LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

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Tahquitz Peak lookout station, located in the San Jacinto Mountains, erected in 1917, and still in use. — *John Robinson Collection*

Guardians on the Mountaintops

The Fire Lookouts of Southern California

by John Robinson and Bruce Risher

Atop a mile-high summit, a lookout anxiously scans the forest. It is a warm September day. Dry Santa Ana winds have blown the sky clean, except for a distant line of haze over the ocean. The forest below is parched after a summer without rain. The brush-clad foothills are crackling dry. "That greasewood is like kindling today," he is thinking. It is fire season in Southern California. Forest Service, state and county fire crews are on full alert.

Fire in the Southern California mountain areas can be a fearful thing. Forest and brush conflagrations in past years have consumed not only valuable watershed, but scores of homes in the canyons and foothills. Here in Southern California the fire hazard is greater than elsewhere. Dry summers, gale-like Santa Ana winds, the dense and flamable chaparral, the great numbers of people—these factors combine to make the mountains and foothills highly susceptible to a holocaust.

In the early days of the forest protection, rangers on horseback patrolled the mountains. If they spotted a fire they would first try to extinguish it themselves. If, as so often happened, the fire had grown too big, they would gallop down to the nearest guard station and call for help. Many hours or even days later, a fire crew would arrive on the scene, often to find a roaring inferno impossible to contain. It was not at all uncommon for a forest fire to burn for weeks on

(Continued from Page Three)

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THE WESTERNERS

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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

by Abraham Hoffman

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Kendrick Kinney presented a slide program about his grandfather's Venice amusement park.

FEBRUARY 1991 MEETING

Kendrick Kinney, grandson of Abbott Kinney, founder of Venice, California in 1904, presented a slide presentation of the history and development of his Ocean Park Tract, showing its system of canals for thoroughfares in imitation of Venice, Italy.

In order to bring people and prospective buyers to Venice, Kinney established a large ocean-front pleasure town with an elaborate amusement park on the beach and pier. It had a flying circus, giant dipper, bamboo slide, roller coaster, ship restaurant, and ballroom among the devices that gave Venice the title "Coney Island of the West."

In the early 1900's, Abbott Kinney, a mid-western manufacturer, set about creating Venice on the tidal flats. He built 15 miles of concrete canals, radiating them from a central artery. It was his plan to line their banks with Italian Renaissance houses. A few such structures were built, and gondolas with singing gondoliers were

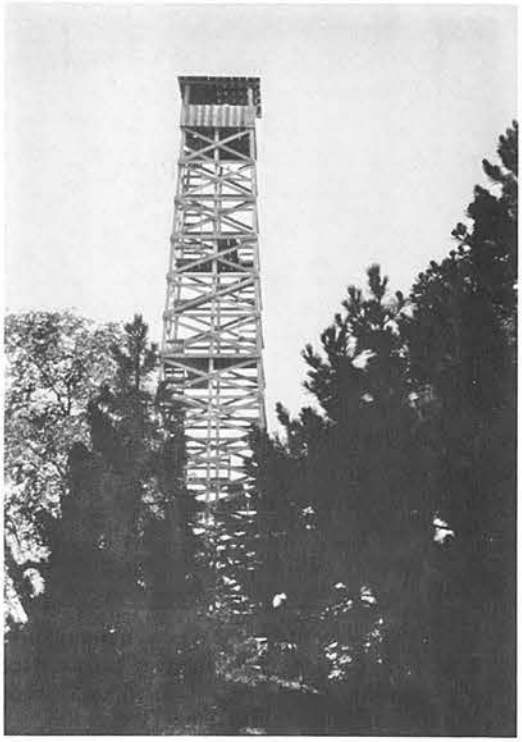
(Continued on Page Twenty-Five)

end and consume 50,000 acres of valuable watershed, not to mention extensive property damage and lives lost.

Early on, the Forest Service, along with state and county forestry agencies, realized that early detection was crucial. If a fire could be spotted soon after it broke out, the chances of containment were greatly enhanced. And what better place was there to spot smoke rising from the forest than from a mountaintop? Thus originated the network of fire lookouts that once crowned many summits. There were over 600 such lookouts throughout California in the 1940's, some 75 of them in the four national forests of Southern California: the Los Padres, Angeles, San Bernardino, and Cleveland. When combined with a network of roads, trails and firebreaks, these lookouts played a valuable part in the control of forest and brush fires.

The first fire lookout in California, and probably first in the western United States, was erected by the Southern Pacific atop Red Mountain, overlooking the Donner Pass area, in 1878. Its purpose was to report fires that might endanger the railroad's snow sheds, which protected the tracks from winter storms and allowed rail traffic over Donner Pass even after heavy snowfall.

The date of the earliest lookout station in California, built specifically to watch over the public forests, is open to question. Early Forest Service records are sketchy. There are three lookouts which may qualify: Shuteye Peak in Sierra National Forest, Bald Mountain in Tahoe National Forest and Claremont Peak in Plumas National Forest, all circa 1908. The Bald Mountain lookout may date back as far as 1904, according to one source.



Grass Valley lookout, located above Lake Arrowhead, was erected in 1922, however, it collapsed in 1933. — *John Robinson Collection*

Mt. Lukens lookout, built in 1923, was located in Angeles National Forest. —*John Robinson Collection*

These early lookouts proved so successful in spotting smoke that the Forest Service, with the help of state and local agencies, initiated a program to build lookouts throughout the state.

The first fire lookouts in Southern California's mountains were erected in 1914: the Mount Baldy Lookout (which was not on Baldy's summit, but on what became known as Lookout Mountain on Baldy's south ridge); the Ver Bryck Lookout near Cajon Pass, built to spot railroad fires; the Vista Grande Lookout in the San Jacinto Mountains; and the Zaca Peak Lookout in Los Padres National Forest. Many more were constructed during the next two decades, culminating in the 1930's with the massive forest

A father and his two sons manned the Mt. Gleason lookout, in 1931. They lived in the stone cabin shown below. Notice the Osborne firefinder table in the foreground. — *John Robinson Collection*

Mt. Gleason lookout cabin was made from natural rock. It was completed in 1931. — *John Robinson Collection*

improvement program of the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC).

The early fire lookouts were mostly flimsy wooden platforms or towers, hurriedly erected by the Forest Service, state and county fire agencies, or private water companies. In 1914, the Forest Service came out with a standard 12 x 12-foot lookout building, or cab, mounted on a wooden platform or tower. A few years later the cab size was enlarged to 14x14 feet.

There was little uniformity in fire lookouts erected by state, county and private agencies. They were variously built of wood, steel, or in the case of the Red Hill Lookout near Cuca-

Lyons Peak lookout station, as it appeared around 1918, located in the back country of San Diego County. — *John Robinson Collection*

A privately-built tree lookout tower located at Shrine Camp, Cleveland National Forest. — *John Robinson Collection*

monga, made of stucco. The Los Angeles County Forestry Department utilized a small 8 x 8-foot cab atop a rectangular steel tower. The County lookouts on Mount Gleason, Mount Islip and Blue Ridge, erected in the late 1920's, had nearby stone cabins for the lookout personnel. The cabin next to the Mount Gleason Lookout was large enough to accommodate the observer and his entire family. In contrast, Forest Service lookouts had living accommodations within the lookout cab itself. Some early privately-built fire lookouts were placed in tree tops, simply platforms connected to the tree and supported by a flimsy wooden scaffold.

Most of the lookouts in the Southern California mountains were accessible by narrow dirt roads, built specifically to service the facility. The few that were not reached by road—Lookout Mountain, Mount Islip and San Gabriel Peak in the Angeles; Tahquitz Peak in the San Jacinto Mountains; Cobblestone Peak, Santa Paula Peak and Topa Topa Ridge in Los Padres National Forest—were serviced by pack animals.

The early fire lookouts were manned during fire season by hired personnel who would periodically scan the horizon. When smoke was spotted, the lookout would take a compass reading, estimate the distance, and telephone the information to the nearest ranger station. In the early 1920's the Osborne Firefinder came into use. This was a moveable device similar to a rifle sight, attached to a circular map table. Around the table was a compass ring giving azimuth readings. The lookout would aim the firefinder at the smoke, get an exact bearing, and phone this in to a central fire dispatcher. After receiving bearings from other lookouts, the fire dispatcher could plot the exact location of the fire and immediately dispatch fire crews.

The Osborne Firefinder took up the middle of the lookout cab. Beside it was a telephone, replaced in the late 1930's with a two-way radio. On the sides all below window level, were a bed, table, stove and cupboards. (Rather cramped quarters, but what a view!) The lookout was protected from electrical storms by lightning

Ranger Peak lookout is what you would think a fire tower should look like. It is located in the San Jacinto Mountains. — *John Robinson Collection*

Thomas Mountain lookout, in the San Jacinto Mountains, was located south of Garner Valley. A Forest Service Chevrolet is coming down the road. — *John Robinson Collection*

rods grounded on all sides. Water was usually stored in a 40-gallon barrel under the tower. Outside the lookout was an outhouse, and sometimes a cabin.

One might imagine that the person manning the lookout would have little to do, but such was not the case. He had water to fetch, wood to split for the stove, meals to prepare, dishes and clothes to wash, and windows to clean (inside and out) at least once a week. Besides these duties, he often worked on trail maintainence. Food, supplies and mail were delivered once a week, by vehicle if the lookout was reached by road, otherwise by pack animal.

Besides loneliness and "cabin fever," those who manned the forest lookouts had to be able to survive the terror of a lightning storm. These spectacles of light and sound were not as prevalent in the Southern California mountains as they were elsewhere in the West, but they still occurred occasionally. Rising from the mountaintop, the metal towers were a strong attraction to atmospheric electricity. Sometimes a tower would be struck several times during a single storm. Although the towers were well-grounded and no one was electrocuted, the blinding flash and ear-splitting boom were terrifying to those not accustomed to such a display of nature's power. The lookout had to stay on duty during these lightning storms, watching for strikes that might ignite a forest fire. No amount of forewarning could prepare a beginner lookout for actual "combat" experience. One fellow was so unnerved by a nearby lightning strike that he took off down the mountain, never to return.

Of course, there were some who preferred the solitude provided by the isolated lookout station. Some in fact resented being disturbed. One lookout (on Butler Peak near Big Bear) fired pot shots at aircraft that passed too close to "his" tower. After complaints from several pilots, his services were quickly terminated.

Often, a certain bond developed among the lookout personnel. In the 1960's, the lookout man on Butler Peak, mainly through radio communication, fell in love with and later married the lady lookout on San Sevine Peak, 30 miles west.

