LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

MARCH 1982 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 146

The Los Angeles Corral Honors Easy Cheno and Bill Bender

Presentation by Katie Ainsworth

From left, Bill Bender; Past Sheriff, Bill Hendricks; Katie Ainsworth; and Easy Cheno.

I fully realize that as a woman, my speaking at the annual Westerners Rendezvous is quite a breakthrough. We are here to honor two Western artists and it is truly my pleasure and honor to have this responsibility.

Before doing so, however, I would like to take a few moments to speak about what has become a growing concern for me. This is what I call, for want of a better word, the prostitutionalizing of our Western heritage.

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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THE BRANDING IRON solicits aritcles of 1,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

Corral Chips

The Associated Historical Societies of Los Angeles County is in good hands. C.M. *Maurice (Bob) Hattem* is corresponding secretary; Region 14 Vice Presidents include *Dwight Cushman* of Area A, A.M. *Victor Plukas* of Area C, C.M. *Joseph Northrop* of Area D, and A.M. *Don Pflueger* of Area E. How did the other two vice presidencies get away? . . . The San Fernando Valley *Chronicle* profiles *Dwight Cushman* and his special message for the Thanksgiving holiday. . . . C.M. *Gene Bear* serves as master of ceremonies for the annual Southeast/South Bay area Muscular Dystrophy Association's recognition dinner. . . . The September 1981 issue of *Southwest Art* has an article on A.M. *Ben Abril,* "Ben Abril: The Ambience of the City," with outstanding color reproductions of his work. Ben has been capturing Los Angeles on canvas for the past 35 years. . . .

Bill Burkhart and *Walt Wheelock* journey to Mountainaire, New Mexico, to attend the Gran Quivira Conference. Walt delivers a paper on "Two Bicentennials—Los Angeles and San Vicente (Baja California)". . . . C.M. *Troy Tuggle* is the author of "Smitty: The Living Legacy of Jedediah and Peter Smith," in the Fall 1981 issue of *Pacific Historian,* highlighting descendants of a brother of the famed trapper. . . . *Jack McCaskill's* June 1979 *Branding Iron* article, "Owners and Cattle Brands of the Rancho Santa Anita," is reprinted in the January 1981 issue of *Garden* magazine, published by the California Arboretum Foundation, and also by the San Dimas Westerner Corral's December

RENDEZVOUS PRESENTATION

Like most of you, I have watched in amusement as the Western theme has caught on and raged throughout the world—tight jeans, cowboy boots, shirts, etc., along with cowboy songs, and special classes teaching what is supposed to be cowboy dancing. Every hack painter who dons a ten gallon hat, boots, and spurs, and owns a paint brush, has become a "cowboy artist." Many of these, as good old Charlie Die used to say, "Don't know which end of a horse eats hay," but they surely are grinding out shockingly bad cowboy art which is selling at shockingly high prices.

Suddenly I am no longer amused at all this psuedo-cowboy stuff.

Three events in my recent experience have brought about this revulsion: Last June the San Diego Fine Arts Museum scheduled what should have been a most distinguished show called, simply, "The Cowboy." I felt honored to be consulted in the planning and was asked to write a brief history of Western art for the catalog. Louis L'Amour wrote the preface. It is a beautiful catalog, and I am proud of the way my efforts were presented; but a major portion of it was given over to an article called "The Boys from Gower Gulch," the movie cowboys.

In the main art gallery was displayed a collection of what we could call the classic cowboy paintings—the Russells, the Remingtons, Schreyvogels, Wieghorsts, etc. But as I stood watching the huge crowd of visitors, it seemed to me that they were paying precious little attention to this marvelous exhibit, but were crowding and pushing to get on through to see the movie section with the blinking lights of the rhinestone cowboy's suit and other Hollywood movie paraphenalia, especially the jerking and jostling mechanical bull. All the while, outside the gallery, rootin', tootin' cowboy bands and singers carried on amidst bales of hay, and cowboys rode lethargic cow ponies. All good fun for Disneyland or a Knott's Berry Farm whingding; to no one's surprise but the director, the show was royally panned by the art critics.

A second experience: One of the local TV stations ran five nightly segments on the Cowboy Western fad. The mechanical steer bronco busting, which has broken the necks and sprained the backs of many fools trying to prove their manhood, and close-up shots of enchanting little bottoms crammed into skin-tight jeans, were featured again and again. In dismay, I phoned the station and talked to the woman who was producer of the shows. I asked, Why was there no mention of the Cowboy influence upon American literature and art as well as history? I'm not too sure she grasped what I was talking about. All she could say was that she guessed there wasn't enough time.

A third event: While I was attending the Western Writers of America annual conference in Santa Rosa, I was saddened to hear that the reading public and publishers were demanding that the traditional and much beloved Western stories be spiced with what may be called raw sex. All this despite the fact that the traditional Western story is selling well in many European countries. I guess this is because of the sad fact that most Westerns are now being filmed in Italy.

Am I unduly concerned? Am I trying to perpetuate a myth, or did the West never actually exist? Someone has written that the cowboy myth was actually created by writers and artists until to some extent the cowboys became the myth. Louis L'Amour wrote, "That term 'myth' has more than one meaning, and too many have come to believe that the myth is something imaginary rather than what it really was—a traditional viewpoint of the West." The role Westerners have assumed in preserving the accurate Western heritage of America in art and the written word is most commendable. It is, therefore, altogether appropriate that we gather tonight to honor two artists who have painted the cowboy, the Indian, and the Western scene—Easy Cheyno and Bill Bender.

