LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

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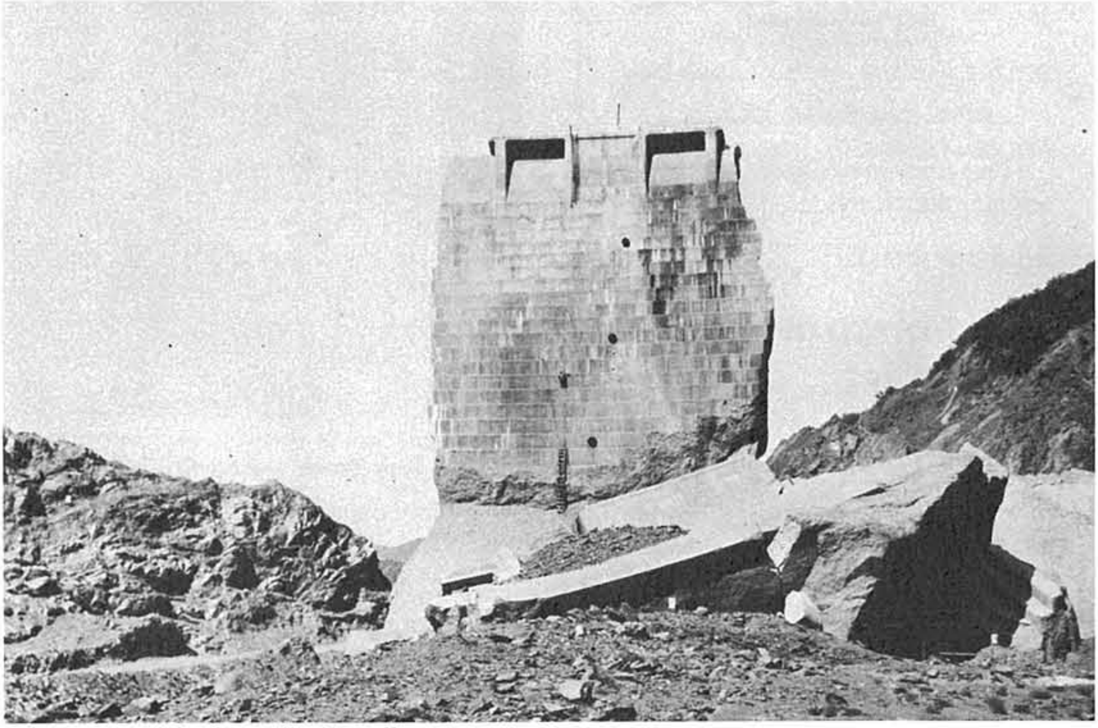
A remnant of the dam after the collapse.
Courtesy of Security Pacific National Bank Collection/Los Angeles Public Library.

Dam Break: Tragedy in San Francisquito Canyon

by Kathryn Farrell

"Tuesday, March 13, 12:50 a.m.

The noise from the east was getting louder; and as father and son watched, brilliant flashes of light flared from the direction of Saugus.

'Whatever it is, there's trouble on the high lines,' McIntyre remarked to his son George.

The ground beneath them had begun to tremble, and the possibility of an earthquake was discussed. It would account for the high

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THE WESTERNERS

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

From left, Deputy Sheriff Donald Torguson, speaker Gary Turner and Sheriff Jerome Selmer.

AUGUST 1985 MEETING

At the August meeting Corresponding Member Gary Turner addressed the Corral on the Kachina dolls of the Hopi, westernmost of the Pueblo tribes. The Hopi have resided in Arizona for over 1,000 years and are known as the "peaceful ones." Despite Spanish and Anglo invasions, drought and other problems, the Hopis have endured, and the Kachina cult is one of the most enduring features of their religion.

According to the Hopi religion, Kachinas are the spiritual essence of everything in the universe and have three aspects: the supernatural being, the impersonating spirits, and the doll, a spirit representation. The dolls provide a method of communica-

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lines swinging together and shorting, but that mysterious roar was something else.

George glanced again in the direction of Saugus and thought he must be dreaming. The end tourist cabin was in motion, pivoting around and swinging toward them! Suddenly father and son felt water strike their legs. In those last fleeting moments before they were engulfed, both knew the answer to the riddle of the mysterious noise. St. Francis Dam had burst!"

In this excerpt from a book by Charles Outland, an account of the failure of the St. Francis Dam is given as it was heard from one of the survivors. Outland included several such terrifying accounts of the worst disaster to hit California since the San Francisco earthquake in 1906.

Though these two calamities resulted in similar death tolls, treatment of the issues has been very different. The San Francisco earthquake is an event still familiar to most people today, though it happened almost eighty years ago. The St. Francis Dam disaster, on the other hand, has been largely forgotten. Perhaps the reason for this is that the earthquake was a natural occurrence, with no one to blame for it, and the St. Francis Dam failure can easily be blamed on men.

The St. Francis Dam tragedy should not be forgotten as it can offer important lessons. One California newspaper, a couple of days after the disaster, editorialized, "It is possible that many a community has a lesson to learn from what has just happened." This insightful statement was probably not paid a great deal of attention in the face of such a tragedy, and a tragedy it indeed was. One can hope, however, that perhaps society can triumph over this tragedy by learning from it.

The construction of the St. Francis Dam tied in with the aqueduct system connecting the Owens Valley to Los Angeles. This construction began when the city of Los Angeles realized that in order to continue growing, it would need to find additional sources of water. It was decided that water would be diverted from the Owens Valley on the east side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. An extremely large (238 miles long) aqueduct was built to carry the water to Los Angeles reservoirs.

The construction of the aqueduct by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power under William Mulholland, chief engineer, necessitated the acquiring of a great deal of property, with water rights, in the Owens Valley area. This is what eventually led to the almost complete ownership and control of the land and water in that area by the city of Los Angeles.

A great dispute arose over this in the 1920s as the Owens Valley developed increasingly desert-like characteristics from lack of water. Few farmers in the Valley were able to keep up economically. The locals in the area fought a continuing battle against the Department of Water and Power, including making threats and assaults on the pipeline.

Another point that caused a great deal of argument was the realization that a great deal of water was being wasted by the city's aqueduct system as the overflow from the reservoirs in the San Fernando Valley was dumped into the canyon bottom and allowed to find its way from there to the ocean. This loss in the drought season was deplorable and several angry farmers took the case to court.

As Remi Nadeau stated in his book, *The Water Seekers,* "Obviously a great new reservoir site was needed below at least one of the power plants to help the San Fernando lakes in storing water for the City's use." The first site proposed was Big Tujunga Canyon, at the east side of the valley. The owners of the site, however, fought in court for an exorbitant price for the land. Mulholland, who had proposed the site, refused to allow the city to be held up and had the proceedings ended.