The glory days of the fire lookout were the CCC years of 1933 to 1939, when an ambitious construction program saw old ones replaced and over 200 new ones built in California alone. In the fire prone parts of the Southern California mountains, lookouts were placed as little as five miles apart, in order to form an efficient grid system for instantly reporting and triangulating fires. The system seemed to pay off, for in the late 1930's and 1940's there were few conflagrations that burned more than a few acres.

During World War II, the fire lookouts were used to spot aircraft. The Aircraft Warning Service (AWS) was set up by the Army in 1935, with an elaborate plan to place spotters on the forest lookouts and atop tall buildings in metropolitan areas. Beginning in 1937, all lookout personnel were trained how to identify and report different types of aircraft. With the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the AWS was activated. Two observers were assigned to

San Rafael lookout, in the Verdugo Hills, was erected by the Los Angeles County Fire Department. — *John Robinson Collection*

each lookout point for 24-hour coverage, year around. If snowbound in winter, supplies were delivered on skiis.

The fire lookout network reached its peak in 1953, when there were 5,060 towers in national forest across the country, along with hundreds of others operated by state and local agencies. Since then, the number has steadily decreased.

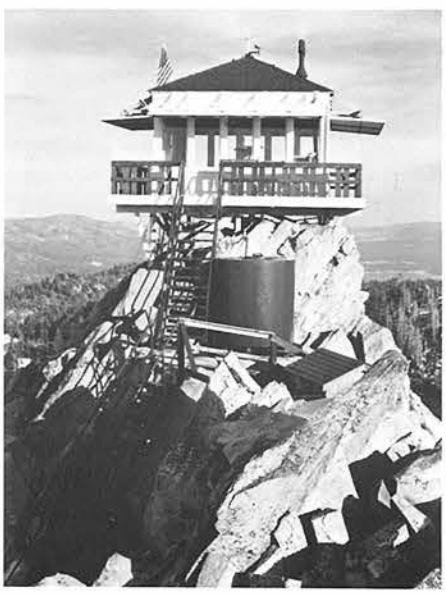
One reason for the decline is economic. In the 1930's a fire lookout could be built for $1,000 or less. Maintenance—supplies, packing charges and wages—might come to $1,000 for the summer-fall season. The typical wage was $100 per month, minus $5 rent for the lookout cabin. (Government policy required that anyone occupying a federally owned building must pay rent.) By the 1960's, the total annual cost for maintaining a fire lookout had risen to over $10,000.

The major reason for the decline of the lookouts, however, is that they have generally outlived their usefulness. Air pollution has become so bad, particularly during the late summer and fall fire season, that visibility is often reduced to two miles or less. New technologies in electronics, such as transistorized radios and infrared heat sensors, along with aircraft surveillance and satellite scanning, do the job the manned fire lookouts once did. Also, fires are usually reported within minutes of outbreak by the ever-increasing numbers of forest users.

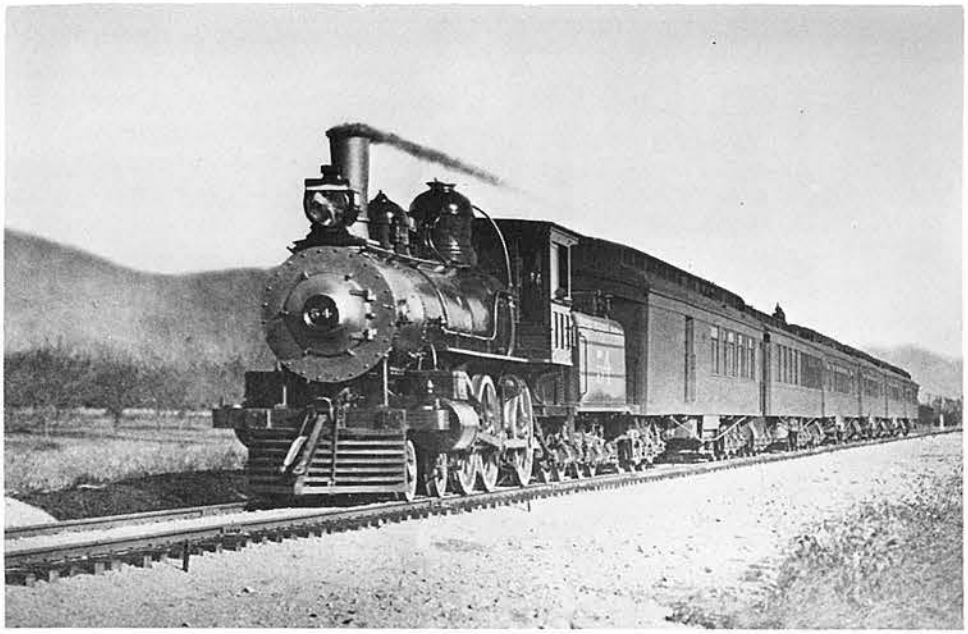
Today, fires are fought with tactics undreamed of 50 years ago. Highly trained "hot shots," helittack crews and smoke jumpers, along with aerial dropping of fire retardants, can control a blaze much faster than in the days of old.

Most of the lookout towers are gone from the Southern California forests. A few that remain are manned by volunteers during the summer and fall fire season—Tahquitz Peak in the San Jacinto Mountains, Strawberry, Keller and Butler peaks in the San Bernardino Mountains. High Point on Palomar Mountain is one of the few still manned by paid Forest Service employees. In Angeles National Forest they're all gone except for South Mount Hawkins and Vetter Mountain. The latter is being restored as a visitor exhibit. The Los Angeles County Fire Department, Forestry Division, has moved the old Castro Peak fire lookout from its original site in the Santa Monica Mountains to Henninger Flats above Altadena, where it stands as a visitor exhibit.

The days when searching eyes guarded the forest are rapidly fading into the pages of history. In their place has risen a technology that does the job more efficiently.



Butler Peak lookout, located above Big Bear, is now manned by volunteers. — *John Robinson Collection*



Santa Fe's "Kite-Shaped Excursion" showed the tourist the products, scenery, resources, and the life-style of Southern California. — *Donald Duke Collection*

Kite-Shaped Track Excursion

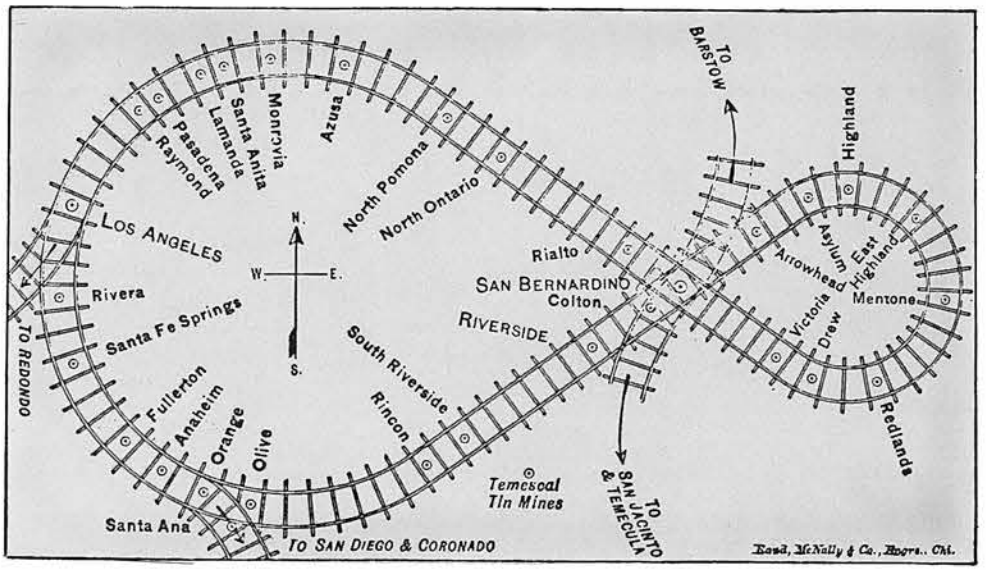
by Donald Duke

Webster's Third International Dictionary states that a "Kite-Shaped Track is a racetrack with only one turn and with the stretches converging to a point." What the Santa Fe had in mind was a one-day excursion through the orange groves and vineyards within the shadows of the foothills, going by one route, taking a trip around a loop and returning by another.

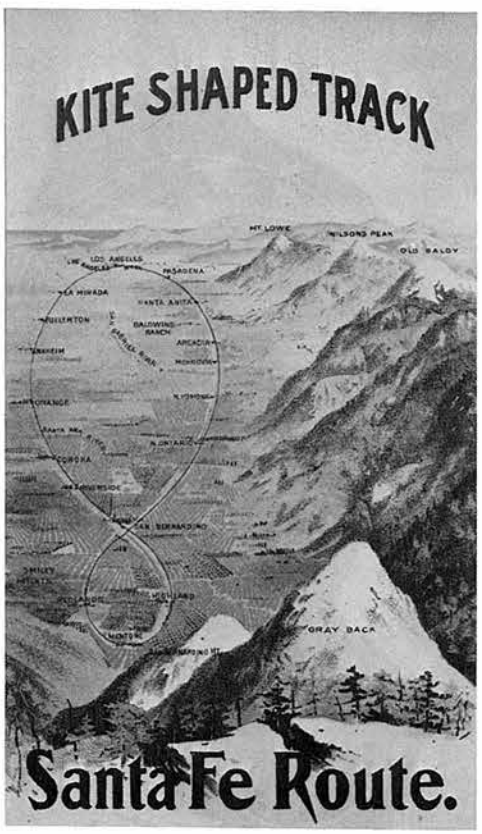
Originally called the "Belt Line Trip," the first run began service on Sunday, January 17, 1892. The daily train left Los Angeles at 8:30 A.M., on a round trip costing $3.65, heading out toward Pasadena and continuing on to San Bernardino. Then, a turn around the Redlands Loop and back to Los Angeles by way of Riverside and Fullerton. Thus, the coined name "The Kite-Shaped Track." In its second week of operation, the *Los Angeles Herald* proclaimed that "A trip on the Kite-Shaped railroad is becoming the rage."

Almost at once the excursion was renamed the "Kite-Shaped Track." The success of the trip proved to be a boon to the various communities along its track. Not only did the excursion provide a need unfilled in the history of tourism of Southern California, but it also presented life as it was being lived at the time. The trip proved to be a Southern California image builder, in that it showed the products, resources, life-style, and the wonderful climate of the area. The people who created this ride believed that those who took the excursion would have piquant memories of what they had experienced and, thereby, cause them to move to Southern California. It worked, as they came by the thousands to what was believed to be the cornucopia of the American West.