Now, I have known Easy Cheyno casually for several years. I knew of his part in organizing and serving as president of the American Indian and Cowboy Art Association. I was well aware that he was a warm-hearted, friendly person, but actually knew very little of Easy Cheyno the man, so I wrote and asked him for more information. He wrote back to me that his full name is Yone Elbert Cheyno, known as "Easy." He was born in Missouri 75 years ago and,

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according to his wife, is a "macho male." Which is, I believe, just about the nicest thing a wife can say about her husband! Easy also wrote, "Aside from art, whatever small accomplishments I may have, lay in other fields of endeavor."

Note some of these so-called "small accomplishments," and I believe you will be as surprised as I was:

> Almost 50 years in air transportation. Corporate officer for (1) mechanical and flight safety (under my jurisdiction no passenger ever killed or injured); (2) deal with incessant demands of organized labor. American Airlines, U.S. Airlines, Alaska Airlines.
>
> Initially a development planner for the Lockheed Corp., determining what the corporation should be developing in the distant future; and finally, as a part of the marketing team, selling the L-1011 wide-bodied jet overseas (at $25 million and upwards each).
>
> Consultant to foreign governments and corporations on transportation and related matters; author of 50 papers and manuscripts on technical and socio/economics of transportation.

After reading this amazing list of accomplishments in such a very technical field, I asked, "Easy, what is your educational background? How did you ever prepare yourself for such technical success? His explanation was that he had no technical schooling, but rather had learned to fly with World War I planes and, along with Northrop, had learned aviation "by the seat of his pants."

Having listed his outstanding career, which he played down, Easy then continued in his letter, "From earliest childhood have been influenced by art as my father always had some down on his luck artist temporarily living with us. Painting was an avocation until 1971, though I had studied at the Chicago Art Institute and under several very well known artists. I have almost a total preoccupation with painting the American West because of its unique beauty and grandeur, its traditions and legends, and also, I guess, because of my ethnic background."

Easy's ethnic background, he explained, is Japanese, German, English, Cherokee—he is part of that wonderful ethnic conglomerate minority which makes up the majority of us Americans. As for his art career, he also says, "I don't consider myself a great artist, or for that matter, really good."

Well, all I can say to Easy is simply this: I have known many artists, some of the finest in present-day America, and my life has been enriched greatly by their friendship. I have never known any artist of merit who ever painted a picture which was entirely pleasing to him or lived up to his expectations —there is always that divine discontent the poet speaks about. Burt Proctor was a shining example; I shall never forget him. Several weeks before he was hospitalized for his terminal illness, I was down visiting Burt and his wife Katherine. One evening, we were sitting on the lanai and Burt told us to go to bed, since it was getting very late. He was going into his studio to work on a painting problem. The next morning at breakfast he said, "Damn, I almost got it last night." The next time I saw him, he was in a hospital bed. He painted, and kept striving for elusive perfection, almost until the day he died.

The last line of Easy's letter to me was, "Katie, I haven't given you much to work with, but if I try to expand on this I'll have to start lying, so you'll just have to ham it up! So, without a touch of hamming it up, for none is necessary, I present to you that conglomerate American and artist, Easy Cheyno.

The second artist chosen to be honored is a man very near and dear to me personally. I have known Bill Bender since the days many years ago when he was a shy, gangly youth, serving as a general factotum to the famous desert artist, Jimmy Swinerton. For his faithful services, Bender was receiving sketchy instruction from Swinerton, and was painting almost stroke for stroke in the manner of his famous benefactor. Gradually Bill grew in his ability and gained recognition in the art world. My husband regarded Bill's work so highly he included him in the book *Painters of the Desert* and later on in *The Cowboy in Art.* This was due entirely to Bill's artistic skill and not out of Ainsworth's affection. We regarded Bill as the son we

never had.

There came a day when Bill realized he must break away from his old friend and endeavor to find and paint his own way. Ainsworth and John Hilton had kept insisting he was ready, but it took Bill about a year to paint himself out of the doldrums. He turned to the field he knew best—that of the West. He had been a wrangler and trainer until a wild horse did him in and he had to give up such strenuous work.

Always striving to grow in his art, Bill continued to grow as a man. I have watched with great pride as Bender sloughed off that early timidity and became a poised, delightfully urbane speaker who charmed hundreds of art lovers with his wit and ability while conducting large art meetings at the Death Valley 49er encampments. Painting the Western scene was his main endeavor for years, until again he grew restless and eager to branch out into something different. I first detected this growing "divine discontent" in Bill Bender one day while visiting his studio in Oro Grande. He was showing me some of his latest work, and I noticed a stack of paintings off in a corner. When I asked about them, Bill shrugged and said, "Oh, those are some that just didn't quite come off the way I wanted them to."

Then he began to speak of his wanting to strike off into newer territory. In this he again was encouraged by his wife Helen. Helen has stood alongside Bill and gone through some tough times but was ready to go through them again. It seemed pretty daring to me for Bill to be willing possibly to give up the great financial success he has attained. For instance, he no longer has to go through galleries for sales.

When I was asked to introduce Bill I got in touch with him and asked for news of his more recent undertakings. He wrote in return a long, very amusing letter which I am sure he won't mind if I share with you. This literate and delightful letter was written by the same fellow who years ago submitted a manuscript illustrated by himself to Paul Bailey who returned it with the terse words, "You can't write and you can't draw, but between the two, I suggest you stick with painting."

Bill wrote, "Since you're to give a bird's eye discourse on this bird's views and activities since severing my rhinestone catheter from the main stream, I will try to fill you in. Basically, whatever you've heard ain't necessarily so. Nothing's really changed at our camp.

"1979 was a banner year. After gathering in all those 18 x 24 and larger insults to Mother Nature from the galleries, I hurried back to the reservation (Oro Grande division), locked the gates, alerted my two guard dogs—right and left guard—to active duty. From the safety of my security blanket, I reached out with my pinking shears and snipped the umbilical cord to the outer world, thereby cutting it loose to find its own way since we don't seem to be heading in the same direction.

