LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

WINTER 1986 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 166

OF BRANDING IRONS AND KEEPSAKES. . .

Now that everyone has a copy of the *Branding Iron Index,* some questions have emerged as to its proper use. Obviously, the *Index* contains voluminous references to the history articles, activities of past members, book reviews, and Corral activities. To leaf through the *Index* is almost to see the history of the Corral and its contributions to the historiography of the West.

There's just one problem. Although many members have maintained their back issue files, new members — that is, anyone who has joined the Corral and begun their file with the first issue received — don't have the old issues!

In truth, *BI* itself has a history as the publication evolved from a newsletter to a magazine publishing articles and reviewing books. The change was gradual, but since about 1970, or, if you will, around issue #100, *BI's* have regularly featured articles on Western history. What's more, those back issues are accessible. Some early issues are rare, but extra copies of issues published in the last dozen years or so are easily available — just check with the Corral Librarian. Thanks to the *Branding Iron Index,* a member can learn of an article and in many cases obtain the back issue in which it appeared.

A second question concerns the Keepsakes that have also been a Corral publishing tradition. At some point in the dim past *Branding Irons* and Keepsakes became part of the same numbering series. Whereas *Branding Iron* contained the news of the Corral and original articles and reviews, the Keepsakes covered a multitude of topics and came in all shapes and sizes, from slim leaflets to full-size books. For many years Keepsakes were accorded a number in the same sequence as *BI's.* It has become obvious, however, that in recent years the numbering has grown incompatible between the two series. For one thing, *Branding Iron* appears as a quarterly publication, and when a sequence number is skipped because of a Keepsake publication, then members and institutional members such as libraries express concern they've missed an issue.

Another reason can be seen in the infrequent appearance of Keepsakes. Sometimes they came out one after another — issues 80, 81, 87, 91, and 95 were all Keepsakes, but no Keepsake appeared between the publication of *BI* #133 and #161. Sometimes a *BI* and a Keepsake received the same number, as happened with #32 and #76 and #87; and at least one Keepsake which appeared beteen *BI* and #103 and #104 didn't receive a number at all!

In the interest of straightening out the

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 2,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

OCTOBER 1986

The annual Corral Rendezvous was held on October 11 under a beautiful sky and moderate weather, with Al Miller again providing the hospitality of his home. A dedicated crew of Wranglers led by Elmer Taylor rounded up a large quantity of books and art for the auction, and most of the afternoon was taken up with auctioning of bargain items, social banter, plentiful libations, and the traditional distribution of Indian fry bread. Hugh Tolford, Don Torguson, and new Corresponding Member Phil Bevis did the auctioneering honors. The "silent aution" attracted bidders perhaps too shy to engage in open competition, and they found a number of bargains in art and books.

Following the auction, Corral members and their guests gathered for dinner, some individuals striving in vain to calculate which tables would get to line up first. Paul Bailey was accorded guest of honor status and honorary membership, and Al Miller was made an Honorary Member in recognition of his many years of service to the Corral. An Andy Dagosta painting was raffled off, as were the traditional fiberglass (?) Indian, and allegedly authentic skull and horns. As usual, the winner of the liars' contest received no praise for his efforts, only groans.

Over 100 people attended this year's Rendezvous, and the treasury gained over $7,200

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confusion, below appears the suggested new numbering of the Keepsakes, the original number assigned to them, and a brief description of each item. Thanks are due to Art Clark who has a complete collection of Keepsakes for supplying basic information. But don't blame him if there are any errors; this is one problem that absolutely invites confusion.

Henceforward, all Keepsakes will be assigned a number apart from the *Branding Iron* series. The first keepsake to benefit from this decision will be #25. Collectors of back issues and old Keepsakes should keep in mind that the 40-year publication record of the Corral is the result of a lot of inspiration, perspiration, and dedication.

Suggested new number	*Original number*	*Item*
1	6	Woodward, Old Side-Wheeler Senator, 1949
2	7	Brininstool, Logic of Sitting Bull, 1949
3	8	Upham, Ye Ancient Yuba Miner, 1949
4	17	Denver *Daily Gazette*, May 5, 1869, 1953 — *BI* of March 1953 also printed as #17
5	19	*San Diego Union*, July 6, 1876, 1953
6	23	Woodward, Jim Waters, 1954
7	28	Reynolds, Pico House and Mining Map of Inyo County 1955
8	32	Wells Fargo & Co.'s Express; *BI* of December 1955 also printed as #32
9	42	Clifford, Collecting Californiana and the West and Miners Ten Commandments, 1958
10	43	Gordon, Charlie Lummis and Gene Rhodes, 1958
11	46	Conkling, Waterman Lily Ormsby II, 1958
12	76	Uppton, LaBonte by Bishop *BI* March 1966 also printed as #76
13	80	Edwards, Twelve Great Books, 1966
14	81	Clark, A Score of Years Index, 1966
15	87	Friswold, Frontier Fighters & Signatures, 1968; *BI* June 1968 also printed as #87
16	91	Clifford, California Pictorial Letter-Sheets, 1969
17	95	23rd Psalm, printed by Boelter, 1970
18	103	Nunis, San Francisco 1856 Vigilance Committee, *BI* December 1971 also printed as #103
19	(none)	Billington, Don Meadows and Westerners International, 1971
20	104	Starr, Col. Charles Hofmann, 1972
21	126	Drury, Chief Lawyer, 1977
22	133	Frey, Apaches of Rio Grande, *BI* December 1978 also printed as #133
23	(none)	Herschel Logan, 1986
24	161	Hager, *BI Index*, 1986

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THE SODA CRACKER WAGON TRAIN

By Paul W. Borcherding

The documentation of immigration from the eastern and midwestern parts of the United States over the pioneer trails to the west is voluminous. The following is taken from the biography of James E. Threlfall (1847-1930) and is of special interest to my wife, Helen, and me, as his daughter, Laura Agnes, was a friend of many years standing. Her married name was McCurrie and she was known to her many friends as "Mac."

