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J. GOODMAN

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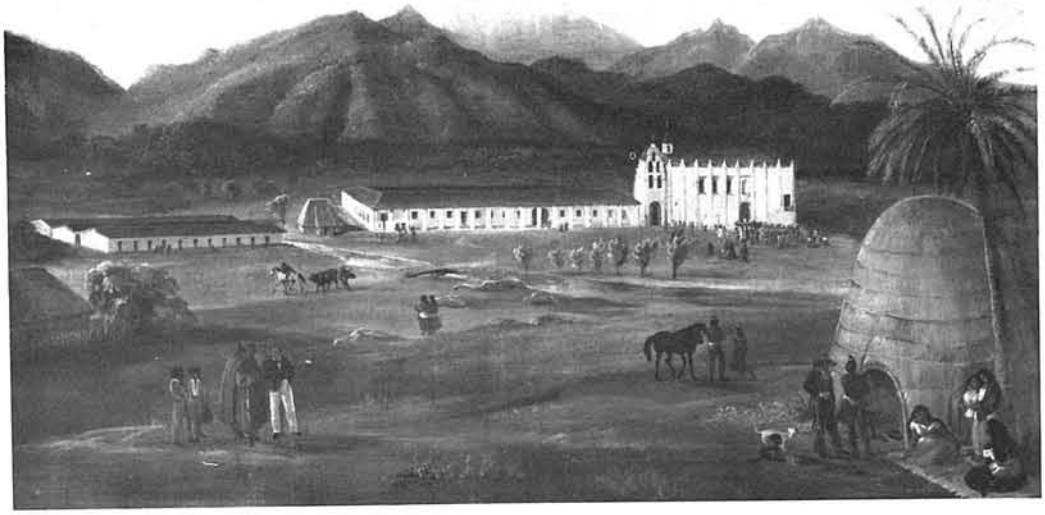

The San Gabriel Mission as it looked to German artist Ferdinand Deppe in 1828.

The Gabrielino Indians: A Culture Decimated

by John W. Byram

During 1804, an American trade ship searching for sea otter pelts is in the midst of a voyage along the California coast. As his vessel journeys south toward Mexico, Captain William Shaler comments on the native peoples who greet the ship at every stop: "Indians of this country differ very little among each other in their persons, genius and manners: they are a dull, stupid people, of the ordinary stature, and far from comely."[1] This observation is echoed by European settlers and other early visitors to the West. A nineteenth century anthropologist quoted in Guy Lee's *History of North America* (1903), Stephen Powers, presents an equally narrow view of the "mentally weak" coastal California natives. Powers insists that the large amount of seafood and acorns eaten by the coastal tribes is the primary cause of the Indians' "lack of breadth and strength of character":

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS

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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

by Abraham Hoffman

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

September speaker Earl Nation

SEPTEMBER 1989 MEETING

Corral Active Member Earl Nation delighted the September gathering with his presentation on medical quackery in American history, treading the narrow line that exists between fraud and fantasy. Medical quackery thrived until the 19th century on anti-rational views of health—the hope that a nostrum could cure one's ills remained an ever optimistic credo among gullible Americans. Concoctions came to America with the colonial era, and they were sold during that time without penalty. Such frauds flourished because little was known of the causes of disease until the 20th century. Disease was seen as an invader of the body to be driven out by concoctions as horrid as the diseases themselves. Medical nostrums might contain urine, horse dung, or other foul substances, sold in distinctive bottles (often counterfeited by unscrupulous dealers). Trademarks lasted longer than patents

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

> It is generally accounted that fish is rich in brainfood, but it is an indisputable fact that the grossest superstitions and lowest intellects in the race are to be found along the sea-coast.... They [the coast natives] are infinitely cunning, shrewd, selfish, intriguing; but they are quite lacking in grasp, in vigor, in boldness.[2]

In many nineteenth century accounts the Indians of California are presented as becoming increasingly culture-less and inhuman the further one travels from the tribes of the upper Northwest. But, the native Indians of the present-day Los Angeles Basin were not without culture as ethnocentric writers would have readers believe. In actuality, the natives' multi-faceted lives and unique traditions were destroyed by the coming of Europeans.

The Indians of the Los Angeles area were among the members of the Gabrielino tribes named by the Spanish after the founding of the San Gabriel Mission in 1771. These groups occupied the territory of present-day Los Angeles County from the Sierra Madre Mountains southward, half of adjacent Orange County, and the major Channel Islands — Santa Catalina and San Clemente.[3] Before the arrival of the Spanish, the Gabrielinos existed as hunter/gatherers of nuts, plants, and small animals including deer, fish, insects and reptiles. The lack of dependable rainfall and the desert climate of the greater part of the territory forced the Indians to seek out available, but abundant, food resources at the time of the year when they could be most easily gathered. Settlements, usually temporary, were set up near watercourses and were strategically placed to exploit the seasonal resources of a particular area. However, the coastal kelp beds were harvested year round for fish.[4]

The people themselves, as described by anthropologist Bernice Johnston, were "a race which... was genetically stable, physically hardy, and attuned to the conditions of its environments."[5] These Gabrielino groups spoke closely related, though slightly different, variations of a Shoshonean linguistic form. Also called Uto-Aztecan, the language form was variable among local groups due to geographic isolation of the island tribes from the mainland and separation of inland groups from one another by mountain ranges.[6] The Indians were thought to have been organized into small family clans that were presided over by a village chief.[7] Some stratification of society is evident from archaeological remains of the inhabitants of this region. As one author states:

> This stratification was primarily a recognition of the superiority of individuals rather than classes. A few individuals in each village were sorted out for special treatment in mortuary rights.... Yet the social distance between high and low was not great and probably rested upon personal qualities rather than inherited status.[8]

Religion and mythology were also important contributors to the life of the pre-Spanish Gabrielino. Animal gods, such as the eagle, raven, and rattlesnake were worshipped along with man-like deities involved with the creation and maintenance of the world. A great chief, *Chinigchinich,* was the most powerful of these gods. At a time of great hardship in the lives of the people, Chinigchinich was said to have appeared and "gave a great speech in which he set the future course of tribal law and religion. [He] also created out of mud... a new race of people and instructed them in new life ways." The god additionally appointed shaman-priests to hold special powers in society.[9]