"Searching for a word to describe the direction I am taking is hard to come by. Perhaps semi-retired without a pension would help the picture—but I've had to set the alarm clock an hour earlier and take a bigger stride to get through the day on time. Besides painting, I've put on my other hat and begun a tale of the wild and wooly West. After 10,000 words on paper I took another look at what I'd written and decided the only way to save the book was to give all the characters a sex change.

"Comes the dawn's early light, we slipped back into our leg irons and faced the truth. The truth being our lot runneth over but the drawbridge pooped out, and we are held hostage here on our own oasis by tons of material possessions. So that brings us round-robin and back to square one. Even with all the hard knocks, I still believe in Ronald Reagan, Paul Bailey, and the tooth fairy. Bring on the green bubble-up and the rainbow stew. I've found a new drummer to march to and my feet are itching plumb up to my knees to be on my way. Whatever or wherever it leads me, I promise you'll be the first to know."

Well, after all this, what is there left for me but to say, Friends, I give you your friend and my very own Billy Bender.

Memories of Aimee

by Ray Zeman

Aimee Semple McPherson died 36 years ago in an Oakland hotel room while on a typical "magic carpet" religious crusade of whirlwind activity. But memories of her remain vivid among many Californians.

Skeptics are still scoffing at her mysterious disappearance May 18, 1926, in the surf at Ocean Park and her bizarre reappearance 34 days later at the Mexican border settlement of Agua Prieta after her escape from two dark-complexioned "kidnapers" named Steve and Rosie.

Devoted followers continue thronging her Angelus Temple near Echo Park in Los Angeles as well as more than 800 branches of her International Church of the Foursquare Gospel scattered throughout the world.

More than 40,000 persons whom the one-time Canadian farm girl baptized with water obviously have memories. And so do many of the poverty-stricken whom she fed and clothed during the Depression of the 1930s without asking for identification.

As a retired newspaperman, I have some unusual memories of Sister McPherson (or simply Aimee, as she was invariably referred to in news rooms) . . . but first, the kidnaping.

When she went swimming in a green bathing suit at Ocean Park and then vanished on that summer day in 1926, religious fervor and the offer of a $25,000 reward spurred an incessant patrol of the beach.

Pilots leaned out of cockpits while flying low over the sea and divers roamed below. Kleig lights played across the waters all night. Prayers and chants were continual on the shore and in Angelus Temple.

When Sister McPherson finally stumbled into Agua Prieta with a story of being held for $500,000 ransom in a shack on the Mexican desert, disbelievers doubted her report that Steve and Rosie had lured her from the Ocean Park beach to pray for a sick child in a car waiting nearby.

Steve and Rosie were never found.

Neither was the hideaway shack.

District Attorney Asa Keyes tried vainly to gather evidence that Sister McPherson may have been seen in a Carmel cottage with a onetime Angelus Temple radio engineer but finally dropped lengthy, sensational court proceedings against Sister McPherson and three associates.

A few months later Sister McPherson opened the temple commissary. Eventually this was to tabulate 1.5 million instances of feeding, clothing and job finding for the needy.

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Newspaper headlines diminished but the evangelist soared to new heights — and money collections — in her temple.

"I am not a healer. Jesus is the healer. I am only the office girl who opens the door and says, 'Come in,' " she would say.

Ushers would open the temple's "miracle room," a museum of crutches and other artificial aids discarded after her prayer-induced recoveries.

A brass band would boom triumphantly. At the proper moment, the congregation would be asked to clip paper money with clothespins to a line overhead.

"Don't try to pin quarters" was the warning.

If collection plates were passed, an attendant would plead: "Paper money only. Sister has a headache."

In 1935-36, when I was a reporter on the old Los Angeles Examiner, I remember one Sunday when I was assigned to cover Aimee dedicating a statue in Anaheim honoring Mme. Helena Opid Modjeska.

Mme. Modjeska and her husband, Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, a member of the Polish aristocracy, had come to Orange County with other Poles in 1876 to found an earthly paradise of lush citrus.

The oranges proliferated but some of the ranchers had trouble in marketing them. Mme. Modjeska began traveling as a Shakespearean actress and gained international acclaim.

Her memorabilia are now housed in the Charles W. Bowers Memorial Museum in Santa Ana. Modjeska Canyon and Modjeska Peak, second highest in the Santa Ana Mountains, preserve her memory.

When Aimee, clad at the Modjeska dedication ceremony in her inevitable flowing robe, noticed the Examiner's chief photographer, Samuel Sansone, pointing his camera at her that Sunday afternoon in Anaheim, she carefully timed her movements as he focused.

First, one arm would be raised. Then two arms. Then she would bend on one knee. Next, on both knees, with head bowing to the ground before the statue. And, of course, a finale of Hallelujahs with both arms raised to heaven.

As the ceremony ended and the crowd was dispersing, Sansone suddenly informed me he had NO picture. I've forgotten whether he had neglected to load film or had left the lens cap on his camera, blacking out any exposures.

Whatever it was, this ace cameraman had goofed. I scanned the departing crowd in desperation and noticed one youth with an Eastman Brownie box camera — the kind which used a roll of film to make negatives about 3 x 5 inches.

When I learned he had photographed Sister McPherson, I offered him $5 for his roll of film and promised to process it and return it with prints by mail the next day.

He agreed and we hastened to Los Angeles. Sansone used the film to submit satisfactory prints to the city editor but the chagrined news photographer never confessed his blooper to anyone at the Examiner.

Years ago, when I was on the Los Angeles Times staff, my city editor scanned the city room just before 8 p.m. on one New Year's Eve and decided I might be the only reporter likely to remain sober for a reasonable period of time.

He assigned me to accompany a photographer to Angelus Temple. There we saw Aimee in just another of her thousands of stage performances — using theatrics for evangelism.

