



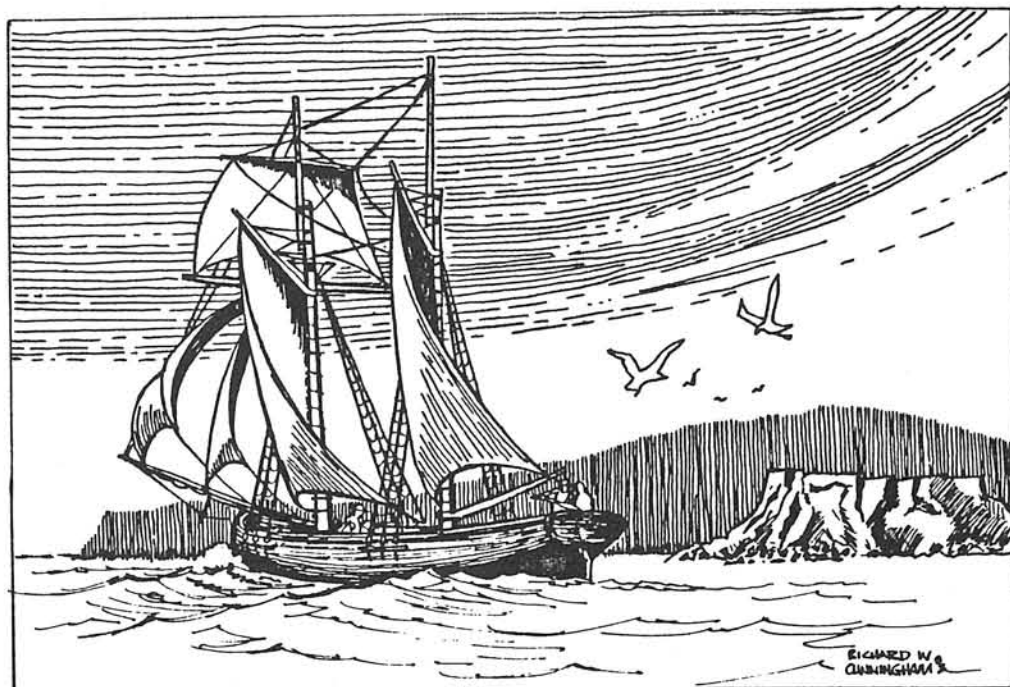
MARCH 1983

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 150

PLACE, TIME, TIDE AND THE CRT

By R. W. Cunningham



Sea trials, topsail schooner Guadalupe off Deadmans Island, San Pedro, 1831

Never in my wildest flight of fancy would I have considered the possibility that the last two pieces of a long-haul history research project would fall into place on a computer graphics plotter and screen of a CRT, but that is the case.

In fact, without the computer and the scientific expertise of its master, NASA staffer, M. E. Parke of Cal Tech's Jet Propulsion Lab, the last and probably most significant bit of information regarding the design, construction and launch of the topsail

Continued on Page Three

The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.
Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

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Los Angeles Corral



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

Photograph - Frank Newton



Newly installed Sheriff Powell Greenland and
speaker Abe Hoffman.

DECEMBER - 1982

Corral member Abe Hoffman discussed "Martin Aguirre: A Career in California Law Enforcement." A native-born Californian, Aguirre achieved early fame when he rescued 19 people from the flood waters of the Los Angeles River in 1886. Aguirre served a term as sheriff of Los Angeles County from 1888-1890 and a controversial four years as warden of San Quentin prison from 1899 to 1903. Besides these posts, Aguirre was a Los Angeles County deputy sheriff for many years. His half century of law enforcement service spanned the closing decades of Southern California as a frontier region and the emergence of Los Angeles as a major metropolitan area.

Continued on Page Ten

schooner, Guadalupe, would still, as it has for 152 years, remain a mystery.

However, Parke's half of the solution would have been impossible were it not for the assistance of one of the more notable authors and researchers in the field of early California maritime history, Miss Adel Ogden.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. A decade back I came on the following reference under the heading, *Vessels of 1831-35*, "Guadalupe, Cal. schr. 60 tons; built by Jos. Chapman, and launched at S. Pedro 1831, Robinson's Life in Cal., 100."

That listing on page 382 of Bancroft's Vol. III, *History of California* piqued my curiosity and started me on what, at times, seemed a hopeless search because, as I was to find, Bancroft's note was about as voluminous and informative as any to be found regarding the phantom topsail schooner Guadalupe.

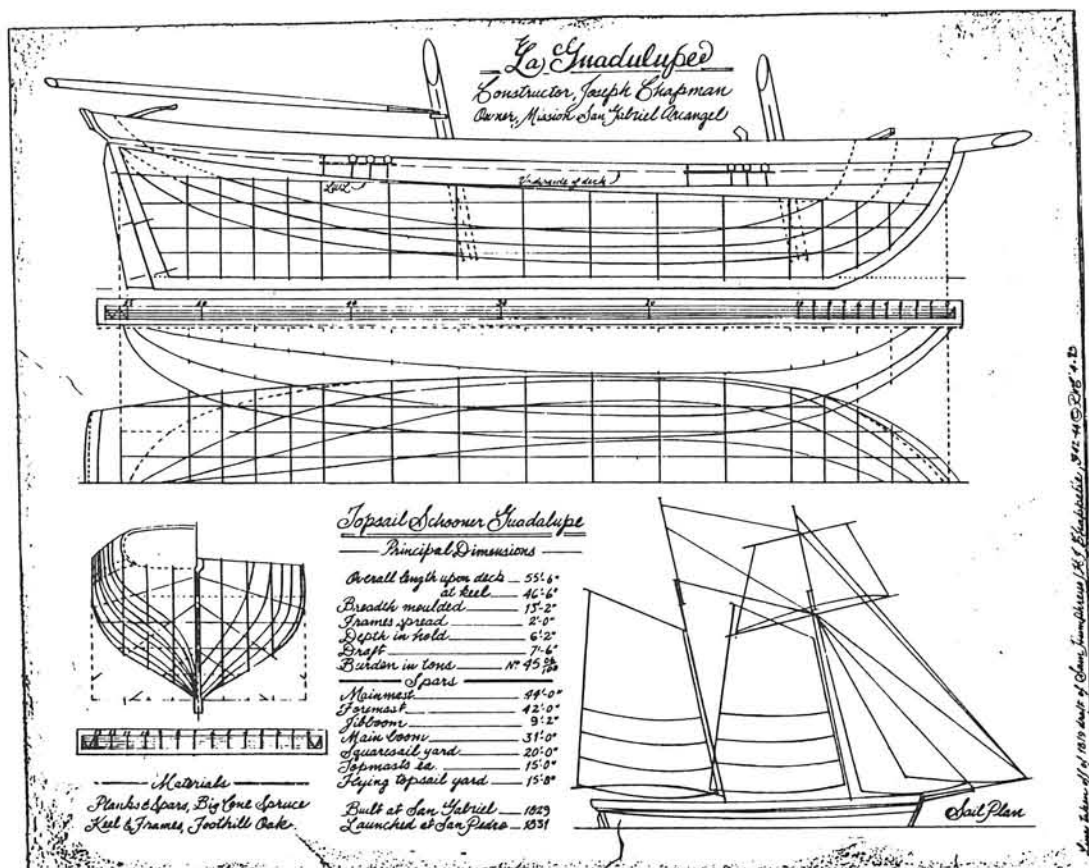
I do not use the term "decade" symbolically because it has taken 10 years of my spare time in pursuing the true story. And I use the