Edith Barrett Parker and her friend, Ethel Burt, had just graduated from Pasadena High School in June 1899, and as a graduation gift Edith received two tickets for the "Kite-Shaped Track" excursion. She decided to take Ethel as her guest and the girls kept a diary of their trip, calling it *Two Girls and a Kite: or Adventures Around the Kite-Shaped Track. A trip taken through the courtesy of the Santa Fe Railroad.* Let us now take a fictitious trip as seen through the eyes of the girls.



Santa Fe's "Kite-Shaped Track," as it appeared in an 1899 timetable, shows the route and the towns located around the loop track. — *Donald Duke Collection*



An 1895 brochure, one of many issued by the Santa Fe, enticed tourists to see the groves and vineyards of Southern California. — *Donald Duke Collection*

The train on which the girls rode left Los Angeles at 8:30 A.M. In their diary they stated, "leaving behind the shouts of cabmen and the clamor of electric streetcars." The Kite-Route train moved north toward Pasadena, then dashed across the Los Angeles River, and moved up the Arroyo Seco. "Near Garvanza we passed alongside Cawston's Ostrich Farm (established in 1886) before pulling into the Pasadena depot which is alongside the Green Hotel."

Once the mail was thrown off and passengers boarded, the train headed east along the foothills. The girls then stated "A few miles out we begin to appreciate the magnificent panorama that the Kite-Shaped Journey presents." At this time, the train was passing through the groves of Arcadia, Monrovia and Duarte. After a while, the train pulls up to the San Dimas depot.

Rolling once again, for perhaps 20 miles outside of San Dimas and on the other side of Claremont, "it is all wash, just sand and sagebrush. All of a sudden we run into vineyards and then the conductor calls out San Bernardino." Here we changed trains and boarded one that went around the loop. "The train takes off and we're spinning alongside more groves and cross gulches. The train pulls into Arrowhead Springs, and soon we are at Highland and pass the Insane Asylum, and then the conductor calls Redlands."

Here the girls got off the train and had a fine fried chicken lunch at the Hotel Windsor. Fol-

La Grande Station, Santa Fe's Los Angeles depot, shortly after it opened on Santa Fe Avenue. The "Kite-Shaped" loop garden appeared north of the depot. — *Donald Duke Collection*

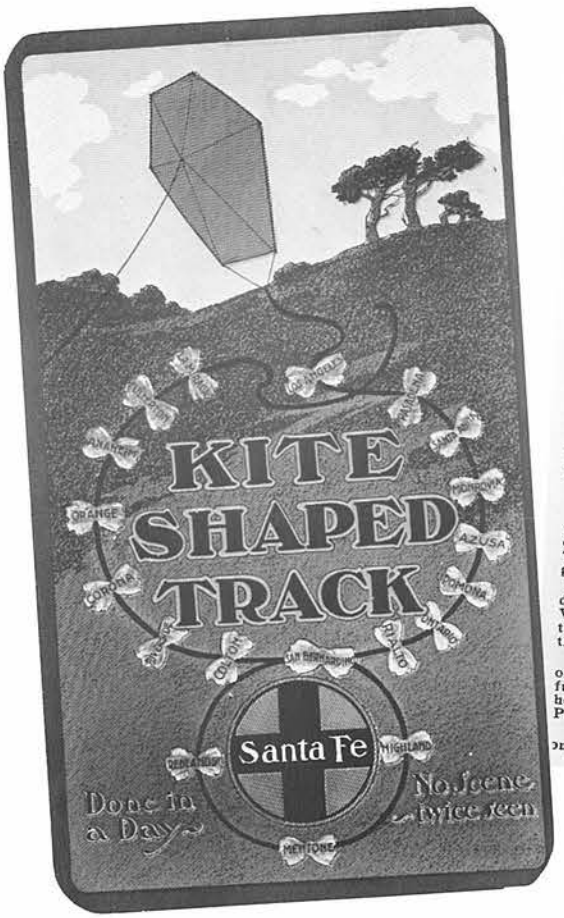
lowing lunch, the tour group had a stage ride through the streets of Redlands, up to Smiley Heights Park, and then to an overview of San Timoteo Canyon.

Returning to the station, the train pulls in and the girls board for a return run to San Bernardino. Once there, they again changed trains and headed for Riverside. Here, they were met at the station platform with a stage that took them for a tour of the town, then up Mount Rubidoux for an overlook of Riverside and also the sight of the giant cross where Riverside's Easter sunrise services are held. Once back down the mountain they were taken to the Riverside Inn for a tour and tea.

Once again we are back at the train station, and another train is boarded for the return to Los Angeles. "For many miles beyond Riverside, the train, as Mark Twain would say, was profusely surrounded with orange groves as the train passed. That part of the ride through Santa Ana River canyon was one of the prettiest of the whole Kite-Shaped trip."

"As we leaned back in our seats and enjoyed it all, one now knows why the Kite-Shaped Track is so popular and it shows just enough from the car window to tantalize the traveler." The train passes through Orange, Fullerton, and "we

"No Scene Twice Seen" was the buzz word for the Kite Route Excursion. Ads such as this explained the 166-mile rail adventure. — *Donald Duke Collection*



Seeing Southern California
on the
Santa Fe Kite-Shaped Track

Done in a Day
Done no Other Way
No Scene Twice Seen

To see the beauties of Southern California, one must go around the Kite-Shaped Track. There is no trip of the same length where the scenery is so varied and beautiful. The trip can be made in a day, but is worthy of many days to enjoy all its beauties. It is unique in the fact that not one mile of the trip is duplicated, and embraces a ride of 166 miles. The trip to Smiley Heights in Redlands, or down Magnolia and Victoria Avenues at Riverside, will repay any person desirous of viewing two of the most beautiful places in the country.

Following is the schedule:

STATIONS	WEEK DAYS	SUN-DAYS	STATIONS	WEEK DAYS	SUN-DAYS
Lv. Los Angeles	8 30AM	8 30AM	Lv. San Ber'dino	1 42PM	3 29PM
Lv. Raymond...	f 8 51	f 8 51	Ar. Riverside...	2 00	3 50
Lv. Pasadena...	8 55	8 55	Lv. Riverside...	4 00	4 00
Lv. Santa Anita	9 12	9 12	Lv. Casa Blanca	4 07	4 07
Lv. Azusa.	9 32	9 32	Lv. Arlington...	4 11	4 11
Lv. Upland ...	10 03	10 03	Lv. Corona.....	4 22	4 22
Ar. San Ber'dino	10 40	10 40	Lv. Orange	5 10	5 10
Lv. San Ber'dino	10 42	10 42	Lv. Fullerton...	5 25	5 25
Ar. Redlands...	11 02	11 02	Lv. La Mirada..	5 39	5 39
Lv. Redlands...	1 00PM	3 07PM	Ar. Los Angeles	6 10	6 10
Lv. Highland...	f 1 20	.....	Ar. Raymond...	6 50	6 50
Ar. San Ber'dino	1 40PM	3 28PM	Ar. Pasadena...	6 55PM	6 55PM

An Observation Parlor Car is run on week days.

A stop of two hours is made at Redlands, affording opportunity for a trip by carriage or electric car through its orange groves to Smiley Heights and Canyon Crest Park. The view from this point is unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur.

At Riverside the second stop of two hours is made for a drive or car ride down Magnolia Avenue and drive down Victoria Avenue—ten miles of palm, pepper and magnolia trees. The center of the largest orange growing district in the world.

From the car line on Magnolia Avenue is a pleasant walk of one-half mile to Arlington and one mile to Casa Blanca, from either of which stations train may be taken for the trip homeward through Santa Ana Canyon to Los Angeles and Pasadena.

On Sundays four hours stop will be made at Redlands but only ten minutes at Riverside.

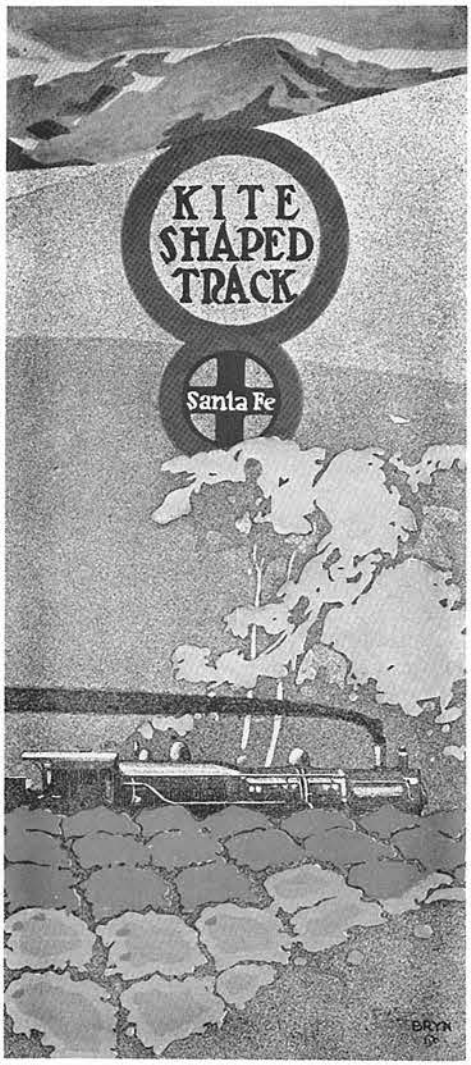
Colorful advertising cards that fit in the shirt pocket or in the purse, were passed out at all Southern California hotels. The reverse side of the card explained the schedule and the sights that could be seen from an observation parlor car at the end of the train. — *Donald Duke Collection*

noted how every little station had a park with flowers and grass. Well here we are getting into Los Angeles. Farewell Santa Fe train, you have given us a royal good time."

For years your writer could not figure out just how the Kite-Shaped Trip excursion actually worked. Was it in regular service or only by special train? There were a few brochures on the trip which state how it was accomplished.

Passengers would board the rear car of the San Bernardino Local. Attached to the local was a special observation car equipped to handle the Kite-Shaped Track Tour. On weekends, it was a special train due to the crowds, but during the week, except during the summer, the tour was limited to the rear observation car. The train left Los Angeles at 8:30 A.M., reaching Pasadena at 8:57 A.M. and San Bernardino at 10:05 A.M. There they changed trains, and the tour traveled around the Loop, arriving at Redlands at 11:05 A.M. Following a fried chicken lunch and the tour of the town and Smiley Heights, they were returned to the Redlands depot.