Angelus Temple had been dedicated long before on New Year's Day in 1923. Now Aimee was using a New Year's Eve to celebrate by burning the mortgage.

A rickety, makeshift stairway had been erected atop the dome to permit Aimee and her business manager, Giles Knight, to climb to the top and light a torch to the evil financial document.

In the street below, 10,000 or 15,000 of the faithful and the curious were looking at the floodlighted dome. Naturally the chanters sang and the band played. The Times photographer had a little difficulty hauling his equipment up the narrow stair to a huge urn on a platform atop the dome but he had plenty of light for his pictures.

Aimee, the theatrically-minded evangelist, had made sure of that.

In 1944, after addressing an evening throng of 10,000, Aimee died of an overdose of sleeping pills.

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Her son Rolf took over his presidency of the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel.

Today, before the changing murals of Angelus Temple, Sister McPherson's followers are carrying on her crusade.

Some may be in a tent on the prairie, in a swamp of India or in the jungles of Africa and the Amazon. In many countries they form the largest Protestant denomination.

What inspires them? Memories, perhaps, memories of "only an office girl" who baptized 40,000.

Bancroft's "History Factory"

by Abraham Hoffman

At the November 1981 meeting of the Los Angeles Corral, Dr. James Hart, director of the Bancroft Library, presented an interesting account of the life of Hubert Howe Bancroft. Dr. Hart focused on the founding of the Bancroft Library and its range of collections. Bancroft's approach to writing history was somewhat unusual, and for that reason an examination of his methods may be of further interest to Corral members who enjoyed Dr. Hart's fine presentation.

Hubert Howe Bancroft came to California during the gold rush to assist in his brother-in-law's Sacramento bookstore. The business was to his liking, and by 1856 he was in business for himself. By the time he was thirty his financial success was assured. His bookstore expanded in operation, dealing not only in books but in stationery, writing materials, and, finally, printing and publishing. The Civil War enabled him to buy with greenbacks and sell for gold — a curious situation, but one that made him a great deal of money. He built a plant five stories high, including departments for music, education, science, medicine, and religion; a bindery; a print shop; and general offices.

Bancroft's entrance into the craft of history began with his collecting of books on California. In 1859 he gathered together all the books he could locate on the subject — about sixty volumes. By 1870 Bancroft had amassed a collection of some 60,000 books! To get these books he bought people's collections, rummaged in old bookstores, and picked up many more when he toured Europe, dividing his time between sightseeing and visiting bookshops. As his collection grew his conception of it also expanded, so that he did not think in terms of just California, but of the Pacific states, from Alaska to Central America. His criteria for book purchases dealt with content rather than appearance. He bought books at auction and books from people — big, small, dirty, moldy, Bancroft bought them all.

In 1870 Bancroft began to consider what to do with the rapidly growing collection of books. Certainly he could not read them all. To just read the books would take at least 400 years! He toyed with several projects. His initial idea was to reprint the best ones; then came the idea of an encyclopedia of the Pacific states. Bancroft wrote to many people and, although the idea was well received, no one actually felt like doing what was wanted, for what seemed to be needed was a cooperative writing project.

Bancroft's wife died, and out of a state of depression he emerged with the idea to write the history himself. From the first he knew it would be impossible to do this alone. He would have to use research assistants to help him write the history; but first the collection would have to be cataloged and properly indexed. How to do it? After several false starts Bancroft arrived at a system of indexing the materials. This was done without the benefit of modern library techniques and at a cost of $35,000.

From start to finish, Bancroft's project took almost thirty years. During that time he employed over six hundred people, some briefly, some for almost the entire duration.

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As many as fifty people worked on the project at the same time. Bancroft found that out of the applicants he interviewed, only about one in twenty could do the jobs required of indexing or writing from the voluminous notes. And notes there were: piles of them, along with records of interviews, cut-up duplicates of books, documents, manuscripts, and the index. He hired the best people he could for the tasks. A number of assistants were adept in several languages, and when a problem in translation occurred, it would be taken to the person most versed in that particular language.

Bancroft outlined an ambitious scope for the project, a "History of the Pacific States of North America." When completed, the *Works* (as the books would be collectively titled) would include five volumes on Native Americans, from the Eskimos to the Mayans; three on Central America; three on Mexico; two on the North Mexican states, including Texas; and one covering both Arizona and New Mexico. California rated seven volumes, while Nevada, Colorado, Utah, Washington, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming (about as far east as Bancroft would define a "Pacific State") earned one each. The Northwest Coast and Oregon earned two volumes apiece; north of the Canadian border, Alaska and British Columbia each received a volume's worth of attention.

The last six volumes complemented the preceding ones. They included two more on California, surveying the rancho and gold rush eras; two volumes on the vigilance committees in the West; a miscellaneous volume; and, as the final volume in the set, a partial autobiography in which Bancroft traced the development of his history project. Each volume numbered about 800 pages, and the grand total of words written would be in the neighborhood of 10 million words.

Bancroft's original intention was to write part of the history himself and correct, revise, and rewrite the drafts submitted by his research assistants. As the work progressed, it became apparent that this could not be done, and so in its final form the *Works* contain large sections to which Bancroft devoted only the most casual of glances. Consequently, the style of the *Works* is generally uneven; different writing styles can be noted in different volumes. Part of this may be due to the nature of the material, but part of it is because the writing bears the individuality of the assistant who wrote it, and the quality of the writing varies with the capability of the assistant.