The next site proposed was one in the San Francisquito Canyon, below Power House No. 1. The proposed land was government-owned, and an application was filed for it with the federal government in December of 1922. After some negotiation, the land was purchased, and construction began in August of 1924.

In March 1925 an organization of Santa Clara Valley water users, formed out of fear of their valley being ruined in the Owens Valley style, and whose job it was to be aware of such developments, was alerted to the construction. The name of this organization was the "Santa Clara River Protective Association." The association sent a well-respected engineer of the time, Charles E. Grunsky, to San Francisquito Canyon to view the construction. Outland has noted, "If Mr.

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Grunsky saw anything that caused him to question Mulholland's choice of a damsite, he kept it to himself." Outland suspects that Mr. Grunsky's foremost concern was that of the proposed diversions from Sespe Creek and that the St. Francis Dam did not seem to merit a serious inspection.

As a result, construction of the dam continued without interruption and was completed by May, 1926. When, a year later, it was filled to capacity, it held some 34,000 acre feet — almost equalling the combined volume of the two San Fernando reservoirs.

The most serious question about the St. Francis Dam concerns the site on which it was constructed. The notorious San Andreas fault was only a few miles away and, according to Clifford E. Hey, in his published speech about the dam, "To the east of the dam the canyon walls are formed of mica schist, and the west walls are a conglomerate of sandstone. The mica is severely laminated, cross-faulted, and interspersed with talc. It is this last ingredient that apparently causes the east wall to feel greasy. And the west wall is a bit unusual too. It is of a red appearance and although it seems hard enough when dry, it absorbs water and disentegrates when soaked."

This combination of disadvantages seems very serious today, and it is difficult to understand why they were overlooked in 1926. The only possible explanation is that during the heat of the controversies of the time, it was desirable to accomplish the task with all possible expediency and that the usual precautions were not taken as a result. It is also possible that not enough was known about the substances making up the canyon walls to deem the site unfit for a dam.

Early concern about the dam's safety was felt by a few people from the very beginning. Seepage began to occur before the dam was filled to capacity. At the site of the dead San Francisquito fault line there was pronounced leakage which was taken care of, supposedly, by patching the leak and diverting the rest of the flow to the damkeeper's cottage for domestic use. This fault line was located on the west side of the dam (the one composed of the red conglomerate) and deterioration was noticed there all along.

Toward the end of February another leak developed in the west abutment. This was judged by Mulholland to be merely another temperature crack that was to be expected in any large body of concrete. A drainline was installed in March to carry off the water issuing from this leak. After the completion of this drainage system, however, several people still noticed leakage. On the few occasions that leakage of muddy water (which would indicate that foundation material was being washed away from beneath the structure) was noted, the fact was explained as being caused by the clear water mingling with dirt left in its path by nearby road construction.

Another point of some significance is that the damkeeper, Tony Harnischfeger, had expressed doubts about the safety of the dam on several occasions and had been ordered to curb this opinion by higher-ups who supposedly said that continuing to make such remarks would be done at the expense of his job. This is significant only if these officials had knowledge of the dam's unsafeness and had silenced Harnischfeger to protect themselves because it would not be unusual for a damkeeper to be reprimanded for starting rumors about his charge.

The first very serious indication of trouble was the appearance of two cracks on the face of the dam in January, 1928. The cracks were diagonal and were widest at the points where they joined the mountains on both sides. This indicated that they had been caused by the swelling and subsequent rising of the two mountainsides due to saturation. The cracks were soon caulked up and passed off as leakage common to many dams.

Strangely, those who were concerned at all about the condition of the dam were worried about the west side, which was abutted with the spongy red conglomerate, but the opposite side was apparently the first to go.

Late at night on March 12, 1928, the abutment on the east side (the mica schist) collapsed under the weight of the water the mountain had soaked up. Just before midnight an entire section of ground slid past the face of the dam and onto the canyon floor. With this crashed the abutment itself, unable to hold up any longer against the pressure of the water. In the next moment the two sides of the dam gave way under the amazing outpouring of water. The entire canyon shook as the flood hurdled out of the reservoir on either side of the central section. On the crest of a hundred foot wall of water, huge blocks of concrete rode down the canyon. Some, weighing thousands of tons apiece, were carried as far as half a mile. The canyon had suddenly been turned into a great trough for

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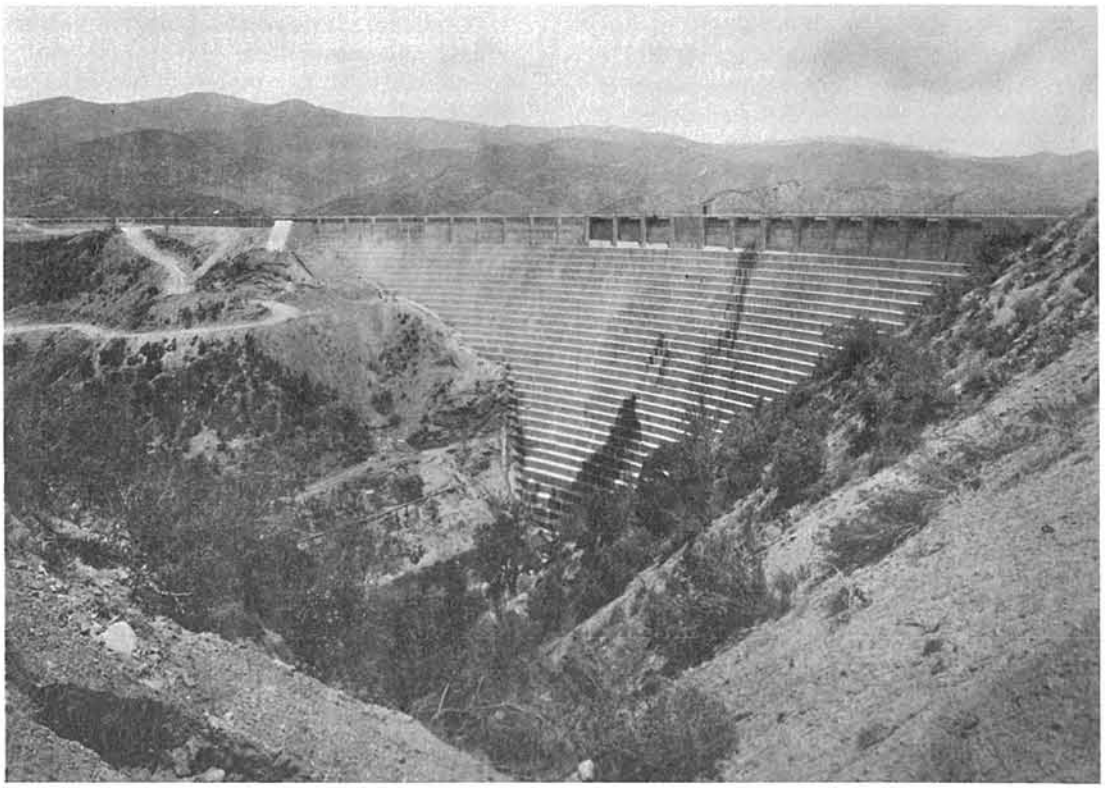

The St. Francis Dam — completed in May 1926, filled by 1927, collapsed on March 12, 1928.
Courtesy of Security Pacific National Bank Photograph Collection/Los Angeles Public Library.

an overwhelming mountain of water.

