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Eldoradoville: Forgotten Southern California Mining Camp

by John W. Robinson

High in the eastern San Gabriel Mountains, between the precipitous spurs of Mount Baden-Powell and the great gray mass of Old Baldy, is born the East Fork of the San Gabriel River. Through the ages, this powerful mountain torrent has carved a deep groove through the bedrock. The river churns southward through a narrow gorge, then elbows west to join the West and North forks near Rincon. The united waters flow south into the San Gabriel Valley.

Over countless eons of geologic time, the East Fork of the San Gabriel has carried within its flow more than water. Honey-combed in the high ridges that form a horseshoe around the river's headwaters are quartz veins containing gold. Flecks of this precious metal, eroded away and washed downstream, have salted the riverbed for miles.

Gold has lured and enticed prospectors by the hundreds into the East Fork region for more than a century. It has been panned, sluiced, long tommed, hydraulicked and blasted out in quantities for years. At one time the San Gabriel River was one of the major gold producers in southern California.

The East Fork witnessed what might

modestly be termed a gold rush between 1859 and 1862. Hundreds of eager fortune hunters hurried into the canyon in search of the shining metal, and a short-lived mining camp—complete with boarding houses, stores, saloons and gambling houses—sprang up. The shanty town, apparently first called Prospect Bar, has become known in history—and legend—as Eldoradoville.

Unlike the boom towns of northern California's Mother Lode country, most of which have received thorough study by historians, very little of real value has been written about the southern California mining camps.* The Death Valley ghost towns, the Mojave Desert's Randsburg and Calico, and the Julian Mining District of San Diego County are the only area camps to receive what might be considered adequate historical treatment. Much has been written of Holcomb Valley in the San Bernardino Mountains, but its history consists mostly of myths and half-truths. For anyone interested in such southern California mining

*This is understandable, as the Mother Lode rush had a pronounced socio-economic effect on California's development, while gold recovery in the southern part of the state was a minor economic enterprise at best.

The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

DECEMBER

A festive mood permeated *Les Freres Taix* as Westerners settled down to the final meeting of the year. James Byrnes, winner for the past three years in a row of the Western Writers of America Golden Spur Award for the best television western, presented segments of the old "Gun Smoke" series. The session of questions and answers that followed made for a lively and informative discussion of the problems involved in writing and producing western films.



Deputy Sheriff Tony Lehman, James Byrnes, speaker for the evening, and Sheriff Dutch Holland at the December meeting.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph

JANUARY

The venerable and delightfully witty Paul Bailey held forth in grand fashion at the Corral's initial 1979 confab. After being humorously "roasted" by Deputy Sheriff Hugh Tolford, long time member Bailey



Paul Bailey posing next to our newly installed Deputy Sheriff Donald Duke and Sheriff Tony Lehman.
—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph

fulfilled expectations by captivating the gathering with the saga of Walter Murray Gibson—"that S.O.B. of Hawaii".

Involving himself in a lifelong series of almost incredible adventures and misadventures, Gibson was given an analytical "fair shake" by Bailey. Apparently he was a man who was either greatly admired—even loved—or intensely despised by all who had dealings with him. A golden-tongued orator, this genius/scoundrel was able to convince whomever was necessary to support his latest grandiose scheme. Gibson's visionary activities, encompassing among others, "Admiral" of the non-existent Guatemalan navy, filibustering in Sumatra, or creation of the hilariously disaster-ridden Hawaiian "navy" from an old dilapidated guano steamer, were equally abedded by numerous escapades with dozens of adoring ladies. Here was a man who under his personally created banner, boldly strode across Pacifica in seven-league thongs leaving an imprint still visible today. Thank you, Paul Bailey.

(Continued on Page Ten)



Corral Chips

For his many contributions toward preserving the history of his community, our new Roundup Foreman *Ernie Marquez* is granted an honorary life membership in the Santa Monica Historical Society.

C.M. *John M. Carroll* has been tolerably busy down in Bryan, Texas, editing a host of new publications including *Cavalry Scraps: The Unpublished Writings of Frederick Benteen*; *Bards of the Little Big Horn*; and *General Custer and the Battle of the Washita*. All of these can be ordered directly from John at P.O. Box 44, Bryan, Texas 77801.

The San Marino Historical Society hears a talk by C.M. *Ed Carpenter* titled "Headstone History," and is then escorted on a walking tour of the San Gabriel Cemetery where many early Valley pioneers are buried, including B.D. Wilson and the Pattons.

Associate Member *Charles Heiskell* entertains the Zamorano Club with a well-received talk on "Darwin's Book." At the same meeting, Charles is elected as the new president of this prestigious group of book fanciers.

Anybody interested in acquiring a complete set of *Branding Irons* all the way back to 1947, including all periodic keepsakes? *George Koenig* has several of these, handsomely bound by *Bob Cowan*, which he is willing to part with. We don't normally run "commercial" announcements of this sort, but decided to do so because this is such a rare opportunity for some keen Westerner to complete his library of Los Angeles Corral publications.

Abraham Hoffman has written, "Mexican Repatriation during the Great Depression: A Reappraisal," an essay in *Immigrants — and Immigrants: Perspectives on Mexican*

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

Eldoradoville...



Hooverville, depression-era mining camp in East Fork at site of Eldoradoville, 1933.

—Henry E. Huntington Library

camps as Ravenna (Soledad City), Acton, Ratburg, Belleville, Clapboardtown, Cushenbury City, Bairdstown (Doble), Kenworthy and Eldoradoville, there exist only a few brief scholarly references to compete with a host of legendary stories of the “lost mines and buried treasure” variety. Each of these forgotten camps awaits serious historical study.

This article examines what is known about Eldoradoville, and attempts to separate myth from fact, regarding this camp in the San Gabriel Mountains.