word "true" because a great body of the standing material regarding Guadalupe is post-Victorian Ramonaesque romanticism or shoddily researched semi-history.

Over the years I've located the sources of the ship's frames, spars and timbers, determined its building site at the Mission San Gabriel, solved the problems of soaking pits, steam chests and construction details, the vessel's dimensions and tonnage, drayage to the building ways at San Pedro, assembly, launching, stepping the masts, outfitting, rigging, ballasting and bending on its suit of sails, but until now have been unable to verify two significant details, the actual site and date of the launch.

Further, during the decade, the actual roster of participants has also come into focus and reads like a *Who's Who* of the southern coast of the Alta Californias of the 1830's, resident Spaniards and Mexicans and immigrant Yankees and Englishmen.

Names such as Fr. Jose Bernardo Sanchez,



the colorful priest at San Gabriel, Joseph Chapman, the onetime pirate from New England, the irascible English shipwright, Michael White, entrepreneurs such as Jose de la Guerra y Noriega and W. G. Dana of Santa Barbara, or William Hartnell of Monterey, and an unlikely company of mountain men, sailors who had jumped ship or were shipwreck survivors and a band of Mission Indians that combined make up a roster of over a hundred involved in a story more exciting than fiction.

However, despite the broad list of participants, none of their letters, diaries, memoirs nor mentions in published documents nail down the specific launch site, date and time.

In ten years of searching I've only turned up two sites claimed as the alleged location of the launch, both fall apart like a vessel on the rocks in a force 10 gale.

The earliest suggested specific location I've found occurs in Ella Ludwig's 1927, *History of the Harbor District of Los Angeles*. She cites Timm's Point about where today's purse sieners tie up alongside the Ports o'Call. That was a good try because Timm's Landing was a popular early day center of maritime activity in the Bay, but Chapman did not launch his 45 ton topsail schooner from that almost level sand spit.

Two sources rule against the likelihood, written and photographic evidence. First there is Richard Henry Dana's description of the shore adjacent to Sepulveda's Landing or Timm's Point. In his *Two Years Before the Mast*, Dana describes the slippery, cobble-choked shallows of the strand, which does not suggest a likely site for the launch of a 55 foot hull.

Then there are early photos of Timm's Landing, that were produced before physical modification of the natural strand occurred. One of the 1850's suggests a slope of about 3 degrees which together with Dana's descriptions suggests the spit continued on that same grade some distance out into the Bay.

Further, an 1852 hydrographic chart, drafted 19 years after the launch, shows a shoreline depth of 3 feet at Timm's, a questionable place for handling anything larger than a skiff.

The second source is Augusta Fink's 1966,

Time and Terraced Land. Fink states the launch took place at Pt. Goleta where the pier or western tower of the Vincent Thomas Bridge stands today, wrong.

Despite the fact that near that location today, Todd Ship launches hulls capable of carrying Guadalupe as a deck load, Chapman's schooner would have rolled over on her side had the bedlogs been knocked out from under her hull at a Pt. Goleta launch.

The area, also known as Boske Slough, had since been filled to stand above the sea, but in 1831 was one cut above a wetland. Early photos suggest that as in the case with Timm's, the incline was no more than 2 or 3 degrees.

Practicality says, "no", yet Bill Olesen, a 77 year old man of the sea and lifelong resident of San Pedro challenged me with the question, "Why would the place be called Goleta, the Spanish word for schooner, if it wasn't in memory of the Guadalupe?"

I can offer no answer to that other than another question, why wasn't the Point called Guadalupe? And further, in the early days, photos and records suggest the most common class of vessel calling at the Port after Guadalupe's launch was the schooner. Perhaps it was another schooner, but I'm certain it was not Chapman's.

The two suggested sites are actually about the extreme boundaries of the only feasible range of the San Pedro shore from which a launch could have been made, and since both were unsuitable, poses the question, where?

The earliest chart of the Bay I've located is dated 1852, but being a mariner's document provides little in the way of topographic detail. The next is one of 1883 published after the breakwater from Rattlesnake Island to Deadman's Island was in place and like the former is pretty much devoid of specific topographic detail, but it does delineate Pt. Goleta as being a marshland.

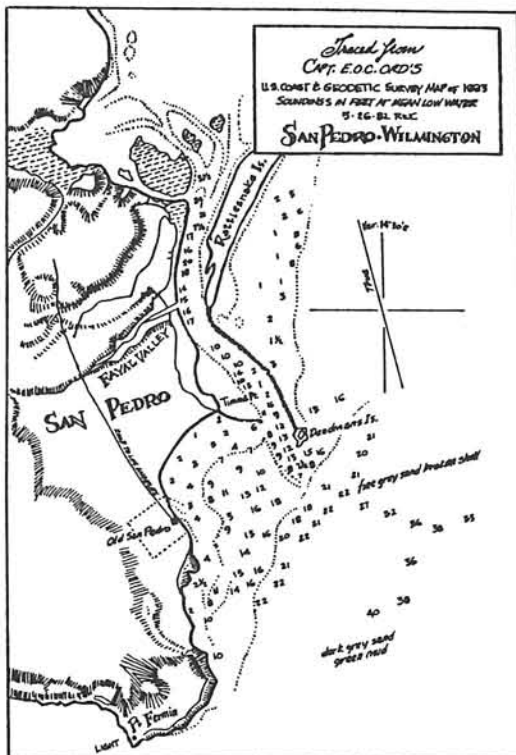
I made tracings of both charts and in doing so turned up several additional verifications of the unlikelihood of Timm's and Goleta.