The torrent of water began its rampage by wiping out all vegetation and power lines in the first few miles. The water extended sixty feet above the stream bed and it carried off several pieces of the aqueduct's pipeline, interfering with the water supply to Los Angeles. The giant continued down the canyon and reached the houses, adding them and their sleeping inhabitants to its accumulation of trees and barbed wire. Castaic Junction was next in the path taken by the sixty-foot wave. Only a handful of people survived, warned by the thundering roar of the rushing water.

Several miles further down the path was a construction camp of Southern California Edison workers. Only those whose tents were so tightly shut that they floated down the river like half-filled balloons, were saved.

The monster wiped out all existing life as it continued its mad rush down the Santa Clara Valley. Groves of oranges, other fruits, and countless fields of vegetables, all joined the pile of debris. Highway overpasses, and anyone unlucky enough to be on them, were added to the pile as well.

Only a few families in the path of the torrent were fortunate enough to be saved by a barking dog, a night owl, or a buoyant house. Most were caught sleeping and crushed, along with all their possessions, by the weight of the water.

One story of survival that particularly stands out is that of a mother and her several young children, one of them a month old baby. They grabbed hold of a feather mattress, and, clinging to each other for two miles, finally caught hold of a tree which held them until the water receded and they were rescued. Unfortunately, the unhappy stories outnumber the pleasant. With phone lines washed out, there was no way survivors could warn the towns of Piru, Fillmore, and populous Santa Paula, which were all next in the path.

Luckily, the Los Angeles Power Bureau investigated the power failure at the San

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Francisquito plant, found out about the disaster, and used its radio facilities to warn the Ventura sheriff's office, which in turn relayed calls to Fillmore and Santa Paula. The flood was fast approaching, however, and only those who heard the warnings of frantic informers banging on doors, making phone calls, and setting off alarms, were alerted in time to flee for the hills and watch the torrent sweep past. They returned after it had rushed by to survey their ruined homes and pick their belongings from the rubble.

Even the towns which had been warned early enough to evacuate completely suffered colossal damages to property as the immense body of water continued its sixty-five mile journey to the ocean.

Shortly after 5:00 a.m., the wave flung itself, and all the debris it had accumulated, headlong into the Pacific Ocean.

By dawn the people were returning to the valley to determine the extent of the damage, and within a day the entire nation knew of the disaster. The Red Cross set up its first emergency station in Santa Paula scarcely an hour after the flood had subsided. Soon it was fully organized and serving hot food to the many homeless refugees. Ventura Boy Scouts volunteered their services in helping with the first aid, carrying messages and guarding property. All the California newspapers carried front page news spreads and pictorial features of the disaster.

The Southern Pacific ran free trainloads of rescue parties as far as its tracks went before they were washed out and the Southern California Auto Club contributed relief cars. Southern California fuel and truck companies provided gas and equipment. Radio stations aired pleas for help, and the Citizens' Emergency Committee, headed by C.C. Teague, a respected Ventura County citizen, was formed by civic leaders. Through the efforts of this committee many refugees were provided with shelter.

On March 14, 1928, President Calvin Coolidge sent letter of condolence to the survivors.

The City of Los Angeles accepted full responsibility for the catastrophe from the start. Mayor George Cryer proclaimed that though the lives lost could not be restored, the property damages would be paid. Committees were established to determine the need, and subsequently, Los Angeles paid every claim — a total of $15,000,000. More than a thousand homes were rebuilt by the city, and matters were settled so fairly that not a single suit was ever taken into court.

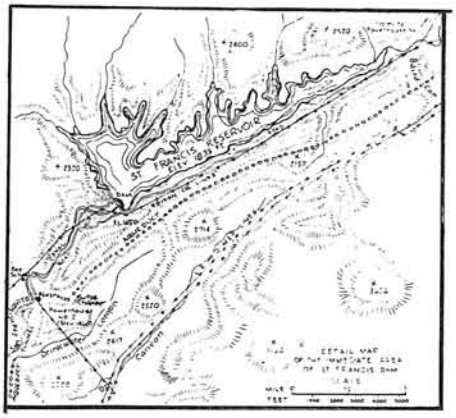
The causes of this great calamity have been extensively researched, and it was finally determined that the concrete in the dam was not at fault, as had been extensively debated, but that failure was due to poor rock foundations. A court ruling finally absolved officials, in particular William Mulholland, from blame.

Though he was not personally blamed for the dam's failure, Mulholland felt deeply responsible for the tragedy and is reported to have said at one point, "I envy the dead." Contrary to the way Mulholland felt about himself, many people of Southern California continued to revere him. A multitude of letters and editorials supported him.

One encouraging point about the tragedy is the success of the settlements for property damages. Some businesses were reportedly pulled from the jaws of bankruptcy by the payments for losses. Many of the homes were rebuilt beautifully and the properties that were bought by the City of Los Angeles were bought at much higher prices than sellers could have obtained on the open market. This is an especially important point when one considers the Depression years ahead and how this money would have been a great help to those receiving it.

There is no way of knowing the death toll, but it has been fixed tentatively at about 400 persons. The number fluctuates according to different sources. 1,250 houses and 7,900 acres of rich farmland were destroyed. The failure of the St. Francis Dam is ultimately one of the worst tragedies in California history.

[Editor's Note: Ms. Farrell's essay won second prize in the Senior Division of the 1985 History Day/L.A. research paper competition.]



