time looking further."

"Can you imagine this horrible practical fellow, moaned Gaston, trying to convince me that this Mission of Santa Isabel does not exist? It is a crime in this country to destroy a man’s property, but, my friend, it should be a crime to destroy a man’s dreams!”

Though years have passed, I am sure that Peter is still as sure as ever of his logic, and Gaston of his dreams—and I am still more positive that Gaston will be able to come up with more dreams of his lost mission and that not even a covey of writers could ever destroy them.

Two chapters cover the Hiltons’ trips to Isla de Angel de la Guardia and these are two of the most important stories of the volume. This arid island is still as unexplored as when Padre Linck, the Jesuit, first thought he saw lights on the island in 1765 and sailed across the strait to check it out. John made a journey up a rugged arroyo and located groves of blue palms in an upper canyon. They did not find any open or flowing water; still where blue palms flourish, water can not be far from the surface. As far as I know this is the first documentation of the possibility of Indian habitation of La Guardia, though the late Burr Belden had often told me of John’s exploration of this island.

Other chapters tell of trips south to El Arco, located at the border between Baja California and Baja California Sur (now reached by a paved highway), and of a foolhardy attempt to drive across the unbroken sand stretches of the Vizcaino Desert toward Laguna Guerrero Negro, which he successfully completed.

All in all it is amazing how a few years have changed Baja California from a last frontier, whose exploration was a challenge to those who ventured into its bare lands, to the tourist haven of recent time. Still there is much of the Central Desert that has not been reached by paved highways, though irrigated farms are becoming increasingly frequent and even much of the range land is now closed by barb-wire fences.

While Hilton’s journeys are of a different era than those of such as Linck, Consag and Portolá, some annotation of Hilton’s writings would have been as desirable as those of the mission fathers and of the soldiers of the King.

—Walt Wheelock

In 1971, to honor its first twenty-five years of activity, the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners published The San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856: Three Views. The heart of the volume contained the written statements by William T. Coleman, William T. Sherman, and James O’Meara, eyewitnesses and participants in that momentous event. In the introduction to the book, I surveyed the more important primary and secondary sources which dealt with the history of the 1856 Vigilance Committee, concluding with the bald fact that a “judicious history” of the movement has yet to be written. I am still of that firm belief.

(Continued on Page Four)