Valid material on Eldoradoville is difficult to find. Apparently, no resident of the river camp ever published his memoirs, and there exist no known photographs or sketches of the settlement. Only a handful of books and periodicals contain information on Eldoradoville, and most of these references are brief. Sedley Peck’s “Colorful Old Days on the Upper San Gabriel,” which appeared in *Trails Magazine* (Summer 1938), gives extensive treatment to Eldoradoville and the East Fork mining ventures. This historical publication has long been used as the basic

source of information on the mining camp. Peck, a long-time canyon resident and grandson of canyon miner William Heaton, relied as much on hearsay as on fact. His report of Lincoln winning most of Eldoradoville’s votes in the 1860 presidential election is in error, and many of his statements must be viewed with considerable skepticism.

The only valid sources on Eldoradoville—reliable in establishing names, places and dates—are Los Angeles newspapers of the 1859-1862 period and the 1860 Federal Census Report. The *Los Angeles Star*, the *Southern Vineyard* and the *Semi-Weekly Southern News* all sent correspondents into the canyon during the mining boom, and reported extensively during the height of the excitement there. This monograph is based primarily on these contemporary accounts.

The exact date when gold mining commenced on the East Fork of the San Gabriel River has not been established. There are stories about Indians and Spanish *padres* digging for gold in the canyon long before arrival of the American. Such tales cannot

be verified and must be viewed as fanciful myths. The first American miners explored the East Fork probably in the early 1850's. It is difficult to pin down a date since prospectors, working singly or in pairs, drifted from place to place, receiving little attention unless they made a strike.

The traditional story, told by Los Angeles historian J. M. Guinn, states that boomers, drifting down from the Kern River diggings, entered the San Gabriel Mountains via Cajon Pass and penetrated the headwaters of the East Fork. These pioneer miners did placer mining for a while, or until the water ran out. Guinn says this happened in 1855. Major Ben C. Truman, pioneer Los Angeles newspaperman, states the first gold discovery was made in 1854 by a Captain Hannager and party.

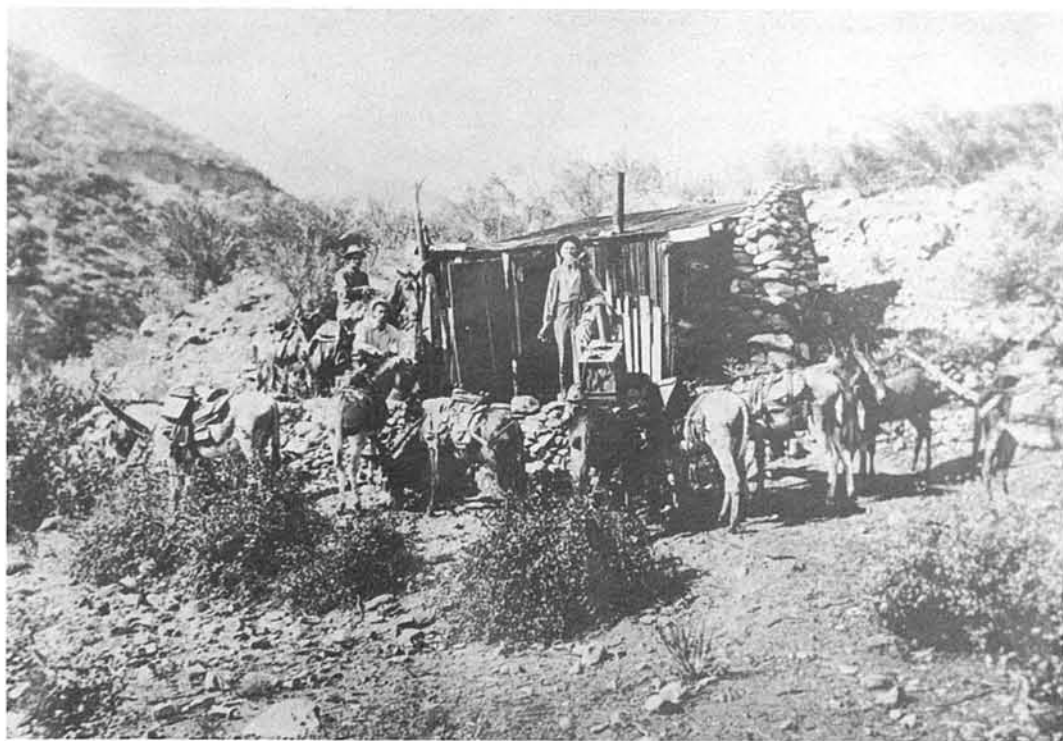
Contemporary newspaper files place the year of discovery as 1854. The *Los Angeles Star* for September 21, 1854 reported: "There has been some excitement this past week about the new gold diggings on the

headwaters of the San Gabriel. We have met several persons who have been out prospecting and although they found gold of the best quality, differ very much as regards the richness of the mines."

For several years, minor placer activity continued on the East Fork. The *Southern Californian* (February 8, 1855) reported "an average yield of six and seven dollars per day, to the man." But the middle 1850's were relatively dry years, and the water scarcity hampered the miners' efforts.

During the winter of 1858-1859, the rains came. Snowpacks piled up on the mountain peaks, and by early spring the San Gabriel and its numerous tributaries were running full with churning water. With the rushing waters came a rush of miners, anxious to try their luck at panning and sluicing. By May 1859 the East Fork was being prospected along its entire length, and rich new discoveries were made.

The *Southern Vineyard* (May 24, 1859) exclaimed: "The interest in these mines



Billy Heaton (center) and his cabin at Peachtree Flat, now Heaton Flat, in East Fork, about 1899.
—Henry E. Huntington Library

continues without diminution. There has been received by three or four merchants in this city about two thousand dollars worth of gold within the past ten days. Men are continually leaving the city for the mines, and but few return."