Corral Chips

Dick Cunningham virtually dominates the awards given by the San Diego Historical Society at the Seventeenth Annual Institute of History held at the University of San Diego. Our multi-talented member won First Prize in the Military category for a paper submitted, Second Prize in the Baja category, and Honorable Mention in competition for the Fintzelberg award...CM *Gene Bear* has been unanimously voted Honorary Sheriff for Studio City by the Studio City Chamber of Commerce. Gene, who unquestionably has the largest collection of country music in the world, both recorded and sheet music, holds forth every Wednesday as host of his own radio show, "Bear Country," on KCSN (88.5 FM)...Former Sheriff *Tony Lehman,* a real Reserve Deputy Sheriff in Los Angeles County when he is not teaching school, has his photograph featured in an article on the San Dimas Sheriff's Posse for the San Gabriel section of the *Los Angeles Times.* Tony is currently the Captain of this volunteer group...*Abe Hoffman's* article, "Zorro: Generic Swashbuckler," appears in the September-October issue of *The Californians*...Ranger-Active member *Herschel Logan* is awarded an honorary membership in the Texas Jack Association, a group dedicated to the study of the scout who has been dubbed "The King of the Cowboys."... Serving on the committee which prepared for the installation of the Most Reverend Roger Mahony as Fourth Archbishop of Los Angeles is Msgr. *Francis J. Weber.* Msgr. Weber is also prominent at the recent Grand Conclave III, the annual gathering of the Miniature Book Society, which took place at the Burbank Airport Hilton over Labor Day. Other Corral members who were involved in this event are *Glen Dawson, Dutch Holland, Hugh Tolford, Tony Kroll, John Urabec, Everett Hager,* and CM *Richard Hoffman*... CM *Alec Guthrie* has been juried in as an active member of the American Watercolor Society. At the 18th Annual Exhibition held in Canton, Ohio, Alec was awarded the Walser Greathouse Medal for his painting "Juggernaut." And at the annual banquet of the American Watercolor Society held at the Salamagundi Club in New York, Alec was made a member of the "Dolphin Fellowship" for the consistent creation of award winning paintings and the advancement of the art of watercolor. Congratulations, Alec...*Ray Wood* is on hand for the dedication ceremonies at the Tapia Adobe (California Registered Historical Landmark No. 360) in the Red Hill region of Rancho Cucamonga. The commemorative plaque, sponsored by the Billy Holcomb Chapter of E Clampus Vitus, the Rancho Cucamonga Historical Society, and others, is erected at the Thomas Vineyards retail store on the corner of Foothill Boulevard and Vineyard Avenue, a location known to many Corral tipplers over the years who enjoy the fermented fruit of the vine...Following the routes of explorers and emigrants, *Todd Berens* spends five weeks during the summer touring the American West and attending the 17th Annual Meeting of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation at St. Louis, Missouri, and the 3rd Annual Meeting of the Oregon-California Trail Association convening at Scottsbluff, Nebraska...Former Sheriff *Hugh Tolford* leads a group of history buffs through Death Valley, is elected to the Board of Directors of the Huntington Library, and functions as Operating Chairman for the Host Committee for the 14th Congress of the International Association of Bibliophiles...*Dutch Holland,* along with his charming and talented wife Marion, pens an article for *Biblio-Cal Notes* on Descanso Gardens, while *Bill Hendricks* appears in the same issue of this publication with his study of "Corona Del Mar's Old

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English Inn," once the Hurley Bell Inn and now the Five Crowns restaurant...Msgr. *Francis J. Weber* gives the benediction at ceremonies in San Diego for the official release of the new 44¢ airmail stamp issued in honor of Fray Junipero Serra by the United States Postal Services. Also on hand for the event are *Tony Kroll* and CM *Ken Pauley*...*Ray Wood* has an article in the July/August issue of *The Californians* on "The Life and Legend of a California Ranger (Harry Love)."...CM *Richard Dillon* will have his latest book out soon titled *North Beach,* the first *real* history of San Francisco's Little Italy and containing about eighty fine historical photographs of this fabled section of our rival to the north...CM *Mark Hall-Patton* has resigned his position with the Anaheim Museum to become Curator of the San Luis Obispo County Historical Museum...Among those participating in the planning and conduct of Grand Conclave III, mentioned earlier in this article, are many other distinguished Westerners besides those referred to elsewhere, among them CM *Anna Marie Hager, Jerry Selmer,* plus CM's *Randy Joseph* and *John Selmer.* At the book fair which concluded the Labor Day weekend event, the miniature volume *The California Missions Then and Now* by *Ernie Marquez* and CM *Kenneth Pauley* is introduced. Msgr. *Francis J. Weber* was elected Chairman and *Tony Kroll* a member of the Society's Board of Governors. *Glen Dawson* was honored with an award for distinguished past service to the Society and for being the guiding spirit of Grand Conclave III. All in all, big doings for little books.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

tion to meet the spiritual needs of the Hopi. Made from cottonwood root, the dolls are carved mainly by men for use in religious ceremonies. Most of the dolls are given to young girls, with some given to young boys and old people. They are educational tools rather than icons. The Hopis have over 300 different characters, and new characters are also created from time to time. A second Pueblo tribe, the Zuni, constructs similar Kachinas, taller and thinner than the Hopi dolls. Dolls which represent the same spirit may not look the same; the Hopi idea of classification is not like the white man's. Besides traditional pigments, the Hopis have used tempera, aerosol, and even acrylic paint; and their adaptability has enabled them to use a variety of materials such as shells and yarn for decoration.

Although Hopis had never signed their names or sold the dolls, appreciation of their artistic value has created a demand for them. In recent years the price has gone as high as $2,000, resulting in elaborately decorated, bigger dolls made especially for sale. In this way, the dominant society had intruded on an ancient Indian craft. Because of increasing demand, Kachina dolls are now being made by Navajos, Japanese, and white woodcarvers. Let the collector beware! Turner advised potential buyers to purchase dolls from reputable dealers, look for quality in sculpture such as detail and body proportions, watch for cracks, and determine the quality of material and paint. The finer the line and the better the detail, the more the doll will be worth.

To illustrate his presentation, Turner and several Corral members displayed dozens of Kachina dolls, and following Turner's speech many instant "experts" headed for the dolls to test their new-found expertise.

SEPTEMBER 1985 MEETING

Corral Member Bill Newbro addressed the September meeting on the history of the Automobile Club of Southern California. Founded in December 1900, the ACSC entered the 20th century at a time when automobiles were a rare luxury, as horse-drawn carriages were the usual means of transportation. The novelty of the automobile, however, attracted considerable attention, though not initially as a serious form of transportation. ACSC directors included a number of visionary promoters such as William May Garland and G. Allan Hancock, and early activities featured distance runs and auto races, and parades of automobiles.