First, though the Channel depth at Goleta was sufficient for a launch, laying the more detailed chart of 1883 over the 1852 publi-

Finally, there is the map of 1892 prepared for the Congressional Survey of a deepwater port for Los Angeles. Though of no consequence topographically, document number 18 carries a note that offered another important clue, "High water mark, Oct. 1892, 7 feet above the low tide line", a statistic I'll address later.

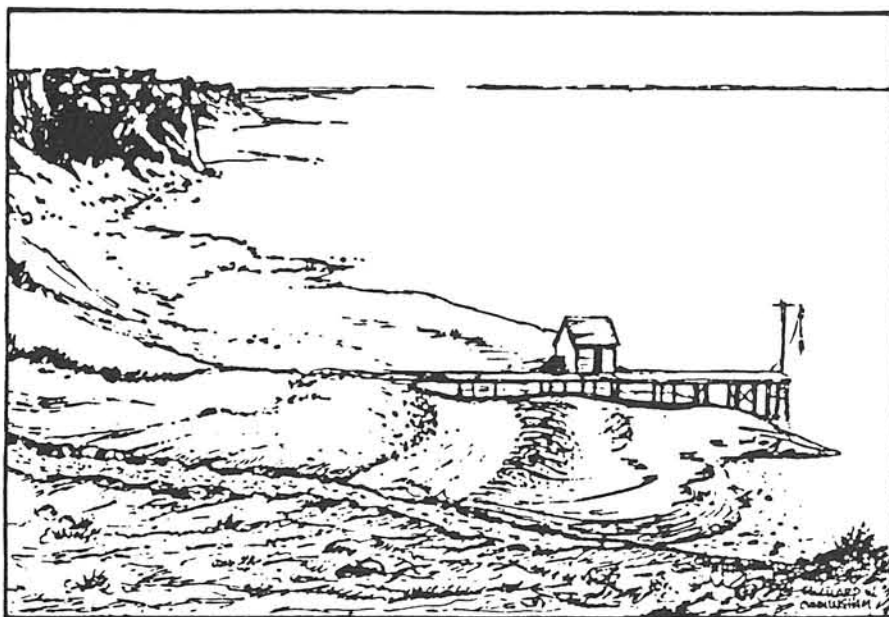
This print of the 1850's is a panorama of the San Pedro shore north of present day Ft. MacArthur and shows a strand dominated by crumbling bluffs. In the center of the image the bluffs are cut through by a deep arroyo, Fayal Valley, Stingaree Gulch or later Lindsow Landing, and it was there Guadalupe streaked down the ways, as I'll describe in the following.

1. In the surviving photos of the San Pedro shore, the beach below Stingaree Gulch is one of the few offering a natural incline of sufficient variation to insure a launch. I estimate an incline of 10 to 12 degrees.
2. The depth or breadth of the strand from water's edge to bluff line was of sufficient dimension to allow for the marshalling and storage of the hundreds of prefabricated parts hauled by carrettas from the Mission San Gabriel to the beach.
3. The broad expanse below the bluffs also





*San Pedro shore looking north from Timms Pt.
2 gulls wheel over Stingaree Gulch*



Stingaree Creek, foreground, Lindsow Landing, mid-distance

provided a comfortable area for the location of such necessities as a field forge, pitch pots and all the miscellaneous paraphernalia of an early 19th century shipyard.

4. Several sources indicate that the creek through Stingaree Gulch ran the year round, which is another plus, drinking water for the gang and for use in construction processes.

5. The average tidal variation of 7 feet at San Pedro would indicate that the launch ways constructed at Stingaree at lowtide would have extended at least 36 feet into the bay at the highwater mark.

6. Though the creek was no doubt a token water course most of the year, it could turn into a hell roaring flood channel during winter and spring storms.

7. The bluffs above the site offered a convenient location for a temporary commissary and work camp, close to the ways, but above the strand where afternoon westerlies frequently blow up minor sand storms on the beach.

8. The upper extension of the Fayal Valley or Stingaree Gulch arroyo intersected the road from the Hide House to Los Angeles and its reasonable incline allowed for easier delivery of the endless carretta loads of material to the site. Timm's Point would have required heaving the stuff over the bluffs while Pt. Goleta would have demanded passage through a swamp.

The record proves that Joseph Chapman and his crew were case-hardened professionals regardless of specialty and above all, practical. Consequently, evaluation of all the data points to Stingaree Gulch as the only practical site of the launch of the Guadalupe, which leaves the question of when in 1831? Enter the computer.

Going back to the Bancroft note that originally lighted my fuse, I'll now turn to his source, Alfred Robinson's 1846, *Life in California*, for years, the keystone of the Guadalupe saga.

The book is a colorful account of Robinson's travels in California during the early Mexican period, but is frequently devoid of specific dates.

Just before describing the launch he mentions being at Santa Barbara in 1831 where a great forest fire ringed the community. Cali-

fornia averages around 600 lightning-started summer forest fires each year. They are the product of summer storms moving north from Baja, suggesting August or September.

After the launch Robinson tells of traveling south to San Diego accompanied by a commercial agent, Ferdinand Deppe, who was, "there conducting the business of the ship Harriet." As they left San Pedro he observes, "The 'Harriet' lay at anchor and the new schooner 'Guadalupe' had just left the inner harbor . . .", Bancroft lists the Harriet at San Francisco in October, 1831, a time frame of 31 days minus sailing time between San Pedro and San Francisco. The range of dates then spreads over 92 days between August forest fires and the presence of the Harriet at San Francisco in October. And now to the tides.

The 7 foot tidal variation of 1892 set me to thinking. 18th, 19th and early 20th century mariners were far more aware of the tides than today's skippers because they affected both canvas powered sailings and arrivals.