The *Star* sent a correspondent to the diggings to report on the excitement. On May 28 he wrote, "The cañon through which the San Gabriel flows has been prospected about forty miles up, and in every instance the 'color' has been obtained. There are now a large number of miners at work in the cañon, a great portion of whom have not yet completed their arrangements for washing. All who are in operation are taking out from \$2 to \$10 per day to the man. One day this week four men took out \$80 in one lump, which weighed about three ounces. Most of the miners are at present working hill claims, but as soon as the water falls will commence operations upon the bars, which have proved to be exceedingly rich—as high as \$8 to the pan having been taken out." By July 23, the *Star's* correspondent stated that there were 300 men working in the canyon, including a large number of Mexican miners. And the miners continued to pour in.

Several hundred men lived and labored along the East Fork. Providing the miners with the necessities—and luxuries—of life became a lucrative enterprise for Los Angeles merchants. The *Southern Vineyard* (August 23, 1859) quoted the prices charged the miners at Wilson's Store:

Flour	- \$9 per 100 pounds
Bacon	- 27¢ per pound
Sugar	- \$4 per 25 pounds
Coffee	- 25¢ per pound
Tea	- 62½ to 87½¢ per pound
Beans	- 5¢ to 6¢ per pound
New Potatoes	- 8¢ per pound
Onions	- 8¢ per pound
Molasses	- \$1.50 per gallon
Butter	- 62½¢ per pound
Tobacco	- 50¢ per pound

Considering the outrageous prices charged in northern mining camps, these costs appear quite reasonable.

Wilson & Company store apparently became the hangout for correspondents in the canyon. The *Star's* observer, stationed there, wrote (July 9, 1859): "This is really a beautiful canon, and a more contented set of miners I have never seen in any part of the state . . . Should you think of visiting the mines at any time, you will either find or hear of me at Wilson & Co. store, about 15 miles from the mouth of the canon, and I will promise you a mess of mountain trout which abound in the river."

Reaching the East Fork mines initially proved a problem. The *Star's* correspondent lamented (May 28), "The road up the river is almost impassable; we crossed the river ninety times in traveling twenty-seven miles." Nevertheless, stage service from Los Angeles to the mines commenced in early July 1859. The *Southern Vineyard* (July 5) carried the following announcement:

San Gabriel Mines Stage Line!

The undersigned have established a line of stages from this city to the above mines, leaving Los Angeles tri-weekly on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 A.M. Returning leaves Prospect Bar on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Fare

To San Gabriel Mission . . .	\$1.00
Santa Anita Mines	2.50
Mouth of Canon	3.00
Through to Prospect Bar . . .	6.00

Express and Freight Business attended to on reasonable terms.

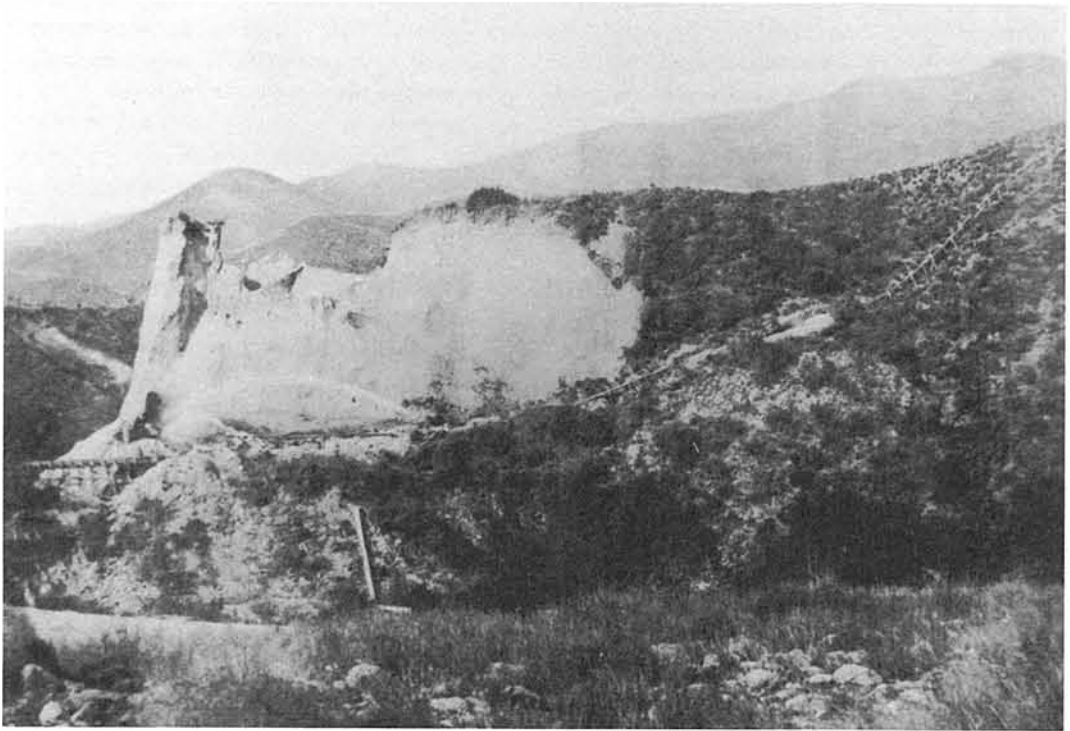
Roberts and Williams

Mining continued at a hectic pace all during the summer and fall of 1859. A number of companies were formed to work claims along the river and on the slopes. Such mining companies were usually organized by one man, who either paid wages or agreed to split the profits with the five to twenty miners working for him. Taking advantage of technical know-how and manpower, these companies began to use more profitable methods to recover gold.

The *Southern Vineyard* (August 23, 1859) described some of the methods used: "Among the most extensive mining operations upon the river are those of the Little Falls Co. and McClure & Co. The former have constructed a flume several hundred feet in length, and of sufficient capacity to carry the waters of the San Gabriel at a high stage. All the modern facilities have been brought into requisition, viz waterwheels, pumps, derricks, railroads, etc., all of which they have accomplished by their industry in the short space of three months . . . The latter of the parties above named are engaged in putting up a hydraulic pump for the purpose of washing a hill claim."