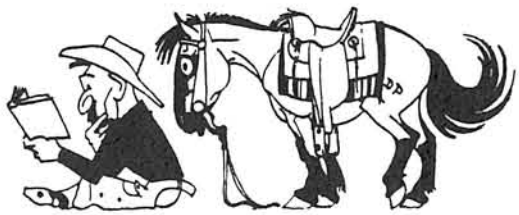
In its early years the Auto Club engaged in many public works projects, particularly the posting of directional signs on state highways and expansion of services to members. The first tour book appeared in 1909. By 1911 ACSC membership hit 2,500; by 1920 the figure was up to 30,000. The club sponsored legislation increasing speed limits from horse and buggy concepts, abolition of speed traps, consistent automotive laws, and fair insurance rates. Club membership expanded to Santa Barbara and other outlying communities, necessitating the creation of branch offices. The club also strongly supported the cause of better roads, opposing inadequate planning by the state. In 1923 the site at Adams and Figueroa became ACSC headquarters.

During the 1920s the club sponsored the change in financing of state highways from bond issues to motor fuel taxes. Other controversies included the lopsided allocation of highway construction to the northern half of the state. In these and many other historical events, from its beginnings to the present, the Auto Club has played a major role in serving as the "good Samaritan of the highways," serving more than 3 million people.

In other activities, the Corral welcomed Bob Blew to his new status as an Active Member.

Photograph - Frank Q. Newton

Deputy Sheriff Donald Torguson and speaker Bill Newbro.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

Indians of California: The Changing Image, James J. Rawls. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1984; 308 pp., $19.95.

This reviewer has spent over thirty years research in California history, both as a student and on his own, and during that time has usually found only bits and pieces of material on the two century abuse of the California Indian. James J. Rawls has certainly done his homework. To my knowledge, no one has ever brought together under one cover so much information on the subject. Through the four eras of exploration, Spanish colonialism with its mission system, the Mexican pastoral period and finally American conquest and expansionism, the California Indian was often described as being little better than an animal, and treated accordingly. For many years our history books have either ignored, glossed over, or even excused the past treatment of our Indians. "Digger" was the universal name given to most all California aborigines. A derogatory term used to describe numerous groups who were even of different ethnic bands. Digger was applied because early Americans often saw Indians in various areas uprooting roots and bulbs with sharpened, fire hardened sticks.

Jean La Perouse, a French traveler, visisted California in 1786, just seventeen years after the introduction of Father Serra's mission system. The Frenchman suggested in his book "A Voyage Round the World" the scene at Mission San Carlos Borromeo as reminding him of a slave plantation in the West Indies. Many of the early foreign visitors to Spanish California told of the cruel and unjust punishments inflicted and the degrading

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What's in a Name? — the Significance of "Orange" County

by Raymund F. Wood

Question: what do the names of Orange County in New York and of Orange County in California have in common?

Answer: absolutely nothing, except identical spelling.

Each of these names (and the names of various places called Orange in various parts of the world, such as Connecticut, New Jersey, South Carolina, Texas, South Africa, Holland, southern France, and so on) stems from two entirely different sources, and it is purely an accident of spelling that enables modern-day Orangemen (originally called members of the Loyal Orange Association, followers of King William III of England) to wear orange-colored insignia, scarves, sashes, etc. when they march in procession on July 12 to celebrate the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.

All of the above places, except for the city of Orange and the county of Orange in southern California, derive their name of Orange from a small area in the (present-day) Department of Vaucluse in southern France, about 16 miles north of Avignon. Orange is an historic area, the town having been founded by the Romans about 100 B.C., and called by them Arausio, a word which became corrupted, both by the not-so-well-educated soldiers who settled down to farming in the fertile Rhone valley after their tour of duty with the Roman legions, as well as by successive waves of Visigothic and Saracen invaders, until it reached its present form of orange in the dialect of langue d'oc, some time before the year 1000 A.D.

There was an earldom of Orange in the time of Charlemagne, which included the town and many miles of surrounding vineyards and farms. In the high middle ages it became the seat of the Count of Orange, and in the 13th century the Holy Roman Emperor bestowed the title Prince of Orange on the then head of the family of Orange.

In 1530 the then Prince of Orange, Philibert of Chalon, died without leaving a son to inherit, so his nephew succeeded to the title. This man, Rene, was already heir to his own father's titles and lands in Nassau, Germany. So Orange in France became merely a part of the hereditary holdings of the House of Nassau; and in 1544, at the early age of 11, a boy named William, a member of the Ottonian branch of the House of Nassau, inherited the title "Prince of Orange," in much the same way that a young heir to the throne of England is often entitled "Prince of Wales." This William, later called William the Silent, grew up as a page in the court of Emperor Charles V, and at age 22 was made Stadtholder (Chief Magistrate) of what today we call the Netherlands. He served the Emperor, and later the Emperor's son Philip II of Spain, well and loyally, until, about 1563, he became disenchanted with the excesses of Philip's cruelty to his Dutch subjects, and he evolved from being the servant of the king to becoming the leader of the country's military attempts to throw off the yoke of Spain. William himself was assassinated in 1584, before the conclusion of the wars and before the establishment of the Netherlands as a separate political entity, but one of his sons, Frederick Henry, and his grandson William II, and his great-grandson William III, all became successively Stadtholers of the Netherlands, as well as retaining their hereditary title of Prince of Orange. The last of the three, William III, also became King of England, in 1689, though technically he was co-Regent with his wife Mary.

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Thus the name of Orange was transferred from a region of southern France, to a region of west Germany, to the whole area of the Netherlands, and finally to England, and even to Ireland, where the Battle of the Boyne was fought, the Protestant followers of William (the original Orangemen) defeating the followers of the Catholic king, James II.

Many Dutch emigrants fled their war-torn country during the 17th and 18th centuries, settling chiefly in South Africa, where the Orange Free State was later established, and also in New Amsterdam in our own country, where the county of Orange, some fifty miles north of New York City, is a tangible reminder that much of lower New York state and New Jersey were settled by Netherlanders. Other American cities bearing the name of Orange or Orangeburg were also named in honor of the head of the House of Orange in the Netherlands.

Totally different is the origin of the name of the city and county in Southern California. The city was first so named, from the citrus industry surrounding it, in 1875, and the county was incorporated in 1889, the name also being obviously derived from the local industry.