The shamans held the knowledge of disease removal and possessed the ability to communicate with the spirits. These sorcerers chanted, sang, and danced as preludes to working their magic on the diseased. A shaman apparently "sang not so much of what he was doing as of what had been done to a god in the far past, or what he in a dream had seen a deity or animal perform."[10] Another of the shaman's duties was to oversee the annual jimsonweed cult ritual. The festival was dedicated to Chinigchinich, and as author James Rawls in *Indians of California* describes:

> [The halucinogenic weed's] use was part of a complex initiation ritual, the central figure of which was the ingestion by adolescent boys of a [jimsonweed] solution of *toloache.* While under the drug's influence, the boys would be subjected to long sermons by the guiding shamans, or priests of the cult.[11]

The largest ritual held during each year, however, was the mourning ceremony. Small

items were collected from the possessions of those who had died during the year, and after the fall acorn harvest eight days were devoted to teaching inexperienced members of the tribe the correct ritual procedures, dances and songs of the clan. Included in the ceremony was community feasting and a mass gathering of all the children born during the year who were then given names from their father's lineages by a respected member of the tribe. After this, images of the deceased were made, decorated, and included in the rituals. Finally, on the eighth day, the life-size images of the dead and their possessions were cast into a huge fire. For the Gabrielino this chain of events was a time to honor the spirits of the dead as well as to maintain their culture through a community effort to officially induct the youth of the tribe into society. The mourning ceremony was a widespread California Indian ritual and may have originated with the Gabrielino, spreading to other tribes.[12]

The Los Angeles Indians also possessed an elaborate material culture. Tools for cooking and for working wood or stone were produced from bones, flint and shells. Simple weapons included wooden clubs, bows, arrows, slings and wood sabers. Most impressive, however, were the Gabrielino artistic works. Fur, feathers, and skins were stitched into colorful coats for ritual use and winter wear, which included shells and beads for ornamentation. Animal carvings, religious objects, and decorated pipes were fashioned out of steatite, a type of soapstone obtained from Catalina Island. Intricate reed and grass baskets were woven by the women for use in the household and for ceremonies. Even many common "every-day use" items were decorated with shells, carving, rare minerals, and paint.[13] The Indians made both artistic and practical use of the abundant local resources.

These crafted goods were useful in trading relations since interaction with other neighboring tribes, most notably the Chumash to the north and Cahuilla to the south, was continuous. The Gabrielinos acquired skins and acorns from interior tribes in exchange for sea otter pelts, fish, and steatite. Most exchanges were of the barter type and from some archaeological accounts it appears that traders from the interior tribes came to the Gabrielino rather than the latter journeying out to distant groups for trading.[14] These pilgrimages by other tribes suggest that the Los Angeles natives were particularly valuable trading partners. Nevertheless, this interdependency did not prevent hostilities from occurring among the closely packed natives of Southern California. According to A.L. Kroeber, an expert on the Gabrielino:

> Warfare... was carried on only for revenge, never for plunder or from a desire of distinction.... Probably the cause that most commonly originated feuds was the belief that a death had been caused by witchcraft. No doubt theft and disputes of various sorts also contributed. Once ill feeling was established, it was likely to continue for long periods. Torture appears to have been considered merely a preliminary to the execution of captives, which was the victor's main purpose.[15]

The pre-conquest Gabrielino were both an economic force and a powerful foe in battle.

The influence of the independent Los Angeles natives on other tribes quickly diminished with the arrival of the Spanish explorers and missionaries in the eighteenth century. As early as 1520, Spanish ships visited Catalina Island, and by the 1750's, European diseases and conflicts among the few converted Indians and the rest of the tribe had begun. A crushing blow to the entire Gabrielino system came in 1771 with the founding of the Mission San Gabriel, followed 28 years later by the Mission San Fernando.

The behavior of the Indians faced with the European influx can be generalized from a description of the founding of San Gabriel:

> The Spanish were surrounded by a large band of Indians seemingly bent on attacking them.... Not knowing what else to do, one of the friars unfurled a banner, which on one side showed a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows, and held it up to the gaze of the howling Indians. No sooner had the gentiles set their eyes on the image of the Blessed Virgin than they threw down their bows and arrows. Two chiefs took from their necks the strings of beads which they wore, and in token of submission placed them at the foot of the picture.[16]

No matter how romanticized this story may be, the fact remains that the Gabrielinos did quietly fade into the mission system. Why did

the Indians allow themselves to be herded into Spanish missions to be baptized and put to work? There appear to be several reasons. First, the epidemics of disease brought from the Old World destroyed clans and villages and the Spanish encouraged the remaining stray Indians to join mission communities. At the same time, exposing the natives to Spanish economic and social practices made it relatively easy to convert them to Catholicism. By the time large-scale conversions began in 1778, the priests had perfected the method of baptizing chiefs and having their fellow Indian villagers obediently follow the chiefs into conversion.[17]

In an effort to counter the actions of the European invaders, the Gabrielinos did attempt protests and revolts but these uprisings were usually short-lived and ineffective. By the late 1700's, the Indians had neither the weaponry nor the population to oust the Spanish, who were increasingly exploitative of the natives for slave labor. The Gabrielinos quickly reached a state where they were little more than a peasant class employed by Spanish nobles or the mission system. One author described the Spanish/Indian "apartheid-like" interaction:

> Every great work... bears good fruit and leaves a beneficent impress upon the future. But the work of the missionaries in California was not of this kind. It looked only to the aggrandizement of a system and domination. ...It involved no germ out of which were to spring higher and better forms. It was barren and unprofitable.[18]

The Europeans prospered in their endeavors while the subordinated Gabrielino suffered.