Those who know the San Gabriel River are aware of its occasional intemperate moods, when floodwaters ravage the canyon bottom and obliterate the works of man. On a very rainy night during November 1859, the miners were introduced to the vicious side of the river. The *Star* of December 3 stated: "We regret to have to record the total demolition of the mining works in the San Gabriel Canon . . . So tremendous was the force of the torrent rushing down, that it swept away as chaff all the mining works erected on the river—dams, wheels, sluices, everything, in fact. The amount of damage sustained by the miners cannot be calculated."

But the obituary was premature. Within



Earliest known photograph of mining in San Gabriel Canyon. The Henry Roberts hydraulic mine, East Fork, about 1873.

—Henry E. Huntington Library

A name mentioned often as one of the leading miners in the canyon was Thomas Driver. The *Star* (November 5, 1859) reported that: "The Driver claim is being worked on an extensive scale. A dam has been constructed which lays bare a large section of the river bed, which they have found quite rich . . . This company cleared \$1,000 for their past week's work."

the month, the miners were back at work, rebuilding their dams, waterwheels and sluices, and continued taking out as much gold as ever.

The *Star* of March 10, 1860 reported that: "There are at present eight companies engaged bringing water by means of ditching and fluming of their claims on the different hills, so as to ground sluice or

hydraulic wash, when practicable." The newspaper also announced that, as a result of a meeting of the miners at Falvey and Cullin's Store, the Eldoradoville Mining District had been formed—the first use of the name "Eldoradoville." The mining district was defined as "Commencing at the junction of the waters of the main San Gabriel River and Cattle Canon creek, thence following the course of the main river toward the head, two miles above the claim known as the Nevada claim, and running on both sides of the river between said points and at right angles to the river course, to the centre of the main ridges on both sides." An elaborate set of mining laws, embracing 27 items, was enacted, and one Christian Hirtz was elected president of the district. The *Star* correspondent concluded his report by predicting that "the returns of gold dust from the San Gabriel will be second to those of no other river in the state."

The town of Eldoradoville sprang to life after the flood of 1859, a rowdy successor to Prospect Bar. Sedley Peck described it as: "The Downieville of the South—a rough, tough miner's town." It boasted three stores and, according to Peck, a half dozen saloons, with their gambling and dance halls running wide open. John Robb, who allegedly spent more than sixty years of his life in the canyon, told Peck that he "made more money by running the sawdust from the floor of the Union Saloon through his sluice box than he was able to make from real mining, so prodigal and careless of their pokes were the miners and gamblers of those days." The reader may judge for himself whether to call this an eyewitness account or hearsay. There is no way to prove—or disprove—whether or not John Robb really lived in Eldoradoville or, if he did, how accurate was his recall of events that transpired sixty years before.

The *Star* and other Los Angeles newspapers, unfortunately, gave scant attention to Eldoradoville after the previously-cited article of March 10, 1860. Los Angeles historian J. M. Guinn, writing of the San Gabriel mines in 1896, states only that "Three stores at Eldoradoville supplied the miners with the necessities of life; and several saloons, with gambling accompani-

ments, the luxuries."

There is evidence that rowdyism was rampant. The *Star's* correspondent in the canyon complained of Eldoradoville's lack of order (March 2, 1861): "We have frequent disturbances of the peace here, and as we have no local officers, rowdyism and sanguinary assaults are of very frequent occurrence. As there is no punishment at hand, parties get more bold in their nefarious practices. If death is not the result, there is no notice taken of the number of assaults with knife or pistol. At one o'clock yesterday morning, one Mexican or Indian killed another, by stabbing him in the breast with a knife. The apathy with which the white men received this news was, to say the least, degrading to our sense of civilized refinement. But as persons are allowed to flourish with impunity deadly weapons, of course this must be expected."

The Federal census of 1860, taken in July of that year, reveals the numbers, the ethnic backgrounds and the professions of the canyon miners and residents. There were 80 miners and more than 30 laborers listed in the Eldoradoville vicinity. At least 67 of the miners and laborers were foreign-born, and 39 were from the eastern United States. Of the total, four men were California-born Mexican-Americans. Of the 67 foreigners, 42 were from Mexico, ten from Ireland and seven from Germany. About half of the Mexican miners had their families with them in the canyon. The Americans from the eastern states were about evenly divided between those from slave states and from the free states, an important distinction in 1860. One of the San Gabriel Canyon miners listed in the 1860 census was a German immigrant named Jacob Waltz, who later gained everlasting fame as the discoverer of the legendary Lost Dutchman Mine in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. Waltz reportedly worked the canyon placers from the late 1850's until the flood of 1862, after which he left for Arizona and immortality.

Surprisingly, many of Eldoradoville's miners showed a strong interest in politics. Most of the men were apparently Democrats, with sympathies closely divided between the David C. Broderick faction, loyal to the Union, and the so-called "Chivalry" wing,

sympathetic with the Southern cause. The *Star*, outspoken in its support of the Chivalry faction, frequently reported Democratic meetings in the canyon attended by many miners. Candidates for county and state offices evidently felt it worthwhile to make campaign visits into the canyon. The correspondent of the *Southern Vineyard* seemed surprised that so many politicians would cater to the canyon miners (August 23, 1859): "From our secluded locality, and the difficulty of reaching us, one might suppose that we were out of reach of politicians and office seekers, but unfortunately such is not the case. The canyon has been infested for the past few weeks with candidates representing the different political factions which, judging from the various creeds they advocate, must be somewhat numerous."

