



DECEMBER 1984

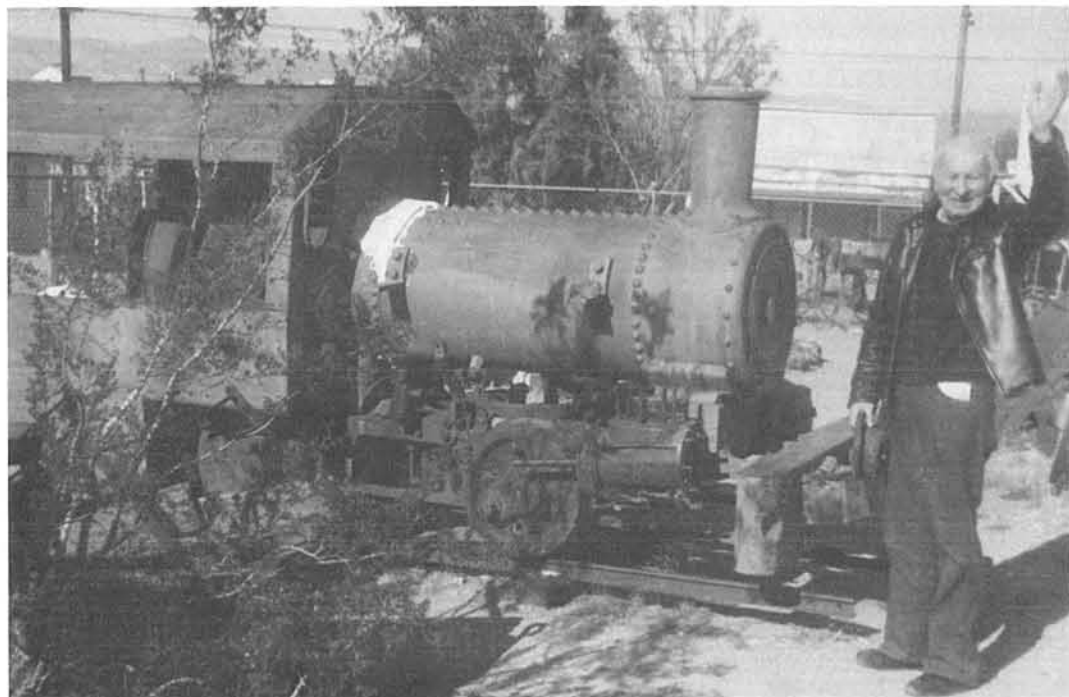
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 157

Gold, Gold, Gold

by Ray Zeman

Photograph - Ray Zeman



Ray Zeman beside five-ton locomotive at Ransburg's Desert Museum. It was used at Yellow Aster Mine in the early 1900's.

Randsburg, 150 miles northeast of Los Angeles on U.S. 395, calls itself "a living ghost town."

It has gone from boom to bust in three near-hysterical surges of gold, tungsten and silver mining.

Today, most mines are dormant.

In this desert area 40 miles northeast of Mojave, some dilapidated huts made from dynamite boxes and a few of the Old West stores are boarded up. But optimistic prospectors are poking around on the outskirts of

The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contribu-
tions from members and friends welcomed.

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Los Angeles Corral



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER

September witnessed the Corral's annual Rendezvous, held at Al Miller's home in Glendale. A select group of Westerners enjoyed Indian fry bread, an afternoon of conviviality, and a fine steak dinner. New features at the Rendezvous included a trading post where people could buy or trade Western items. The silent auction again proved its value, while the vocal version raised funds for Corral projects and provided opportunities for good humor and possible bargains. At the dinner Active Member Art Clark was recognized for his services to the Corral and made an Honary Member.

Photograph by - Jim Gulbranson



Art Clark, with plaque, Sheriff Bill Warren and Paul Gallagher at the 1984 Rendezvous.

(Continued on Page Eight)

the Yellow Aster gold mine and in desolate canyons.

The British Petroleum Corp. has reopened the Yellow Aster and Director Al Sykstra of the desert Museum says Randsburg's 300 residents excitedly pray it will succeed with new technologies and large-scale operations.

After all, the Yellow Aster's history is fabulous.

In 1895, Historian W. W. Robinson has reported, Frederick M. Mooers and two fellow prospectors were down to their last pound of coffee and bacon rind when they staked their claims on a lonely mountainside.

On April 25 Mooers broke a rock outcropping and shouted, "We've struck it rich!"

The lode deposit which Mooers hit paid for three Los Angeles mansions in the next few years for him and his partners and provided \$25 million more in gold.

Known first as the Rand Mine (named for the rich Witwatersrand mining area of Transvaal in South Africa,) it was renamed the Yellow Aster because the miners enjoyed reading a paperback-type book titled "Yellow Aster."

But the settlement of Randsburg was slow growing in the first months and by the end of 1895 had only 13 buildings, some of them part canvas.

As word of the strike spread around the world, gamblers, traveling salesmen, capitalists, carpenters, newspapermen, prospectors, barnstormers, fakers and veteran miners began arriving daily from as far away as Australia and South Africa.

By 1897, Randsburg had 300 buildings and tents, a volunteer fire company, a theater, a brass band, and many saloons.

A mile east, Johannesburg, named for the city in South Africa, was laid out as a townsite in 1897. It promptly was nicknamed Joberg.

Not far from the Yellow Aster were new mines with picturesque names—Big Norse, King Solomon, Monkey Wrench, Bully Boy, Minnehaha, Napoleon, Jolly Girls and Gold Coin.

By the turn of the century, the area's population was 4,000.

Mooers and his partners, Charles Austin Burcham and John Singleton, were hailed

as discoverers of the bonanza but lawsuits over equipment purchases and wage and boundary disputes plagued their Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company for years.

The trio had found the rich gold deposits because they had roving dispositions.