There are two high tides and two low tides each day as well as a bimonthly spring tide which produces the maximum variation between high and low.

A spring tide at San Pedro runs around a foot above the normal variation which suggested to me that to insure absolute safety in getting the hull into the bay, the practical Joe Chapman would have chosen a spring tide.

I am totally devoid of any expertise in the subject, so turned to the oceanographers at USC with the question, "Can you tell me the date or dates of a pre-noon spring tide between August and October, 1831?" and after several inquiries was directed to Mike Parke, an expert on tides at NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab.

I am sure there is nothing in his space-age job description that covers consultation on early 19th century problems but he graciously offered to assist. In referring to published data he found his tables ended at 1850 which required additional calculations and putting the problem on computer.

At the conclusion of a waveplot of August, September and October of the specified year and a statistical print out he apologized that

he had only plugged in 8 factors and could be off as much as one inch, which simply blew my mind. I've been that far off reading a yard stick.

The first point proven wrong in my conjecture was that of the spring tide. The spring tides of the period were all long after sundown, which suggested taking another tack.

Parke suggested the possibility of searching for a high tide at the right time of day and putting the launch shortly after the peak. His reasoning being that after the peak, wave action diminishes dramatically, which brought to mind another point made by Olesen in favor of Goleta Point.

Olesen said he favored Goleta because it was protected from wave action by Rattlesnake Island and here was a solution for that dilemma.

With the hour and date of launch in hand I finished my manuscript and jubilantly submitted it for publication, which I was advised would occur around 90 days later.

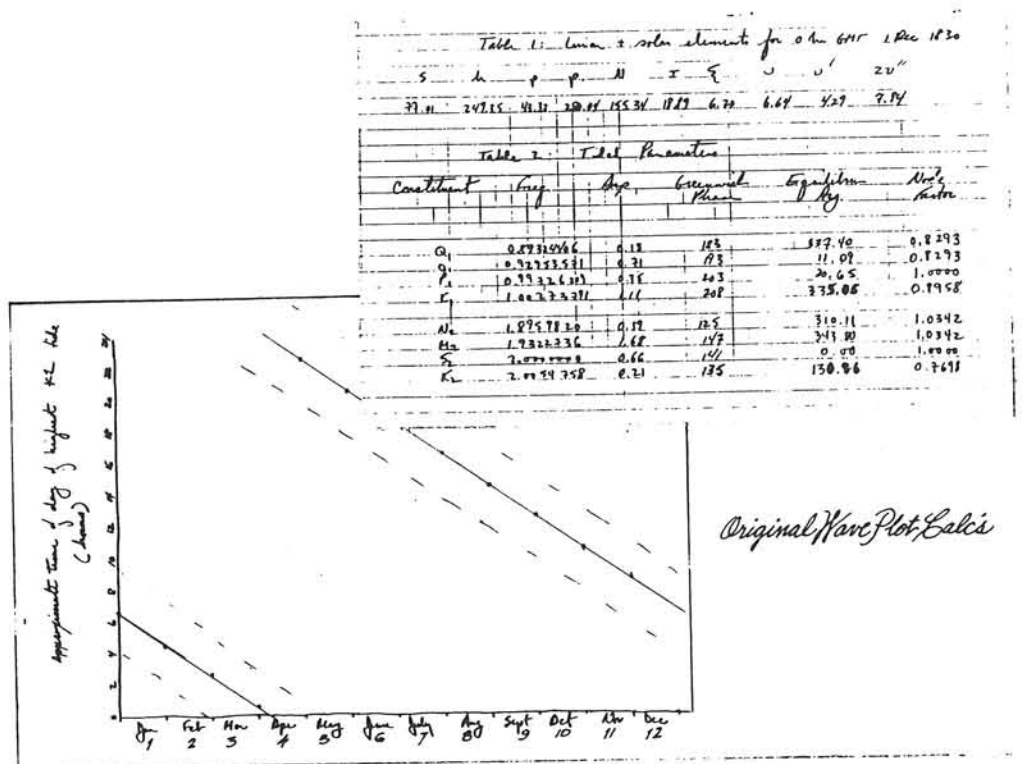
Within a week of submission I was in contact with Richard Whitehead at the Santa Barbara Mission Archive pursuing another maritime subject and in passing, he asked if I'd seen two references re: Guadalupe in Adel Ogden's research material.

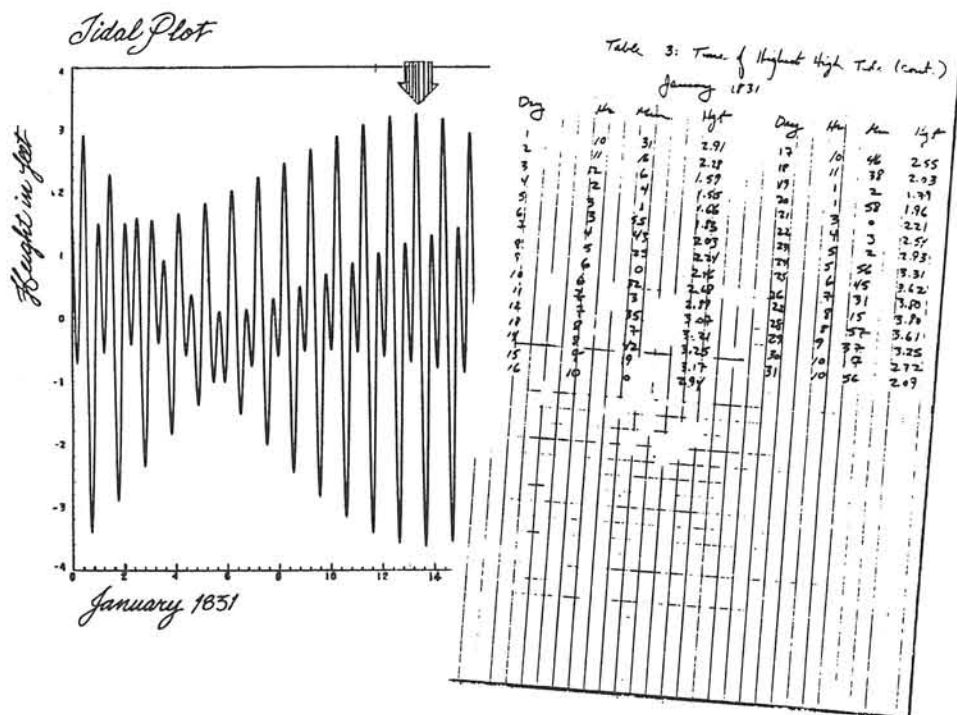
I had not, so elected to acquire copies of the documents he cited in the collections of the Bancroft Library and Santa Barbara Mission Archive to simply fill out my files.