Leaving Redlands at 1:15 P.M., the group continued on the Loop track to San Bernardino. After another switch in trains, their next destination was Riverside at 2:15 P.M. They went on a tour of Riverside, the Mission Inn and Mount



Over the 46 years the Kite Route Excursion operated, the Santa Fe produced some 15 different brochures, this is a 1920 edition. — *Donald Duke Collection*

Rubidoux, and were returned to the Riverside station at 4:00 P.M., for the return to Los Angeles, reaching there at 6:15 P.M.

A retired Santa Fe employee, William B. Garner, explained what happened to the observation car. It was cut at San Bernardino, and switched onto the Loop local that picked up the group at Redlands. It remained on the rear of the local as far as Riverside. When the passengers got off, the train with the observation car continued on to Los Angeles.

On weekends, with a hundred or more people taking the junket, it operated as a second section to the San Bernardino Local. In this case, the observation car made the whole trip.

The Kite-Shaped Track excursion ran as an organized trip until shortly after World War I. From the mid-twenties, the excursion could be taken on one's own, however, the special trains on weekends had been discontinued. With the publication of the October 20, 1928, timetable, the 27.4-mile run around the Redlands Loop was cut to one local train per day. At its height, there were four trains per day each way around the Loop.

The January 16, 1935, timetable shows that the steam train had been replaced with a motor train. Leaving Los Angeles at 5:20 P.M., it went to San Bernardino via Fullerton and arrived in San Bernardino at 7:30 P.M., laying overnight there. The following morning the motor train left San Bernardino at 5:45 A.M., made the run around the loop and arrived back in San Bernardino at 6:50 A.M. After unloading the mail, the train left San Bernardino at 7:00 A.M. and got into Los Angeles at 9:10 A.M. Obviously, this schedule would not permit a Kite-Shaped Track excursion. All passenger trains around the loop were discontinued on Sunday, October 14, 1938.

Brigham Young's Irksome Elder

by John Southworth

His name was Walkara or Wakara, Walkah or Wah-ker, depending on the interpretation of those who heard and wrote it down. This spelling problem was totally eliminated by the white newcomers to his land who simply called him Walker, Chief Walker. He accepted this name change gracefully since he knew and admired the western explorer Joseph Rutherford (or Reddeford) Walker. Later, he would even say that his first name was Joe. The two Walkers were often confused, usually erroneously and often inconveniently, by early western travelers and writers.

As with most Indians born nearly two centuries ago, little is known of Walkara's early years. Only after the coming of the Mormons, who kept meticulous records, did his wide-ranging activities come into focus. However, it is known that he was one of a large family of siblings fathered by a sub-chief of a lesser Ute tribe and born by several different Indian mothers. Captain Gunnison wrote that Walkara was one of about 30 brothers along with a similar but uncounted number of sisters. Obviously Ute marriages were short, often little more than passing affairs.

Historically, whenever the western tribes moved from district to district in their continual and demanding search for food, they walked, for they had no other transport. Walkara's arrival into this world, somewhere east of present Spanish Fork, Utah, coincided neatly with the arrival of the first horse into his homeland.

Trained by his father to be a hunter to help sustain his large family, and a warrior to protect it, Walkara grew up with this new and better means of transportation. He recognized its usefulness and fully exploited its speed and strength. As a youth he reasoned that a mounted man was stronger than a walking man and he set out to make a name for himself, first by being strong, then by using a horse to make him even stronger.

The thought never occurred to Walkara that he should raise his own horses. It was completely in keeping with the mores of his Indian ancestry that he could more easily steal them from whoever had them. Through his early years, he developed a unique expertise and a large following in these endeavors. His raids for horses were fast, decisive, and successful, often driving off many hundreds of superb Spanish animals from New Mexico and Southern California ranchos.

Walkara began to call himself a war chief, although he was more of an upper-crust renegade than a true Indian chief. Usurped titled or not, he made good his boast and for three decades rode at the head of the flashiest band of renegades the West ever knew.

That wild son of a Ute sub-chief was no ordinary Indian. He stood six feet tall, some say six inches more than that, with impressive features and commanding mien. He was a vain, presumptuous egomaniac who would kill at the slightest show of faithlessness and he rode at the head of a column of men no less fearless or reckless than himself. His strong personality kept order through threat of violence.

Walkara kept his men well outfitted and outdid them all in sartorial splendor when and if such was required. On raids, he and his men rode near-naked and bareback, always prepared to change from a dying mount to a fresh one. On formal occasions, as on peace or trading missions, they came in full dress. They rode fine horses fitted with rich Spanish bridles and saddles, all decorated with silver and trimmed with native beads, feathers, and battle trophies. On very formal occasions, Walkara would sport a full suit of brown broadcloth. A fine cambric shirt and a shining beaver top hat set off the two braids of black hair that reached below his shoulders. This display of native opulence was a head-turning show whenever the Ute war chief and his well-armed warriors passed by.

Walkara's ongoing band of upwards of 200 Indian warriors, many of them from his immediate and extensive family, was continually augmented by dissidents and unwanted fighters from any and all the western tribes, even by white adventurers and mountain men such as Thomas L. (Pegleg) Smith, James Beckwourth, and the mysterious Bill Williams. From these latter he learned the basics of the English language, an advantage he was slow to acknow-

Utah's Chief Walkara

ledge in later contacts with white men destined to overrun his ancestral lands.

From 1825 to 1855, the desert ranges from the Rockies to the Sierra, from the Great Salt Lake far south into Mexico, all belonged to Walkara, the Ute. He terrorized the lesser, poorer tribes and controlled as much of the land as he cared to. A great Spanish saddle was his chair of office, the royal seat from which he directed his widespread operations.

Of Walkara, Swinn Harris Heap, writing in 1854, said: "Having an unlimited supply of fine horses, and being inured to every fatigue and privation, he keeps the territories of New Mexico and Utah, the provinces of Chihuahua and Sonora, and the southern portions of California in constant alarm. His movements are so rapid and his plans so skillfully and secretly laid that he has never once failed in any enterprise, and he scarcely disappears from one district before he is heard of in another."

In order to continually outfit his troops, Walkara became a businessman, albeit a highly unorthodox business man. He regularly stole horses from the Mexicans and the *Californios* in order to mount his followers and to trade them for guns, ammunition and whiskey. Or he raided the western walking tribes for women and children to trade for horses to enlarge and extend the trading loop.

The Piute and Piede tribes particularly felt the weight of Walkara's annual search for women and children to fill an apparently insatiable demand for slaves to be used as menials in the Mexican districts. The Ute war chief terrorized those tribes and would take the life of any adult who openly opposed his acquisitive ways. In the course of his years in business, Walkara decimated, or entirely eliminated, many of the western desert's peaceful clans and sub-tribes, all of whom universally hated him but could find no way to resist his overpowering assaults.

Walkara's glory years were from 1840 to 1845. Raids on the *Californio* ranchos were begun much earlier at the behest of Pegleg Smith who had visited those rich districts, knew the source well, and now needed horses for his well established trade with emigrant caravans moving westward along the Oregon Trail. Early raids were continually successful and culminated in the Great Raid of 1840 which drove off over 3,000 *Californio* horses.

Walkara had become accustomed to the steady flow of covered wagons passing far to the north headed for Oregon. Those wagons came and went in a steady parade. They were a major source of business for Pegleg Smith at his trading post on an island in the Bear River a few miles south of present Montpelier, Idaho, and that meant good business for Walkara who provided Smith with a continuing stock of fresh horses. Trail-weary emigrants, moving westward and many months into their exhausting journey, were always in need of fresh animals, and *Californio* horses were the best available anywhere. Times were free and good for Walkara and his band of cutthroats. But such prosperity could not last forever.

In 1846 came emigrant parties of an entirely different sort. They arrived from the east into the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, made their camps, and showed no inclination to move on. Instead, they set about building wooden tepees and digging up the soil They did not ask permission of the war chief of the Utes, nor did they call upon him, to smoke the pipe of peace and to advise of their plans and intentions. To Walkara's mind, at the very best the newcomers were an ill-mannered, uncivilized lot.

For yet another reason the newcomers were a great worry to Walkara. He remembered tales from his youth, of how long ago men wearing robes and riding horses came from the east teaching a new religion of peace and gentleness. (The Escalante Expedition of 1776). He had seen

relics of their visit and heard of their promises to return. Could these strange newcomers be related to the earlier ones? None of Walkara's many sources of information seemed to know.

Then there was the additional problem of his own personal omen. Not too many years before, when he was less than 30 years old, Walkara had had a curious dream or vision in which he had died and ascended upward to stand before the Great Spirit who was all dressed in white. He wanted to stay in such a quiet, peaceful place, but was instead instructed to return to earth where he should await the coming of a new race of white people from the east who would be his friends. They would treat him kindly and he must reciprocate. Were these new people already arrived?

Walkara, struggling with his volatile temper, his conscience, and his memories, finally ignored the imagined social rebuff that had earlier upset him. After many months of petulance and pouting, Walkara went to these new Mormon settlers with the open hand of friendship and trade, to smoke the pipe of peace with their chief, Brigham Young. Men who talked of God, Mercy and gentleness must be men to be trusted.

It was to be a strange and troubled friendship, an on and off friendship over a span of eight years, in which neither side fully accepted the other but in which both recognized several definite advantages in peace and in trade. Never mentioned by either side was one now obvious unilateral advantage. The longer the peace held, the stronger would become the Mormon position.

The Mormons rarely agreed with the items Walkara and his Utes brought in for trade, stolen horses and Indian slave children. Nor would they provide what the Indians most wanted in return, whiskey, firearms, and ammunition. In turn, Walkara was not too sure peace was all that great. Peace was boring. He would rather have a good war on his hands. The Mormons had provided him with many reasons for driving them from his lands. He had the manpower to do it. So why did he delay?

In the end, Brigham Young's perceptive policy of "feed rather than fight," and Walkara's confusion over where his loyalties really lay, allowed the two sides to meet in a treaty smoke in the new Mormon village by the Great Salt Lake.

Walkara knew that the Mormons did not understand Indian protocol enough to provide their visiting chieftain with whiskey and at least one good woman. So, being the gentleman that he was, he kept silent on that rankling point and made no mention of such a serious breach of Indian etiquette to his hosts. If Walkara had anything to do with it, it would be a good smoke.