Frederick Mitchell Mooers was born in Ithaca, N.Y., in 1849 but left at the age of 22 for New York City. He entered the drug business as clerk for a patent medicine manufacturing company but soon transferred to the Brooklyn Eagle's counting room. He became cashier and business manager of the newspaper but felt that his fortune lay westward.

After working on newspapers in Chicago, Montana, Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona, Mooers headed for California. While editing a paper in Tehachapi, he teamed up with Singleton to try their luck seeking gold in Goler Canyon.

Singleton, born in 1847 in Tennessee, had made and lost considerable sums in a number of California camps. During lean years he worked as a carpenter and millwright in mining areas.

Burcham, born in Vallejo in 1859, was 21 when he joined his brother and father in purchasing a 4,000-acre stock ranch 25 miles from San Bernardino. They worked 2,000 cattle and eventually Burcham took over sole control. He also opened a wholesale/retail provisions business in San Bernardino.

In 1894 Burcham sold his ranch and cattle interests and turned to mining.

Beside Mooers, the patent medicine clerk-turned geologist, and Singleton, a millwright with no great success as a miner, Burcham naturally joined in the shrieks when Mooers' strike revealed the ore of the Yellow Aster.

By 1896 literally hundreds of claims were located by other prospectors.

One tunnel of the Yellow Aster cut through 26 veins, the main one varying from 2 to 40 feet in width. The ore was shipped to Barstow for processing. By 1925 the mine had 15 miles of workings on 14 levels.

To keep their workers happy in the early years, the Yellow Aster's owners allowed one free drink at any bar on a man's way home from work. At one time there were 33 saloons along Butte Ave., Randsburg's main street.



Engraving (enlarged) of the Yellow Aster Mine used as decoration on pay checks.

Most had sawdust floors.

If some miners didn't drink, others compensated. They would order a free drink in every saloon, from Shorty Hillman's at the lower end of town up to Hattie Brown's. It took them a long time to get home.

Others gambled at low ball (poker) in The Last Outpost.

By 1903, the Yellow Aster's stamp mill, erected two years earlier, was running three shifts a day. But even though mining opera-

tions were flourishing, Randsburg's growth was beset by disasters.

One fire on Dec. 23, 1897, had caused little outcry but a major blaze Jan. 18, 1898, spread from the Mojave Saloon on Rand St. and burned dry wooden buildings like tinder. Flames and smoke soared hundreds of feet skyward as the St. Elmo Hotel, Elite Theater, post office and many stores were destroyed.

On May 6, 1898, another conflagration almost leveled the city again. This fire started

when soup boiled over on a two-burner stove; the gas kept flowing and exploded. If a "powder brigade" had not blown up building after building in the path of the fire, the whole town probably would have gone up in flames.

Although fire after fire kept the volunteer crews busy, dynamite salutes were ignited without interruption on every riotous Fourth of July; they rattled every building in the camp.

In an early year, Clyde Kuffel, a freighter, awakened anyone asleep at daybreak on July 4, 1896. He exploded some aged dynamite in a salute which shook the whole mountain and shattered most of the glass windows in Randsburg.

On Dec. 23, 1897, when crews of the Randsburg Railroad Company (which later merged into the Santa Fe) finished laying track across the desert from Kramer to Joburg (Johannesburg,) the neighboring Randsburg miners joined in the wild celebration.

Gasoline and oil exploded, red-hot drums tumbled through the air, showers of sparks flew to distant buildings and black smoke billowed hundreds of feet in the air.

Several men were knocked down by the blasts and both of the uproaring mining towns were literally "painted red." Again to check the blaze, structures in the path of the flames were blown up.

The Randsburg-Johannesburg district's gold boom was matched later by two others sparked by the discovery, at nearby Red Mountain and Atolia, of tungsten in 1908 and enormously rich horn silver deposits in 1917.

The Silver Glance, Silver King, Santa Fe, Big Four, Big Silver and Kelly mines flourished. As California's most prodigious silver mine, Kelly alone produced \$30 million at Red Mountain before being shut down in the early 1930s.

But the glamor of the Yellow Aster survived. In June, 1917, when the Randsburg Miner changed its name to Golden State Miner, the newspaper proudly touted Randsburg on its masthead as the "Home of the Yellow Aster Mine that produced a ton of gold very year for 20 years."

The threat of fire in this parched area

continued.

On Christmas Eve in 1969 an intense blaze enveloped the idle Yellow Aster's 100-stamp mill building, leaving a twisted heap of metal, massive charred timbers and ashes.

In Randsburg's little Desert Museum, miners' hats, lanterns, canceled paychecks and worn clothes from the Yellow Aster are scattered among Indian artifacts. Outside is a five-ton locomotive used at this mine in the early 1900s.

Director Dykstra points out a zither salvaged from some saloon in the faded past. Guns, bullet molds, gold pans, Randsburg's first handcuffs and old photographs and posters are everywhere. Samples of countless different minerals, including uranium ore, are exhibited. Many of these can be kicked over with a toe on the town's dirt streets.

Randsburg's first telegraph key, which probably signaled messages both of fabled riches and shattered dreams, and a copy of the "Yellow Aster" book, for which the mine was named, are among the museum's memorabilia.