As the fateful election of 1860 approached, the miners were caught up in the excitement. Rallies were held espousing all shades of the political spectrum. There is a story, first told by Sedley Peck and repeated many times since, that the Eldoradoville miners cast 400 votes, nearly all for Lincoln, in the Presidential election of November 1860. Examination of the official returns for Los Angeles County which appeared in the *Star* of November 24, 1860 reveals that this is not true. The following figures show the number of votes cast for electors pledged to each of the four Presidential candidates:

Electors pledged to:

	Douglas	Brecken- ridge
Lower mines	22	16
Upper mines	12	7
Total	34	23

Electors pledged to:

	Bell	Lincoln
Lower mines	5	9
Upper mines	3	5
Total	8	14

Douglas was the Northern Democrat, Breckenridge the Southern Democrat, and Bell the compromise Democrat. Lincoln

came in a poor third, further attesting to the Democratic sympathies of the Eldoradoville miners.

During the Civil War years (1861-1865) there was some undercover pro-Confederate activity in San Gabriel Canyon. Gustav Brown, an Army detective assigned to watch secessionist movements in southern California, reported that the Knights of the Golden Circle, a secret pro-Confederate organization, has a chapter in "the San Gabriel Mines" with a membership of 27. Brown warned that the Knights had secret hideouts in the mountains, were well-armed, and were prepared to open guerilla warfare when the appropriate occasion presented itself. But no such "occasion" ever took place.

By the middle of 1860 the number of miners working in San Gabriel Canyon decreased. "The excitement has all passed away, amateur miners have left, and the canon is now in the possession of working men who keep steadily to the business," wrote the *Star* (July 7, 1860). Thomas Driver & Company, working just below the Narrows of the East Fork, was the major producer, employing upwards of 38 men and realizing "\$10 a day to the hand" (*Star*, June 22, 1861). Other companies profitably engaged in hydraulic work were the Goosehorn, James Lucks, Herz, Newton & Warren, and Baker & Smith.

Although there were fewer miners in the canyon, there seemed to be no appreciable decrease in the recovery of gold. The *Star* of August 17, 1861 stated that "Wells, Fargo & Co. reported the shipments of gold from their Los Angeles office during the last six months as averaging \$15,000 a month."

Nature once again played its violent hand. Beginning the final week of December 1861, the weather turned bad. Rain fell daily for three weeks, and nervous miners and Eldoradoville residents watched the river slowly rise along its banks. During the night of January 17-18, 1862, a torrential cloudburst hit the mountains. Early the next morning, a wall of churning gray water swept down the canyon, obliterating everything in its path. As the men of Eldoradoville scrambled up the hillsides to safety, the shanty town was literally washed

away lock, stock and barrel, as were all the canyon-bottom works belonging to the miners. Shacks, whiskey barrels, groceries, beds, roulette wheels, sluices, long toms, wing dams and China pumps were swept clean out of the mountains into the floodplain of the San Gabriel Valley.

Thus ended boom days on the San Gabriel. Eldoradoville was never rebuilt, and although mining continued on the river until recent years, it never again approached the scale of the 1859-1862 period.

What was the legacy of Eldoradoville and the East Fork placer mines? Gold extracted from the river gravels and hillsides totaled some four million dollars, according to Major Ben C. Truman in *Semi-Tropical California* (1874). Beyond gold mining, the brief saga of the East Fork shanty town has left us a host of unanswered questions. How many people lived in Eldoradoville during the height of the boom? San Gabriel Mountain historian Will Thrall said around 1,500, but this appears to be a gross exaggeration. This writer would hazard a guess that there were no more than sixty regular residents, catering to perhaps 400 to 500 transient miners. What did Eldoradoville look like? We can only speculate. No photograph of the town has ever turned up. Certainly at least one of the hundreds who flocked into the East Fork must have toted a camera. Does a faded photograph of the Union Saloon or Wilson's Store, or miners digging along the riverbank just below town, lie forgotten in some attic? Perhaps a picture will be discovered someday.

The East Fork is quiet now, save for the sound of rushing water, the rustling of the wind through the trees, and an occasional shout of glee from a Sunday goldpanner who discovers a fleck of shining yellow in the bottom of his pan. Nothing remains of the mining camp that once throbbed with raucous life. The name "Eldoradoville" has been preserved by the Forest Service in the form of a shady picnic area alongside the river, a peaceful spot to relax and, if one is historically inclined, ponder over the glory days of yesteryear on the old San Gabriel.



Monthly Roundup...

FEBRUARY

Westerners who attended the February meeting were a truly privileged group because they witnessed there an audio-visual spectacular that certainly will not be topped for some time to come, if ever!

Ray Billington introduced presenter Richard Oglesby in glowing terms, labeling him a leading interpreter of Western history, a wonderful teacher, and a magnificent scholar. Dr. Oglesby himself described the program to be presented as the end product of an effort by himself and colleagues at the University of California at Santa Barbara to introduce the lure of Western history to the "unliterate generation" whose members have literally been brought up on television.

Using sophisticated electronic equipment to simultaneously control four slide projectors and a tape recorder, he projected onto two giant screens over 500 slides, which must have encompassed the drawings and paintings of all the great artists of the West. Subject matter ranged from struggle by covered wagon across the plains and through or over the mountains, to cowboy culture, miners, and realities of the Gold Rush, to modern photographs strikingly contrasting old and new.

The technique was little short of breathtaking as slides followed each other in rapid succession, or slowly faded in and out, or a single slide would be held on one giant screen while a series of related ones flashed on the other. Occasionally, two slides would be projected together to form a long panorama across both screens, which would then quickly dissolve into four rapidly-changing views. The entire performance was accompanied by music and song taped in perfect synchronization with the visual display.

All in all, the impact of Dr. Oglesby's incredible creation was tremendous, and the presentation held the audience spellbound. Westerners expressed their sustained enthusiasm and deep appreciation by well-deserved standing ovation.

In Remembrance



LORING CAMPBELL

1905 - 1979

by August W. Schatra

Loring Campbell was a man who wore many hats. He was a renowned magician, a fine showman, an avid book collector, and by his own admission, a hard-bitten horse-trader. Loring first saw the light of day in Sapulpa, Indian Territory, now the state of Oklahoma on March 19, 1905.