Who wrote what in the *Works* is somewhat of a mystery to this day. John Caughey, in his biography of Bancroft, attempted a chart which apportions the credit where credit seems due, but there are still some vague spots. According to this chart, out of the 39 volumes in the set, Bancroft is credited with 9 5/6 books, most of these coming from the final six volumes. Other estimates of his contributions, however, have been as low as six or four. Henry Oak, Bancroft's chief assistant, is credited by Caughey with no less than ten volumes. Other assistants' work totaled four or five each, down to less than one. It should be noted that this credit is cumulative rather than numerical. Much of the work overlapped and blended, and as often as not one person wrote 11/16 of one book while another assistant wrote the remaining 5/16.

Apart from this unevenness in the writing of the *Works,* another stylistic criticism can be charged to Bancroft. This was the inclusion of literary and classical quotations, not the product of spontaneous inspiration, but included because Bancroft went back over the completed chapters and inserted them where he felt they were needed. The most probable reason for these classical and literary asides was Bancroft's belief that sometimes the narrative needed a little enrichment. Sitll the inclusion of such comments as "remarks George Eliot," "As Mr. Spencer puts it," and "as Jean Paul Richter expresses it," tends to jar the reader's concentration.

Although the cooperative nature of the venture was never a secret, and all the assistants were aware that only Bancroft would receive author credit, publication of the *Works* brought some unwanted repercussions. Bancroft had valid reasons for listing only his name. Well-known in the publishing field, his single name could win more acceptance than a number of obscure ones; and besides, the use of one name would emphasize the unity of the complete set,

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which he wished to market as a whole.

After the *Works* were published, several of Bancroft's assistants, people who had worked with him for years, pressed claims of authorship. The State of Oregon, for various reasons never kind to Bancroft, credited one assistant, Frances Fuller Victor, with writing five of the books, and those five were sold in Oregon with her name added to the title page. More serious charges came from Henry Oak. The former chief assistant wrote a book, *Literary Industries in a New Light,* in which he asserted his position in the writing project. People accused Bancroft of running a literary sweatshop, hogging all the credit, and pushing his books on people who didn't want them. Ambrose Bierce, writing for the *San Francisco Examiner,* took special delight in sniping away at Bancroft.

The result of all the argument was that Bancroft's name made many enemies in California, and critics blasted his *Works* unfairly. G. P. Gooch's *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century,* first published in 1910, referred to Bancroft's effort as an unsuccessful attempt at a cooperative writing project, its "failure" due to Bancroft's status as an "inexperienced amateur." While useful as a reference work because of its incredible collection of facts, Gooch argued that the *Works* "naturally lack the higher qualities of historical writing," and he blamed this fault on the method used to write the history. Oregonians, continuing to champion Frances Fuller Victor, took pot shots at Bancroft to the day he died. Even in the obituary notice in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly,* credit was given to Mrs. Victor in the same breath that Bancroft was eulogized.

Bancroft lay vulnerable in another area. As a successful businessman he spent huge sums of money on the project, but not for philanthropical reasons. Once completed, the books were given a successful sale, largely through Bancroft's selling methods. The project came to gross $1,000,000, but the selling of the *Works* sparked some criticism. When Bancroft doffed his historian's cap and put on his businessman's hat, he occasionally resorted to methods which, when publicized, contributed to the besmirching of his name. For example, his attitude toward history guarded against a too-free indulgence of personalities, but there exists against him the famous episode with Leland Stanford.

It happened this way. Bancroft printed up a special edition of the *Works* that mentioned Stanford in a favorable light. The only person to get this volume, however, was Stanford, who had been under the impression the *Works* would consist of only six or eight volumes. Acting under this impression, Stanford ordered forty sets! When the volumes kept coming, Stanford cancelled his order. Bancroft, in revenge, continued the press run minus the mention of Stanford that was contained in the set Stanford received. The motive behind all this pettiness lay in the businessman's side of Bancroft's personality: to sell yet another set of the *Works.*

Another example of Bancroft's business sense overshadowing his perceptions as a historian is found in his appending of thousands of short biographies of early Western pioneers to the *Works.* His theory apparently was that if a reader saw his or his grandfather's name, he might buy the entire set of volumes. This idea received considerable criticism that when leveled at the entire *Works* was unfair, but it did have a point. Bancroft's business sense made the *Works* a successful marketing venture at the same time critics complained of the methods of production, marketing, and sales.

Despite the criticisms and complaints over the factory system of writing the books and the manner of their marketing, Bancroft triumphed in the long run. One reason for eventual vindication of the *Works* was Bancroft's longevity. He lived for 25 years after the publication of the *Works.* Not only did he outlast his enemies, in his retirement years he wrote many books and pamphlets unabashedly defending his method of writing the *Works.* In 1920, shortly after Bancroft's death, Charles E. Chapman published a volume on California history which presented a considerably more enlightened and objective view of Bancroft's project than had been given by Gooch a decade earlier.

Another reason can be seen in the 39 volumes themselves, an impressive monument some 7½ feet long. Despite the methods, good or bad, by which they were produced; and despite the unevenness in the writing

style caused by the number of assistants, the *Works* remains today as a basic source of information on the Pacific states. While used mainly as a reference, many of its sections are lively and full of action, making the volumes still entertaining reading.

Lastly, and perhaps most important of all, would be the Bancroft Library. Some fifteen years after the publication of the last volume of the *Works,* and after considerable negotiation, Bancroft sold (enemies would say unloaded) his library to the University of California. For some years it was shelved in helter-skelter fashion, but today it is housed in an annex to the University Library in Berkeley. Every scrap of material that passed through Bancroft's hands is there for the use of new generations of scholars and students.

Hubert Howe Bancroft, the businessman-historian, combined a practical outlook with an idealistic goal and was able to realize both of them. A valuable work of history and a priceless collection of books, manuscripts, documents, and records collected by Bancroft and his assistants are the legacies the student of history has inherited.

Corral Chips continued...

1981 issue of *Stampede*—both times under the modified title "Owners of Rancho Santa Anita and their Cattle Brands"....