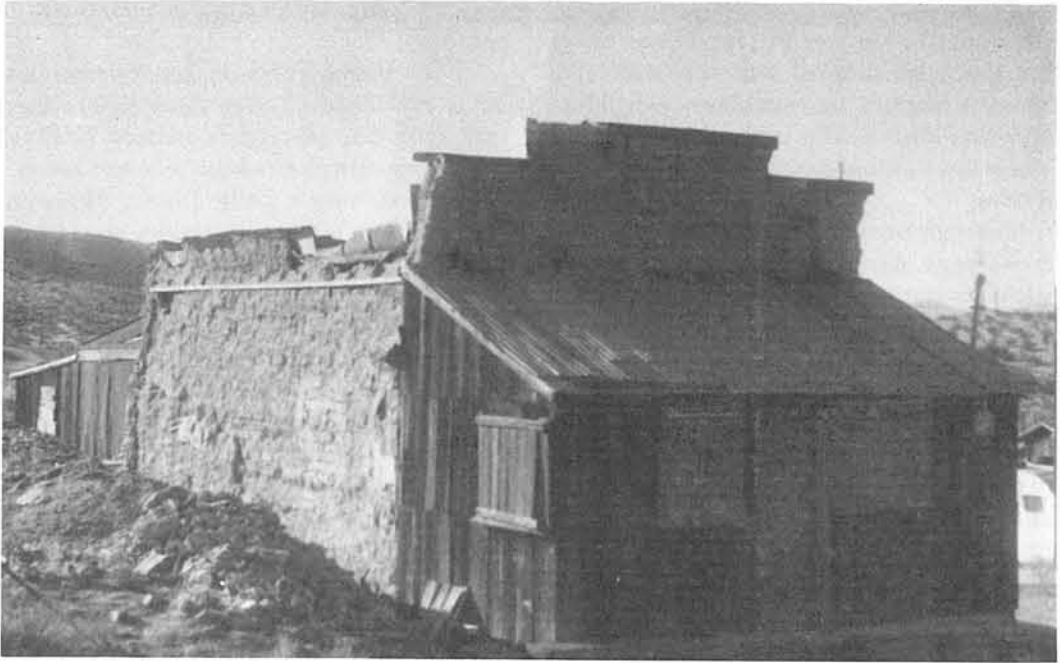
A few steps away on Butte Ave., nostalgic visitors can get a cherry, lime, vanilla or chocolate phosphate at an old-fashioned soda fountain in the General Store. The fountain and its stools were made in Boston almost a century ago. . . A string of other false-fronted shops offer antiques from the boom days.

In the Randsburg-Johannesburg-Red Mountain district (the three towns are a mile apart,) some ore stockpiled years ago is being processed and many mines and tailings are being studied for possible development.

Almost six decades ago much of the Yellow Aster's workings disappeared in a "glory hole," 1,200 feet deep. It yielded enough tungsten to pay all operating expenses, leaving the gold as clear profit.

(A glory hole is an open excavation without shafts or tunnels, enabling its operators to recover a large quantity of ore at minimum expense. The ore was crushed in the stamp mill and minute particles of gold were recovered by the complex cyaniding chemical process.)

Miners' faded, weather-beaten ramshackle huts are full of memories in Randsburg. There may be gold atop some of their cor-



Boarded up house, Ransburg.

rugated metal roofs because winds blow dust from the multicolored mounds of mine tailings and ponderous machinery of the Yellow Aster.

Other old mine shafts, complete with ladders and sometimes with windlasses, beckon inquisitive explorers. But old timbers and shafts are dangerous.

Almost any day on this Mojave Desert may be seen a lonely gold prospector, a throng of scarce bottle diggers, rock club hunters or dune buggy and motorcycle racers. Camper and trailer club outings are common.

At higher elevations hunters scan the skies for the chukar partridge, which they contend "tastes better than any other bird." The chukar eats grasshoppers but its main food is a grass called cheet. The partridge flies blissfully at altitudes like 9,500 feet near Randsburg.

From high above come blasts of sound from planes of the Naval Weapons Center at China Lake and Edwards Air Force Base as they crack the sound barrier.

When Burcham was secretary of the Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company he used some of his share of the gold to invest in mining projects throughout California and

Nevada. He was president of the Rand Mercantile Co., the Calico Mining Co. and the Phoenix Development Co.

Testimony suggesting what gold meant to Burcham and his two associates was recorded better in Los Angeles than in the "living ghost town" of Randsburg. All three partners moved to mansions in Los Angeles reflecting wealth and luxury.

In 1902 Burcham purchased an elaborate home at the corner of 7th St. and Burlington Ave.

It was built in Italian style with a large hall and numerous drawing rooms where receptions were held and foreign guests were entertained. It has since been razed.

Not to be outdone, Singleton, Yellow Aster's president and general manager, built Singleton Court on a three-acre estate at Adams Blvd. and Figueroa St.

This magnificent mansion had an elaborate stable, the most costly in Los Angeles, for thoroughbred racehorses. It was built of bricks held together with cement in which gold-bearing rock from the Yellow Aster was embedded. Stalls were of mahogany, with a hardwood manger.

The second floor of this building was

topped by a 100-foot bell tower supporting an ornate clock with four dial faces, each five feet in diameter.

Singleton's mansion, in a garden of exotic trees and shrubs, was the setting for fashionable and elaborate parties until it burned in the early 1900s. The stable, however, remained a landmark. It was converted for use by the Orthopedic Hospital on this site but was demolished in 1967.

Yellow Aster buffs still point to two fascinating Los Angeles reminders of Frederick Mooers' 1895 discovery of gold.

One is a huge six-foot-high steel safe, ornately decorated, on display in the Wells Fargo Museum at 444 S. Flower St. On its face is the name of the original owner: Yellow Aster Mining and Milling Company.

The other heritage is the luxurious 18-room home at 818 S. Bonnie Brae St. to which Mooers, Yellow Aster's vice-president, moved in 1898 because of poor health.

From the East he brought three brothers to look after their aged mother and Mooers' financial affairs. They enjoyed life in this mansion built entirely of redwood. Amenities ranged from a butler's pantry to servants' quarters above a carriage house in the rear.

The Cultural Heritage Board has designated Mooers' Bonnie Brae St. home as Los Angeles' Historic-Cultural Monument No. 45. It is a few blocks southeast of MacArthur Park and is only two blocks from the site of Burcham's old mansion.

"The woodcarver's art is notable in this residence, readily visible in the very great quality of the carving under the eaves, on the porch and elsewhere," the board points out.

Some writers have described the structure as "basically Queen Anne, with an entrance which is Romanesque. Other elements and ornament look to the Colonial Revival and to the Chateausque."