After translating both letters penned in Spanish, I experienced that cold, empty feeling of the possibility that I was "as fouled up as sailors in a motor launch."

Within a week of the discovery I found the SDHS, Serra Library had recently acquired a set of Adel Ogden's meticulously researched, 1494 page, 6-volume unpublished manuscript *Trading Vessels on the California Coast 1786-1848* and further that she resided in San Diego.

Because the publication clock was ticking and there was the outside possibility my translation of the Spanish documents was





faulty, I went directly to the source, Miss Ogden graciously agreed to review my material. So off to San Diego.

I sat on the edge of my chair as she read my paper and finally, when she finished, she looked up, smiled and said, "Oh, Mr. Cunningham, I'm afraid you're wrong about the date of the launching. You see, your source, Alfred Robinson, was wrong. Robinson had his dates mixed up. In fact, there was no trading vessel named Harriet on the coast in 1831."

Following that cheerless statement she went to her files and returned with a bundle of 3 x 5 file cards and in quick order set me straight.

The barque Harriet was purchased from her American owners at Valpariso by Henry Fitch for Henry Edward Virmond in 1829, was renamed Lenore and as a vessel of Mexican registry, continued to ply the West Coast of South America, Mexico and California as a trader. The Harriet cited by Bancroft at San Francisco in October, 1831 was a British whaler not Virmond's renamed barque.

Further, Miss Ogden read off a quick documented chronology of Robinson's travels in 1830 and 1831 which proved his recall of the dates of the events of the period to be confused.

On my crestfallen return to Los Angeles I called the editor and croaked, "Tear up my article and stop the presses," Then I contacted Parke at NASA.

It required considerable time explaining away my predicament, but he finally consented to rerun the wave plot based on the impeccable Ogden evidence.

After a nervous period of time, the new calculations came through based on the Lenore (former Harriet) being anchored at San Pedro between January 1 and 19 of 1831 and I was elated.

My original conjecture of launching on a spring tide was correct. The hour and date of each spring tide shifts from month to month, and sure enough, 14 January 1831, the first spring tide of the year, peaked at 0832.

At 0912, one-half hour after the spring tide, the bed logs were knocked out and Guadalupe

screached down the ways into the Bay at the foot of Stingaree Gulch.

It all fits — with the launch at 0912 and sunset about 1715 Joe Chapman and his gang had 8 hours to tow Guadalupe into the lee of Rattlesnake Island for later fitting out, and you can be assured adequate time to return to the ways, wash up and participate in the Fandango described by Robinson.

Now, as if all this has not been enough, there is one final blockbuster. In 1941 the mainland dock of the Terminal Island Ferry was opened at the foot of San Pedro's 6th Street. In 1980 the building, long since abandoned as a Ferry terminal, became the Los Angeles Maritime Museum.

A storm drain conduit runs beneath the building and on rainy days one can observe a churning white torrent discharging into the channel where the creek at Stingaree, today's 6th Street, once poured into the Bay.

The Los Angeles Maritime Museum is located on the site of the Guadalupe's Launch and I therefore suggest a blowout.

I suggest the Museum, Port of Los Angeles, San Gabriel Mission Parish and members of the Maritime community join in mounting an annual fandango, shivaree, fiesta, Saturday liberty party or whatever to annually toast the ships and men who laid the keel of one of the world's great ports.

As I see it, the shoreside bash should commence on the Saturday closest to January 14th, at the parking lot — the original construction site of the Guadalupe at the Mission San Gabriel Arcangle. At the conclusion of appropriate ceremonies in the Mission garden and recognition of Sanchez and Chapman, I recommend a trek following Chapman's carretta route to the foot of 6th Street in San Pedro where I would hope the Museum was in full dress, appropriate salutes were fired and all the aficionadas of the sea would assemble to celebrate the memory of the vessels and men of a long passed age of giants.



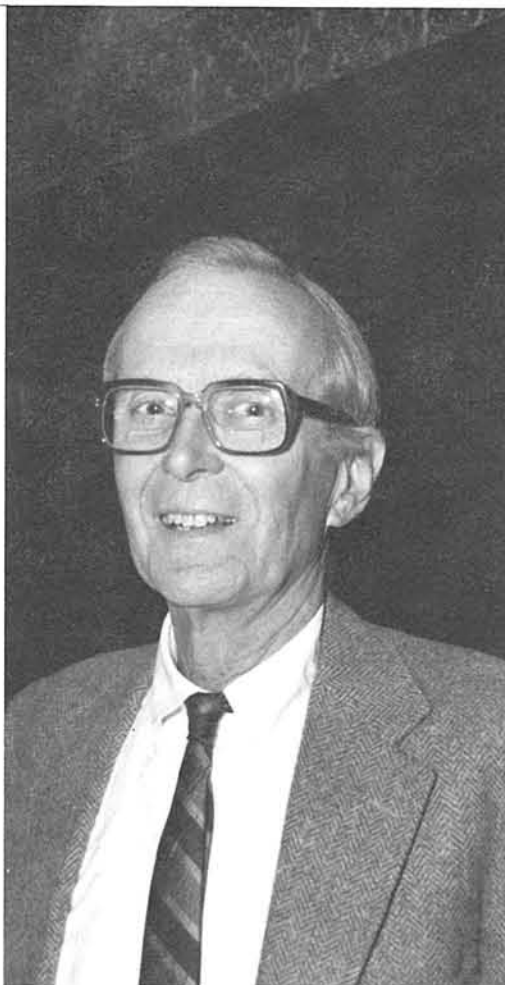
Monthly Roundup continued...

The December meeting also witnessed installation of new officers and promotion of several members into the ranks of Active and Associate categories.