I first met him in the early fifties at the Yale & Brown Bookstore in Pasadena. I was amazed at his knowledge of Western Americana and after a few more chance meetings, we became good friends. He invited me to visit him in his small home in Burbank and lo and behold the place was stacked with books wherever one looked and this included the garage and some books were even beginning to invade the bathroom. He also showed me boxes of pamphlets and explained that he had acquired the collection over the years

while touring the country doing magic shows.

His 7,200 volume collection of rare Western Americana now enriches the library of the University of Arizona at Tucson. The Campbell Collection is ranked by experts as one of the three best collections in the country. Each book bears the Kathryn and Loring Campbell book plate that was especially designed by our own artist member—Don Louis Perceval.

After having disposed of his library, Loring's love for books never diminished and he put together several libraries since that time. He had a very good memory and his expertise on Western Americana was sought after by buffs and dealers alike.

His career as a magician was fabulous. He toured the country for the United Chautauqua and the Redpath-Horner-Lyceum Circuit, doing more than 15,000 magic shows between 1925 to 1955. During this time he traveled at least two million miles. He was ably assisted by his talented and capable wife Kathryn, who did a ventriloquist act using five different puppets with an individual and distinct voice for each one. Loring and his wife performed in all the leading cities in the then 48 states many times over, and even ventured into Mexico and Canada. He was the author of two books: *This Is Magic* in 1945 and *Magic That Is Magic* in 1946.



Sheriff Loring Campbell, July 1955 meeting. Left, Don Meadows and Pinky Bynum, speaker.

A note regarding the Chautauqua and Redpath circuits is in order. These were theatrical booking agents and more or less faded away when television replaced vaudeville. Chautauqua were summer tent shows and the Redpath-Horner-Lyceum Circuit were winter shows performed in lecture halls and theatres. Anyone who grew up in a small town knows that entertainment was scarce and the circuit fulfilled this need and the citizens eagerly anticipated the arrival of the shows. These were not school or church shows, but clean, high class professional quality entertainment for mature adults.

Loring and I went to Santa Fe to attend what proved to be the first meeting of the Western History Association. I think that was the time he got hooked on Indian jewelry. The Harvey Room of the La Fonda Hotel was full of Indian jewelry and artifacts. We bought some bola ties and then went outside to visit the other Indian shops in town. Loring had to talk with each dealer, naturally, and before we left for home he also knew all the silversmiths.

As most of the old time Westerners know, Loring never did anything halfway. So taken was he by the Indian jewelry he began to attend all the Indian shows in Los Angeles. Before long he knew every Indian and Indian trader by their first names. As we have seen at our meetings, he had an impressive and beautiful array of bola ties, rings, bracelets and belt buckles.



Loring Campbell entertaining Westerners at Placeritos Ranch, June 1950.



Loring Campbell and Dan Gann, June 1950.

I owe my good friend a great deal of gratitude for he was the one who first introduced and sponsored me to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. This has been a bright spot in my own life.

Loring held many offices in the Westerners, being the presiding Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral in 1955. He belonged to several magic clubs and was an active member of the Hollywood Comedy Club which was composed of show people and movie personalities. He was also a member of the Adventurer's Club of Los Angeles. Membership in this organization is granted only on proof of extraordinary or unusual exploits in the field of adventure. Just what Loring's adventure was I do not know. He was an enthusiastic member of the Magic Castle, as many of our members who were his guests can attest. He was a director of S.A.M., the Magic Hall of Fame, and was considered an outstanding magic historian. For real fun and games he belonged to the Playboy Club.

Loring Campbell's exploits could fill a book. He always led an active life and invariably had a good story to tell. He never missed the Corral meetings unless he was ill. His earthly departure has left an emptiness in the lives of his many, many friends that cannot easily be replaced.

Vaya Con Dios, Loring.

Corral Chips...

Labor Migration to the United States, recently published by the Greenwood Press.

One of our newer Corresponding Members, *Joe Northrup*, is presently hard at work as a Regional Vice-President for the Conference of California Historical Societies, as President of the Los Angeles City Historical Society, and as a member of the History Team of the Los Angeles Bicentennial Committee, headed by *Doyce Nunis*.

In April of this year, Westerners *Andy Dagosta*, *Easy Cheyno*, *Juan Martinez*, *John Walgren*, and *Loren Wendt* will be participating in the 3rd Annual American Indian and Cowboy Artists Exhibition at San Dimas, California. In honor of the late *Lloyd Mitchell*, the best of show award has been designated the Lloyd Mitchell Memorial Award. John Wayne will be the recipient of the Man of the West Award, and hopefully he will be well enough to be in attendance. Previous Man of the West honorees expected to be present are Roy Rogers and Olaf Wieghorst.

C.M. *O. Dock Marston* has, alas, had to cancel his upcoming cruise of the Grand Canyon, where he has been riding the river rapids since 1942. Even though the Smithsonian had contracted with him to give a history workshop in the Canyon, no insurance company would insure an 84 year old man for such a dangerous project.

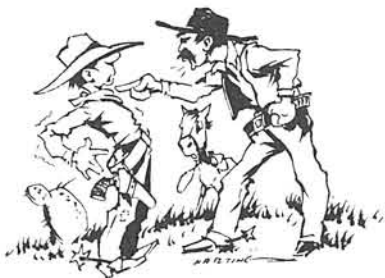
Non-resident member *Dan Thrapp*, who ought to be basking in the Tucson sunshine but who reports snow and hail, has a brand new book out entitled *Dateline Fort Bowie: Charles Fletcher Lummis Reports on an Apache War*. The University of Oklahoma is the publisher of this distinguished volume.