The formal meeting between Brigham Young, backed by several of his apostles, and Walkara, with a dozen or so of his own fierce company, took place on June 13, 1849. Some surprising conclusions were reached. Walkara agreed to allow the Mormons to settle the land without interference. In return the Mormons promised to teach the Indians how to raise crops and cattle and to live in plenty. In the end the Mormons settled the land, but try as they might, they were never able to find a shovel or hoe handle that would comfortably fit the hands of a Ute warrior.

Feeling good about his new friendship with Chief Brigham and all his Mormon followers, Walkara journeyed eastward in search of trade, and food for the coming winter. In the canyons of the Green River he came across a group of seven young men floating downstream in log canoes. These impetuous young men, crossing the Green River farther north on the Oregon Trail, and used to quiet rivers like the Ohio and Mississippi, reasoned that the Green flowed into the Pacific Ocean and that a float trip would be at least less work, if not shorter, than the walk to the West Coast. After weeks of labor and adventure, they encountered Walkara who, only recently a friend of all whites, especially if they claimed to be Mormons , provided the stricken wayfarers with food and directions to the new Mormon settlement on the Great Salt Lake.

Had it been the old Walkara, before his peace with Brigham Young and his own conscience, western history would have been vastly different, for two of those rescued wayfarers, diverted from sure disaster farther down river in the Grand Canyon, were John Rogers and William Lewis Manly of Death Valley fame. Of this chance encounter with Walkara, Manly later wrote in his classic *Death Valley in '49:*

> The Indians here have the reputation of being blood thirsty savages who took delight in murder and torture, but here in the very midst of this wild and desolate country we found a Chief and his tribe, Walker and his followers who were as humane and kind to white people as could be

expected of any one. I have often wondered at the knowledge of this man respecting the country, of which he was able to make us a good map in the sand, point out to us the impassable canyon, locate the hostile indians, and many points which were not accurately known by our own explorers for many years afterward. He undoubtedly saved our little band from a watery grave, for without his advice we had gone on and on, far into the great Colorado canyon, from which escape would have been impossible and securing food another impossiblility, while destruction by hostile indians was among the strong probablilites of the case. So in a threefold way I have for these more than forty years credited the lives of myself and comrades to the thoughtful interest and human consideration of old Chief Walker.

Old Chief Walker was but a dozen years older than Manly! And his discussions with Manly were all in sign language and pantomime. He gave no indication that he spoke English quite well.

Even at that, the trip along the Green River was far more successful for Manly than it was for Walkara. The Indians had gone east to hunt and trade, to establish a larder to carry them through the coming winter. But for a number of reasons, all their efforts failed. Instead of food, they found only sickness in the form of the dreaded measles. The fortunes of the once proud chieftain were struck low.

Hunger and death now faced Walkara and his band in a makeshift winter camp. Mormon exploring parties chanced upon their desolate quarters and reported only destitution and disease. Walkara's men, his children, his squaws, even his mother, were dying of the awful sickness. Totally chastened, Walkara was more than happy to accept Mormon help.

The Mormons came with food, medicine and words of hope read from their *Book of Mormon*. A contrite and grateful Walkara, with his brother Arrapeen, was baptized into the Mormon faith at Manti, Utah, on March 13, 1850.

Walkara had pledged himself to peace. But it was truly hard for Walkara, the war chief, to be a peaceful Indian. Later, when Mexican traders came talking in terms of his basic businessman's interests, guns, horses, and slaves, he found that the baptismal waters had not washed away his aboriginal instincts. On top of that, Brother Brigham expected him to mediate and settle every minor dissention among 50 clans of Utes. It was all very confusing. How could he be a good Ute when the only way to dissuade the unruly dissidents was to diligently apply a battle axe to several apostate skulls.

Finally deciding that what Brother Brigham wanted was a strongman to avenge Indian sins, Walkara accepted the battle axe approach. A few weeks on a horse, showing the flag and straightening up a few recalcitrant Utes, was too much for his resolve and the old Walkara was soon back, imperious and cruel as ever. This regression was ended only after he was struck down by the white man's diseases he had so long escaped. He was totally subdued, insensible with fever for several days.

Again chastened and still sick, Walkara accepted a personal visit from Brigham Young, along with Mormon hopes and prayers for his total recovery. Brother Brigham also brought a promise that if Walkara continued to be good, the Ute war chief would be made an elder in the church. Being an elder would be interesting, perhaps useful, but being good would still be difficult.

Once more fate interrupted Walkara's valiant efforts at reform. Brigham Young had not yet left Walkara's camp, in fact he was enjoying a program of Ute chants and dances given in his honor, when a Shoshone raiding party seized this festive moment of friendship to cut loose all the Ute horses and drive them off into the mountains.

Such an attack was a blood insult to the Ute war chief who, sick on his bed and not yet able to ride, practically ordered Brigham Young to aid him in retaliation. Of course all such suggestions were refused. So irate did Walkara become that he forgot his sickness and ordered his camp moved into the mountains, pledging to wipe out all the Mormons as well as the Shoshones.

The Shoshones, thinking Walkara too sick to pursue with diligence and totally underestimating the healing powers of a towering rage, moved eastward with insufficient vigor. Their camps in upper Echo Canyon were overrun and destroyed. Many Shoshone braves and squaws were killed, others less lucky were taken prisoner, and sufficient horses were rounded up to more than replace those taken at Fort Utah. Walkara's bloody band felt that it had done a good day's work.

Walkara was still sick giving brother Arrapeen

opportunity to take advantage of the moment and ride off separately with his own men and all the recovered horses. As between petulant children, a minor civil war erupted. In a combined tantrum, brother against brother, all the horses were shot from under their riders. Without mounts, the Utes walked out of the mountains, driving their Shoshone prisoners before them. Strategically, their search and destroy raid had been wonderfully successful. The Shoshone insult had been avenged.

For Walkara, the glory days were back. The tempestuous, arrogant Walkara had returned. In his heart their was no thought of ever being good again.

The subsequent total celebration of the Ute victory over the Shoshones was pure basic Indian and struck genuine fear into the hearts of the entire Mormon population. Bishop Morley at Manti was staggered by the orgy and cruelty displayed by the two chieftains he had baptized into the Mormon faith such a short time before.

For some weeks Walkara fumed and postured while the white settlers anywhere near his extensive encampments kept close watch, posted armed guards, and worked to strengthen their forts. Walkara threatened, but he was no longer strong. In fact he was weak and he was poor, his strength and wealth wiped out by his childish quarrel with his favorite brother, Arrapeen.

The Mormon patience with Walkara remained monumental. The bretheren continued their long established policy of feed but not fight. All the nearby mountain tribes, except for Walkara's large band of renegades, were at peace and eating at the bountiful Mormon table. Bishop Morley and even Brigham Young himself invited the surly, acrimonious war chief to come and talk friendly. Walkara was slow in coming, remaining suspicious and aloof, but confused by the ruinous turn of events, he came.

The talks were friendly, diplomatic, indirect. No mention was made of Walkara's warlike tendencies or his recent abandonment of those who were his friends. Brigham Young talked to Walkara as though nothing had happened and that as a Mormon in good standing, the Ute war chief should start attending Mormon church services. Further, if Walkara and his warriors would settle down in Parowan, the bretheren would teach them white men's ways, how to be rich and prosperous without having to steal horses or raid peaceful Indian villages for slave children.

Walkara was tired, perhaps still sick, and he capitulatd to the entreaties of the apostles. On June 9, 1851, in Salt Lake City, four Ute chieftains, Walkara, Sowiette, Arrapeen and Unhoquitch, were ordained as elders into the higher Mormon priesthood.

But Walkara was not all that tired or sick. He might turn from horse stealing and slave trading, but now that Mormon brotherhood meant equality in all things, he pressed his old request for a white squaw. Why did Chief Brigham remain evasive on this subject? What did he mean by "courting?" Why, as a visiting chieftain, was he not invited to choose a squaw from Brother Brigham's own household? White men just did not understand basic social graces and Walkara might just as well make up his mind to that idiosyncracy. So, still grumbling to himself, the arrogant, childlike, unpredictable Walkara returned to his homeland east of present Provo, Utah. About this time, one Mormon preacher announced from his pulpit: "Walker himself has teased me for a white wife. If any lady wishes to be Mrs. Walker, if she will report herself to me I will agree to negotiate the match."

For two years Walkara strove mightily to be good and to keep the peace among all the restive mountain and desert tribes. He made his usual winter journeys to the lands of the Navajos, ostensibly to trade and to extract tribute from other traders along the trail. But his main sources of trade goods had been dried up by his promises of faithfulness to Brother Brigham. Times were not at all good for Walkara.

Then the Spanish slave traders began coming farther north to contact the Utes for Piute and Piede women and children. Brazenly, they traveled as far as Fort Utah, at present day Provo, and much too close to Salt Lake City from whence the Mormon Militia was dispatched to round up and expel the foreign lawbreakers. This seemingly warlike move on the part of the Mormons enraged all the Ute tribes of the area. Stuck with trade goods they could not sell, and furious at the turn of events, Arrapeen approached the Mormons of Provo in search of a trade, women and children for horses, guns and ammunition. Declining to trade, the Mormons were horrified to watch Arrapeen, Walkara's own brother, grab up one of the children by its

heels and dash its brains out on the stony ground. With original Indian logic, Arrapeen blamed the death on the Mormons. If they had any heart at all, they would have bought the child and saved its life. Thereafter, many hundreds of Indian children went into Mormon homes rather than have them killed.

Though directly innocent of all these problems, Walkara, as the West's foremost entrepreneur in the art of horse stealing and slave trading, was blamed for promoting all the unrest. Mormon mothers began threatening their unruly children with "be good or Chief Walker will get you."

During the two years after the ordination of Walkara into the higher Mormon priesthood, that is from 1851 until 1853, and while Walkara was trying diligently to be good, Brigham Young's attitude toward his unpredictable elder passed through several subtle phases of change, all probably brought about by two years of rapid Mormon colonization, the weakening of Walkara's influence over the restive Ute tribes, and the important fact that the Mormon fortress towns and farms were two years stronger. By July of 1853, when "Walker's War" started, Salt Lake City was surrounded by six miles of barricades and fortifications.

The barricades and fortifications throughout the Mormon colonies upset Walkara. For what reason were they being built? They did not look friendly to him. An when Brigham Young finally treated him as just another Indian visitor and not as a visiting Chief, the social insult was just too much.

Walker's War erupted. It was the bloodiest Indian uprising in Utah's history. It eventually touched every Mormon settlement throughout the whole of central Utah, across an area of thousands of square miles. Ostensibly it was triggered by a local, unimportant incident. In actuality, it was the final lashing out of a trapped Indian.