The parents of James had settled in Monroe County, Illinois, eighteen miles east of St. Louis, Missouri, on what was known as the American Bottoms, near where Red Bud is now. It is from here that the trek to the west originated. James was a small boy at the time. The biography is based on recollections by him, the parents, brothers and others.

The two oldest brothers of James, John and Richard, of a family of nine, had previously migrated to California. John arrived in California in 1850 by steamer via the isthmus, settling in the Santa Clara Valley at Washington Corners, now Irvington. Farming followed on 160 acres of government land.

In the fall of 1853 John, the older brother, returned to Illinois by steamer to be married and make preparations for the Threlfall family migration to California by overland trail. The Threlfalls were joined by another family, the McDavids, two brothers, one a married man with two children and the younger a single man. Each fitted out their trains of wagons and each a carriage of their familes. Each had about 300 head of cattle including oxen, utilizing eight oxen to a wagon. The carriages were arranged to let down the seats and make a comfortable bed. The father and mother slept in the carriage and James being the youngest slept with them. The rest of the children slept in the covered wagons as did the men of the wagon train. The carriages were pulled by horses and there were extra saddle horses to drive and guide the cattle.

The wagons pulled out for St. Joseph, Missouri, where the supplies were laid in. They were all loaded with provisions and supplies for six months. One wagon was loaded with nothing but soda crackers. The train left in the spring and the journey was of six months duration, ending in California in the fall of 1854. There were thirty or forty able-bodied men with the train. Guns in the wagons were readily accessible for protection against the Indians; however, the Indians never bothered.

At night when camp was made, the wagons were driven in a circle. When the oxen were loosened, the pole of one wagon was placed under the other thereby making a secure circular barricade with one opening to drive the oxen thru for yoking after the wagons were placed. The women did all the cooking inside the circle, the men getting the wood and helping. There were no stoves so cooking was done on camp fires with dutch ovens to bake in. Tin dishes were mostly used.

The cattle were driven out to feed, attended by three mounted guards. The guards were changed at midnight and when the cattle had all the feed they wanted, they were ready to lie down and rest. Then the guards moved them close to the circle where they would lay contented until daybreak at which time they were ready to eat again. They were driven out to the surrounding grasslands again herded by horse mounted guards.

When the morning meal was over and all the cooking utensils loaded on the wagon, the oxen were driven into the circle with each driver yoking his four yoke to his wagon.

As the day's journey began, the carriages started in the lead as the horses traveled faster. Then the wagons followed with each having a predesignated place with the herd of cattle bringing up the rear. John Threlfall and Jack McDavid acted as guides, as they

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had two well-bred horses (fast runners), so that if the Indians pursued, they could outrun them as the Indians' ponies were small.

As the train started the guides rode ahead to see how far they would have to go for a place to lunch and to have water for the stock at noon. The women always prepared a cold lunch in the morning for the midday meal. Often they rested for while. Immediately after the train resumed its journey for the day, the guides rode ahead again to see how far they could go for the night camp. This depended on the availability of feed, water and the suitability of the place for night camp. One day was very much like the other.

As previously stated, the Indians of the plains never bothered, but several times bands of seventy-five or a hundred would come on their ponies to see the train. They always indicated friendliness. Some of the Indians could speak English and some of the head men of the train would meet and talk with them, telling them that they would give them crackers. The older girls would get into the cracker wagon and the Indians would pass by one at a time, the girls handing each Indian two or three crackers. When all had crackers, the Indians gave a whoop and away they went which was the last that was seen of them. The Indians were very scantily dressed, wearing only a loin cloth and feathers in their hair. Their ponies were ridden bareback and ropes were used for bridles. The cracker wagon served as insurance against Indian depredations.

The train was very fortunate in having a herd of cows, many giving milk, so milk was plentiful. There was one cow named "Old Grizzly." When the train stopped the oldest McDavid girl, named Susie, and James would grab their cups, run out to milk "Old Gizzly," and fill their cups with warm milk, Susie on one side and James on the other.

Most of the streams could be crossed by fording; however some large rivers like the Platte and Green could not be forded. Then a ferry had to be improvised. One of the large wagon bodies had been made water tight like a boat which was used as a ferry boat. A ferry system was set up by use of cords, ropes, pulleys and a good swimming horse. The boat was fastened to the rope system and the ferry was ready for operation. The first disassembled wagon was taken across, some of the men going with the first load. The wagon was reassembled and the next trip brought the cargo and with the first wagon reloaded, the journey could be continued after completion of the process for all the wagons. It sometimes took two or three days at some of the rivers to get everything across. The horses and cattle crossed by swimming.

There were a few trading places but things were very dear. Everything went fine and the first place to get provisions was Salt Lake. There vegetables and fruit were plentiful.