Westerners attending the 1981 annual meeting of the American Historical Association in Los Angeles in December include *John Caughey, Dwight Cushman, Glen Dawson, Abe Hoffman, Ray Lindgren, Doyce Nunis,* A.M. *Martin Ridge,* and C.M.'s *Robert Blew, Ken Pauley,* and Rev. *Francis J. Weber.* ... *Abe Hoffman* comments on a paper at the "Water and Politics" session of the convention.... C.M. *Midge Sherwood* is named to the board of directors of Westerners International.... A.M. *John Robinson's* "A California Copperhead: Henry Hamilton and the Los Angeles *Star,*" appears in the Autumn 1981 issue of *Arizona and the West,* and his "The Saga of Camp Baldy" graces the pages of the Summer 1981 issue of *Mt. San Antonio Historian.* The latter piece is excerpted from his forthcoming *The San Gabriels II: The Mountains from Monrovia Canyon to Lytle Creek,* to be published by *Don Duke's* Golden West Books....

Iron Eyes Cody Photograph

A reunion of old friends and western superstars prior to the start of the 1981 Hollywood Christmas parade. From left, Iron Eyes Cody, Clayton Moore, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and Pat Buttram.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JANUARY

Powell Greenland, deputy sheriff of the Corral, gave a slide presentation on "Hydraulic Mining." Although hydraulic mining activity took place throughout California, it was most concentrated in the famous gold rush country. Miners found that mounting expenses involved in placer mining methods could be avoided by using enormous amounts of water under hose and nozzle pressure to wash down mountains of gravel. This method, begun in 1853, made a great impact on the mining of gold.

By the middle 1850s towns and camps such as Howland Flat, French Corral, Iowa Hill, Michigan Bluff, and others were in operation, gaining their wealth from hydraulic mining methods. By hydraulic mining, enormous amounts of gravel could be processed at low cost. There was, however, a price to pay. Although hydraulic mining produced millions of dollars in gold, the practice proved most unpopular with Sacramento Valley farmers. The debris created by the dozens of hydraulic mining companies ruined the environment. Huge deposits of waste material ended up in the Sacramento River and its tributaries. More debris found its way into San Francisco Bay than was displaced by construction of the Panama Canal! The Anti-Debris Association led the opposition to hydraulic mining and its damage to towns and farmland. In January 1884 the U.S. Circuit Court granted an injunction against a hydraulic mining company. Hydraulic mining ended in the Sierras, but it continued in other areas under restrictions.

As shown by Powell's excellent color slides, the Sierras are littered with the remains of siphons, nozzles, abandoned buildings, and mountains of boulders displaced by hydraulic mining.

FEBRUARY

Brian Thompson, Director of the Friends of the California State Railroad Museum, offered the Corral a presentation on the creation of the California Railroad Museum. The story behind the museum dates back to 1921, with the founding of a society interested in railroad history. In the 1930s, as old locomotives were being sold for scrap iron, railroad buffs began collecting and preserving railroad engines. The buffs found the railroad companies indifferent, but they persisted in the search for a permanent location for a railroad museum. The answer came from Old Sacramento and the successful restoration program under way there. Since the construction of the Pacific Railroad began in Sacramento, Old Town seemed the perfect place to establish the museum.

Railroad supporters formed the Sacramento Trust for Historic Preservation and began soliciting funds. The results so far have greatly exceeded expectations. A magnificent museum includes a roundhouse, reconstructed stores originally owned by the "Big Four," a Central Pacific R.R. station, and other historic buildings, plus engines and cars. Careful attention to detail helps recreate the atmosphere of an earlier era.

Thompson traced the obstacles, financial and political, that had to be surmounted to make the museum a reality. His presentation featured slides depicting the museum's construction and its restoration work.

MARCH

Corral member Raymund Wood addressed the Corral and gave a slide presentation on the career of Martin Theodore Kearney, a most unusual developer of Central Valley agriculture. M. Theo Kearney (1842-1906) had a mysterious background; possibly des-

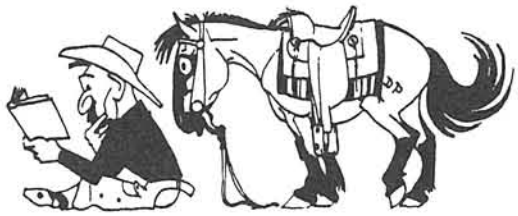
cended from European royalty, he strongly resembled Edward VII who may (or may not) have been his cousin. Kearney came to California's Central Valley in 1869 and commenced a successful career as a promoter/developer/owner of agricultural land near Fresno. Although personally unpopular because of his habit of foreclosing on defaulted property and reselling the land, Kearney also proved a man of many other contradictions. Organizer of the California Raisin Growers Association, he ran this potentially powerful cooperative into the ground. A misogamist, he ostracized himself from society. His will awarded $50 to any woman who could prove she was his legal wife, and $1 to anyone who could prove he/she was his legitimate child. No one ever did either. The bulk of estate went to the creation of an agricultural college, but the state university found Fresno's soil too alkaline for agricultural experimentation. The state sold off the land until 1947 when the remaining estate was deeded to Fresno for the establishing of Kearney Park.

Photograph by Iron Eyes Cody

Powell Greenland, Deputy Sheriff; Raymund Wood, Speaker; and Bill Escherich, Sheriff.

Wood's slides, taken both in Fresno and in Europe, further illuminated Kearney's unusual personality. For Kearney planned to build a home, Chateau Fresno, that replicated a French castle. He actually lived in what is known as the Kearney Mansion, a "temporary" residence until the Chateau was completed. The Mansion stands today as a remarkable piece of architecture. Kearney intended his Chateau Fresno to be the site of the agricultural college, but the plans were never carried out.