Over the 60 years of Spanish mission domination of the Gabrielino territory not only was the native population stricken with deadly introduced European diseases but the rituals and traditions of the tribes vanished under pressure from the invaders to "civilize" the Indians. Little is known today of many of the important aspects of Gabrielino life because the eradication of the groups was so complete. Even the original tribe names vanished, to be forever replaced by the Spanish one showing the Indians' relation to the San Gabriel Mission. Escaped natives were hunted down by the Europeans, and when the missions were secularized in 1833 only a few Gabrielinos remained. Refugees were scattered across the California coast, and most still in the Los Angeles area were slaves or servants to the large landowners. By 1860 only remnants of the culture existed as the few remaining local Gabrielinos were erased by a huge outbreak of smallpox.[19]

The plight of the Gabrielino Indian is a tragic example of native North Americans' vulnerability and inability to withstand European technology and disease. These Indians of Southern California were not culturally stagnant as has been suggested by many later visitors to their land, but grew rather removed from their traditions as the natives became incorporated into mission life. The rituals, gods, artistry, and practices of pre-European Los Angeles were lost in the tragic oppression of the area's original inhabitants.

Notes

[1]James Rawls, *Indians of California* (Norman: University of Oklahoma, 1984), p. 47.

[2]Cyrus Thomas, *The History of North America — Vol. 2: Indians in Historic Times,* Guy Lee, Editor (Philadelphia: Barrie and Sons, 1903), p. 83.

[3]Alfred Kroeber, *Handbook of the Indians of California* (Berkeley: California Book Company, 1970), p. 620.

[4]Robert Heizer, Ed., *Handbook of North American Indians — Vol. 8: California* (Washington: Smithsonian Books, 1978), p. 538.

[5]Bernice Johnston, *California's Gabrielino Indians* (Los Angeles: Southwest Museum, 1962), p. 28.

[6]Heizer, p. 538.

[7]Kroeber, p. 627.

[8]Clement Meighan, "California Cultures and the Archaic Stage," *American Antiquity,* XXIV, 3, 1959, p. 303.

[9]Johnston, pp. 42-44.

[10]Kroeber, p. 627.

[11]Rawls, p. 8.

[12]Heizer, p. 542.

[13]*Ibid.,* p. 547.

[14]*Ibid.,* p. 547.

[15]Alfred Kroeber, "Elements of Culture in Native California," *American Archaeology and Ethnology,* 21 Nov. 1922, pp. 296-97.

[16]Alberta Denis, *Spanish Alta California* (New York: Macmillan, 1927), p. 131.

[17]Heizer, p. 541.

[18]Thomas, p. 386.

[19]Heizer, p. 541.

HOW I FOUND GOLD at Sutter's Mill

by James Wilson Marshall

In May 1847, with my rifle, blanket, and a few crackers to eat with the venison (for the deer then were plenty), I ascended the American River, according to Mr. John A. Sutter's wish, as he wanted to find a good site for a saw-mill, where we could have plenty of timber, and where wagons would be able to ascend and descend the river hills. Many fellows had been out before me, but they could not find any place to suit; so when I left I told Mr. Sutter I would go along the river to its very head and find the place, if such a place existed anywhere upon the river or any of its forks. I traveled along the river the whole way. Many places would suit very well for the erection of the mill, with plenty of timber everywhere, but then nothing but a mule could climb the hills; and when I would find a spot where the hills were not steep, there was no timber to be had; and so it was until I had been out several days and reached this place, which, after first sight, looked like the exact spot we were hunting.

I passed a couple of days examining the hills, and found a place where wagons could ascend and descend with all ease. On my return to the fort I went out through the country examining the canons and gulches, and picking out the easiest places for crossing them with loaded wagons.

You may be sure Mr. Sutter was pleased when I reported my success. We entered into partnership. I was to build the mill, and he was to find provisions, teams, tools, and to pay a portion of the men's wages. I believe I was at that time the only millwright in the whole country. In August, everything being ready, we freighted two wagons with tools and provisions, and accompanied by six men I left the fort and after a good deal of difficulty reached this place one beautiful afternoon and formed our camp.

Our first business was to put up log houses, as we intended remaining here all winter. This was done in less than no time, for my men were great with the ax. We then cut timber, and fell to work hewing it for the framework of the mill. The Indians gathered about us in great numbers. I employed about forty of them to assist us with the dam, which we put up in a kind of way in about four weeks. In digging the foundation of the mill we cut some distance into the soft granite; we opened the forebay and then I left for the fort, giving orders to Mr. Weimar [Peter L. Wimmer] to have a ditch cut through the bar in the rear of the mill, and after quitting work in the evening to raise the gate and let the water run all night, as it would assist us very much in deepening and widening the tail-race.

I returned in a few days, and found everything favorable, all the men being at work in the ditch. When the channel was opened it was my custom every evening to raise the gate and let the water wash out as much sand and gravel through the night as possible; and in the morning, while the men were getting breakfast, I would walk down, and, shutting off the water, look along the race

and see what was to be done, so that I might tell Mr. Weimar, who had charge of the Indians, at what particular point to set them to work for the day. As I was the only millwright present, all of my time was employed upon the framework and machinery.

One morning in January (it was a clear, cold morning; I shall never forget that morning) as I was taking my usual walk along the race after shutting off the water, my eye was caught with the glimpse of something shining in the bottom of the ditch. There was about a foot of water running then. I reached my hand down and picked it up; it made my heart thump, for I was certain it was gold. The piece was about half the size and shape of a pea. Then I saw another piece in the water. After taking it out I sat down and began to think right hard. I thought it was gold, and yet it did not seem to be of the right color; all the gold coin I had seen was of a reddish tinge; this looked more like brass. I recalled to mind all the metals I had ever seen or heard of, but I could find none that resembled this. Suddenly the idea flashed across my mind that it might be iron pyrites. I trembled to think of it! This question could soon be determined. Putting one of the pieces on a hard river stone, I took another and commenced hammering it. It was soft, and didn't break; it therefore must be gold, but largely mixed with some other metals, very likely silver; for pure gold, I thought, would certainly have a brighter color.

When I returned to our cabin for breakfast I showed the two pieces to my men. They were all a good deal excited, and had they not thought that the gold only existed in small quantities they would have abandoned everything and left me to finish my job alone.