The train continued from Salt Lake until arriving at a place where the roads divided, one going by Donner Lake and the other south by Walker River. The Walker River route was taken as there was ample feed for the stock. This route was rough; however fine progress was made until coming to a place in the Sierra Nevada where the oxen could not take the wagons down. The oxen had to be taken off and the wagons let down with ropes. Some men handled the tongues of the wagons and others the ropes anchored around trees. Thus the wagons were eased down to level ground. A passage was found where the stock could be driven through.

From there the trail led to down to Sonora; then down to the Stanislaus River where again the stock swam across and the wagons ferried. The train continued on the north side of the Stanislaus River to its confluence with the San Joaquin. The San Joaquin was crossed by an existing ferry. At this point a feed lot was rented for a couple of months for the cattle, leaving some men to look after them, while the rest of the train pulled out for the Santa Clara Valley where the brothers and the McDavids had their places. The oxen were sold mostly to loggers and saw mills. Thus the journey ended without serious mishap.

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History of a Few Trees in the San Gabriel Mountains

by Siegfried Demke

Photograph by Sig Demke

The Angeles National Forest. Sig Demke Collection.

Photograph by Sig Demke

The Angeles Crest Highway wends its way through the San Gabriel Mountains. Sig Demke Collection.

In November 1975 the fire that burned out all but a few of the Coulter Pine trees in the Clear Creek area of the San Gabriel Mountains was more than the usual tragedy of many trees being destroyed that had been growing there for almost a half century. The event included the added tragic fact that those trees had been planted there in the late nineteen twenties and early thirties by high school and elementary school boys to correct the worse devastation caused by two other fires. I was one of the boys who planted those trees. The amazing thing to me is that the only trees spared from the fire are those trees that were planted by my friend Earle Ward and me in 1929. They are the thick stand of trees around the Clear Creek fire station at the intersection of the Angeles Crest Highway and the Angeles Forest Highway.

When I saw what had happened to all the other trees, the first time I drove through the area after the fire, I decided then that when I had more time I would backtrack into history and try to find out more about that early years tree planting project. At the time I planted the trees I didn't even know they were Coulter Pines. I got that information just recently from the U.S. Forest Service Office in Pasadena. I also learned recently that Coulter Pines are usually chosen for planting at high altitudes — 3,000 to 7,000 feet — on dry, rocky slopes, and that they produce the largest pine cones known to exist — 10 to 14 inches long with long, curving hooklike scales.[1]

The planting of those trees was part of a very fine program of the Los Angeles City Unified School District that started out, in the late nineteen twenties, as a reforestation program and later developed into the present Clear Creek Outdoor Education Center, located off the Angeles Forest Highway about a mile from the fire station. It was a program started in 1925 by Dr. Susan Dorsey, then

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Superintendent of Los Angeles Schools, to reforest the Clear Creek area after the vast devastation caused by the September 1924 and the August 1925 fires. Those fires burned off trees and shrubs so completely that foothill towns from La Canada to Sunland were in danger of flood damage and mudslide damage each time heavy winter rains occured on the watersheds above these towns.

The Los Angeles Board of Education obtained a five-acre plot of land from the U.S. Forest Service with the acquisition agreement stating, in part, that the land would be used to build a station ". . . for the purpose of propagating trees and shrubs and planting within and surrounding National Forest lands."[2] The work at the station was to be done by high school boys, staying a week at a time, as part of a practical outdoor training program. However, occasionally elementary school boys were lucky enough to participate on an overnight basis, as in the case of the twelve boys of the sixth grade of Delevan Drive Elementary School in the Glassel Park district of Los Angeles. The fact that we Delevan Drive sixth graders participated was due to our good fortune of having a teacher whose special interest was working with the Los Angeles school system on outdoor education.

In the nineteen twenties and into the early nineteen thirties many Los Angeles elementary schools had a fifty feet by one hundred feet piece of the back end of the school yard fenced off as a gardening training area for the boys, and sometimes the girls, of the upper classes. Usually male teachers, sometimes female teachers, with a knowledge of agriculture would spend specific days each week at specific schools holding classes in the gardening area. At Delevan Drive School, our gardening teacher was Harry M. Shafer, who held two-hour classes for each of the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades every Friday. Seventh and eighth grade boys graduated from gardening to woodshop — called sloyd in those days — taught by another specialized male teacher, also on Fridays.

I remember Harry Shafer as a good teacher, well liked by us boys. He would unhesitatingly join us in our noisy jackrabbit chase, when one of those long-eared and long-legged wildlife specimens had come out of the surrounding undeveloped hills to eat the things we had planted, even though the running around by a bunch of excited boys trampled more plants in one minute than the rabbit could have eaten in a month. Shafer was already a kind of near-hero to us boys due to the fact that his younger brother was Gaus Shafer, who was part of the famous almost invinceable backfield trio of Musick, Pinkert, and Shafer that ran the USC football team to many victories in those years. So, when he arranged the overnight trip for us into the San Gabriel Mountains, that clinched his hero status with us.