The final question remains; what is the origin of the name of the edible fruit we call the orange? This is not so easy to answer, but it certainly has nothing to do with the corrupted form of the old Roman Arausio, and it is doubtless far older than 100 B.C. There is some disagreement among lexicographers as to the derivation of the word, but the scholarly and usually correct *Oxford English Dictionary* derives orange from the late Sanskrit naranga, Persian narang, and Hindi narangi, adding that the oldest country wherein wild oranges have been found growing is the northern frontier of India, from which point most cultivated orange trees seem to have spread. The dropping of the initial letter n in early French and Italian is explained by the absorption of the letter n into the preceding indefinite article, une (n)arange, una (n)arancia. Presumably, since the French spelling of the Principality of Orange had been established before the time of the Norman conquest of 1066, the English form of the word, for both the place and the fruit, also became orange, so that today we speak of an orange, rather than a norange. On the other hand, the Spanish form, naranja, continues to this day to retain the initial letter n, possibly under the continuing influence of Arabic in the Peninsula, which language still spells the word as naranj.

So the county of Orange in California and the color orange are derived from a very ancient fruit, known to civilized peoples in the East long before there was a Roman Empire, or a Roman town called Arausio. In fact, some authorities believe that the fruit was unknown to the Mediterranean peoples until Arab traders brought specimens and seeds from India to Arabia in the 9th or 10th centuries, and from there brought them to Spain. This was the bitter orange, or Seville orange as it is still called. The sweet orange that we know today was probably not introduced into Europe until about the 15th century, and it probably came from China.

There is an interesting side issue with regard to nomenclature. The Italian form, (n)arancia, became Latinized in scholarly writing as aurantia, the extra letter u being inserted by popular association with the word aurum, gold, since the fully ripe fruit certainly reminds one of gold. This is an early instance of the coinage of a word by association. (Another, more modern, instance is the corruption of the French "chaise longue" into the modern retailer's "chaise lounge," by association with the English word "lounge.") However, this association with the idea of gold had nothing to do with the ancient Principality of Orange in southern France, or with its successor in the Netherlands; and it is a mere accident of spelling that enables the Orangemen of today (honoring the memory of King William) to wear the yellow-golden colors of an ancient Indian fruit.

So, to conclude this rather esoteric and perhaps useless topic, it should be obvious that Orange County in New York and Orange County in California have nothing in common but the spelling of the name.

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status of these bronze-skinned peoples. It might be said here that California had the greatest variety of linguistic Indian groups of any of the states. Also, these peoples varied from the quite primitive stone age to the very skilled and advanced, such as the Chumash Indians. Early European contact noticed none of this, but describe them all in such ways as "small, ugly, and bad proportioned in their persons, and heavy and dull in their minds." The Mexican pastoral period and secularization did not improve the position in the Californio's social structure. Perhaps, for a while it became even worse when the mission system ceased and the land the Indians were supposed to receive for the mission properties, were refused them. They remained indentured, now to the giant ranchos and punishment was as unjust and severe. They gained no rights of citizenship. In the early nineteenth century when the Anglo-Americans were first exposed to the Californios, they had a contempt for their cruel treatment of the local Indians, but as they began to settle here, under Mexican rule, they too became guilty of the same practices.

1846. The American takes over. Does the life of the California Indian improve? Not so says author Rawls. He goes on to document not only the abuses of the former periods, but a new and vicious one; the massive kidnapping of Indian children from the northernmost counties of the state. In the eighteen fifties and sixties thousands of youngsters were stolen, often after their parents were murdered by the kidnappers. These children were taken south to central and southern California, mostly to rural areas and sold to serve as domestics to the more affluent American families. Between 1852 and 1867 Rawls estimates 4,000 northern California Indian children were "apprenticed" in this manner. The Federal Indian Agents were truly the only authorities that tried to put a stop to this practice for nearly fifteen years. The average price for a child was fifty dollars. On rare occasions, an attractive girl could bring as much as three hundred dollars.

When they were no longer needed, the idea of removing the Indians totally from the state was broached and discarded as impractical. Extermination entered many Californian minds, and there were some who tried for a time to carry out this vicious practice. The Spanish and Mexican contact with a goodly portion of Indians had set the stage for future Anglo-American conduct. Reservations, except in more remote areas of the state, appeared impractical to both the residents and the massive influx of immigrants. Reservation abuses occurred, including shoddy and inadequate supplies and actual mistreatment of the Indian inmates (What else might they be called?). By 1869 the reservation system was virtually abandoned with only three still functioning. The Indian had become a definite obstacle to the progress of the state. There were those who believed in his extermination, and there were those who undertook to carry out that threat. We deplore the atrocities we read of in the daily press, but a short time past, such conduct was carried out right here at home.

Author James J. Rawls has crowded a great amount of facts and evidence in his not really lengthy book and backed it with an extensive bibliography of some twenty-seven pages. Indexed for easy reference, "Indians of California: The Changing Image" is well worth the reader's time. This reviewer read the book emotionally filled with shock and shame.

Henry Welcome

DINÉ BAHANÉ: *The Navajo Creation Story,* by Paul G. Zolbrod. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984. 431 pp. Cloth, $29.95

Not since 1897 and Washington Matthews' publication of *Navajo Legends* has so thorough and readable a translation of the Navajo creation myth been published. To take oral history and record it, first in Navajo, then in English is no small task. To paraphrase Charles Lummis, it is not for a book, but for a library.

It took the author twelve years to complete this poetic narrative English version of the Navajo creation myth; it does not exist as an isolated bit of Navajo, but it is a part of their great oral tradition. The reader must bear in mind that this is not a story in the conventional Hebraic-Christian monotheistic tradition with which most of us are familiar.

The Emergence, or Migration from the center of the world begins the myth. The three sections which follow: "The Fifth World," "Slaying the Monsters," and "Gathering of the Clans" resemble a four-dimensional chess game. The author states, ". . . a sentence in Navajo is a repetitive syntactic unit with the nouns and certain adjec-

tival and adverbial elements duplicated in the verb part, where they reappear as a string of pronominal particles leading up to an abstract unit of meaning that identifies a category of motion." However, this should not frighten away the general reader, as the book is well annotated, contains a pronunciation key, and has an annotated bibliography, all aiding understanding. The pantheon of mythological figures display many human characteristics that can be recognized by a careful reader. In this respect, one can almost compare it to the Old Testament.

The author-translator consulted many native informants, as well as academicians, and his thoroughness can be seen as more than an attempt to supply an English version of oral tales that were handed down over many centuries of the ongoing "pre-Columbian literary tradition in North America." Any attempt to reduce the complex themes to a review of this length would be impossible; however, the first section deals with the attainment of *hózhó,* an untranslatable term, approximated in English by combining words like *beauty, balance,* and *harmony.*

The second section narrates the creation of the fifth world. Here, First Man and First Woman serve much as our Adam and Eve, while Coyote can be viewed as the Navajo concept of the Devil.