While we were working in the race after this discovery we always kept a sharp lookout, and in the course of three or four days we had picked up about three ounces — our work still progressing as lively as ever, for none of us imagined at the time that the whole country was sowed with gold.

In about a week's time after the discovery I had to take another trip to the fort; and, to gain what information I could respecting the real value of the metal, took all that we had collected with me and showed it to Mr. Sutter, who at once declared it was gold, but thought with me that it was greatly mixed with some other metal. It puzzled us a good deal to hit upon the means of telling the exact quantity of gold contained in the alloy; however, we at last stumbled on an old American cyclopedia, where we saw the specific gravity of all the metals, and rules given to find the quantity of each in a given bulk. After hunting over the whole fort and borrowing from some of the men, we got three dollars and a half in silver, and with a small pair of scales we soon ciphered it out that there was no silver nor copper in the gold, but that it was entirely pure.

This fact being ascertained, we thought it our best policy to keep it as quiet as possible till we should have finished our mill. But there was a great number of disbanded Mormon soldiers in and about the fort, and when they came to hear of it, why it just spread like wildfire, and soon the whole country was in a bustle.

I had scarcely arrived at the mill again till several persons appeared with pans, shovels, and hoes, and those that had not iron picks had wooden ones, all anxious to fall to work and dig up our mill; but this we would not permit. As fast as one party disappeared another would arrive, and sometimes I had the greatest kind of trouble to get rid of them. I sent them all off in different directions, telling them about such and such places, where I was certain there was plenty of gold if they would only take the trouble of looking for it. At that time I never imagined that the gold was so abundant. I told them to go to such and such places, because it appeared that

they would dig nowhere but in such places as I pointed out, and I believe such was their confidence in me that they would have dug on the very top of yon mountain if I had told them to do so.

The second place where gold was discovered was in a gulch near the Mountaineer House, on the road to Sacramento. The third place was on a bar on the South Fork of the American River a little above the junction of the middle and south forks. The diggings at Hangtown (now Placerville) were discovered next by myself, for we all went out for awhile as soon as our job was finished. The Indians next discovered the diggings at Kelsey's, and this in a very short time we discovered that the whole country was but one bed of gold. So there, is the entire history of the gold discovery in California — a discovery that hasn't as yet been of much benefit to me.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: This version of Marshall's own story of this discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, near Coloma, January 24, 1848, which initiated the California gold-rush of 1849, was told some years later to a fellow-miner — Charles B. Gillespie — practically on the site of the discovery. It was first printed in *Century Magazine* for February, 1891.

German Artist Captures Flavor of San Gabriel Mission

by Msgr. Francis J. Weber

German-born artist Ferdinand Deppe, is best remembered in California for his artistic rendition of the San Gabriel Mission.

Deppe, visiting there in 1828, made a sketch of the mission, the surrounding countryside, and a Corpus Christi procession. Four years later, he transferred the scene, as he saw it, to canvas.

On a subsequent visit to Santa Barbara, in 1836, Deppe sold his painting of the San Gabriel Mission to Daniel Hill, a Yankee pioneer. Several decades later, the Hill family entrusted the canvas to the friars of the Santa Barbara Mission.

Edward Vischer photographed the painting in 1866, and indeed many of the details in Deppe's work are evident in Vischer's view. However, Deppe apparently lost all perspective of the scene in the intervening years before the painting was completed.

The first public recognition of Deppe's masterpiece came in 1952, when the late Edith Webb used a black and white reproduction of the scene for the end pages of her book *Indian Life at the Old Missions.* The author felt that the canvas portrayed the San Gabriel Mission life at the zenith of its material and spiritual prosperity.

The canvas shows the Sierra Madre range of mountains with snowcapped San Antonio (or Mount Baldy) in the background. Fray Jose Sanchez, the Presidente of the California Missions, is portrayed in the lower lefthand portion of the canvas discussing business with James Scott, a Yankee from Boston. Two Indians stand behind the friar. On the right, the celebrated mayordomo, Claudio Lopez, talks to an Indian neophyte in front of the brush hut. The nearby date palm tree was blown down in a windstorm in 1891. In the left background are the habitations of the neophytes and the zanja that conveyed water from Wilson Lake to the mission.

As was the case in many of his paintings, Deppe incorporated lots of action on the canvas. An Indian vaquero is coaxing a reluctant steer, while his friend is about to hit the animal's rump with a big stick. On the other side are the zanja guard house and complete mission quadrangle.

As Father Sanchez and a procession of acolytes are carrying the Blessed Sacrament, soldiers are preparing to shoot the mission cannon in salute, a common practice in provincial times.

The stylized mission church has ten buttresses and the original symmetrical openings, as well as the belfry erected in 1815 to replace the one ruined by an earthquake three years earlier.

Deppe's historic and colorful 36½ x 27½ inch painting was restored to its pristine beauty at the Huntington Library in the 1960's. It is now on permanent display in the Santa Barbara Mission Archives.

Dr. Rose Burcham, Man of Achievement

by John Southworth

In 1904, the *Los Angeles Times* published an impressive volume titled *Men of Achievement in the Great Southwest,* a work which featured vignettes of more than two dozen important local personages such as Henry Huntington, Fredrick Rindge, Henry Oxnard, Jonathan Slauson, and Jotham Bixby. One of the listed *men* of achievement was a woman, Dr. Rose L. Burcham, part owner and Secretary of the Yellow Aster mining and Milling Company of Randsburg, California. At that time she was living with her husband Charles Austin Burcham in a fine home at the corner of Burlington Avenue and Seventh Street in Los Angeles.

In 1911, Dr. Rose Burcham was further honored by being included in a list of this country's more important women. These were women known to have played an active part in the world's progress, as selected by Elbert Hubbard, prominent author, lecturer and publisher of the time.

In that same year the Los Angeles Morning *Herald* published a Southern California souvenir book, *The Land of Heart's Desire,* which included a long article praising the accomplishments of Dr. Rose. From many glowing paragraphs on her behalf, two isolated items are quoted.