The day of the trip, a fine May morning, a medium sized stake truck, owned by the School District, picked us up at the school ground and an hour later dropped us off at the end of a road in the Aroyo Seco Canyon, a few miles behind where the Jet Propulsion Laboratory compound now stands. The end of the road was Oakwilde Camp, an early years mountain resort. From there we hiked along the trail that led to Switzer's Camp, another mountain resort. Both resorts are now long gone, having first declined in interest to a public that could drive the Angeles Crest Highway deeper into the mountains and finally having been swept out of business completely by the big 1938 flood.[3]

At the time of our hike, the only way to travel in the San Gabriel Mountains, other than to Mount Lowe with its electric railway and Mount Wilson with its special road out of the Sierra Madre area, was by foot, burro, or horse. The building of the Angeles Crest Highway would begin three months later, in August, of that year and would reach the Clear Creek area at the site of the present fire station by November of 1932. There was a road, of sorts, into the Clear Creek area even in 1929. It was the Edison road, scraped out of the mountainsides by Edison Company crews constructing the powerlines crossing that part of the mountains. But, because of the condition of that road, any other means of traveling into the area was the preferred one. Faint traces of that road are still visible today to the Angeles Crest and Angeles

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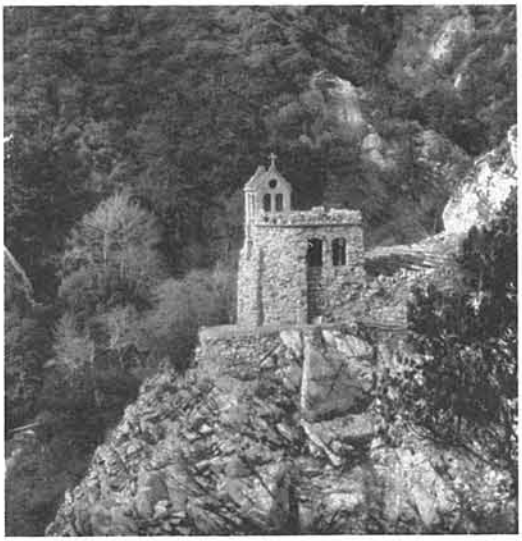
Forest Highways traveler. A spectacular piece of it may be seen from the Angeles Forest Highway just past (northwest of) the Education Center turnoff. Looking across the Clear Creek Canyon it is visible on the mountainside to the right of where Angeles Crest Highway crosses the divide at Georges Gap. To see the route of that road, looking like an oversized mountain goat track, is to marvel at the daring of the Edison man trucking supplies over it.

The hike into the mountains was such a special event that it was much talked about by the participants. Consequently, many of the boys were impressively equipped by their parents. Rucksacks containing food and an extra sweater or jacket on their backs, canteens of water on their belts, and lace boots on their feet. My friend Earle and I had combined our food supplies and put them in a storng papertype shopping bag, that we took turns carrying. The only other "equipment" each of us had was a heavy sweater that we carried by knotting the sleeves around our necks with the rest hanging down in back. Our footwear consisted of stout hightop walking shoes. When I think about it now, I realize that compared to some of the other boys Earle and I must have looked more like a couple of refugees from something or somewhere than like a couple of boys having the time of their lives on a hike. But, we were traveling a lot lighter than the rest of the group. Often we were far in front of the group, to the occasional concern of Shafer — especially where a turn in the trail took us out of his sight. However, he corrected this situation with the use of a stratagem that worked perfectly on a couple of boys our age. He made us "trail monitors." That meant we were to help him keep the group together, and that meant, of course, that we had to stay close to the group.

Near noon we came around a bend in the trail and saw the first sign of Switzer's Camp on the other side of the canyon. It was the little stone chapel perched high over the Arroyo Seco Canyon on a stone outcropping. This was dramatic scenic proof of our progress into our adventure. A little further along the trail was Switzer's Camp, where



Chapel built by Lloyd Austin at Switzer's Camp.

John W. Robinson Collection

we stopped and had whatever lunch each of us had planned for himself.

Switzer's Camp, established in 1884 by Perry Switzer with the financial backing of Harvey Walker, was the first tourist resort in the San Gabriel Mountains. At the time of our hike the camp was in possession of its third, and most successful, set of owners, the Lloyd Austin family. Situated on the banks of the Arroyo Seco, where a steady flow of water sparkling over rocks and gathering in shady pools belied the early Spaniards' label of dry (seco) when they saw and named the lower end of the Arroyo, the camp had become so popular that it even labeled itself Switzer-Land in its promotional brochures.[1] It was a beautiful place for a lunch stop. We sat on the banks of the stream, in the shade of oaks and alders, eating whatever each of us had for his lunch. It tasted good, whether baloney sandwich or fancy fried chicken leg. And those were the years before even mountain streams became polluted, so it was possible to quench our thirsts by sticking our faces into the Arroyo water and drinking.

After lunch we backtracked up out of the canyon for approximately a mile, where a

Trail to Switzer's Camp.

John W. Robinson Collection

trail branched off that took us over the ridge into the Clear Creek area. That part of the trail is now gone, covered over by grading fill in the construction of the Angeles Crest Highway where the highway crosses over the divide. From the divide the trail to the school camp generally followed the route that is also followed by the highway, swinging first east to cross the creek near where the fire station is now, then west to the camp.

Crossing over the divide was the point at which, it seemed at the time to my child mind, we were really deep in the wild mountains. The much-travel-worn and wide trail to Switzer's had been left behind. Now the trail was narrow and little used. Josephine Peak loomed high in the sky. The deep canyon of Clear Creek, that an afternoon sun was unable to penetrate, lay dark and mysterious below the trail. This was the thrilling goal of a schoolboy adventure.