The third section, "Slaying the Monsters," is not a mere story of doing away with "evil." Instead, it details the efforts of a number of "gods" in creating and nurturing the monster-slaying twins who help create the world and all that is in it.

Finally, the "Gathering of the Clans" section of the myth functions as the completion of the entire, distinct Navajo creation. What emerges is a distinctive Navajo identity, the Earth Surface People, best compared with the concept of "original sin," and the transgressions similar to those attributed to Adam and Eve.

This is an excellent, but difficult book. It is well worth the time and effort necessary to comprehend the *Navajo Creation Story.*

Ted N. Weissbuch

James H. Howard, *Oklahoma Seminoles: Medicine, Magic, and Religion.* Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1984. 279 pp. Cloth, $19.95.

Although the name of Seminoles means to most people the 2,000 Florida members of the tribe, there is also the larger, 9,000 members, part of the Seminole tribe in Oklahoma. This larger group was forced by American treaty maneuvering to give up its Florida lands and migrate, during 1836 to 1843, to undeveloped Oklahoma lands. The route along which the migrants struggled their tragic way westward is that route that history now calls the Trail of Tears.

Much has been written about the Florida Seminoles; little has been written about the Oklahoma Seminoles. Therefore, with this book the authors and the University of Oklahoma Press render an important service to anthropologists, ethnologists, and readers interested in Indian culture.

Author Howard received his Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Michigan, was Professor of Sociology at Oklahoma State University (at the time he died, just before the printing of this book was completed), and was the editor of one and the author of three other books on Indian history and culture. His principal information source for this book was his collaborator Willie Lena, a respected seventy-two year-old Medicine Man and Chief of Tallahassee town in Wewoka, Oklahoma. Lena was reared by conservative grandparents who shielded him from the white man and the white man's culture while teaching him the ways of Seminole culture.

The book opens with a chapter giving A Synopsis of Seminole History, followed by a chapter on sixty-five Seminole Herbal Remedies (each numbered remedy listing the Seminole name, translation of the Seminole name, Latin botanical name, common English name, reason for the herbs use, and how it is applied) followed by chapters on non-herbal Remedies, Magic and Witchcraft (which includes information on how to avert a tornado), Ceremonialism: General Considerations, Ceremonialism: The Green Corn Ceremony, Ceremonialism: The Nighttime Dance, Sports and Games, Supernaturals, The Seminole World, Mortuary Practices, and Epilogue. Throughout, the book is illustrated with photographs of ceremonial equipment and drawings, by Lena, of ceremonial equipment and Seminole figures using that equipment. Purely selftaught, where Lena illustrates equipment his drawings are very helpful, but where human figures are included, the drawings, unfortunately, create an appearance of amateurism in an otherwise very professional book.

The importance of this type of book, in which

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oral knowledge of history and culture is captured in the permanence of print, increases with the passing years both because of fewer sources of such information and because — as Howard states — there is an increasing Pan-Indian trend that is blurring the differences of the many cultures.

Siegfried Demke

UNLIKELY WARRIORS: *General Benjamin H. Grierson and His Family,* by William H. Leckie and Shirley A. Leckie, University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, Oklahoma 73019, 368+ p., 35 pix., 3 maps, bibliography. $19.95 + $1.50 P&H.

This is the biography of Brigadier General Benjamin H. Grierson, U.S. Army — a soldier of great renown in the Civil War, and a great Indian pacifier in the Wild West. It is also the story of the families of Ben Grierson and his wife Alice. The two tales are integrated, but they are really quite different stories — one of a successful soldier, the other of a family beset by myriad problems.

The family's story begins with their emigration to the United States and ends with their extinction. In many ways this story is worthy of a "soap opera." It goes from one financial disaster to another, mostly due to ineptness. There are continuous problems with madness, and even some with sex!! Fortunately, there are no murders.

This family story is based on surviving correspondence, and much of this is dull and repetitive. Unfortunately, there seems to be a little too much 1970's mores and moral attitudes inpressed on this 19th Century situation, and this is reflected in some of the 1970's citations in the bibliography.

The review of the remarkable military career of Gen. Grierson is a good one. He began soldiering as a volunteer in the Civil War, and for no pay although he was broke at the time. Then, by immense personal effort, he taught himself a military education from the available texts of the time.

He learned everything from basic U.S. Army drill and tactics to the regulations and the laws relating to the military service. Then, by application and a bit of careful politicking, he was able to attain and hold an important cavalry command. This book does not give enough detail or appreciation of this truly remarkable attainment, or of its results.

Grierson's single most important Civil War accomplishment, and the peak of his military career, was his famous raid around Vicksburg in April, 1863. It was one of the most remarkable and successful cavalry campaigns of the Civil War, and much of its planning and all of its execution was the result of Grierson's military ability.

As a result of the raid and other effective service, after the Civil war Grierson was given command of the 10th U.S. Cavalry (Negro), one of the four regiments of the legendary "Buffalo Soldiers." This appointment was a major accomplishment since literally hundreds of other officers of "the late war" were competing for "the honor."

Grierson's work with the 10th Cavalry is well told, but intimate details of the relations between the Colonel and his Regiment are perhaps a bit sparse. Grierson's ability to reconcile Indian troubles without fighting, is well covered.

Unfortunately, Gen. Grierson's military attainments seem to come as a result of the times. History did not make this officer — he made history. The story of the Grierson family is, however, a result of the times, and this is brought out reasonably well despite a lack of surrounding detail.

Although this book has faults, it will be interesting reading for anyone interested in the Civil War, the story of the U.S. Army in the post-Civil War "Wild West," and the lives and times of a family from the middle to the end of the 19th Century.

Konrad F. Schreier, Jr.

Van Orman, Richard A. THE EXPLORERS: *Nineteenth Century Expeditions in Africa and the American West.* Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984. 243 pp. Cloth, $19.95.

In this comparative work, Van Orman, a history professor at Purdue University, Calumet, analyzes the experience and impact of exploration. He does this in a meaningful, straight-forward manner: "As explorers knew few boundaries, so the student of exploration should view exploring from a broad and cross-national perspective."

Van Orman has chosen sixty explorers — from Lewis and Clark to James Bruce and Mungo Park — for his representative study, and in his preface makes an interesting distinction between these

men and discoverers. "The explorer seldom went forth just to discover . . . exploration is the result of purpose or mission." While discovery often happened "by chance," explorers were compelled by "a mix of daring, science and nationalism," says Van Orman.

The explorers were "knights-errant" and much more. They fired the public's imagination; they were "brave fools" who opened the wilderness to settlement and commercial exploitation. Above all, Van Orman asserts, the explorers were the forerunners of civilization — vanguards of America's Manifest Destiny and Britain's "Scramble For Africa."