Handsome, well-dressed, and successful, Kearney never seemed to mind that his odd behavior prohibited social success. The only woman he ever entertained was the actress Lily Langtry, whom he once invited to luncheon. Wood concluded that Kearney's life was spent alone — and he died a lonely man.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

The Natural History of Baja California, Baja California Travel Series 43, by Miguel del Barco, S.J. Introduction by Miguel Leon-Portilla, translation by Forylan Tiscareno. Dawson's Book Store, Los Angeles. Illustrated. 298 pp. 1980. $50.00.

Fifteen years ago Glen Dawson commenced the publication of a proposed fifty-volume Baja California series with a slender volume of 56 pages by Doyce Nunis, *Journey of James H. Bull.* Over the years, a steady flow of largely previously unpublished documents has brought many important works on the peninsula of Baja California to light. As the series is winding down, it is most fitting that Dawson is now publishing what is probably the most important item of the series, one so big that he has found it necessary to divide it into three volumes, of which this is the first and largest.

For many years, students have been limited to two general histories of Baja California, written during the Jesuit period, 1683-1768. The first of these, *A Natural and Civil History of California* by Venegas-Burriel, has long been the standard work of this period. Written by Miguel Venegas, a native of Puebla, Mexico, as a commissioned work by his Jesuit superiors, it was a compilation of all material on Baja California available

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in Mexico City. Venegas had never set foot on the soil of the peninsula. Completed in 1739, the manuscript was sent to Madrid where it rested for some eighteen years. Before it was published, the church authorities turned it over to a Spanish scholar, Andes Marcos Burriel, to be put in "proper form" before being printed. Burriel had never been to the New World, but he proceeded to "rectify and improve" the original manuscript. Much of the fine detail was dropped as being of little value. Lost was much, almost all in fact, on the life of the natives and the natural history of the territory. Contrawise, those parts dealing with the activities of the Jesuit order were enlarged and strengthened. Some additional, later material was added and it was finally published in Madrid in 1759.

This synthetic history did not appeal to the resident padres of Baja California, especially to Miguel del Barco. He had entered the Jesuit order in 1728 and was sent to New Spain in 1735 and in 1738 was transferred to Baja California. In 1741 he was assigned to Mission San Javier, where he remained until the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1768. San Javier was the second mission to be founded on the peninsula, just a short two years after that of the Mother Mission of the Californias, Loreto. The present stone church, considered by many to be the finest of all the Californias, was built during Barco's tenure. Located high in the Sierra Giganta, it lies only a day's (by mule) journey west of Loreto and was on the mainstream of Baja California travel.

Barco was displeased with the Venegas-Burriel product and sat down to write a critique which he entitled "Corrections and additions to a history or report on California . . . " After Barco was expelled from New Spain and Baja California in 1768, he returned to Europe, finally settling in Bologna, Italy, where he died in 1790. Here he continued working on his "corrections and additions" which covered not only the period described by Venegas-Burriel, but all additional material until the end of the Jesuit period in 1768. While in Bologna he was in contact with many other refugees, as well as other scholars, including Francisco Xavier Clavijero, author of the other standard classical work, *History of the Antigua or Baja California.* Clavijero, while born in Vera Cruz, Mexico, had never been on the peninsula, and like Venegas-Burriel, his was a synthesis of others' writings. This work was published in Italian in 1780 and it is evident that he had had access to Barco's manuscript and probably consultation.

Barco's own work remained in manuscript form, although several manuscript copies were made, until it was finally published in Mexico City in 1973, with a most excellent introduction and annotation by Miguel Leon-Portillo, probably Mexico's finest living historian. It was from this work that the present translation has been made. Since the entire work was just too much for the Dawson format, only the first part, the Natural History, has been reproduced here, with a shortened introduction by Leon-Portillo.

Chapter I describes the Wild Animals; II Insects (which then included lizards and almost everything else that crawls) and Reptiles; III, Birds, and then the main body of the text where five chapters cover Trees, Shrubs and Herbs, Wheat and Mezcals.

Here the English edition is far superior to the Spanish, in that the footnotes and editing were done by Miss Annetta Carter, long of the Herbarium, Department of Botany, University of California at Berkeley. Miss Carter has spent many years studying plants, shrubs and trees in the Sierra Gigantam, the exact area where Barco had lived and written. The next two chapters cover Fish and Shellfish.

This work closes with XI, Mineral, Salt Pans and Rocks. Here, there was not a Baja California geologist of Miss Carter's stature available, hence the footnotes are much weaker. For example, the footnote on *Piedra Exquista* reads, "A term which we have been unable to define precisely." The text spells it out, "Small crystals . . . all of these have the same shape that they had when they were joined, that is they appear to be slanted rectangles. When the light of the stars or the moon fall on them at night, it rebounds and they shine admirably . . . " all of which is a classical description of Iceland Spar.

The translation flows smoothly and with but a single exception, we could find no error or flawed rendition. That exception is quite

serious, for most of the description of plants, animals and minerals are given in terms of "handbreadths" (i.e., 4 inches). This is much too small a measure to fit the descriptions, for example a biznagna is described as being three or four handbreadths tall (12-16 inches). Checking the Spanish edition, we find the word to be *palmo.* The Velazques Dictionary yields, "Palmo, a measure of the length from the thumb to the end of the little finger extended, hand, handbreadth." Obviously this is what Barco had in mind, inasmuch he tells us that four palmo equals a vara (33 inches). A correct translation would have been "handspan," i.e., 9 inches.

The only other error we found in the text tells us that it is one hundred leagues from Loreto to Puerto Escondido. This would have placed the port south of La Paz, and it is evident that he is speaking of the present port. The Spanish edition uses *Cien.* We can only assume that a sloppy scribe, in preparing a copy, had written *cien* when copying *cinco,* which would be the correct distance.