We arrived at the camp about three in the afternoon, dusty, sweaty, and happy. The camp at that time was not located where the present school camp exists. It was located where a picnic ground, called Pine Flats, now exists that can be seen from the highway, and is about a half mile from the fire station. The camp consisted of five buildings. The largest was the bunkhouse, where blankets and pillows were stored for use by visitors to the camp. The next largest was the mess hall, with woodburning stoves, tables and benches, and half-inch thick "china" cups and plates that even careless boys couldn't break. Then there was a two room cabin as living quarters for H. Lancaster, the young bachelor camp manager. The two remaining buildings were a latrine with an attached shower room and a tool shed. There was also a nursery work area where the seedling trees supplied by the U.S. Forest Service were kept. The trees were about ten inches tall, and each growing in a black building paper container that looked like a smaller and slimmer version of the present day pint milk carton.

After resting and washing off dust and sweat, everyone started to prepare his evening meal, with turns being taken for use of the stoves and pots and pans. Everyone, that is, except Earle and I. Our rations for the trip consisted of cheese, salami, raisins, hard-boiled eggs, and pumpernickel bread. Everything ready to be eaten, and nothing to prepare. Also, no dishes and pans to clean afterwards. This left us a lot of time for exploring the area. There was even a "forbidden" descent into the steep walled Clear Creek Canyon. This was accomplished by using a tall fallen tree, that was leaning against the canyon wall, as a kind of ladder into and out of the canyon.

That night entertainment, in the mess hall, consisted of Shafer telling wildlife stories, everybody singing, and boxing matches involving a few of us. This last consisted of three one-minute rounds per

match with the contestants becoming tired, at the end of the match, more from swinging large padded gloves than from blows received. The only "knockdown" for the night involved my oponent who floored himself by missing me with such a hefty roundhouse swing that he lost his balance.

The next morning, after breakfast, we set to work cleaning the bunkhouse and the mess hall, caring for seedling plants in the nursery, and planting trees. Again, Shafer arranged to keep Earle's and my energy under control. The two of us were put under the supervision of Lancaster, the young camp manager, to assist him in his activities away from the camp, and he, Shafer, had the other ten boys to supervise in activities around the campsite, including planting more trees around the camp itself.

Lancaster, Earle, and I first went looking for special sized and shaped boulders that we rolled down the mountainside and dragged to Lancaster's cabin, to be used as foundation and hearth floor of a fireplace he was building when time permitted. Later in the morning we took about three dozen of the seedling pine trees from the nursery, distributed the load among the three of us in sacks carried over our shoulders, and hiked the short distance to the head of Clear Creek. There with the aid of a mattock, we planted the trees in the spots chosen by Lancaster. The planting procedure that he demonstrated to us was simple. We would hit the spade side of the mattock into the ground, pull on the handle, and a hole would be formed where the earth was pulled back by the mattock blade. We would stick a seedling into the hole, pull out the mattock and firm the ground around the seedling with our feet. The rest was done by nature.

By ten-thirty or eleven that morning we all left the camp for home. The return trip was a lot easier and faster. With the exception of the hike out of the Clear Creek area to the ridge, it was all downhill, no detour to Switzer's Camp, and the food load was reduced in the rucksacks to just that day's lunch. Earle and I were again even less encumbered, as we had eaten the last of our food before leaving camp. At Oakwilde Camp the truck was waiting for us to take us back to the school grounds, and the end of our adventure.

NOTES

[1]R. J. Preston, Jr., *North American Trees.* Ames, Iowa, 1965.

[2]Herbert E. Seltzer, report, *Growth History Clear Creek Outdoor Education Center,* Los Angeles, 1970.

[3]John W. Robinson, *Trails Of The Angeles,* Berkeley, Fourth Edition, 1979.
John W. Robinson, *The San Gabriels,* San Marino, 1977.

[4]For a complete history and interesting early photographs of Switzer's Camp see Chapter 8 (Perry Switzer's Canyon Wonderland) of John Robinson's *The San Gabriels.*

Special Note: As stated at the beginning of this article, I knew nothing about the reforestation camp, other than where it was and that some schoolboys had planted trees around it. I now know its impressive history, and for that I wish to thank Durrel Maughan, Director of Outdoor Education, Los Angeles City United School District, who made available to me a copy of the report of *Growth History Clear Creek Outdoor Education Center* on which he assisted Herbert Seltzer when that gentleman was Supervisor of Youth Services Section.

Monthly Roundup...

from the auction and other Rendezvous activities. A good time was had by all, thanks to the hard work of Corral members who gave of their time and enthusiasm to make the event a success.

NOVEMBER 1986

At the November Meeting Corral member Norman Neuerberg, who has been interested in the California missions for the past 45 years, addressed the Corral on the artists of the California missions in the Spanish-Mexican period. Some artists came to California as travelers, and painted or drew what they saw. Artists accompanied the La Perouse and Malaspina expeditions, for example. Visiting artists came from France, Spain, Russia, and the United States. Such early work provides evidence that during the Mis-

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Sheriff Jim Gulbranson with Speaker Norman Neuerburg

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Paul M. Zall

sion Period, Indians were allowed to keep much of their culture.