One critic called Mooers' richly decorated monument "pearly and resplendent" but added: "Who designed this delirious pastiche of scrolls, scales and carpenter's capers? No one knows."

Mooers died of a heart attack in 1900 on a trip to the Paris International Exposition.

Mrs. Ralph R. Demmler and her husband bought the Mooers home in 1945 and she has lived there ever since.

(Her husband, an industrial arts supervisor and a district-wide counselor of supervisors for Los Angeles city schools for 32 years, was

Photograph - Ray Zeman



The Midway, a saloon burned out long ago at corner of U.S. 395 and the turnoff to Trona, on Mojave Desert.

Adult Education Association president. He also established the Central City Occupational Center and received many city and state awards before his death in 1969.)

Mrs. Demmler, proud of her big redwood house, is fascinated by its history. "It never deteriorates," she emphasizes. Square-head nails, some stained glass windows and many curved and beveled windows and frames recall a bygone era.

The Cultural Heritage Board considers the house a prototype of distinctive architecture of the 1870-1900 wave of eclectic architecture.

One analyst wrote: "Remarkable for its use of fluid and curving lines, particularly the flamboyant arch in the upper gable, recaptures the spirit of Italian baroque architecture without being imitative of it."

Mrs. Demmler and a woman friend living with her in the Mooers house today are disappointed by the encroachment of apartment buildings in the onetime Bonnie Brae row of elegant mansions.

The pantry in the Mooers house has been converted into a fourth bathroom and the carriage house behind is now a garage.

But Bird of Paradise plants on the front lawn, towering palm and magnolia trees in the rear of the Victorian mansion and camellias, calla lilies and other plants everywhere seem to recall the glory of yesteryear—the glory of the Yellow Aster.

Monthly Roundup continued...

OCTOBER

Dr. Vernon Barrett addressed the Corral on the history of shore whaling off the California coast. Dating from colonial times, the American whaling industry expanded into the Pacific Ocean at the beginning of the 19th century. The industry peaked in the 1850s as whale oil yielded to petroleum, but Pacific whaling outlasted the New England business. The fleet of whaling ships declined in number during and after the Civil War, destroyed by warships or lost in arctic ice. Whale oil

was replaced by whalebone for women's corsets, however, enabling the industry to continue to the end of the century.

Charles Scammon, a sea captain, discovered Scammon's Lagoon in Baja California, a major breeding ground for the California gray whale. He wrote a book on whaling which became a standard reference work for half a century. Barrett's slides, taken from Scammon's book, illustrated the California whaling stations and lagoons of a bygone era. Whaling stations were located at Pigeon Point, San Simeon, Half Moon Bay, and other places; almost all of the evidence of their existence is gone. A whaling station was operated at Portuguese Bend from 1860 to 1885.

Whaleboats were operated by oars, paddles, and sails, manned by six men, including the harpooner, known as the boat steerer. Barrett described the construction of the whaleboat and the equipment it carried.

NOVEMBER

A capacity crowd at the November meeting heard Active Member Ray Wood address the Corral on "Clarence King and the First Ascent of Mt. Whitney," highest point in the 48 contiguous states. Wood pointed out that the argument over first credit for climbing Mt. Whitney persists to this day, and he offered his own conclusions concerning the controversy. Mt. Whitney was named for Josiah D. Whitney, California's first state geologist. In 1864 a party including Clarence King and William Brewer journeyed into the Sierra Range and named many peaks, but accurate designation

Photograph by - Iron Eyes Cody



From left, Michael Torguson, Deputy Sheriff Jerry Selmer and speaker, Dr. Vernon Barrett.

Photograph by - Frank Newton



Ray Wood and Deputy Sheriff Jerry Selmer.

was complicated by terrain, distance, and inadequate instruments. Having climbed Mt. Tindall, King was determined to ascend the peak he considered to be Mt. Whitney. But this ascent was actually up the wrong mountain, on the wrong route. In 1871 King tried again, but again he climbed the wrong peak. Shortly thereafter King published his adventures in *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*; but his claim as being the first to climb Mt. Whitney was soon disputed. Acrimony and counterclaims grew over the issue. King's fourth attempt to reach the top of Mt. Whitney, made in September 1873, was at last successful — only he found records left there by at least two previous parties.

Wood believes the "three indomitable fishermen" from Lone Pine were the first to ascend the real Mt. Whitney. These men made their ascent in August 1873 and named the peak Fishermen's Peak. This claim was disputed, however, by other Lone Pine residents who argued they had beat the fishermen by three days. Then a so-called "scientific" expedition put in a claim, its members insisting they had reached the summit a week prior to King and dismissing the fishermen's claims as un-

scientific. All of this debate appeared in the Inyo *Independent* in a series of argumentative articles, but Wood declared for the fishermen as the first conquerors of the peak.

Ironically, Owens Valley residents did not care much for State Geologist Whitney, and they argued that Whitney's name be attached to a lower mountain peak. For a time Mt. Whitney was called Fishermen's Peak, or the Dome of Inyo, but in the long run it was Whitney's name that endured.

In other business, the Corral received nominations for the 1985 Trail Bosses and welcomed Woody Wilson as its latest Active Member.

DECEMBER

The December meeting featured the annual libation of complimentary wine and the introduction of the 1985 slate of officers. Jeff Nathan and Elmer Taylor were recognized as the Corral's newest Associate Members.

The main feature of the evening was the presen-

Photograph by - Frank Newton



Roy Wieghorst, son of noted Western artist Olaf Wieghorst.

tation of a film by guests Roy and Barbara Wieghorst on the career of Roy's father, noted Western artist Olaf Wieghorst. "Painter of the American West," made by Roy in 1976, was three years in the making and depicts Wieghorst at work. Born in Denmark in 1899, Olaf Wieghorst fell in love with and drew horses at an early age. He came to America in 1918, enlisted in the Fifth U.S. Cavalry, and served until 1922. After a period of working as a cowboy in New Mexico, Wieghorst went to New York, married, and worked for twenty years as a New York mounted policeman. Painting, however, became an increasing part of his life as he found work doing illustrations for calendars and stories. Wieghorst had no formal art school training, but he said he had thousands of practical lessons in life.