The next two volumes will cover *Ethnology and Linguists of Baja California* and finally *Chronicles of California,* with the editing and translation being done by the same skillful team.

While the Baja California Travel Series has provided scholars with much excellent material, this will be the most important series and undoubtedly remain for many years the definitive descriptive work on the Baja California peninsula during the Jesuit period.

It goes without saying that the printer, Grant Dahlstrom, furnished his usual superb quality reproduction.

—Walt Wheelock

Albert Camarillo, *Chicanos in a Changing Society: From Mexican Pueblos to American Barrios in Santa Barbara and Southern California, 1848-1930.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1979. Pp. xiii, 326. $17.50.

One of the long-standing laments of students of Mexican American history has been the absence of published studies covering the early American period following the Mexican-American War. The much-researched and greatly publicized Spanish Borderlands stops cold at 1821 and for all intents and purposes is moribund at 1848. Yet the roots planted by Spanish-Mexican pioneers did not wither away. The confrontation of Chicano and Anglo societies merits careful historical investigation, not the least because, from the Chicano viewpoint, it has been a much neglected topic.

This historical omission has been remedied in part by the completion of a number of studies at the dissertation level by young Chicanos who have demonstrated their academic skills to the satisfaction of their doctoral committees. For southern California, such scholars as Pedro Castillo, Ricardo Romo, and Richard Griswold del Castillo have provided important investigations into the Mexican heritage of Los Angeles, focusing on the period between 1850 and 1930. One by one their dissertations are coming into print, making it possible for a wider audience to gain an understanding of the Chicano experience and contributions to American society.

Albert Camarillo's *Chicanos in a Changing Society,* published by a prestigious university press and available in hardback and paperbound formats, is an outstanding example not only of the resurrection of the Mexican American heritage but also the application of demographic, urban, and social history methodology. Selecting a broader canvas than those who have examined Chicanos in Los Angeles, Camarillo focuses on the changes wrought by American statehood on Santa Barbara, with attention paid for purposes of comparison to Mexicano communities at Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino. The story Camarillo tells is a grim one. It moves beyond the loss of great ranchos, encompassing the total Chicano community and its subordination by an at times hostile, other times indifferent, always exploitative Anglo society. For a time after statehood the Californios in Santa Barbara retained their political influence despite the animosity of the few Anglos who came to live there. The tables turned when the population shifted in favor of the Anglos. In the space of a decade, from about 1863 to 1873, Spanish surnames almost entirely disappeared from local governmental positions. As Anglo

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capitalist ventures, particularly in promoting tourism and health resort operations, promoted Santa Barbara, the pueblo's original inhabitants increasingly found themselves shut out by the shifts in the area's economy. With the cattle era at an end, Mexicanos found their pastoral skills unneeded and unwanted. Employment in the new society was contingent on Anglo terms; residential segregation beame a reality as Mexicanos concentrated in Pueblo Viejo. A few—a very few—of the old elite assimilated. Most Chicanos found educational and economic opportunities severely restricted.

With the 20th century came new challenges. The Southern Pacific railroad brought in workers from Mexico to service the railroads, and this new influx of Mexicans added to the barrio and created new enclaves. The historic role of the original community, however, continued to be ignored. The final indignity came with the Great Depression when Mexicanos were urged to undergo repatriation to Mexico, with Anglos not bothering to distinguish between new arrivals and old families. Despite the adversity, Chicanos founded mutual aid societies, tried to form unions, and went on strikes which failed for lack of support from organized labor. In summarizing the experience in Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino, Camarillo finds basically similar occurrences: loss of status, barrioization, and creation of an unskilled or at best semiskilled Chicano working class.

The quality of Camarillo's research shines throughout the book. Twenty-five statistical tables trace occupational structure at various periods between the 1850s and the 1920s. Numerous historical photographs enhance the book; a few pictures dramatically show the odd juxtaposition of segregated barrio and downtown commercial buildings—note the picture on page 202. Fifty pages of end notes and an extensive bibliography testify to the depth of Camarillo's investigation. Don't be put off by the fact that it is largely a demographic analysis; the book is quite readable, its arguments cogently presented. Camarillo avoids jargon, although there is an occasional stumble over such terms as "native-born Mexicans" and "foreign-born Mexicans." Camarillo is already at work on a new book assessing the historical presence of Chicanos in cities of the Midwest and West, from Omaha to Tucson. Further illumination in this area of research should contribute greatly to a reappraisal of the historical significance of Spanish-speaking people in the development of the Southwest in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

—Abraham Hoffman

A LONE RANGER TRIVIA QUIZ

Round up your pencil and paper, for here's a pony ride down the Old Trail of Western Radio Memories. Everyone remembers the Lone Ranger; but how much of his life can you recall?

1. The name of the archvillain whose gang ambushed the Texas Rangers, killing all but the man who became the Lone Ranger.
2. The meaning of "kemosabe".
3. The name of the Lone Ranger's brother, captain in the Texas Rangers.
4. The name of the Lone Ranger's sister-in-law and where she came from.
5. The name of the Lone Ranger's nephew.
6. The name of the Lone Ranger's nephew's horse, and its sire.
7. The name of the woman who raised the Lone Ranger's nephew.
8. The name of Tonto's horse.
9. The name of the man who worked the Lone Ranger's silver mine, making all those silver bullets.
10. Three pieces of classical music used as Lone Ranger themes.

ANSWERS:
1. Butch Cavendish. 2. "Faithful friend." 3. Dan Reid. 4. Linda Reid, from Virginia. 5. Dan Reid, Jr. 6. Victor, out of Silver. 7. Grandma Frisbie. 8. Scout. 9. Jim. 10. The William Tell Overture, by Rossini; Les Preludes, by Liszt; the Hebrides Overture, by Mendelssohn.