Walkara's riders, well trained for raiding the great *Californio* ranchos, drove off quantities of Mormon stock and killed a number of Mormon settlers. But Utah could never be the same as California. Conditions were wildly different. Everywhere Walkara went, he and his men faced guns in the hands of determined defenders standing behind walls of wood and stone. He lost more riders than he could afford. He was not winning. Moreover, he knew in his heart, as he always had known, that there was no way he could ever win.

Throughout all the unpleasantries, Brigham Young insisted on the continuance of his long established policy of "feed rather than fight." In an unprecedented show of tolerance and forgiveness, he directed "that no retaliation be made, and no offense offered, but for all to act entirely on the defensive."

Walkara's pique cooled with the coming of winter and he sued for peace. He asked for, and got, the return of his tribe's cattle impounded at Fort Harmony throughout the hostilities, totally ignoring the fact that his men had run off ten times that much stock belonging to Mormon settlers. With the returned cattle went the gentle plea that Elder Walker become good again and smoke the pipe of peace with president Young in the spring.

The ensuing peace talks were held amicably although not without incident. The quarrelsome and impetuous Walkara, appeased by gifts of fat beeves and much tobacco, and the purchase from him of eight Piute children to save their very lives, made one further demand. He required the assignment of a white squaw for his own personal use! He even named two names. One woman he knew was available, for her husband had been killed in the Walker War. A second, younger woman he had pursued personally, had even appealed to Brigham Young for aid in his quest. He finally forced that terror-sticken lady into a plural marriage to her sister's husband.

Repulsed in his ultimatum that a white woman be assigned him, Walkara stalked off, taking with him the gifts of tobacco and fat beeves (beef). To the frustrated war chief's mind, white brotherhood worked in one direction only. Why couldn't the Mormon women recognize his greatness? White squaws were obviously stupid. Walkara would go share his troubles with his old and good friend John D. Lee at Parowan. Perhaps his explanations would help.

In Parowan, Walkara was struck by a great weariness. Though his mind remained alert, and he gratefully accepted gifts, letters and condolences from his brother Mormons, he died suddenly on January 30, 1855, near Fillmore, Utah, while trying painfully to reach the more friendly lands of his youth. If his widely accepted birth date of "sometime in 1808" is used, Walkara was less than 50 years old at the time of his

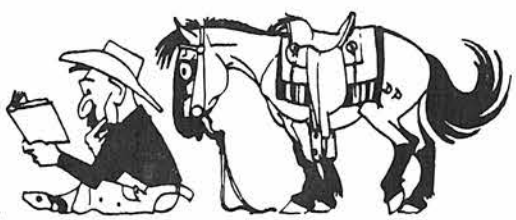
death. But he had already left his indelible mark on western history.

The Mormons breathed a communal sigh of relief when they heard of Walkara's passing, but any celebration they might have shown proved to be premature. Dead or not, Walkara would upset the peace one more time.

As a self professed war chief, the greatest of all Ute war chiefs, Walkara demanded a funeral in keeping with his greatness. He was to be buried on the mountain of the chiefs, higher than any other, along with at least two of his faithful wives, plenty of horses and cattle, and representatives of those who were his friends, *including two Mormons.*

Once more the Mormons corralled their stock and carefully made themselves unavailable to Ute search parties. Only after the burial ceremony was over and the drums and rattles were silenced for good did the white settlers relax, this for the last time. Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains, was finally gone. He would upset them no more. And since no other leader rose to take his place, peace finally came to Utah.

Several of Walkara's brothers and half-brothers lived on to become noted chiefs and warriors in their own right. Their names adorn the pages of history. A few, such as Nephi, Sanpitch and Kanosh, enrich modern maps as still-used place names. A large city named Walker was planned in Utah's Iron County but it died with the iron mines. Chief Walker, the most colorful, interesting and influential of all the Ute war chiefs, is now almost forgotten.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

I WENT THAT-A-WAY: *The Memoirs of a Western Film Director, Harry L. Fraser,* by Wheeler W. Dixon and Audrey Brown Fraser. Metuchen, N.J.: The Scarecrow Press, 1990, 161 pp. Illustrations, Index. Cloth, $22.50 plus postage & handling.

Horse opera fans, this book is for you! This short autobiography by one of Hollywood's earliest western film directors is a gem on several counts. It gives the reader the feel of being on location with the likes of Hoot Gibson, Gene Autry, Tom Mix, Rex Bell, Bill Cody, John Wayne, Harry Carey, Ken Maynard, Ray "Crash" Corrigan, William S. Hart, Buck Jones, Ken Curtis, to name but a few. What barnstorming was to aviation, the early western was to cinematography—a seat-of-the-pants operation from beginning to end. Anecdotes abound, all hilariously funny.

Harry Fraser (1889-1974) grew up in Chico in the heart of northern California cow country. As a youth he ate up dime novels about the West, but he knew real cowboys. His career, however, was destined to be in the entertainment industry, his first job being a piano player in a Fresno bawdy house; when he finally got on stage in San Francsico he looked over the footlights on opening night to discover the madam and all her girls in the front row. His acting career ultimately led him into writing, directing, and producing scores of B-films, mostly two reelers, that spanned the era of the silents to Technicolor.

In drag, he played the role of Pancho Villa's mistress in a Friars' Club frolic; following a performance in Baltimore, President Wilson came backstage to congratulate him. Fraser's path crossed those of the Hollywood great, but his niche was always the low-budget, heavy-schedule, action-filled movies that were favorite second features for Saturday matinees for those of us growing up in the Twenties to the Forties. He made a number of serials, staring the likes of Rin-Tin-Tin and Frank "Bring 'em Back Alive" Buck. Never trusting animals, Buck never ventured very far from his thermos of martinis. Fraser wrote, produced, directed, and acted in the first Fuller Brushman story ever put on film. His worst dud was "White Gorilla," which could evoke either tears or laughter.

Harry outlived most of his collegues, on one occasion he remembered standing alongside

(Continued from Page Twenty-Seven)

Northrup's orange grove or citrus farm was located at the corner of Buena Vista Avenue and Duarte Road. The citrus fruit was handpicked from ladders and then dropped into shoulder sacks. Once they were full, the fruit was placed in the boxes for wagon delivery to the sorting racks at the packing house. After sorting to size, the fruit was tissue wrapped and place in the boxes for loading into the railroad refrigerator cars. — *S. K. Gally Collection*

Duarte's Early Citrus History

by Emmett B. Norman

I came to Los Angeles on the morning of February 23, 1883, but my father and the rest of the family had arrived here a few months earlier. At the breakfast table that morning, my father remarked that he was going out into the country that day. Accordingly, he and Dr. Maxwell travelled out to Duarte in a spring wagon along with two real estate agents. On my father's return the next afternoon, he said he had purchased an orange ranch, which was the same one where I am living today. Dr. Maxwell bought the old Beardslee homestead and a nearby adobe house where the daughter-in-law and some of the grandchildren still live.

While we were waiting in Los Angeles for our home to be built, we lived in a house on the west side of Fort Street (now Broadway), between Third and Fourth streets. At that time, this was a residential district. As this was before the days of government civil service, a friend of mine was able to get me a position as a retail stamp clerk in the post office. I worked at a window that sold only retail stamps. This, also, was the only post office in Los Angeles. There were no substations, no city carriers; all mail was delivered to the general delivery windows or placed in boxes.

The eleven and one-half acre place my father bought had about an acre of budded seedling orange trees that had originally been set out in 1876; hence, they were seven years old. The rest of the land was planted with a miscellaneous variety of fruit trees. He was able to sell Woodhead & Gay all the oranges that were still on the trees for $75.

My father's first shipment of oranges was in 1884. It was a small lot sold to Eveleth & Nash, commission merchants in San Francisco. His dealings with commission merchants were not very satisfactory that year, so in the summer of the same year he went to Nevada, Missouri, to my brother's home, and made arrangements with him to sell his oranges. My brother would take a satchel of oranges to use as samples, and go from city to city, selling them direct to the retailers in small lots.

Most of the early buying was done by a citrus buyer. His job was to estimate the amount of fruit on the trees, and then purchase all of it for a lump sum. There were no packing houses, so, the fruit was packed right where it was grown. To do this, we made a box which we used as a bin. It was about four feet wide, one-foot deep and six

The packing of Duarte's oranges at E. D. Northrup's orchard in 1895. Labeled "Inglenook on the Duarte," was as stenciled on the sides of the boxes, It would be several years before the four-color lithographed labels would appear. — *S. K. Gally Collection*

West Duarte's packing house was located alongside the Santa Fe main line running between Los Angeles and San Bernardino. The wagons loaded with fruit pulled up to the shed, were taken inside for sorting, and eventually packed and loaded into the waiting refrigerator cars. — *S. K. Gally Collection*

feet long, and made out of rough lumber. A press was used to nail the covers. This piece of equipment would be moved from place to place, together with other materials such as nails and shooks. We would pick just a part of a grower's crop at a time. Then we would have to go to three or four orchards in order to get enough for a carload.

Before a shipment was made, it was necessary to drive to San Gabriel a day earlier to order a railroad car. When a carload was packed (three hundred boxes minimum), we would have to hire three teams of horses at a cost of three dollars a day. Each team made two trips a day to San Gabriel, and the car would be loaded in time for the night freight heading east. We shipped mixed cars of seedlings, Mediterranean sweets and Washington navels.

About the first of March 1886, there was a switchmen's strike in Kansas City. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe was unable to deliver our carload of oranges to the warehouse, so they sold them. They had to hire men to carry them from the car on their shoulders, and, in return, they paid my father. We shipped another carload immediately, and I had to go back there to rent a warehouse so that the railroad would have a place to deliver to. The trip cost me $5.00 from San Gabriel to Kansas City. We continued to ship the oranges out in job lots and by express in order to fill my brother's orders.

Having cast my first vote in 1886, I decided I was old enough to get married, and in May 1887, I married Viola Shrode. Her father's reaction, when he heard about his daughter's intentions, was to ask her just which family would get a boarder, he or my father. He had crossed the plains in 1870 with a wife and eight children, and had been heard to say that he thought when children got married they should "swarm." So thats exactly what we did, we swarmed and lived in a three room house on Mountain Avenue.