> Word has been quietly passed that a woman could hold her own along the frontier; her faith in mining; her long period of apprenticeship; her legal controversies; her final decisive victories; all these spirited chapters in her life have long made her a marked woman. The famous Yellow Aster Mines of Southern California, which have added $6,000,000 to the world's wealth [with gold at $20.67 per ounce], are inseparably associated with Dr. Rose L. Burcham's foresight, push, pluck, and enterprise. The story is one of the true romances of American life and Dr. Burcham's aggressive part reveals in a new way what a woman of clear thought and high purpose may do against seemingly insurmountable obstacles.
>
> In spite of her glorious past, hers has been so much of striving and achieving and helping that it sometimes seems odd that she had gone so far, done so much, and still has time for so many things.

Dr. Rose was born in 1857 in South Dansville, a small farming community 50 miles south of Rochester, New York. She was the daughter of James and Eliza Pratt LaMonte, both born in England. Although a scientific education for a young lady was hardly acceptable in those early years, Rose persevered in her determination to become a medical doctor and in 1884 graduated with highest honors from the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, Ohio. This achievement was attained with very little enthusiasm or encouragement from her physician father. She was, needless to say, brilliant, determined, even stubborn. All these traits she would later use to her advantage.

Strongly encouraged by the stuffy, all-male medical establishment of the eastern states to go somewhere else, the young and beautiful Dr. Rose LaMonte went West in 1885 where a woman doctor would be more welcome. She established herself in a prosperous and lucrative medical practice among the new and growing Mormon families of San Bernardino, California. Her beauty attracted all the single men of the district and she soon married Charles Austin Burcham. He was part owner, with his father and brother, of an extensive cattle ranch north of Cajon Pass in the Hesperia area. While Dr. Rose continued her medical practice in San Bernardino, husband Charles developed new markets for products from the family ranch.

Charles caught the gold fever, as did so many others. He tried to become a millionaire by investing in Comstock mining promotions. Then he joined the streams of hopeful prospectors crossing the Hesperia property on the way to "the desert," that vast mineral district which included eastern Kern County plus most of San Bernardino and Inyo counties.

He had been given a two-year grubstake by his wife along with an ultimatum that went as follows: "Succeed or come back to San Bernardino to stay. But never forget that only half of whatever you might find is yours. The other half is mine." So it was in April of 1895 that Charles ended up at the hard luck and very dry Summit Diggings where even water had to be purchased from a vendor. He was broke, discouraged, and his two years were up.

Forced to give up his golden dream of riches, Charles reluctantly agreed to the use of his team and wagon to move two other disheartened Summit Diggings prospectors back to San Bernardino. On their way, they decided to check out some placer gold showings that one of the men had spotted the year before on an unnamed mountain south of the El Pasos. Down to their last meal, the three men camped high on the north slope of what would later be called Rand Mountain, there they made their great strike in rock they thought resembled that of the Rand District in South Africa. This hard-rock property would require considerable financing before it could be made profitable.

It was at this point that Dr. Rose entered the scene and showed her true mettle. She was still young, not yet 40, but she totally intimidated her husband and his two 50-year old partners. She refused to allow the three elated prospectors to sell their rich strike to promoters for a pittance. She would not even provide the wherewithal that would permit her three destitute good-time-Charlie prospectors to celebrate urgent and legitimate reasons for celebration.

As Charlie Burcham's grubstaker, she owned one-half of one-third interest in the partnership and thoroughly succeeded in keeping close tabs on everything financial. For many, many years her signature was required on each check issued by the newly formed Yellow Aster Mining & Milling Company.

So Dr. Rose, early recognizing the serious need for a watchful eye and strong hand, and also perhaps suffering a bit from gold fever herself, sold her medical practice in San Bernardino. She moved into a tent on the new Yellow Aster mining claim, a title named after a popular novel of the time. Dr. Rose was the first woman to live in the area destined to become the present town of Randsburg, California.

She prepared all the meals and kept the mining project under her close supervision. She carefully doled out money in little bits and pieces. Her three partners worked narrow high-grade streaks and shipped sacked 'picture rock' under armed guard to Mojave for transshipment by rail to mill or smelter. As their bank account grew, Dr. Rose did the purchasing of necessary new equipment and all the hiring of knowledgeable men who could correctly organize the development of this bonanza property.

Smelling money, human wolves soon surrounded the new and obviously rich gold strike. Lawsuits plagued the four partners from the onset, so much so that all their early profits went for legal protection. That established an experienced one-armed mining lawyer from Inyo County, Pat Reddy, as one of the first vultures on the scene. He found the younger, untried Dr. Rose a formidable obstacle in his every effort to take over a substantial portion of the mine's ownership. He was so enraged by the Doctor's successful neutralization of this attempt to gain some control over the rich mine that he swore it would be his last business venture with a woman.

In spite of the trouble Reddy had caused her, Dr. Rose recognized his capabilities and, when she needed his expertise to settle a different legal matter, she retained him. She paid for his services in Yellow Aster stock, stock which was repurchased almost immediately. Apparently Pat Reddy was glad to be freed of this later contact with Dr. Rose for he is reported to have said: "There was no profit in dealing with a woman who should have stayed in San Bernardino and delivered Mormon babies." This, from a man who pretty much had his own way and who few dared to cross.

There were many continuing financial problems at the Yellow Aster such as lively disputes over unpaid bills, unpaid wages, claim boundries, and equipment purchases. According to Roberta Martin Starry in the *Gold Gamble,* a thorough work on the Randsburg camps in the early days, it was "most often Dr. Rose herself [who] made trips to Los Angeles and San Francisco to settle claims or represent the company. She often moved in on labor disputes when the men became too angered to work out the problems."

The Yellow Aster discovery site had originally been covered by several simple mining claims when staked by the three partners. Early on Dr.

Rose had recognized the need to correct that situation and put an end to boundary disputes. She insisted that the newly incorporated Yellow Aster Mining & Milling Company, of which she was the first and only Secretary, buy up all the surrounding claims that had been staked by outsiders. Before Dr. Rose was finished, the Yellow Aster property included 40 patented mining claims. This foresight on her part is still paying off for the present owners.