Missions proved the most popular subject of visiting artists. Other paintings found in California during the Hispanic Period featured religious topics and came from artists based in Mexico. California's resident artists began with the Indian neophytes who decorated churches. Father Narciso Duran and other padres also painted church decorations, motifs, and altar pieces. California artists also drew up *disenos,* maps of the ranchos. As a group the resident artists of California were an obscure lot, but their work has endured and is being restored.

It was announced that at the 1986 annual meeting of the Western History Association, held in Billings, Montana, last month, the Los Angeles Corral received the coveted Heads-Up Award from Westerners International for outstanding programs and publications. Congratulations were especially due to former Sheriff Jerry Selmer for his leadership and effort.

DECEMBER 1986 MEETING

Paul M. Zall, Huntington Library scholar and author of the book *Mark Twain Laughing,* described the humor of Mark Twain as writer and lecturer. Zall credits Twain with holding a mirror to the American character — brash, outspoken, irreverent. Twain gathered anecdotes that "spoke the language of men, not books." He collected the stories that men told — outrageous, deprecating, and usually with a solid punch line, gathering his information in notebooks which are now in the Bancroft Library.

Twain worked as a journalist from a very early age, publishing short stories, newspaper fillers, and Wild West sketches. His stories attracted attention because he absorbed the voices of the people he met and put them in print, letting them speak for themselves in their own language. In doing so, he captured the Southern drawl, the Yankee twang, and other dialects as men came West in the wake of the gold rush. Twain did not write of life in San Francisco or Carson City, but of gold rush survivors subsisting in isolated communities on the mining frontiers. Twain made the writing seem easy, but he revised and rewrote to get the right sound.

Twain in his time was far more popular as a lecturer than as a writer, interacting with the audience and never presenting his work in the same way twice. Zall entertained the Corral with numerous Twain anecdotes, epigrams, and story excerpts. The laughter that punctuated his presentations well illustrates the enduring value of Twain's humor.

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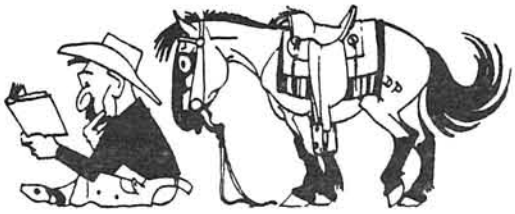


DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

THE FIRST LOS ANGELES DIRECTORY — A REVIEW

by Glen Dawson

The first Los Angeles Directory, 1872, is a very rare book. In fact, no copy is known with a title page. Fortunately Ward Ritchie published a reprint, with additional information, in 1963.

There has been some mystery about the publishers and the date of the original printing. The recent discovery of a review in the *Los Angeles Star* of June 29, 1872 sheds new light. The editor of the *Star* was George W. Barter and his corrections of the spelling of many Los Angeles pioneers seems worth reprinting in full.

My opinion is that the date of publication of the Directory was early June 1872 and the publisher was Waite & Beane, *Los Angeles Daily News.*

At the end of the review is the hint of a Directory being printed by the *Star,* but the second Directory in 1875 and the third Directory in 1878 were both printed by the *Mirror.* By 1879 the *Star* was out of business. Directories were published almost every year until the World War II period. 1942 was the last printed Los Angeles Directory.

THE DIRECTORY.

After several months delay the work designated as the Los Angeles Directory for 1872, has made its appearance from the News office. A Directory for our city and county is a great necessity, and we welcome the appearance of this specimen although it is filled with errors and has omitted from its pages the names of many of our most prominent citizens. The present work may, however, stimulate a more perfect exertion next year, provided the labor of compilation and printing falls into more comprehensive and competent hands.

The present Directory should have contained a map of our city, a preface, an index, the license ordinance, the regulations of the Board of Health, a list of municipal and County officers for 1872, the City Charter; a table showing the street grades, a table showing the real estate sales for the past five years, the vote and population of the city and county, a sketch of our industrial enterprises, embracing our mills, the gas works, the railroad, and newspapers, and some account of our products of wine, wool, silk cocoons, fruits, etc., and the pages containg the directory of towns in the county, should have been prefaced with some account of their water supply, area, resources and prospects; but these features do not enter into the compilation of the Los Angeles Directory. It is a cause for regret that the colaborators of this first exhibit of our aggregate community did not possess more competency and industry.

In examining the Directory for errors, we find them almost innumerable. Among them the following: D. Aldrich, turder, for the latter word read "turner;" John Breman, for latter word read "Brennan." In the name C. H. Bush, the "H" is printed a "W." There is a typographical error in the name Benjamin Chadsey. In the name T. P. Campbell, the "T" is printed as "C." There is a typographical error in the name Frochlinger, also in Fanhart, also in Garfias. J. H. Gantt, latter word spelled 'Gahtt," Gilday is spelled "Giday," typographical error in name Heinsch, Herberger is spelled "Herbiger." The "H," is omitted from name Geo. H. Howard, typographical error in name "Kraszynski," letter "S" is omitted from name S. Julius Mayer, A. F. McDonald is printed *W.* F. McDonald, typographical error in name of Mendel Meyer, M. J. Newmark, reads M. *A.* Newmark, Rocholtz is spelled "Rochobz," Victory is spelled "Victor," "Shepherd" is spelled