Recognition and commissions came in the 1940s. Wieghorst moved to California and painted and sculpted grand Western scenes — the Navajos, cowboys, cavalry, and horses, using generous amounts of light and space in his pictures. The film also traced the steps in Wieghorst's production of a major painting, from sketches to finished product. A perfectionist in his work, Wieghorst makes numerous pencil sketches as a prelude to his oil paintings. Now 85, Wieghorst continues as an active artist, currently at work on a series of paintings of the U.S. Cavalry.



Page Ten . . .



Corral Chips

Corresponding Member *Ted Weissbuch* writes a fine eulogy for the late Jerry Voorhis, published in the September 21st issue of the *Los Angeles Times* . . . *Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.*, has been elected to membership in the American Antiquarian Society. He also edits the 1984 Lakeside Classic for R.R. Donnelley & Sons — George W. Coe's *A Frontier Fighter* . . . In his capacity as President of Los Angeles Beautiful, *Bill Escherich* and his wife present Mrs. Ronald Reagan with a dozen Olympiad rose bushes in a White House ceremony . . . Associate Member *Elmer Taylor* has been made a lifetime member of Augustana College's Center for Western Studies (CWS), as announced by CWS National Advisory Board member *Cornell Norby*. CWS is located at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and is an important repository for art, books, and cultural artifacts that reflect the heritage of the Upper Great Plains. . . .

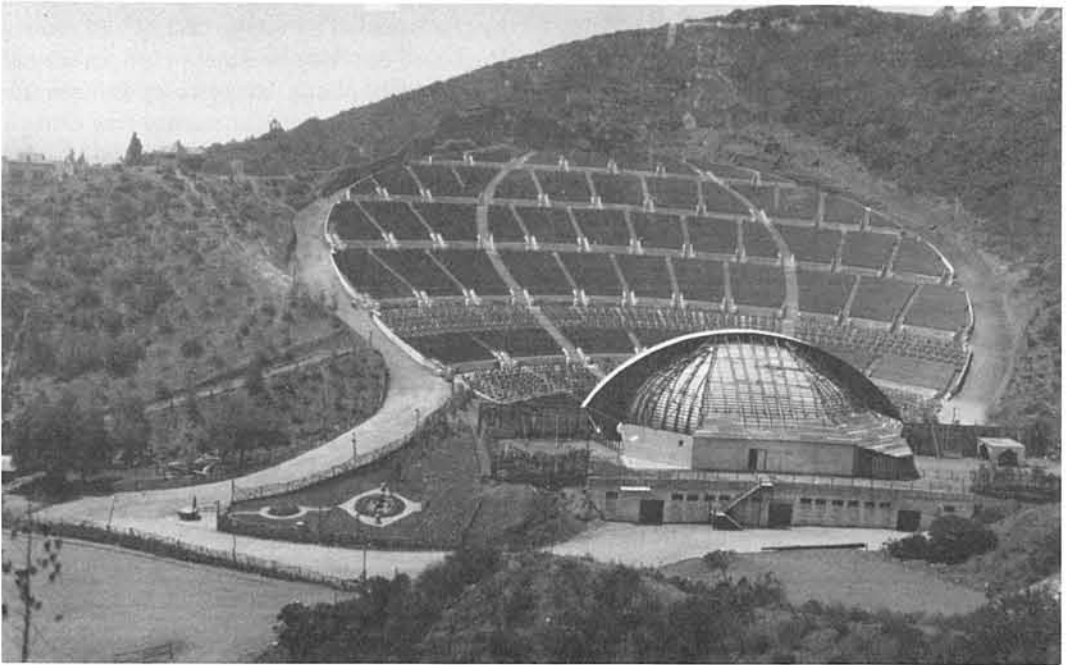
Many Corral members attend the California Historical Society banquet at Cal Tech's Athenaeum on October 22, honoring *Rodman Paul* who receives the Henry R. Wagner Memorial Award. Rod speaks on "An Extraordinary Historian: Henry R. Wagner, Businessman, Book Collector, Scholar and Bibliographer" . . . *George Koenig* is the author of *Beyond This Place There Be Dragons*, published by the Arthur H. Clark Company. The book traces the routes of the Death Valley 49ers through Nevada, Death Valley, and on to Southern California . . . Congressman Carlos J. Moorhead presents C.M. *Gene Bear* with a Congressional Award from the United States Congress, in recognition of his service to the community. . . .

Martin Ridge, *Abe Hoffman*, and A.M. *Robert Blew* attend the Annual Current Affairs Seminar for Outstanding Social Studies Teachers, held at the *Los Angeles Times* building on December 1st. . . .

The Opening of the Hollywood Bowl

by Nedira Sharma

Ernest Marquez Collection



Late 1929 view of the Hollywood Bowl.

The opening of the Hollywood Bowl marked the culmination of a series of important developments in the cultural growth of Los Angeles. These included the Bowl's unique pre-history and other preparations for the opening of the Hollywood Bowl.

The foothills of Hollywood are divided by the Cahuenga Pass which was the only accessible way to Northern California until the 20th century. The Cahuenga Pass was named after Chief Cahuenga of the Shoshones, the first Indians in the Hollywood area. They were peaceful people who wandered throughout the Los Angeles Basin and San Fernando Valley as late as 1769. The primitive chants and tribal dance music of the Shoshones was probably the first man-made music ever heard in what is today the Bowl.

The idea of using the Bowl as an outdoor amphitheater originated early in the 20th century. In 1918, a Theosophical Society called Krotona, located high above Hollywood at the upper end of Vine Street, presented the dramatization of "Light of Asia". The thirty-five successful outdoor performances of this play convinced the civic leaders, the musicians and the general community that plans must be made for the continuity of outdoor theater in the Hollywood Hills.