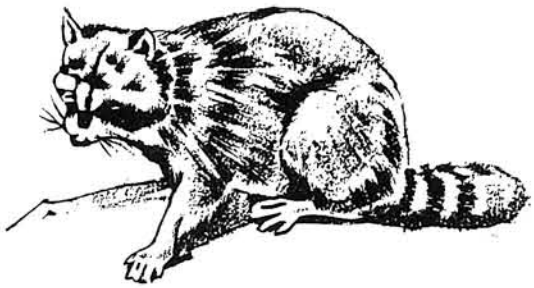
As the company fortunes grew, so did the Yellow Aster surface plant. First there was a 30 stamp mill using water pumped from distant wells and springs. Later a 100 stamp mill was added along with a high pressure water line, complete with a state of the art steam pumping plant. The new water source, near Garlock, was a timbered shaft 400 feet deep with gasoline powered engines forcing water up to the steam pump in several stages. A payroll of some 20 men was required just to keep the water flowing continuously to Rand Mountain. The old, smaller mill treated high-grade rock while the new larger plant processed bulk ore from an extensive hole.

After several profitable years, due to dedicated efforts on the part of the four partners, it no longer was necessary to maintain such a continuous close watch over the Randsburg operation. Consequently, all the partners moved to Los Angeles and either bought or built large, fancy homes in order to better show off their new-found wealth and to enjoy the social life that only a big city could provide. The Burchams purchased an elaborate home, probably all of redwood, in an ornate Italian Style. It came complete with reception hall and adjoining drawing rooms where Dr. Rose would entertain local society when she was not in Europe. Of the three great houses, only that of partner Mooers remains today at 818 So. Bonnie Brae. This house has been designated a Cultural Heritage Board Monument, along with a fancy sign and bronze plaque to prove it. It is number 45 in the Los Angeles Cultural Heritage Series.

Dr. Rose LaMonte Burcham invested her continuing income from the Yellow Aster mine in Los Angeles and San Bernardino real estate and orange groves while her husband pursued short-lived interests throughout California and Nevada. Dr. Rose outlived all three of her male partners. Husband Charles died in 1913, partner John Singleton in 1941, and partner F.M. Mooers in 1900. None of the partners left any lasting remembrance of their important presence in Randsburg, no status symbols or monuments, no social hall, no permanent water supply, or anything that would have improved the town. However, the company records do indicate that once the Yellow Aster became profitable, Dr. Rose was indeed generous with company funds in support of Randsburg civic projects. Today only a great gash in Rand Mountain, with dusty mill tailings in the lower washes, remains to show traces of the original operation which had been the origin of three substantial fortunes. Even those minimal indications are rapidly being altered today as modern equipment, new gold recovery processes, and a higher price for gold all combine to make reactivation of this aging property possible.

The Yellow Aster Mining & Milling Company was sold shortly after Charles Burcham died in 1913. Dr. Rose, the last remaining partner, moved on to devote her time to a variety of Southern California interests. The Yellow Aster had produced continuously for some 20 years for its original discoverers, thanks entirely to Dr. Rose's tenacity and business acumen. Through all the trials and tribulations, the lean months and the legal controversies, Dr. Rose had succeeded in keeping the Yellow Aster organization as a closed corporation. It had been kept under the complete control of its original locators, those three prodigal prospectors and their talented female business manager.

Dr. Rose eventually sold her big home at Seventh and Burlington and moved to another house she already owned in the burgeoning Wilshire District. She spent the last 20 years of her life quietly and comfortably in a sprawling 'California Cottage' at 114 South Almansor Street in Alhambra, California. On the second day of February, 1944, she died peacefully at home, still a proud member of the Ebell Club of Los Angeles and the Southern California Academy of Science. She was 86.



Sleepless Nights

by Earl F. Nation

Pasadena is a city by all standards. Only five miles from City Hall, as the eagle flies, one can escape into the wilds of the Angeles National Forest; into the foothills beneath the great observatory on Mount Wilson. Here, at an elevation of almost 1,500 feet above sea level, and over 700 feet above Pasadena City Hall we sought escape from the urban environment of Pasadena after the end of World War II. On one-and-a-half acres of wooded hillside we had the entire valley before us, sloping away to the Pacific, from Huntington Beach to Malibu.

The deer roamed our yard until the neighbors lower down on the hill, complained that the deer ate their hibiscus and rose bushes. Members of the Forest Service responded by shooting and hauling away 21 of the shy animals one night. That ended one menace.

In this bucolic setting it seemed appropriate that we introduce domestic animals to share the wilds with us and with the numerous native animals. Coyotes, raccoons and skunks were especially numerous and roamed our yard and surroundings at night. Their calls, cries and other disturbances sometimes intruded more on our sleep than the city noise had. My nocturnal expletives often questioned whether this was the escape we sought. We consoled ourselves with the thought that this was a great place to introduce our two young boys to Nature. And it was. The introduction of domestic animals into the scene was to complicate Nature beyond our expectations.

It began with cats. Both boys developed a severe case of chicken pox shortly after our move to the foothills. To distract them from their disability a kind friend brought them two young kittens. These playful creatures were a God-send at the time.

As the cats grew they needed to go outside more. This was where domestic animals and Nature clashed. The dog had already had several tomato juice baths and strained our patience severely by being so slow to learn the difference between pussy cats and skunks. Now it was the cat's turn. We had already learned from neighbors that domestic cats comprised one of the chief items in the diet of the coyotes in the foothills. One of our half grown cats chose a unique and, for her and me, a most unfortunate route of escape from a hungry animal one night, after the children's bedtime.

Our first knowledge that all was not well came from our pajama-clad, sleepy-eyed boys who came to the living room appealing to us to find out what had become of the lost kitten. We all wondered whether the plaintive, muffled meows could be Necko, the Japanese name given the kitten by our cleaning lady.

It didn't require radar to trace the anguished cries to some place beneath the service porch. We then zeroed in on the point of greatest volume, without use of stethoscope. It definitely came from the clothes dryer. But there certainly was no cat in the clothes dryer. So, where could the obviously distressed animal be? By this time both children also were distressed. They were weeping and wailing.