C.M. *Harriet Weaver*, who moved from Ventura County to tiny Fortuna up in Humboldt, has just completed a 150,000 word manuscript which chronicles her twenty year career as California's first woman state park ranger. Ought to make wonderful reading.

Tall Ships on Puget Sound: The Marine Photographs of Wilhelm Hester, and *Grays Harbor, 1885-1913* are two new and eye-catching publications from maritime his-

torian *Robert Weinstein*.

Lastly, the Doubleday Book Company has just issued the latest Western Writers of America anthology called *Water Trails West*, edited by our Deputy Sheriff *Donald Duke*. The volume includes two chapters by former Sheriff *Paul Bailey*, while the seventeen chapter vignettes are skillfully rendered by none other than the Corral's resident artist, *Andy Dagosta*.



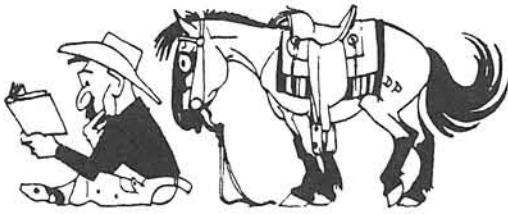
The Foreman Sez . . .

For the Record

As the U.S. Seventh Cavalry slowly made its way across the plains toward Little Big Horn, a crusty old Irish scout named Murphy leaned across his saddle, looked General Custer in the eye, and said, "If anything can go wrong, it will!" His words ring true today; in fact, many Westerners know them as Murphy's Law. In compiling, editing and putting together *The Branding Iron*, if anything can go wrong, it will and usually does at the worst possible time. We wish to extend to Arthur Clark our sincerest apology for inadvertently omitting the name of his great-grandfather, the author of the article "An Easterner Goes West" that appeared in the December 1978 issue. The title should have been: "Narrative of William Bell of Hinckley, Ohio".

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners welcomes the following new Corresponding Members. They are: H. F. Edgar, South Pasadena; D. B. Esterly, M.D., San Marino; Maureen R. Gates, Chatsworth, and Norbert "Buddy" Reyes of Canoga Park.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

Baja California and Its Missions, by Tomas Robertson. 96 pp., maps, illustrations. La Siesta Press, Glendale, California, 1978. \$3.50.

This handy and informative volume begins with a capsule summary of the early history of the Baja peninsula, from the unsuccessful attempt at colonization by Hernan Cortes down to the founding of the Mother Mission of the Californias at Loreto in 1697 by Padre Juan Maria Salvatierra.

Subsequent chapters, longer and more detailed, are devoted to the Jesuit, Franciscan, and Dominican eras in the settlement and growth of Baja California.

Within this chronological format the author narrates the story of all of the Baja missions, and additionally supplies notes on their present condition as well as information on how to reach each of these churches, some of them in extraordinarily remote locations.

One thing is readily apparent: Tomas Robertson knows his subject. He is, of course, President of the Committee for Conservation of the Missions of Baja, California. But more importantly, he has spent some 50 years roaming Baja on foot, on horseback, in camping vehicles, or cruising its shores and islands to enjoy the marvelous fishing. His book is therefore the valuable product of both immense familiarity and intense love.

—Tony Lehman



The Genteel Gentle: Letters of Elizabeth Cumming, 1857-1858, with introduction and notes by Ray R. Canning and Beverly Beeton. University of Utah Library, Salt

Lake City, Utah. 1977. \$12.50.

Elizabeth Cumming went overland with her husband, Alfred Cumming, appointed by President Buchanan to be the first non-Mormon governor of Utah and to succeed Brigham Young. They accompanied the Utah Expedition of federal troops led by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston from the Missouri River to Salt Lake. On the journey Elizabeth wrote eighteen letters back home to her relatives.

Although the journey was often painfully difficult with extremes of hot and bitterly cold weather and food scarce, she describes the journey as "the happiest and pleasantest months" of her life. She observed plant life and collected botanic specimens all the while maintaining the correct social obligations demanded by her husband's important position despite living in cramped quarters in army tents.

Through her letters we see the vast beauties of the far West, the encounters with Indians, and get a woman's viewpoint of daily life in a pre-Civil War army struggling to progress while under the constant harassment of a wily, desperate, small band of Mormons impeding their way by prairie grass fires.

She tells of the struggle her husband underwent as he endeavored to enforce the law and yet honorably protect the constitutional rights of the beleaguered Mormons.

This is a fine example of fine book-making, well illustrated, amply and expertly annotated by the editors, and a good companion piece to the Bailey book *Holy Smoke*. A limited edition of 1,250 copies published by the Tanner Trust Fund, the book is number eight of the series *Utah, the Mormons, and the West*.

—Katie Ainsworth



Looking Far West: The Search for the American West in History, Myth, and Literature. Edited by Frank Bergon and Zeese Papanikolas. New American Library. New York. 476 pp. 1978. Paperback. \$2.50.

Although its secondary heading claims that this volume represents a "search for the American West," the main title, *Looking Far West*, more accurately describes its highly

varied, informative, and enjoyable content. For it should be noted that Frederick Merk, in his *magnum opus* *The Westward Movement*, also published in 1978, made it clear that at one time or another in America's history the term "the West" has been applied to virtually all parts of the country, and that what is now most definitely "East" was once thought of as the "Western Frontier."

The editors of this work have, for the most part, limited themselves to what has remained "West." Even so, the category is still a colossal one, and they have come up with a broad array of selections to illustrate it, along a seemingly unlimited spectrum accommodating such diverse interpreters of the scene as Father Eusebio Kino, Oscar Wilde, Chief Joseph, and psychologist Erik Erikson.

Bergon and Papanikolas are native Westerners themselves, both professors of English (the former at Vassar, the latter at the Art Institute in San Francisco), and both in love with their topic.

The book is arranged in seven sections, each on a different theme and with its own introduction. Overall, the selections included run the full gamut of time and place within American western history. Merely paging through, one is fascinated by the number of eye-catching offerings included.