"Shephard." The letter "T." is omitted from name T. Jeff. White, Hon. Asa Ellis is set down as "Hon. A. C. Ellis," Joseph Bennerscheidt of Anaheim is set down as "Joseph Benner," George Bauer, as "Bauber," L. Gunther, as "Guather," Jasper C. Hill, as "Gaspar Hill," Dr. J. A. F. Heyerman, as "Dr. Hegerman," Richard Heiman, as "Herman," Talt. T. Hill is set down as "F. A. Hill," Mrs. S. Kuchel is set down as "Kehoe," Jacob Keller, as "Kelley," McKinney, as "McKemey," H. D. Polhemeus, as "M. D. Polhemus," F. Rimpau, as "Rimpan," Rollandine, as "Rollanden," Steinhart, as "Steinhardt," Strobel, as "Strocbel." Standefer, as "Standeford," Standefer, as "Standifer," Sex as, "Sax," P. Banning, as "E. Banning, V. P. L. A. & S. P. R. R." N. & H. Jacoby, as "N. H. Jacoby," "T. Grenet," as T. Brent Boege is spelled "Beoge," Clark, as "Clarke," Cunze is spelled "Counza," Canovan, is spelled "Canavan," Mrs. V Carrillo, is spelled "B. Carillo," M. L. Goodman is set down as "M. & L. Goodman," Chas. Hille is set down as "Hill," T. E. Schmidt is spelled "L. Smidth," Amos Travis is spelled "Ames," Levi Fickus is spelled "Levy Fitchas," Lydia Williams is spelled "Liddy."

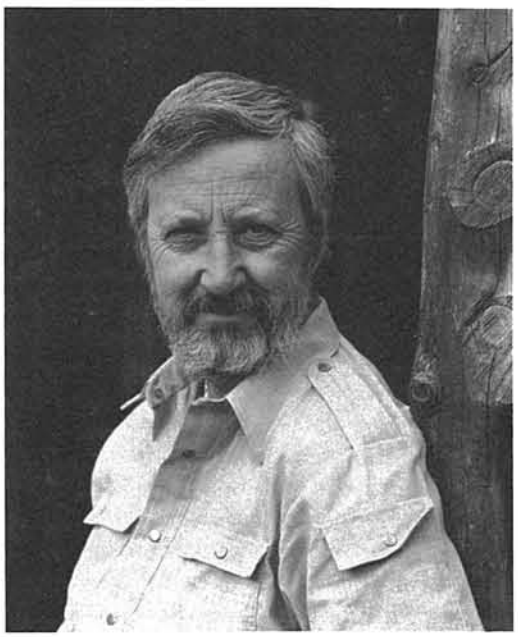
Among the numerous names altogether omitted are those of Hon. T. D. Mott, George Hansen, and Col. J. G. Howard. If the citizens of this city and county whose names have been omitted from the Directory should send them in to the STAR office, we would be able to print a much larger Directory than the present one from that slighted class alone.

TOM KNAPP: SCULPTOR

by Tony Lehman

A resident of Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, Corresponding Member Tom Knapp has enjoyed a varied and creative career. After being an animator for Walt Disney Studios and then a commercial artist for AT&T, Tom turned his attention to capturing the American West in his bronze sculptures.

Listed in *Who's Who in American Art, 1977-78, Who's Who in the West, 1978,* and *Who's Who in America,* he has participated in more than seventy-five benefits and group shows and over thirty-one, one and two man shows. His work can be found among the following museums and collections: El Paso Museum of Art, Whitney Gallery of Western Art (Cody, Wyoming), Museum of Native American Cultures (Spokane), Indianapolis Museum of Art, Bureau of Indian Affairs (Washington, D.C.), the Western Art Association (Ellensberg, Washington), and the



C.M. Tom Knapp

West Texas State Museum (Canyon, Texas).

One of Tom's most interesting and popular creations is his "Dancer Series" depicting in bronze Indian dancers from many different tribes, including "Apache Corn Dancer," "Oglala Sioux Ghost Dancer," "Navajo Hoop Dancer," "Yaqui Deer Dancer," and other intriguing, imaginative, and historically accurate figures.

At present he is embarked upon a new project devoted to a series in bronze on endangered species from around the world. (The rhino statue reproduced here is his latest work and is about thirty-four inches long.) It is Tom's hope that his talent will help publicize the plight of these animals, a worthy endeavor in which he is joined by all his fellow Westerners.

Book Reviews

GATHERING THE DESERT, by Paul Gary Nabhan. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1985. 209 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. Cloth, $19.95.

Those words — harsh, barren, lonely, desolate and unforgiving are so frequently used in descriptions of the Southwest Desert that it is always gratifying for us desert lovers to find the subject covered with true understanding and appreciation.

Dispelling the notion of the "desert as wasteland" has been the subject of a few excellent and enduring books by writers such as Joseph Wood Krutch, John Van Dyke, George Wharton James and Smeaton Chase. They have set a standard for those who follow.

In a new book *Gathering the Desert,* from the University of Arizona Press, Gary Paul Nabhan has created a work about the Sonoran Desert that further explores and exalts the area. In this book, the writer treats his subject with the same degree of scholarship, interest, readability and obvious affection as the aforementioned writers.

Nabhan, a research botanist with the University of Arizona Arid Land Studies, explores with fact, folklore and frequent first hand experience, 12 of more than 425 edible species to be found on the desert.

This desert has been home to native cultures for centuries and the story of the bounty provided the indigenous people by these plants is both enlightening and provocative.