A light finally dawned on me, but I was loath to admit what I knew must have happened, lest the entire family insist that I do what I was most reluctant to consider doing in the middle of the

night to rescue some blankety-blank cat!

The clothes dryer stood about eight feet from the outside wall of the house. It had been vented to the outside by a four inch galvanized tin pipe. The outer pipe opening was not covered. The kitten had to have made a hasty retreat into this escape hatch. Moreover, to avoid exiting by the same route it had worked its way to where the pipe turned up into the dryer. We later learned that its failure to respond to our entreaties to emerge where it had entered was hindered by the fact that long sheet metal screws which joined the horizontal pipe to the elbow protruded far enough into the pipe to transfix the poor cat. It was in something worse than a Chinese finger puzzle.

If the cacophony created by hysterical children and a wailing cat had not been enough to make me resigned to martyrdom, contemplation of the consequences of doing nothing would have done so. The prospect of crawling through the dirt, under a black-widow-spider infested house near midnight, would have been enough to make me want to move back to the safety of the city had I been allowed time to think about it. But I was not permitted time to contemplate my fate. Bowing to the inevitable, and while turning the dusty air beneath the house blue with invective, I dove in to rescue the distraught feline, not thinking to console myself with the fact that I might be doing more than rescuing a cat: I might become my children's hero. This thought would have been a fantasy, as things developed.

The cat was saved. She came out clawing and complaining. Everyone got about six hours sleep that night.

A few months later, before her time I thought, Necko turned up pregnant. The children were delighted. Not I, when I discovered that she had delivered her kittens in my sleeping bag, which was drying overnight on the terrace. My youngest son's rejoinder, after listening to my denunciation of the feline kingdom, was, "It wouldn't have happened if you hadn't saved her!"

He and I have since become friends again.

The denoument came a couple of years later when civilization overtook Necko. She was struck by a car. She finally dragged herself home with a broken back. Thinking to quickly relieve her pain and impossible future I gave her a whole grain of morphine hypodermically. I had forgotten my pharmacology. Cats are excited, not sedated, by morphine. I barely could restrain her, broken back and all, to enclose her in a box into which I piped natural gas. Carbon monoxide is said to be a humane, painless way to end it all. One hour later, with my children looking on, I opened the box, planning a sentimental burial ceremony for their benefit. When the lid came off I thought I had encountered a caged tiger. The weeping boys were sent indoors while the poor cat's ninth life was extinguished by other, perhaps less humane, means.

When all was finally quiet the burial ceremony was held beneath a large oak tree on the hillside.

Necko had not finished with us, however. The following morning she was staring at us from our terrace. Some varmint of Nature had unearthed her in the night.

Our first Easter on the hill I thought it would be nice to introduce my children to chickens. I had enjoyed bantams as a youngster. I took home four cuddly, yellow balls of fluff. I thought young chicks to be charming. My wife, on the other hand, had developed an early aversion to chickens. She had had the responsibility for tending chickens as a youngster at home in Utah. To say that she failed to share my enthusiasm and that of the children would be an understatement.

Nevertheless, she permitted us to set up a makeshift brooder in the kitchen. This consisted of a cardboard box filled with shredded paper, with a light suspended above for warmth.

The chicks thrived and the children became chicken enthusiasts, which made it more difficult for my wife to voice her real feelings. The burgeoning chicken-house aroma that filled the kitchen didn't help matters.

The day came when the growth of wing feathers enabled the chicks to reach the side of their brooder. This led to our undoing.

A grocery delivery boy one day, on entering the kitchen from the service porch, disturbed our feathered pets. They flew out of the box into his path to his utmost consternation. My wife's sense of humor, tinged, no doubt, with sarcasm, led her to say, "We keep chickens in the kitchen because we like *fresh* eggs, don't you?" So far as she could recall the befuddled boy made no response as he fled, never to return.

This was the denoument. The chickens had to go; or at least go outside. By this time the children were attached to them. Besides, what do you do with chickens too small to eat?"

An outside chicken coop must be built. It must be about three feet off of the ground to guard against burrowing animals and other threats. This was erected just outside the master bedroom. The coop had a chicken-wire bottom and a nice bar for a roost.

Chickens must be stupid. Their brain is supposed to be as large as that of a dinosaur, which survived for millions of years. Our chickens, on the other hand, didn't even have sense enough to seek safety by perching on their elevated roost at night. Our sleep was soon interrupted several times a night by the unearthly squawking. In the morning the cause was apparent. Some of the chicken's toes had been nipped off by raccoons or coyotes as the chickens stood on the wire bottom of the cage. Soon they were all toeless.

It was decided by family consensus that the only humane thing to do was to eat the chickens, although I could see the boys gulping when this was discussed.

I never did find out or decide why the chickens, when cooked, were so tough as to be inedible; whether it was the hard life they had led, my wife's innate dislike for these particular birds, or to make it easier for everyone to excuse himself from eating our pets.

There were other natural causes for loss of sleep on the hill. Not all of them were unpleasant. The raccoons love to play. They were often in the yard playing at night. These ancient, beautiful creatures can be charming as well as frustrating. They turn over patches of dichondra and pull up azalea plants, looking for slugs, sometimes without one's knowing it has happened until the lawn or plant begins to wither. They are much too smart to be drugged, tricked or trapped by simple means. At play they are captivating and exciting to watch.

One moonlit night chattering raccoons wakened us. A mother and several playful young ones were using the swimming pool cover as a trampoline. Sharp claws tore the plastic cover, allowing one young raccoon to fall into the water. It was an education to see the mother push the other pups to safety while she carefully rescued her whining baby. She never stopped chattering to her litter while doing this.

On another occasion sleep was disturbed by a mother and her brood of young in an orchid tree just outside the master bedroom window. They were creating an unearthly raccoon commotion. One of the little ones had gotten too far out on a limb, allowing it to bend and touch the roof. The little guy crawled off onto the roof only to have the limb spring back out of reach. His cries easily reflected his fright and woe. His mother's scolding chatter was equally revealing as she clambered up the tree and out on the limb, causing it to touch the roof so that the baby could climb back to safety.