On May 26, 1919, the Theater Arts Alliance was found with a set of goals and high aspirations. It aimed to form a community park and art center of a civic nature in the Cahuenga Pass area.

H. Ellis Reed, who had performed in "The Light of Asia," was assigned, along with his father, William Reed, to find a suitable loca-

tion. They searched the Hollywood Hills intensively for three weeks. "Finally, on a Sunday morning early in 1919, from a hill east of Cahuenga Pass, we spotted what we were looking for," recalled Ellis Reed. "We crossed the street (Highland Avenue) to a valley completely surrounded by hills. My enthusiasm knew no bounds. Immediately I wanted to test the acoustics. I scaled a barbed wire fence, went up the brow of a hill. Dad stood near a live oak in the center of the bowl-shaped area and we carried on a conversation. We rushed back to the Alliance with a glowing report."¹

C.E. Toberman, a prominent land developer, joined the Alliance group and managed to obtain options on three parcels totaling 60 acres. The area, known as Daisy Dell, was an ideal spot.

The land was purchased for \$47,550.00 on September 17, 1919, thanks to the contributions of Mrs. Christine Stevenson and Mrs. Marie Rankin Clarke, both equally devoted to the enhancement of the arts. The land was purchased in both of their names, but they in turn sold it to the Alliance for \$42,000.00.

Before any type of construction began at the bowl, there were several Sunday afternoon band concerts and one pageant, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," was held as the audience sat on the ground. Then Mrs. Artie Mason Carter came on the scene. She was working on a plan for an Easter Sunrise Service in 1920 on Olive Hill in Barnsdall Park at Vermont Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. Accompanied by an orchestra, the "Service" proved to be successful. So, in 1921, she arranged for a "Service" at the Bowl location. The "Service" included the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, with Walter Henry Rothwell conducting. Hugo Kirchofer had given the Bowl its name when he had conducted a "Community Sing" there the previous autumn, pointing out that "it looks just like a big bowl!"²

On March 27, 1921, the first Easter Sunrise Service was held in the early dawn at the Hollywood Bowl. The orchestra played "Grail Scene" from Wagner's "Parsifal," followed by the high voices of children raised in "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!" The music, the setting, and excellent acoustics

appealed to the several thousand who stood throughout the service.

Mrs. Carter was entirely overjoyed at the success of the service and could not resist thinking about outdoor symphony concerts in an outdoor theater. She began making plans immediately and was given permission by the Board of Directors of the Community Park and Art Association to plan a series of outdoor symphony concerts in the amphitheater that summer, at twenty-five cents a seat. The financial needs of the bowl were met in many ways. Mrs. Carter managed to persuade each member of her Hollywood Community Chorus to sell ten books of season tickets in advance for the first season. Their efforts brought in \$9,000.00. Even children enthusiastically helped peddle several thousand pasteboard "Penny-a-day" banks to stores, shops, offices and banks in Hollywood, which accumulated some \$6,000. At a Hollywood Bowl dinner, with three hundred people in attendance, \$8,900.00 was raised in twenty minutes. Also, a "Society Circus" was held with motion picture stars as patrons and patronesses that raised \$3,000. Mr. Ellis Reed even arranged to enter a float like a golden bowl in the Los Angeles Music Day Parade, and it won a prize of \$200.00. Moreover, businessmen formed a committee to supply lumber for a few of the crude benches. Mrs. Carter proved to be faithfully dedicated, courageous, and daring for a woman of that time. She was truly a legend for she managed to conquer all obstacles.

Other improvements soon came to the bowl. Hollywood High School students brought lights. In 1921, the proceeds of \$3,500.00 from a student performance of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" made possible the installation of an electrical switchboard. On July 6, a ticket selling contest was conducted at Hollywood High School, with the boys against the girls. Though the girls won, together they raised \$1,400.00.

A pre-season performance of Bizet's "Carmen" on July 8, 1922, with Edward Johnson and Mme. Marguerite de Silva in the leading roles, paid for the first seats and benches. Although not a terribly successful event, the amount raised from it totalled \$1,200.00.

As the opening day of July 11, 1922 approached, Dr. Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, agreed to conduct the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra for a fee of \$500.00 per concert. The Hollywood Women's Club arranged to provide a place for rehearsal, since there was no comfortable place available in the Bowl itself. Dr. Hertz rehearsed the orchestra in the Philharmonic Auditorium in downtown Los Angeles, while carpenters worked hurriedly to complete the stage-set, with canvas sides and a wooden back. Unbelievable effort was made even up to the last few hours before opening. Mrs. Carter broadcast a final appeal and said in part:

"How I wish, dear people, that this wonderful unseen audience might be picked up bodily and transported to our Bowl, a picturesque caldron of nature that is to overflow with music and song. My message to you is that the tremendous undertaking of giving sixty concerts during a period of ten weeks, beginning July 11, was not born of self-greed or commercialism, but is an outgrowth of Community Faith, in the inspiring spirit of California sunshine and flowers, which have given parentage to this project, which is but the beginning, we believe, of permanent achievements in a musical way for Los Angeles and which will rebound to its national credit. Let us make Los Angeles the greatest summer festival city in America, for how should we not, with our famous all-year climate . . ."³

Finally, the opening night of July 11, 1922 arrived. The stage had been barely completed in time for the premiere. One local newspaper for that day reported, "Considerable construction work to be accomplished for tonight's concert."⁴

The audience in attendance totaled 5,000 people. The Governor of California, William D. Stephens, welcomed the audience and officially opened the first seasons of "Symphonies Under the Stars." Mayor George C. Cryer introduced Alfred Hertz and the orchestra. The first piece performed was "The Star-Spangled Banner," followed by the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi."