JANUARY

Dr. Rodman W. Paul presented an extraordinary talk on the discovery and development of Yosemite National Park. Accompanied by slides of early photographs and drawings he described the incredibly difficult task of getting to the area and then the long precarious hike to the valley floor the first visitors to Yosemite had to endure.

Photograph - Frank Newton



Dr. Rodman W. Paul at the January meeting.

FEBRUARY

Intricate scale models of canoes and small-craft used by California Indians in past centuries were displayed and described by Dick Cunningham at the Westerners' Feb. 9 meeting.

Cunningham, veteran researcher in California maritime history, also exhibited tools resembling those with which the Indians constructed these floats, rafts, balsa vessels, dugouts, coracles, sheath hulls (kayaks), built-up hulls and stabilized craft like outriggers.

Knives, punches, religious objects, nets, weapons and fire technology used to cut trees to usable units were illustrated in Cunningham's slide show.

Photograph - Frank Newton



Dick Cunningham looking over his display of scale models at the February meeting.

MARCH

At the March meeting the Corral welcomed two new Associate Members, Woody Wilson and Ray Zeman.

The featured speaker was Corresponding Member George B. Stoneman, fourth generation Californian and the great-grandson of George Stoneman, Civil War general and California governor. Born in New York in 1822, Stoneman was graduated from West Point in time to take part in the War with

Photograph - Frank Newton



Past Sheriff William O. Hendricks, speaker George B. Stoneman and Sheriff Powell Greenland.

Mexico. He came out to California with the Mormon Battalion. During the Civil War Stoneman fought in the Union Army, attaining the rank of brevet brigadier general. After military service Stoneman returned to California, locating in the San Gabriel Valley and buying 500 acres at \$50 per acre from B.D. Wilson in 1872. He called his estate Los Robles, raised his family there, and cultivated a wide variety of fruits and vegetables. His civic interest was noted when he served on the planning committee for the local observance of the 1876 U.S. Centennial and as grand marshal of the Los Angeles Centennial Parade in 1881.

Republican Stoneman ran for governor of the state in 1882 and was elected by a large majority. As governor, he reformed the prison management system, differed with the railroad on issues of state politics, and tried to resolve irrigation disputes. He did not seek renomination but retired to private life in 1887. While visiting Buffalo, New York in 1894, Stoneman died. He is remembered locally by the Stoneman School in San Marino, Los Robles Avenue in Pasadena, and Stoneman Avenue in Alhambra. Several places in Yosemite are also named for the governor.

Dr. Stoneman complemented his presentation with slides depicting the governor's career, historic views of the San Gabriel Valley, and several fascinating caricature-cartoons of the governor that appeared in the *San Francisco Wasp*.



Corral Chips

Associate Member *Todd Berens* is elected President of the Orange County Historical Society, with Corresponding Member *Bill Short* taking the position of Curator of the Society. . . . We have known him as a historian and as a frequent contributor to *Branding Iron*, but *Tony Lehman* has momentarily abandoned Clio for another muse. He garnered First Prize in a poetry contest sponsored by the Laguna Poets. His award-winning poem, "Visitors," an evocation of coastal northern California, has also recently been published in *Hoja Volante*, the quarterly magazine of the Zamorano Club . . . C.M. *David Kuhner* is designing a new science library for the Claremont Colleges. The Seeley G. Mudd Science Library, next door to the Robert Millikan Lab at Pomona College, will open in early 1983. Capacity is 120,000 volumes with seating for 150 students . . . C.M. Dr. *Albert Shumate* emcees the dedication ceremonies at the placing of a plaque in Lafayette Park, San Francisco, in honor of the 125th anniversary of the birth of author Gertrude Atherton . . .

The annual Gran Quivira conference moved south of the border for their first meeting in Mexico. *Walt Wheelock* joined the early birds for a camping jaunt into the interior of Sonora. At the meeting were *Bill Burkhart* and A.M. *Norm Neuerberg*. Norm presented a paper on the wall paintings of the California missions, and Walt talked about La Cienquilla, a nearby placer district discovered by Anza's troops in 1771. Next year the Gran Quivira will meet in Monterey, where Bill Burkhart will be ramrodding the conference

. . . C.M. *Gene Bear* is auctioneer at the Invitational Fine Arts show and sale held at Calico Ghost Town over Thanksgiving weekend. The show features art from over 70 of the top artists from eleven western states . . . C.M. *Ardis Walker's* "Further Venturings," a volume of his quatrains, is published in a limited edition of 200 copies. You can get yours from Sierra Trails, P.O. Box 37, Kernville, CA 93238 . . .

21st California Symposium

The XXI Baja California Symposium, scheduled for La Paz, Baja California Sur on May 27-29, almost fell victim to Mexico's peso problem. So many Norteamericanos were taking advantage of the three-day holiday and the 1/150 peso rate exchange that the Mexican airline simply failed to come through with the promised (and contracted) tickets.

However die-hards Glen Dawson and AM Bill Lorenz sneaked down on a midweek flight, while Walt Wheelock, as usual, drove through on the storm-damaged Tranpeninsular Highway. Pleasant, but quite intimate sessions were held, crowned by an *ad hoc* meeting of the Calafia Corral, held at the Westerner Cafe in La Paz, Sheriff Moises Coronado presiding.



From left, Walt Wheelock, Glen Dawson and Bill Lorenz in La Paz, Baja California.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

The Betrayal of Liliuokalani, Last Queen of Hawaii, 1838-1917, by Helena G. Allen. 432 pages, illustrations, bibliography, and index. Arthur H. Clark Company. \$19.95.

A remarkable book—about a remarkable woman.

Helena G. Allen, with a womanly gift for intimate detail, has given the world a fascinating overview of the Hawaiian Kingdom across the 19th century, and the death struggle of its privileged *alii* which, in the first decades of the 20th century, end with total destruction of one of the most interesting monarchies known to this earth. It was the fate of Liliuokalani, Hawaiian Queen—wise, educated, brilliantly gifted as a writer, composer, musician—to be crushed along with her nation. However ruthless the thieving takeover by the Americans, they never quite succeeded in silencing the voice nor courageous spirit of this pioneer feminist. Now, years later, she continues to talk to the world out of her grave.