Such disturbances of sleep could be reconciled by the pleasure of watching. Not so, some others.

The County Arboretum, a couple of miles down the hill, was sometimes overrun by multiplying peacocks. Some of the birds then wandered away. A pair found their way to our area on the hill. We became aware of their presence when we were wakened in the middle of the night by an other-worldly screeching cry for help. We found ourselves sitting bolt upright in bed with racing pulses. After hearing rustling noises on the gravel roof over our bedroom, followed by another "HEELLPP," we realized the benign, but no less disturbing, cause for the night-rending sound.

After this was repeated a few nights we became desperate. The people at the Arboretum, when appealed to by phone, said they had no proprietary interest in the fowls. Take any measures you wish, they said. The boys, when they heard this, went hunting with a twenty-two gauge rifle. They returned with the hen which they found high on a power line.

When I came home in the evening I discovered the garage littered with feathers. I later learned from my family that picking a chicken and picking a pea fowl are not to be compared in difficulty. The decision had been made to surprise me with a peacock dinner. The bird was already turning on the spit. The fowl had the last laugh, however. We had no meat for dinner that night. Even the dog could not chew the fowl meat.

The cock must have returned to the Arboretum flock for he was never heard from again, thank God!

1989 Los Angeles Corral Rendezvous

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

The Los Angeles Corral of Westerners honored Robert Scherrer (left) and Henry Welcome (right) at its 1989 Rendezvous. Dutch Holland was among the three honored members, but was unable to attend the presentation.

Good food, good weather, and good fellowship combined to make the 1989 Rendezvous a memorable one for the Los Angeles Corral. Held on October 14 on the hospitable grounds of Al Miller's estate (one step beyond the shade of Bette Davis, we were informed), the Rendezvous raised some $3,500, in auction and silent bidding. Libations were generously poured for the appropriate tickets, and no one fell into the pool.

Following a delicious steak dinner which saw no one go hungry save for the unhappy table randomly selected to be the last served (and the food was worth the wait), a brief ceremony welcomed Henry Welcome, Bob Scherrer, and Dutch Holland as the latest Honorary Members of the Corral. Deputy Sheriff Sig Demke and Sheriff Bill Lorenz extended their appreciation to the many Corral members who devoted their time and energy to auctioneering, wrangling, and running the machinery which makes the annual Rendezvous an enjoyable experience.

Auctioneer Hugh Tolford appears to be startled at what he is reading. Glen Dawson, with his hand on his chin, also looks on in amazement. Iron Eyes is busy at the microphone relaying a message from the "Great Spirit."

Corral members and guests relax while awaiting the auction to begin. Some of the books to be auctioned are examined at the table at the right.

and helped the longevity of such products as Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Vegetable compounds, naturally, worked as purges. Advertisers did well hawking medical compounds made by proprietary laboratories. Garish ads promising miracle cures could be found in almanacs, newspapers, and calendars.

Besides drugs, electrical and magnetic therapy enjoyed a healthy vogue as galvanic belts and other products were sold as cure-alls. Nation pointed out that Gaylord Wilshire, for whom Wilshire Boulevard was named, made a fortune selling the electric belt he invented. Heroin and cocain were legal ingredients for years, as were opium and morphine. Patent medicines were loaded with alcohol, more so than beer. Bitters and tonics were common names for alcohol-laden elixirs. These medicines were very successful commercially and children as well as adults consumed them.

Pasteur's discoveries ironically opened new worlds for quacks. Concoctions now claimed effectiveness against "bacteria" and "microbes." Traveling medicine shows attracted audiences who enjoyed some entertainment while hearing the showman's spiel. Shills persuaded customers of the veracity of the medical claims such as the one who stuffed custard up his nose and graphically demonstrated that the product "cured" catarrh. Many spectators thought such antics more fun than visiting an honest doctor.

The downfall of medical quackery came with muckraking exposes in popular periodicals, plus efforts by the American Medical Association and the American Pharmaceutical Association to get protective legislation passed. The Pure Food and Drug Act of 1907 curtailed but did not defeat patent medicines which are still very much with us today. Modern examples include Carter's "Liver" Pills, Geritol's "tired blood," and the ongoing controversy over brand name vs. generic aspirin.

Corral Chips

Since the Summer 1989 issue of "The Branding Iron" was sent to the printers, almost nothing has come over the transom for this column. It would appear that either members are forgetting to tell the old Corral Master what they are doing, or this past summer and fall was spent swinging in a hammock.

Walt Wheelock continues to be in the news. In June he was honored with a party celebrating 80 years of life and 25 years in retirement. Joining him with raised glasses in a toast were 22 Corral members and their spouses. In retirement Walt continues to be more active than when he worked for a living. He continues to write books, hike, take trips, and chase cute girls through the streets of Glendale. All this activity was "training" for a guided safari of 4x4 'ers on a tour of the hot springs of Baja California del Norte. Due to the great interest in bottled water, Walt is thinking of bottling Baja Water and selling it under the trade name "Wheelock's Fountain of Youth."

White's Old Town Gallery in Pasadena is exhibiting the colorful paintings of *Ben Abril* through January 6, 1990. An opening reception was held Friday evening November 10th, and numerous Los Angeles Corral members were in attendance. One of the largest paintings on exhibit was Pasadena's Colorado Street Bridge which measures 32x60-inches.

On Sunday afternoon, December 3rd, the Southern California Historical Society honored five special people during their holiday open house at El Alisal. Honorary Members *Anna Marie* and *Everett Gordon Hager* were part of the honored group.

The *San Marino Tribune* published its 60th anniversary issue on September 28, 1989. Featured on the front page of the issue was CM *Midge Sherwood* who is the official historian of San Marino's past. Sherwood is busy weaving the adventurous tale of James De Barth Shorb's life on the San Marino Ranch into her third volume of *Days of Vintage, Years of Vision*. Her latest effort is due in late 1990, and will feature the life of the Patton estate and its influence on the Benjamin D. Wilson ranch known as Lake Vineyard.