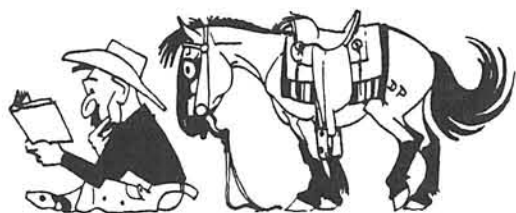
The next day, Rupert Hughes, wrote in the Los Angeles Times:

"Going to the Bowl, as I did, was like entering a cathedral . . . a cathedral not built with hands. The big amphitheater was established by nature. The people adapted themselves to it. They swarmed in the dark, silent and coerced by beauty. Something primitive, deeply human, wonderingly filled the hollow in the hills and the multitude huddled together like resting deer . . . It seemed that the whole city was gathered in council to hear wisdom under the stars . . . the music swept up to the sky in waves, brushing the people who listened and were somehow lifted with it in spirit. The scene gave the music an overwhelming beauty it could never have had in a concert hall. There was no sensation of a mob drawn to a fashionable concert by a fashionable curiosity. It was a kind of worship, a festival of supreme delight."⁵

Some of the city's newspapers, however, paid little attention to the opening and kept the reviews tucked in inside pages. Nevertheless, the opening day was a true accomplishment for the entire artistic community. The tremendous effort put forth by the people of the city, and especially Mrs. Carter, was both commendable and praiseworthy. As a result of the opening, a reasonable amount of interest in the Bowl had aroused all Southern Californians.

Foot-notes

1. John Orlando Northcutt, *The Hollywood Bowl Story*, (Hollywood: Hollywood Bowl Association, 1962), p. 5-6.
2. Grace Koopal, *Miracle of Music* (United States: Anderson, Ritchie, and Simon, 1972), p. 39.
3. Koopal, *Miracle*, p. 50-51.
4. "Concert Season to Open Tonight" *Hollywood Daily Citizen*, (Hollywood), July 11, 1922, Sec. 1, p. 1.
5. Koopal, *Miracle*, p. 53.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

Stephens, Lester D. JOSEPH LECONTE: *Gentle Prophet of Evolution*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1982. 340 pp. Cloth, \$32.50.

The name "LeConte" rings familiarly with almost every graduate of either Berkeley or UCLA, or for that matter with almost anyone who has ever lived in Berkeley or Westwood Village. Most people assume, and rightly so, that the street, building, or whatever was named for the prominent University professor Joseph LeConte, or possibly for his elder brother John, who served as President of the University from 1869 to 1870. This excellent biography covers details of the lives of both men, although Joseph is given more prominence.

The slave-owning LeConte family, ardent supporters of the South during the Civil War, were financially ruined during the War and Reconstruction. John LeConte (born 1818) was a scholarly man, trained in botany and medicine, and he found positions during the war at the University of Georgia and also that of South Carolina. However, poor pay and Reconstruction politics were motives enough to cause him to seek a position elsewhere, and in November 1868 he was notified that he had been accepted for the faculty of the newly-established University of California. A few weeks later his brother Joseph (born 1823) also received a letter of appointment as professor of geology, to begin in September 1869.

Next summer Joseph and his wife Bessie, their two youngest daughters, and his sister Jane and her grown-up daughter Ada, all set out from New York on the newly opened transcontinental railway, arriving in Oakland in early September 1869.

Joseph's career at the University until his retire-

ment from full teaching in 1896, and his death from a heart seizure at Camp Curry in Yosemite, July 6, 1901, was a series of successes and honors. Converting slowly and reluctantly from being a firm believer in the biblical account of creation, LeConte became convinced, by his studies and by his travels in the Yosemite and other High Sierra regions, that the geological age of the earth must indeed have been far greater than the literal text of the Pentateuch would have it. Yet he never admitted any real contradiction between true science and true religion, a belief he well expressed in his 1873 book, *Religion and Science*. His classroom lectures on geology, comparative physiology, and related sciences were always popular (upward of 400 students in the undergraduate classes), and he and his graduate students added a great deal to our knowledge of the geology of the Sierra and the formation of its glacial valleys.

The book is written in an interesting style, steering a nice course between not being too broad in its coverage and not being too meticulous in detail. The many footnotes offer adequate documentation for all important facts, and occasionally add some interesting detail. The work concludes with a 30-page bibliography of sources, and an excellent index.

Joseph LeConte was a name to conjure with in the nineteenth century; it is good that because of this fine biography he will not be forgotten in the twentieth.

Raymund F. Wood



Arthur Woodward, *MISIONES DE NORTE DE SONORA*. Hermosillo: Gobierno del Estado de Sonora, 1983. 130 pp.

The National Park Service had acquired the ruins of a Kino mission at Tumacacori some fifty years ago. Before attempting to restore the church, they dispatched, in 1935, a crew to check out the remains of the Kino churches in Sonora. Among the team of five was "Arthur Woodward, archaeologist, historian and interpreter" who prepared a report on the study.

This covered twelve missions located along the Concepcion-Altar-Magdalena drainage system

[Mexico blithely changes the names of rivers as they turn a corner]. These ranged from the beautiful ruins of Cocospera on the east to San Ignacio on the north and Caborca to the west. Measurements, sketches and photographs were taken of each.

A hundred years of weathering, neglect and destruction by ignorant and wanton treasure hunters had severely damaged these old churches by the time of the survey. Fifty more years has only increased the damage. Hence this report is valuable both to Norteamerican and Sonoran scholars. With this in mind, the government of Sonora authorized the publication of Woodward's report. This has been done in a handsome volume that would be a credit to one of the fine presses north of the border.

Fortunately the Mexican government has seen fit to do more than memorize these ruins. The Instituto Nacional de Antropologia e Historia (INAH) under the direction of charming Cynthia Radding de Murrieta is now busily working on stabilizing many of these ruins. In addition several of the churches, such as Magdalena, San Ignacio and Tubutama have been restored.