Each of the 12 species used to exemplify the wide variety to be harvested and utilized is covered by a separate chapter. Included among the chapter titles are "Mescal Bacanora," Drinking Away the Centuries," "For the Birds," "Red Hot Mother of Chile," "The Palms In Our Hands."

With each of the chapters the author combines scientific knowledge with a lucid and entertaining style. In a chapter about the creosote bush, Nabhan compares the bush to a drug store and offers examples of 14 recorded ailments successfully treated by ointment, tea, or powders made from the bush by the Cahuilla Indians. The Papagos considered the bush a universal remedy. Each chapter is prefaced with a fine original drawing by artist Paul Mirocha to illustrate the subject. In addition, each chapter has a fine bibliographic essay in the back of the book. "What is being gained and lost" asks Nabhan, "When modern technology is automatically defined as progress?"

"Food production in the American deserts," he says, "is now based on humid adapted crops that consume 20-30 percent more water in the desert than they do if cultivated in the more temperate zones where they originated. This is 'extra water we do not have.' Even if you were never to eat a carob-like mesquite pod or treat a cold with creosote leaf tea" says Nabhan, "these plants have something to offer.

"It may be just the music heard when

standing beneath a spring-flowering mesquite canopy, alive with five thousand solitary bees, or the smell of a creosote bush releasing fifty volatile oils into the ozone-charged air of a summer storm.

"Even if you don't eat the desert, greet the desert. Even if you don't gather the desert, let it gather a feeling in you."

The book is handsomely designed, printed and bound in cloth. It would be a worthy addition to any bookshelf and a must for desert buffs or collectors.

Bill Lorenz

INDIAN COUNTRY OF THE TUBATULABAL, by Bob Powers. Tucson: Westernlore Press, 1981. 103 pp. Illustrations, photographs, bibliography, glossary and index. Cloth, $18.50.

Much has been written about Indians in general and in particular the Indians of California; however, very little has been recorded about the small tribe that inhabited the Kern River Valley. They were called the Tubatalabal (Too-bot-a-lobble) Indians, meaning a people that go to the forest to gather tubat (pinon nuts). It is not only used as the name of the tribe but the language they spoke as well.

Indian Country is a simple story of the daily struggle for survival of the Tubatalabal. It chronicles the lifestyle of a little-known tribe of hunters and gatherers who seasonally followed the waters of the Kern River as it wandered through the high country meadows and followed its course down the canyons of the southern Sierra Nevada mountains.

The story covers the various rituals, religion, ceremonies and superstitions of the Tubatalabal as told to Bob Powers by many of the old ones of the tribe. Much of the text is in the words of the people as they willingly related their story as handed down from their ancestors. They differ little from other tribes that inhabited the mountain areas of California; however, their culture and customs are being preserved.

Bob Powers has definitely done much research on the subject of the Tubatalabal and much gathering of old and historic photographs. The art work of the local artist Jeanette Rogers consisting of end papers, chapter headings and plant life adds a pleasant touch.

The text contains few "reading words" and is quite understandable. The book would appeal to the younger student as well as the older student of Indian culture. It could well become recommended reading for the students in our school system and would make a welcome addition to any library on California Indian customs and culture.

Elmer E. Taylor

WITH PEN AND PENCIL ON THE FRONTIER IN 1851: *The Diary and Sketches of Frank Blackwell Mayer,* edited by Bertha L. Heilbron. St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 1986. 256 pp. Illustrations, index. Paper, $9.95.

Any reader, whether academician or aficionado, will find Frank Blackwell Mayer's book both interesting and informative. For the scholar, there is minute description of the flora, fauna, topography and waterways of much of the Northeast. His record of the Indians' dress, customs and everyday life is graphically depicted by numerous pencil illustrations. Although the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux was the implementation for Mayer's trip from Baltimore to Minnesota Territory, his real purpose was to find a ready gathering of subjects for his art.

As was much of the writing style of his time, Mayer's seems a bit stilted at times. His observations, comments and diary entries, however, move along well as a travel narrative for the history buff. His credits as an artist are impressive. They include the National Museum of American Art, The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Minnesota Historical Society.

A solid source book.

Willis Blenkinsop

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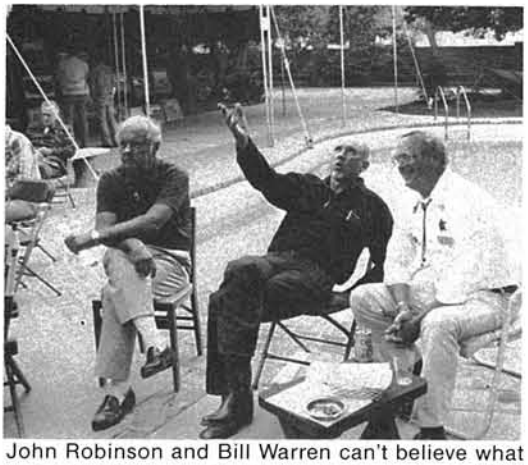
Guest of Honor Paul Bailey accepts his Honorary Membership.

Don Torguson congratulates Elmer Taylor for his Wrangling expertise.



John Robinson and Bill Warren can't believe what Don Mullaly has inadvertently bid for a pen and ink drawing.

Powell Greenland and friends relax during the auction.

Bill Lorenz makes sure that everyone buys the proper ticket, while Bob Scherer samples one of the products.

Auctioneer Hugh Tolford wonders if it's just as much hard work at Sotheby's.