The man who built the house, also, built a barn large enough to drive a team of horses into so you could unhitch them on the inside when it rained. This barn was my packing house. In 1888, I had a contract with the W.H. Wood & Company, and I packed about ten carloads of oranges for this firm. My contract price was 45 cents a box from tree to loaded railroad car. I furnished everything, but remember, at that time, you had no interest to pay on borrowed money, no manager's salary, no bookkeeper's salary, no packing house foreman, no field man, no gas for sweating, no electricity for motors, no night watchman, no state compensation insurance, no social security, no telephone, no director's fees, no gasoline for automobiles (only horse feed), no printed labels, no money invested in picking boxes, no fire insurance, no printed wrappers and no gloves for pickers or packers.

When I wanted to phone the firm's agent in Los Angeles, I went to the crossroads where Covina is now located. There was one store and a vacant room with a telephone. It took about an hour to get my message through, and as no one was there, I did not pay for the phone message.

Orange Picking

Orange pickers were paid $1.50 for a ten-hour day. No clippers were used for the first few years, and pickers were not required to wear gloves. If they did wear them, they had to pay for them themselves. The picking sack used at that time was a barley or grain sack, and it was held open by a piece of wire. Another sack was rolled up and each end tied to the open sack. This roll was used around the neck and shoulders.

Washing Fruit

Black scale, which is a problem for oranges, was slow in reaching the Duarte district. At first, most of the oranges were packed directly from the orchards without being cleaned. If they were too dirty to pack, they would dry brush them. Later, most of the cleaning was done by using tubs of water and brushes. However, they would first brush them by hand, and then dry them on racks that were sitting in the sun.

The oranges piled up at the upper end of the drying rack were the last to be washed. Those in boxes near the lower end of the rack were run off and ready to go. The two boards at the lower end of the rack could be taken up, allowing the dry oranges to run into the boxes. Then the long board across the middle of the rack could be taken up, allowing those above to run down. The tubs can not be seen in the picture, but are on the boxes just beyond the upper end of the rack. Hand washing was kept up until about 1903.

Orange Packing

The early buyers of oranges employed Chinese labor to do the packing. The fruit was piled on

The Southern Pacific's Duarte depot as it looked in 1892. This line was built by D. B. Shorb as the San Gabriel Valley Rapid Transit Railroad, a three-foot narrow-gauge line. It was taken over in 1887, on a lease agreement, by the Los Angeles Terminal Railway and converted to standard gauge. The line running from the east side of the Los Angeles River to Duarte, a distance of 16 miles, was purchased by the Southern Pacific in 1892. — *S. K. Gally Collection*

the ground, usually on a canvas, and the packers would sit on an orange crate to do the work. They used a system called the square pack, whereby, the oranges were placed directly on top of one another. As a consequence of this type of packing, the oranges were more easily bruised when they nailed on the lids. Today, this type of packing is no longer in use.

Packers not only did their own sizing, but they also had to do the culling. Much of the time they had to fill their own bins from the boxes of fruit which were stacked nearby. Because oranges varied in size, a packer could not always finish a box, instead he would have to set a half-packed box aside and go on to another size. As a result, there would be times when he would have two or three half-boxes sitting unfinished. At this period of time, plain wrappers were the only thing in use.

I packed oranges from 1884 to 1894, and I never used a grader or gloves, primarily because they were not a requirement at that time.

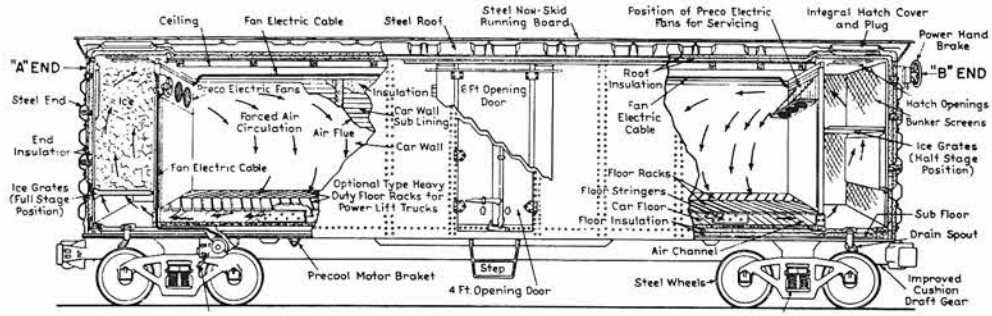
Boxes

Two types of boxes were in use in the 1880's, one similar in shape to today's flat picking box. It was about 10x14x20 inches, and held approximately 45 pounds. The material used in the box was quite heavy, but it had no partition. This particular box was used principally for the Los Angeles and San Francisco trade. They would pack the oranges loosely without even wrapping or packing, nail on the lid, and then haul it to the Southern Pacific tracks at San Gabriel for shipment to San Francisco, or else it was sent to San Pedro for transport by water.

The packing box itself was used directly in the process of picking the oranges. What was considered a regular picking box did not come on the scene until after the Duarte-Monrovia Citrus Association was incorporated. The Association's minutes of 1895 and 1896 show that the stockholders would rent the picking boxes for five cents each for the entire season, or the grower could buy his own boxes.

Packing Houses

E. Watson built the first packing house on Highland Avenue in time to pack the 1887 crop. It was equipped with large windows so that wagons could be driven alongside the building, and the oranges dumped directly into the bins which



A railroad refrigerator car showing how the cool air inside circulated through the fruit while intransit from Southern California to eastern markets. — *Donald Duke Collection*

were located right by the side walls. A number of Duarte orchardists formed a stock company, and they built another packing house in 1889. The Duarte-Monrovia Citrus Association built its first packing house in time to accept the crop of 1896. This facility was erected near the Southern Pacific Railroad west of Oak Street. The Southern Pacific contributed $900 toward the building. At the same time, the Santa Fe built a packing house for their own use, it was just west of Buena Vista Avenue.

Freight Cars

The first oranges were shipped in boxcars. By 1886, the ventilator car was in existence. The car had a heavy screen at both ends, and eight 2x4 uprights for the purposes of supporting the orange boxes by placing them up against them. They also had shutters that closed from the outside. In the winter of 1886, we had to stuff straw in the front bulkhead of the boxcar in order to keep the fruit from freezing. In the 1890's, messengers were sent along on the fruit trains as far as Kansas City, in order to open and close the ventilators, according to what the weather would dictate. I had two brothers-in-law who acted as such messengers: R.R. Smith of Duarte and W.E. Walmsley of Glendora. The first refrigerator cars were not in operation until around 1889.

The first cars used to transport oranges were built in 1877, when they were shipped via Sacramento and, then, east on the Central Pacific. In 1879 or 1880, the Southern Pacific Railroad was completed to New Orleans, but it was 1883 before fruit was shipped on the line as far as Deming, New Mexico, and from there it went to Kansas City on the Santa Fe. By the year 1886, fruit could be shipped to Colton on the Southern Pacific, and then by Santa Fe through Cajon Pass on to Kansas City. The Santa Fe main line from Duarte to Los Angeles was completed in 1887. But it was in 1886, when the Santa Fe reached San Bernardino that a cut-throat rate war erupted. That, if you remember earlier in the story, was the reason I was able to purchase a ticket to Kansas City for only $5.00 each way.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This article on orange growing in Duarte was submitted to the *Branding Iron* by Corresponding Member S. K. Gally. His grandfather had kept a diary and a graphic picture record of the growing, picking, packing, and marketing of Southern California citrus fruit. At the time these photographs were taken, circa 1887-1888, the citrus industry was a very labor intensive industry. Orchards lined the Santa Fe tracks from Pasadena to Claremont.

trolled about the waterways. There was even a miniature railway called the Venice Miniature Railway that took passengers from place to place. The city had lectures, art exhibits, Chautauqua meetings, etc., in an attempt to make the town a western cultural center. The Los Angeles Pacific Railway terminated at Venice, bringing in prospective lot-buyers from Los Angeles and around-the-world. They came in large numbers, but unfortunately they preferred the bathing beach to the lecture hall. In a final desperate effort, Abbott Kinney brought in the divine Sarah Bernhardt to play *Camille* in an auditorium at the end of the pier. When that failed, he quietly surrendered and imported sideshow freaks, tent-shows, and flip-flop entertainment devices. And the boom began. By 1930, they started filling in the canals, and just prior to World War II the fun-zone burned to the ground.

MARCH 1991 MEETING

Corresponding Member Dick Noonan and a colleague, William Whiteside, dressed up for the occasion in their capacities as officers of the California Highway Patrol. With three additional officers to lend authority and support, Noonan and Whiteside presented a program on the history of the California Highway Patrol. They traced its origins to 1902 and the first recorded traffic accident. Traffic officers were first appointed in 1911 to patrol the state's roads. Other important "firsts" were the issuance of the first driver's license in the state in 1914; establishment of the Department of Motor Vehicles in 1916; and the creation of the DMV as a state agency in 1923, with county employees paid by the state for traffic enforcement.

The CHP as we know it today came into being in 1929 along with other bureaus to care for vehicle safety and traffic problems. Gene Biscailuz, the famous sheriff of Los Angeles County, preceded that office in serving as the first superintendent of the CHP. In those days officers provided their own uniforms and even their own motorcycles, resulting in a rather picturesque group of patrolmen.

Noonan and Whiteside showed slides that traced the changes in uniforms, patrol cars, and motorcycles. The first real uniforms were World War I surplus. Most officers rode motorcycles in the early years; supervisors had the cars. Over the years the CHP preferred the Dodge as the car of choice, but other automobile manufacturers have won bids, such as the Mustang. CHP motorcycles dated to 1917 with Harley and other makes, but since 1971 Japanese motorcycles have become competitive. The CHP also uses aircraft in its CHP auxiliary, as well as helicopters.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Dick Noonan explains the California Highway Patrol hash marks on his sleeve.

Noonan and Whiteside offered some interesting statistics to demonstrate the work of the CHP. Over 1 million tickets for traffic violations were issued in 1990, and in that year more than 128,000 people were arrested by the CHP for driving under the influence of alcohol. The organization has been coed since 1974, and it operates out of a modern facility constructed in 1976 near Sacramento.

After the presentation Corral members were invited to try on the CHP helmets and to sit on the motorcycle that was on exhibit. Several Corral members had their pictures taken astride the motorcycle, a most unusual fantasy fulfillment for a Westerners meeting.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Warren Beck, a Minnesota farm boy, explained how it all came about in — *The Marking of a Historian.*

APRIL 1991 MEETING

At the April meeting Corresponding Member Warren Beck spoke on "Clio's Servant: The Making of a Historian," in which he dealt with his transition from Minnesota farm boy to history professor. Beck has enjoyed writing, researching, and teaching, and he says his work has actually been fun. His choice of profession, however, was the result of chance, arising improbably from a rural background as one of eleven children. He enjoyed hearing stories about the West from ranch hands who worked for his father. Beck also read Western pulp magazines as a boy. History seeds were thus sown, nurtured by Beck's distaste for farming.