Since Kuykendall's three-volume study of the Hawaiian Kingdom, many a writer and historian has tried hand and skills in attempting to penetrate the intimate lives and actions of the beleaguered royal Hawaiians—not always with happy results. To enter that lost world and uneasy reign of Liliuokalani, last monarch and queen of the Hawaiian Kingdom, has brought frustration to many sincere historians—not because Liliuokalani herself desired such—but because the wrecking crew of the Provisional Government—that infamous gang of residual American missionaries, pirates, and opportunists, so successfully covered their criminal tracks that to this day the journals, notes and ephemera of Liliuokalani—the ruler they destroyed, imprisoned, and hopefully silenced—have been off limits to those writers bent on penetrating the mysteries of this ugly episode

in international history.

Liliuokalani's own book, *A Queen's Story*, written and published after the throne and the nation had been stolen from her, is a most curious and valuable document, in that the gifted sovereign wrote it in a spirit of Christian forgiveness, without rancor toward the very Christian *haoles* who had defrauded and destroyed her. In it she curiously turns a cheek of forgiveness toward those who had plundered and defiled the very nation and people she loved with inordinate passion. As to any revelation of the *real* story of her life and times, this extraordinary confessional raises as many questions about her personality and problems as there are answers.

The *real* Queen and ruler was more truthfully written into her personal diaries and papers—a goodly portion of which were pirated when the Americans sacked the palace, and her private home, Washington Place. To this day they have been stubbornly held by her enemies, and out of bounds to most writers and historians. While *A Queen's Story* paints an admirable self-portrait of a regal, clear-minded sovereign, and her catastrophic loss, it tells little about the heroic inner-struggle she made to save her beloved Hawaii Nei, or the perpetrators of the monstrous plot that so effectively destroyed her.

During the very time that writers and historians were beating heads and hearts out against the implacable stone wall of Hawaii's institutions and research facilities, for the goldmine riches in Liliuokalani's personal writings—much of it in code, and the artifices of the languages the studious sovereign had acquired—a little lady by the name of Helena G. Allen, scooped her eminent researching colleagues in their blind and futile quest. She managed it simply by unlocking the filial back door, and helping herself to Liliuokalani's treasure.

Unlike the conscienceless Americans, who previously had plundered the Queen's private papers, and used perverted and mutilated excerpts thereof to defame and destroy a brave and noble woman—Allen has used these literary dredgings to clarify to the best of her ability, the fascinating story of Hawaii's last sovereign.

Instead of butting her head against the hard wall of *haole* resistance, Allen started her search backward in time with Lydia Aholo, *hanai* daughter of Liliuokalani. The author found this amazing old lady, still alive, but warehoused in a nursing home, and pretty much forgotten. Lydia, with her reminiscences (which she allowed Allen to tape), and her access to Liliuokalani's personal and undefiled writings, provided the key to a new interpretation and understanding of one of the world's great women.

Coupling the good fortune of this new approach with her feminine gift for infinite detail, Allen, in her enormous book, has served both scholar and student enormously and well. In wrestling with her vast new treasure-trove of historical raw material, she can be forgiven for frequent excursions into the easier path of the timeworn and familiar apologia that for years has glazed the ugly and rotten barbecue of Hawaii like a savory sauce. Many times her deductions lead to the familiar side dishes that too long have been accepted as truth and veracity. While she does roast the villains by carefully hanging them on their own spits of history, she occasionally bursts into personal praise of the carefully concocted and stuffed "good guys" in the take-over banquet. Then, as if worried by her tumbles into the timeworn trap, she frequently catches herself in time to tell it like it was.

Liliuokalani herself, when faced with the necessity of surrendering her throne and nation to that band of jackals and thieves from America, known as the "provisional Government," simply and courageously ignored their demands for abdication, by surrendering herself to the United States of America, rather than to the possee of bandits who had tendered her their supreme demands. In doing so, *she* names names, *she* laid unassailable blame, and *she* puts the ball precisely and accurately into the proper court.

I, Liliuokalani...do hereby solemnly protest against any and all acts done against myself and the constitutional government of the Hawaiian Kingdom by certain persons claiming to have established a provisional government of and for this

Kingdom.

That I yield to the superior force of the United States of America, whose minister plenipotentiary, His Excellency John L. Stevens, has caused United States troops to be landed at Honolulu and declared that he would support the said provisional government.

Now, to avoid any collision of armed forces and perhaps the loss of life, I do under this protest, and impelled by said force, yield my authority until such time as the Government of the United States shall, upon the facts being presented to it, undo the action of its representatives and reinstate me in the authority which I claim as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands.

In this wide ranging study of Liliuokalani's life and times, Allen comes down hard on such scoundrels in the opera as John L. Stevens, the United States minister who not only helped plan the coup, but who landed the American troops who made certain the destruction of the Hawaiian Kingdom and its feisty and courageous Queen. She scalds those noisy and vocal manipulators of the unpretty scene, such as W. O. Smith and Lorrin Thurston, But a mystery, at least to this reviewer, is how and why she too dusts off and perfumes such figures in the drama as Sanford Ballard Dole (who not only sat in Liliuokalani's chair as head of the Provisional Government, but was the mellow fellow who headed the later "republic," as President). And throughout this warmly pro-Hawaiian study, Allen continues the popular smearing of those beloved Hawaiian patriots and genuine citizens of the kingdom—Walter Murray Gibson and Robert W. Wilcox.

But it is in the minutely recorded tapestry of Liliuokalani's life that the author has performed so wondrously and given so much to her readers. Nothing published to date even approximates the detailed picture she has painted of those royal Hawaiians and their heartbreaking struggle to hold and preserve their little nation. For once we have a good long look at life as it was lived inside Iolani Palace and Washington Place. Instead of a pompous and stuffed old tryant, Liliuokalani emerges as a kindly, sensitive, self-

effacing lady, whose gift as a musical genius is still very much in evidence.

Allen's creative struggle to portray the Queen as an aseptic angel, and a model of chastity, is bound to break down against an island native society inclined toward "letting everything hang out." In dealing with a soft, passionate, vibrant creature, who thought Hawaiian, who talked Hawaiian, and in the mystic allegories of the race, loved Hawaiian—the author seldom goes beyond hints as to the rumors of the Queen's sex life. The only direct allusion is her scene regarding a little bed hopping with Henry Berger, the Germal leader and director of the Royal Hawaiian Band.