Most of the familiar names are present: Fremont, Greeley, Twain, DeVoto, Webb, etc.; but there are a host of others and many less familiar items, e.g., comments and opinions on and about Indians, the impressions of Karl Marx's daughter and her husband of the "cowboy proletariat." Neither Richard Henry Dana nor the California missions are included. Perhaps the editors felt both already too well known.

One will find, however—in song, story, impressions, and interpretations conveyed by great writers, as well as many another astute commentator on the "West"—an amazing array of explorers, gunfighters, farmers, miners, laborers, and cowboys (on and off the screen).

A thoroughly satisfactory anthology for intelligent browsing, *Looking Far West* is also a handy guide and lead-in to further study of almost every "Western" topic.

—Thomas J. Curry

A Gold Rush voyage on the bark Orion from Boston around Cape Horn to San Francisco, 1849-1850: a unique record based upon the journals of Foster H. Jenkins, Henry S. Bradley, Seth Draper and Ezekial I. Barra. Edited by Robert W. Wienpahl. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale. 1978. \$18.25.

Hundreds of ships sailed from Atlantic coast ports for California by way of Cape Horn during 1849 and the years immediately following. Our fellow Westerner, John B. Goodman III, is just now completing a monumental work which will list every one of the 1849 fleet and provide as much information as diligent research can produce about each. When this task is completed, John Goodman will have achieved one of the major accomplishments in California historical scholarship of this century. Meanwhile, books on individual voyages continue to appear, and the book reviewed here is one of these. The Cape Horn voyage was long—usually well over a hundred days—and was likely to be tedious, so that a good many passengers kept journals as one way of passing the time.

The bark *Orion* was a well found vessel and seems to have had an able captain and a relatively good crew. Her passage from Boston to San Francisco consumed 166 days, which was certainly not very fast but was far from being the slowest. She encountered no extremely bad weather, and her passengers and crew were on the whole a healthy lot. The passage was broken by calls at Rio de Janeiro and Juan Fernandez Island.

Robert Wienpahl, the editor, is Professor of Music History at California State University, Northridge. At the same time he has owned and sailed boats for some forty years, and this is reflected in his command of nautical terminology and the generally effective way in which he has introduced and annotated the journals. The existence of four accounts of the same voyage makes this publication of all of them together particularly noteworthy. Jenkins and Draper made daily entries, some in considerable detail; Bradley seems mainly to have copied entries from the *Orion's* log; and Barra, a seaman who joined the ship at Rio, included his account of the voyage in a pamphlet published in San Francisco in 1893. Thus it

is not a journal at all, and the editor has found a good deal of reason to believe that Barra's memory was far from accurate.

Mr. Wienpahl has organized the accounts so that all entries for a particular date are placed together. This makes for easy and sometimes interesting comparison, but is obviously repetitive. Since the voyage was relatively uneventful, the text is not very sprightly. Its very sameness, however, gives a good impression of the voyage itself, at least from the viewpoint of a passenger. The editor has provided a lengthy and scholarly introduction on the Cape Horn Route to California in general, has described the history of the *Orion* from construction to dismantling, presented the results of his careful investigation into the backgrounds and subsequent histories of the writers, and added a good bibliography. Altogether, this is a fine example of historical editing, and the book certainly is worthy of an honored place on the long shelf of Gold Rush narratives.

—John Kemble



Chilkoot Pass: The Most Famous Trail In The North, by Archie Satterfield. Alaska Northwest, Box 4-EEE, Anchorage, Alaska 99509. Illustrated. Softcover. 213 pp. \$4.95.

In this thoroughly revised and expanded edition, Satterfield, book editor and travel writer for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, has ably captured the great Klondike gold strike of 1897-1898. The route most used by miners and packers was the Chilkoot Pass—alternately called the “meanest 32 miles in history,” the “most beautiful 32 miles in Alaska and British Columbia” and the “world’s longest museum.” Obviously, the Chilkoot Pass has something for everyone.

The first part of the book is devoted to the history of the gold rush. Here, Satterfield discusses early exploration along the Chilkoot and introduces such colorful characters as Soapy Smith, the Klondike’s roguish entrepreneur.

Satterfield also relays the story of hundreds of prospectors, both men and women, who crossed the rugged pass in hopes of finding their fortune. Instead, many of them succumbed to the elements. Avalanches

were common; so was starvation, frost-bite and “cabin fever.”

The final section of the book is meant for the modern hiker and offers numerous valuable tips on preparing for the trip. Satterfield takes the reader on a step-by-step tour of the Chilkoot Pass, which remains relatively unchanged from its heyday. A chapter on hikers’ etiquette is also included, along with a bibliography, index, maps and photographs.

—Jeff Nathan



Keepers of the Game: Indian-Animal Relations and the Fur Trade, by Calvin Martin, U. of California Press. Berkeley, CA 94720. 1978. \$10.95.

Martin, a professor of history at Rutgers College, studies the American Indians’ paradoxical relationship with nature. His findings are bound to provoke controversy and debate, as well as inspire further research. In particular, Martin challenges the long accepted notion of the Native American as an instinctive conservationist-ecologist.

No one would argue that the Indian was the main culprit in the over-hunting of fur-bearing animals. But Martin goes beyond this premise by reviewing the fur trade journals and records of the 17th and early 18th centuries, and by following conventional Indian logic. Martin asserts that Indian tribes, once infected by European diseases, blamed the tragic epidemics that followed, on the surrounding wildlife. It was this conspiracy of animals against man, that incited the Indians. Their spiritual contact with nature was real enough, says Martin; however, this complex relationship swiftly deteriorated with European encroachment.

In this refreshingly imaginative work, the author has utilized aspects of history, anthropology, medicine, geography and philosophy. His book of detection will interest scholars and students of varying disciplines. Complete with an index, bibliography and maps.

—Jeff Nathan