Walt Wheelock



Webb, Edith Buckland. *INDIAN LIFE AT THE OLD MISSIONS*, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, reprint edition, 1982. 323 pp. Cloth, \$35.00

Considering the number of volumes cranked off of the academic presses of California, many whose principal significance is the employment provided typographers and pressmen, it is difficult to understand why the reprint of a scarce California classic should have to be the product of the University of Nebraska. But that's the way it is, so a salute, first to their acuity, and second to their benevolent contribution to those assembling new California collections.

Edith Webb's 1952, *Indian Life at the Old Missions* is the most complete, most authoritative single work dealing with the frequently belabored subject. Liberally illustrated, and supported by a competent bibliography and subject index, Webb's work is a must in any well rounded Califor-

nia Mission library. The total scope of the material is broad, but daily routine, life style, crafts, celebrations and the technology of the Indians and their Franciscan mentors are the aspects subjected to the closest examination. Actually, the title might more appropriately be: *Everything You Wanted to Know About the Missions and Gave Up Trying to Find* in Englehardt.

As pointed out by Westerner Norman Neuerburg in the *reprint* foreward, *Indian Life* represents a near lifelong quest by the author, whose goal was the assembly of an accurate, concise body of ethnographic data. Neuerburg also observes that Webb was a dedicated investigator rather than an accredited academic, a circumstance that may be one reason for the book's clarity.

Webb's style is simple and straight forward, entirely devoid of today's academically popular use of pompous or obscure language, and unlike many fact packed works is easy reading. Further, occasional judgments made by the author are tempered by a gentle form of honesty, and thankfully she does not wield a Protestant poleaxe, nor does she engage in pious Papal apology. And before leaving the subject of style, even the footnotes are palatable.

The only shortcoming is one common to many similar studies of earlier cultures: a lack of specific or in-depth information regarding transportation, but this lack is more than made up for in the meticulous coverage of practically every other aspect of Mission life.

Richard W. Cunningham



Forrest, Earle R. *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, reprint edition 1984. 385 pp., Paper, \$11.95.

Reading the second paragraph: "... they could see them [sheep] in the distance, like a great mass of maggots rolling down over the trail ... like a plague of locusts, greedily devouring the grass, tearing it out by the roots; ..." one begins to question the objectivity of the author of this narrative of the so-called Pleasant Valley War. Yet, in spite of his obvious bias against "woolies" and anyone who would have anything to do with the beasts,

Forrest is objective and fair in his evaluations of events and persons. Overcoming the lack of records and the necessity to rely on memories some forty years after the events for much of his information, he traces the main story and every variant of it and then presents one version as the most logical and best supported to be the true version of what happened. The trouble is not the objectivity; it is the book.

The basic story is simple. In the summer of 1887, the Tewksbury family brought sheep into Pleasant Valley which previously had been a cattle haven. The cattlemen, under the leadership of Thomas Graham, whom the author implies had been earlier a fellow rustler with the Tewksburys, fought back. During August and September of that year, a series of ambushes, sieges, and out-in-the-open fights resulted in the death of many of the participants. September marked the end of the major fighting, but the author gleefully continues recounting every killing or attempted killing in Arizona that can even remotely be related to the feud. For instance, Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens' fight with the Blevins brothers had nothing to do with the war. Granted Andy [Blevins] Cooper probably was responsible for the deaths at the Middleton Ranch, but Sheriff Owens was arresting him on another charge when Cooper made the fatal mistake of firing at him. If Cooper had been the great gun fighter that Forrest paints him, he should have known that a six-gun can not compete with a Winchester. Also, charging the feud to be the cause of the ambushing of a drifter five years later simply because the cowboy had worked on one of the ranches in the Valley during the time of troubles stretches credibility. Even the author admits that this is hard to accept.

Although Forrest uses much imagery and writes extremely well, too much of the book sounds like the old boys sitting in front of the livery stable reminiscing for the tourists about when the west was young and violent. The author does a fair job of tracing what happened to the participants who survived the fighting and traces the events of the court case against Ed Tewksbury for the murder of Thomas Graham; however, he does not relate these events to the general history of the area nor does he offer any interpretation of the events. With the number of books waiting to be published, the University of Arizona Press should have left this one in the original edition.

Robert W. Blew

Coolidge, Dane. *ARIZONA COWBOYS*. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1984. 160pp. Paper, \$7.95.

A paperback reprint of a classic is always fun, for it knocks the hell out of a prize collection of first editions, offers a volume of interest at a realistic price, and is fun to those who are too lazy to go to the public library to read it. Then it also gives cheapskate collectors a chance to add a light piece of reading to their library.

Dane Coolidge is more interesting to the reviewer than the book which is full of tall tales and anecdotes. He started as a naturalist-field collector and photographer in the Southwest, Nevada, California and other places. In 1910 he published a novel and produced an average of one a year until 1940 when he died in Berkeley, California. Among the non-fiction titles were *Old California Cowboys* (1939), *Texas Cowboys* (1937), and some seven volumes to go with the forty or more novels over thirty years. The photographs in this and other volumes are worth the price despite some amateur mistakes, such as distance from the object being photographed. He loved the Southwest where he spent much time from 1900 to near his death, even some months in Baja California, collecting specimens and shooting pictures for himself and such prestigious institutions as the British Museum, the New York (Bronx) Zoo, the US Biological Survey, Harvard and the like. But it was the ranch and cowboy that drew his genius; on them he spent the ink that gave him pleasure and a living.

Arizona Cowboys is anecdote and cowboy yarns, one hundred and sixty pages of them. Tales as told to Coolidge are given authenticity by language and the flair of their telling, even when they are beyond rational acceptance. The accompanying description gives authenticity to the telling even when just a tall tale, and the pictures (thirty-four) are dusty (what else in Arizona?), rough, exuding reality, almost too much as the one where a calf is being branded. The tales give no generalized picture of the cowboy or Arizona ranching, or Arizona itself, but they are interesting reading. The University of Arizona Press could well have added a biographical sketch of Coolidge to improve the book. For the first edition payment would be in hard cash to the tune of some fifty dollars; for this reprint eight dollars is great.

Raymond E. Lindgren