Armed with a daily caravan schedule, Van Orman gets down to the business of comparison. The African natives hugely out-numbered American Indians; thus explorers of the "Dark Continent" journeyed with larger parties. By contrast, "America was generally perceived as a vast green world, a utopia, a paradise." Henry M. Stanley traversed both lands and found America considerably tamer and relatively void of disease — especially the dreaded malaria which nearly cost him his life and the opportunity to find Livingstone.

Attention is given to the patrons who financed the expeditions and the authors who chronicled them. There are also chapters on the natives, whose culture and habitat were destroyed in the process of exploration. At no point does Van Orman diminish the specter of inperialism. He sees the explorers and the natives as part of "a panorama larger than that of any one nation's experience." His approach, however, is surprisingly bland and uninspired. Solid and fact-filled, Van Orman's volume seldom captures the drama of an age in which "never before or since has so much of the earth been discovered."

Jeff Nathan

A SOUTHWESTERN VOCABULARY: *The Words They Used,* by Cornelius C. Smith, Jr. Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Company, 1984. 168 pp. Hard Cover, $19.50.

The sense of romance and adventure so commonly experienced in reading the history and literature of the Southwest can be attributed in part to the colorful mixture of words and phrases identified with the region and encountered in these writings.

The exploration, settling and development of the Southwest provided an infusion of cultures and language to that area significantly different from the balance of the country. The contributions of the Spanish, Indian, Anglo and U.S. Military have been extensive.

The origin, use and meaning of many of these terms is the subject of this readable, entertaining and enlightening book. The author has intensively researched, developed and completed the assembly of an impressive list of the more commonly used words and terms. While researching and writing the book, the author lived in the Southwest and Saudi Arabia. He also travelled extensively in Latin America, primarily in Mexico.

The book is conveniently divided into four categories; Spanish words and terms, Anglo words and terms, U.S. Military words and terms, and Indian words. Each of the Spanish and Indian words are followed by a simple and helpful phonetic pronunciation guide. Each entry is described in considerable depth with the definitions covering from a short paragraph to one half a page or more. This format makes for interesting reading. The lengthy definitions are more like encyclopedia entries than those in a dictionary. I found interest for instance in learning that the words "Chili" and "Tamal" are of Aztec origin.

A typical entry in the book is the word "Adobe," a most common word, but provided here with the usual pronouncing guide and a description of the construction, size and use of an adobe brick as a building material. Also, the information that the word is Arabic in origin, A-Tob, and was brought by the Spanish to the New World. In addition, the fact that the word has been corrupted to "Dobe" in English, and has another usage signifying something of little value. People of the Southwest referred to Mexican Pesos as "dobe dollars" because of low silver content and purchasing power.

The book has been enhanced by seventeen pen and ink sketches plus three maps, all drawn by the author, providing easy reference to the people and the areas covered. There is also a six page bibliography of the southwest writings and a complete index of the vocabulary.

It is appropriate that the book is published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, as so many of their publications have covered the exploration and de-

velopment of the region covered in this book. The book is attractively bound in an illustrated fabricoid type cover and would be enjoyed by any Southwest devotee and would be an asset to any Southwest library.

Bill Lorenz

FOLLOWING THE DRUM: *A Glimpse of Frontier Life,* by Teresa Griffin Vielé. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984. 273 pp. Cloth, $19.95; paper, $6.95

Originally published in 1858, this very personal and very opinionated picture of military life in pre-Civil War Texas is now republished for a second time (the first was in 1968) in a facsimile edition for our perusal in the 1980's. A foreword by Sandra L. Myres has been added, as well as a bibliography, and a listing of similar books, that is, books written (and published, not still in manuscript) by army women covering their Western experiences. There are forty-seven such authors, including Mrs. General Custer, but not including Jessie Fremont, because she wrote her memoirs after her husband had left the military service.

The book itself begins with Miss Griffin's 1850 marriage, at West Point, to an unnamed Army officer (actually Lieutenant, later General, Egbert L. Vielé). No description of her husband is ever given in the book; only an occasional "we" or "our" gives any hint that she is the wife of an Army officer. This strange situation is explained by reference to a biography written years later by her granddaughter, Elise S. Tuckerman, *The Pendulum Swings* (1971), which states that the marriage "was always a stormy one." And indeed it ended in divorce some years after they left Texas in 1852.

Lt. Vielé was first assigned as a recruiting officer in Burlington, Vermont, a post that lasted six months. In January her husband received orders to join the First Regiment, U.S. Infantry, at Ringgold Barracks, Texas, across the Rio Grande from Camargo. They travelled by way of New York, Havana, New Orleans, Galveston and Brownsville, finally arriving at their Texas destination some time in May 1851. Descriptions, or rather impressions, of all these places — Burlington, Havana, New Orleans, etc. — fill up the first dozen chapters of the book. They are highly personalized, detailed, and full of fascinating detail, describing items of food, clothing, housing, gardening, native customs (Mexican, Creole, Indian) — anything at all that struck her as different from the "down East" life to which she had been accustomed.

The remainder of the book, ten more chapters, describes Army life in Texas as she saw it — the local servants around the barracks; the filibusters who attacked the town of Camargo across the Rio Grande; the dust, the heat, the dirt everywhere; the parades, and the religious festivals in the nearby towns; the boredom and lack of intellectual recreation; the danger of attack by wild Indians ("Camanches" as she calls them); and many, many other details of daily life.

Mrs. Vielé had no compunction about revealing her prejudices, both religious and racial. Catholic priests are "a dissolute, carnal, gambling, jolly set of wine-bibbers." A nun who guided her around an historic convent was "shut up for life within four stone walls." Mexican girls had "bright, expressive faces, but their complexions were generally dark and coarse, which destroyed that appearance of refinement so essential to a beauty that can inspire a cultivated taste with admiration." The "Camanche" Indian is "bloody, brutal, licentious, and an innate thief." A certain "greaser" whom she happened to meet while en route to her destination wore a "slouched sombrero;" the peasant women are "rather slovenly, and consequently far from attractive," and their children evidently never take a bath. The upper-class Mexican woman, she opines, "is utterly devoid of either moral or literary culture." Mexican troops are "innate cowards," and Mexico itself is referred to as "the stagnant land" and "the barren country," though only a riverbed separates it from the land of promise, Texas.

Despite what Sandra Myres in her Foreword admits to be "appalling prejudices," the work is interesting, even fascinating, giving a vivid impression of what military life was truly like on the Texas frontier in the early 1850's.

Raymund F. Wood