Though the Queen, deeply sentimental, and family oriented, was surrounded by *hanai* (adopted) sons and daughters, there seems to be no evidence that she ever actually gave birth to a child. Barren she may have been. But to deny her that, which to any Hawaiian, "came naturally" would be too much to expect of even a Queen who had suffered through a Calvinistic Christian upbringing.

Allen's intimate and detailed focus on the life and times of "Queen Lil" (how she despised that frivolous appellation!), is bound to raise merry hell with those carefully concocted and fostered legends of her *haole* enemies. But it is high time someone put the island record straight. Take the matter of John Owen Dominis, the Queen's lifetime husband. The picture of this American gentleman, who married Lydia Pakilong before she was elevated to the throne of Hawaii, and who suffered through the tyranny of her abruptly terminated reign, is the portrait of a self-effacing, henpecked saint, toed around and despised by her imperious majesty. This overview of Prince Consort Dominis, the heroic American, trapped and enslaved by the island despot, was not only established by the P.G. *haoles*, but has been nurtured through the years by public acceptance, and the popular historians.

Such legend is not the only historical tidbit Allen has bombed. The view she gives us of Dominis is anything but saintly. At bed hopping this royal American prisoner could

well have served as lessons to the sexually mature islanders. In spite of his intellectual shortfall, mother-orientation, and outright infidelity, the patient and forgiving Queen loved and defended him. And, greater love hath no queen-mother than the adoption and raising as her own, the illegitimate offspring of her husband.

The greatest accomplishment of this monumental work is the establishment of its titled promise—the "betrayal of Liliuokalani." The author, using the words and actions of the participants and the victims, establishes and indicts one of the great crimes of our times. In the writing of this book, Allen has almost accidentally assumed the role of what the long dead Liliuokalani has needed most—a friend at court. What assertions are still questionable will be settled by future debate. The errors in island nomenclature, and proofreading flaws of the book, will doubtless be corrected in future editions.

The important thing is that Helena Allen, against all the pundits to the contrary, has produced a vital and important study of a magnificent Queen and her people in their life-and-death struggle to save their nation from the most determined and vicious predators ever to crawl up out of the abyss of international greed. Through it all, and thanks to this author's long efforts, Liliuokalani emerges with a demeanor and nobility that sets her apart as one of the greatest women of our times.

All Westerners, and any students of history concerned with the pros and cons of America's heady dream of "Manifest Destiny" should read this book. It is truly something special.

— Paul Bailey

David Roberts, *Great Exploration Hoaxes*. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books, 1982. 182 pp., cloth, \$12.95.

In its broadest definition, the West includes the frontier of exploration; and so this book deserves notice from an audience interested in Western history. David Roberts, a writer and mountaineer, examines a fascinating topic in exploration history: the deliberate

effort by some explorers, including some very famous ones, to fabricate an accomplishment for which they deserve no credit. He presents nine case histories of such hoaxes, ranging in time from the 16th century to the present and in space from Africa to Alaska. Three deal with exploration in North America, two with mountain climbing, and the others with trips to exotic locales. Roberts admits he has not done archival research but rests his study on published primary accounts and secondary studies. Each chapter deals with a different episode and ends with a bibliography of works consulted.

The great hoaxes are fascinating in their variety and audacity. Some are well known, others unfamiliar, thus bearing witness to Roberts' assertion that such a collection should be put together. Here is Sebastian Cabot fabricating his 1508 voyage to North America and claiming credit for feats of exploration probably done by his father, John Cabot. Father Louis Hennepin, jealous of La Salle's exploration of the Mississippi River to its mouth, claims that he was the first European to do so. Robert Drury, stranded for sixteen years on the island of Madagascar, may never have existed, and the journal describing his adventures may actually have been written by Daniel De Foe. Captain Samuel Adams demanded recognition for running the Colorado River before John Wesley Powell, despite overwhelming evidence he did no such thing. Dr. Frederick Cook cooked up a fake photograph to support his claim that he was the first person to climb Mt. McKinley, the highest peak in North America. Robert Peary, famous for being the first person to reach the North Pole, probably never got near it. Admiral Richard Byrd, recognized as the first person to fly over the South Pole in 1926, could not have done so given his aircraft's capabilities, the distance to be covered, the time in which he was supposed to have done it, and his lack of documentation about it. The Italian mountaineer, Cesare Maestri, claimed to have climbed Cerro Torre in Patagonia, "the hardest mountain in the world"—even after subsequent efforts by others called his achievement into grave doubt. And Donald

Crowhurst, after faking radio reports during his solo around-the-world sailing effort, committed suicide rather than face the music.

As an ironic note Roberts includes the story of James Bruce, whose account of his exploration of 18th century Abyssinia included stories so fantastic no one believed him; not until many decades later were his observations verified. Would *you* believe Bruce's claim of Abyssinians cutting steaks off live cows and eating the meat raw? Bruce stands as the exception to the rule: a genuine reporter accused of perpetrating a hoax. Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, and other influential Englishmen chose not to believe him.

Roberts finds some curious common denominators among the hoaxes. A great many of them suffered from problems in childhood, including the early death of a parent. Most had well-earned reputations for what they actually accomplished; and they tended to stick to their claim despite the piling up of adverse evidence. Indeed, some still have partisans who insist that they really did what they said they did, that the critics were wrong, and that one day their claims will be vindicated. Roberts is sympathetic to the problem. He notes that most of the hoaxes seem to be based on self-delusionment; that having failed in their goal, the explorer came to believe he really did climb the mountain or reach the Pole, contrary evidence notwithstanding.

At the end Roberts speculates on two intriguing if far-fetched questions. The first admits the remote possibility, as in the Bruce case, that the whole world might be wrong and the alleged hoaxer wrongly accused. The second speculates on the possibility of recognized accomplishments turning out to be hoaxes. Did Lewis and Clark really cross the Rockies to the Pacific? Did Cortez really conquer Mexico? Did Hannibal cross the Alps? Obviously these are absurd speculations. But then again, "Somewhere men lie buried who fooled every one of us, whose brilliant voyages each succeeding century commemorates, whose 'records' satisfied the most critical judges," suggests Roberts. "In their dusty sleep they are laughing at us all."

— Abraham Hoffman