Beck's opportunity came after a disastrous experience milking a cow. He determined to leave the farm as soon as possible, a decision accelerated by his father's declaration that high school was not an option for his son's future. Beck ran away from home and survived the Great Depression doing odd jobs to support his quest for a high school diploma. His history teachers were excellent, but life's experiences also taught him much. The more he read, the more he wanted to know about life and history.

Beck believes the historian is a product of his own history. In his case, shaping forces included the Great Depression, World War II, and the effect of these events on him. The church also influenced him in providing a historical beginning and end for the study of history. At college Beck's professors raised questions, not just giving lectures and answers. History was eclectic, including all the other disciplines, and it helped prepare him for the learning process. Beck's commitment to research and writing had romantic overtones: "teaching without research is like kissing through a screen," as Martin Ridge put it.

Although Beck was not trained in Western history, his entry to the field came after realizing that Western history was a field that welcomed publication. His work includes geology, ornithology, economics, and any other fields that contribute to his historical writing. It's a long way from snowy Minnesota to sunny Orange County, but Beck has tried to do the best he could in that journey to be Clio's servant.

Corral Chips

The California State Railroad Museum celebrated its 10th anniversary with a railfair that was really something. At least 39 steam locomotives participated. There were exhibits, a pageant, displays, toy trains, and a rail art exhibit, etc. The following Corral Members were spotted at the "Opening" of Railfair 1991. They were: *Rick Arnold, Donald Duke, Robert Kern, Dick Noonan,* and even Deputy Sheriff *Don Pflueger.* Also in attendance were CM's *Lawrence Arnold* and *Darrell Brewer.*

CM *Ron Woolsey* has been busy. Recently, he had three articles on Southern California's frontier history published in *Southern California Quarterly* (Fall 1990 issue), *California History* (Winter 1990 issue), and the *Californians* (March/April 1991 issue). If this was not enough, he delivered a paper on "The Vigilance Phenomenon in Los Angeles During the Summer of

1856" before the Missouri Valley Historical Conference held at Omaha. Finally, he was one of 188 winners, out of 1,800 applications for research and study, from the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Msgr. *Francis J. Weber* was present at the 100th anniversary of the Chapel of Santa Cruz del Rosario, on the island of that name, on May 3, 1991. He has been chaplain for the island for the last half century.

Cornell Norby made news during the President Bush and Japanese Prime Minister Kaifu gathering held at Newport Beach recently. He was called on to provide some art for the meeting. One piece was "Pledge of Allegiance," showing a group of children saluting the flag. Also included were two pieces by famous cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell, and a wildlife casting by Mel Johansen.

Former Sheriff *Jerry Selmer* acted as a judge in the annual *San Dimas Festival of Western Art* held the last weekend of April. The competition was keen, with 33 entries by members of the American Indian and Cowboy Artists organization. Among the artists showing their work was Los Angeles Corrals own resident artist—*Andy Dagosta.*

DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL..

"Iron Eyes" Cody and Ken Maynard while attending the memorial service for Rex Bell. "Iron Eyes" told this reviewer that Fraser was a "soft touch" for needy actors, so much so that he never had any money himself. After more than five decades in Hollywood, Fraser retired to Claremont, married his second wife Ruth Saunders, first woman book publisher in the West who did the reviewer's *Glendora,* then married Audrey Brown Fraser who still lives in Claremont. It was this reviewer's privilege to have brought Harry into E Clampus Vitus at the San Pasqual battlefield in 1951.

Once during the 50's I joined Harry and Ruth to watch a rerun of one of his early westerns on the late-late show; occasionally, these classics are still run. He concluded his memoirs alluding to the classic ending of westerns, by riding off into the sunset. "In the tritest of catchphrases of the silent movie era, 'I went that-a-way.' so long!"

Don Pflueger

THE PEOPLE OF FORT LOWELL, by Teresa Turner in collaboration with Edward H. and Rosamond B. Spicer. Tucson: Fort Lowell Historic District Board, 1990. Third Revised Edition. 66 pp. Map, Illustrations, References. Paper $10.00. Available from Fort Lowell Historic District, 5344 East Fort Lowell Road, Tucson, AZ 85712.

The publication explores the history of an area just east of Tucson where Tanaque Verde and Pantano Washes merge. The pattern of the early Hohokam civilization, extending from 300 to 1450 AD, is presented.

After the Gadsden Purchase in 1854, the first documented settler was Robert Rolette who cleared and planted the potentially good farmland of the area. Agricultural activities were continued through the channeling of water and planting of orchards.

In 1873, Camp Lowell was moved to this location from Tucson. This was done, according to Lt. Col. Eugene Asa Carr, to distance the troops from the temptations of town, and to permit the military use of abundant water and convenient grazing and gardens. The military installation was discontinued and the personnel transferred to Ft. Wingate in New Mexico in 1891.

By 1900, the Mexican settlement, "El Fuerte", began as a way station from rural Sonora to urban living. Mormon farmers developed the water resources, and, as time passed, the Mexican population migrated into Tucson where greater work opportunities were available. During the twenties and thirties, a few Anglo families moved to the area and, in subsequent years, the area became increasingly residential.

During the 1960-63 period, Pima County studied the remnants of the early area and set aside 139 acres as a historic district. Visitors can see many of the early sites, and the officers quarters of Old Fort Lowell have been made into an historic museum,.

This is a very specialized book which will be of primary interest to an individual visiting the area. The historic material is factual, but not in great depth. The maps are interesting as are some of the pictures. The reference matterial is relatively general.

Robert Stragnell, M.D.
Ranger Active

CALIFORNIA, THE IRISH DREAM, by Patrick J. Dowling. San Francisco: Golden Gate Publishers, 1989. 442 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, $25.00. Available from Golden Gate Publishers, 173 Cerritos Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94127.

Here is a mulligan stew of success stories about the Irish in California. Make that Northern California since most settled there in the middle of the 19th century. By merely thumbing through the table of contents, you can read a litany of Bay Area names and places: Kearny, Hayes, O'Farrell, Bush, all San Francisco Streets; The Concannons, Gaelic vintners; O'Connell, co-founder of the Bohemian Club; John Downey, Irish-born Governor of California; Thomas Dowling, the forgotten owner of Yerba Buena Island; to name just a few.

The author, Patrick Dowling, was lured to the "New Ireland" of California a half-century ago and has been active in San Francisco business and cultural life. He pioneered the establishment of an Irish Library and Archives in 1975. Many of his tales of the California Irish contain some mythical touches and imaginations extant in Gaelic lore, but other relatings give evidence of factual research.

The stories begin with Oisin (Ush-een'), a mythical Irish prophet, who conjured up an Eden in the far West that would one day come alive for the multitudes of Irish in California.

Oisin's predictions of a fabled land called "Tir-na-nog," for wandering Gaels, begins to materialize with the arrival of Joseph O'Cain, who came ashore at Santa Barbara in 1795. He was not only the first Irishman, but purported to be the first foreigner who sought permission to stay in the scenic beauty of the old Spanish territory, admiring, among other things, the lovely senoritas.

The conquistadors, however hospitable, were cautious of strangers. While his stay was endorsed by the Commandanté of the Presidio of Santa Barbara, it was eventually denied and O'Cain was put aboard a ship bound for San Blas in Baja California.

The next Irish Oisin was a John Mulligan, who landed in Monterey, the colonial capital of Spanish California. He was welcomed by the Franciscan Fathers in 1814, and taught the resident Indians the art of weaving. There is much evidence that he was the first non-Spanish explorer to make his home in California.

The history of expatriates from Ireland begins with the centuries-long conquest by the English in 1169. The Irish purgatory of English imperialism and land grabs caused revolts leading to Irish exiles in Spain, France and other parts of Europe.

The crushing of the Irish by Oliver Cromwell's forces at the Battle of the Boyne in 1695 resulted in ordeals that brought about the first mass emigration from Ireland to Colonial America.

The Irish outcasts were destined to play a major role in early America. Dowling states that present day historians would agree that this Irish emigration had far greater impact on American history than the more highly touted exodus during the Irish famine years of the 1850's.

However, in the later Irish emigration to California, they were to find life radically different from their earlier experiences on the Eastern seaboard where they had endured harassment and insults because of their adherence to Catholicism in a predominately Puritan society. Their religion actually proved to be an asset in the Golden Land. A strong catholic conscience had been established by the Spanish conquistadors. Also, California was a world all its own. It was a nation apart where an open society flourished. It offered an environment where all could compete on equal basis.

Many of the Irish founders of California are paid tribute in this book. Stephen Kearny, a major general in the U.S. Army, who secured the newly acquired Mexican war territory (including California) for the United States; Bennet Riley, Kearny's successor and civilian governor of California in 1849; Philip Roach, the noted Irish linguist, whose influence at the California constitutional convention in 1849 was invaluable; William Shannon, Alcalde (Mayor) of Caloma, who convinced the delegates at the convention by his oratory that California should be a free state (non-Slave); and John Ross Browne, Irish-born reporter, who sketched the true life of California in his literary works.

Twenty-one chapters capture the contributions and activities of the Irish-born migrants, and some of those of Irish ancestry upon the California scene. Memorable are the accountings of John Conness, confidant to Abraham Lincoln,

United States Senator, 1863-69, and for whom Mount Conness in Mariposa Park, Yosemite is named; Martin Murphy, responsible for California's grandest party—a three day celebration of Martins' Golden Wedding in 1881, founding father of Santa Clara University and founder of Sunnyvale; Thomas Henry Dowling, a fascinating story about the little-known possessor of Yerba Buena (Goat Island) in San Francisco Bay, who lost title to the island and was frustrated in his attempts to regain it; Kate Kennedy, famous teacher and suffragist who fought and won the battle of teacher tenure; Patrick Manogue, first bishop of Sacramento and apostle of the Mother Lode; Jasper O'Farrell, surveyor and designer of San Francisco's Market Street; and including, of course, Don Timoteo Murphy, who, by applying his weight of 300 pounds doing battle with the California bear, won the fight, while his companion, Dominic Sais, joined the battle by belting the bear across the eyes with a leather thong. Said Murphy to Sais, "You Spaniards are well-meaning, but never again, as long as you live, get mixed up in an Irishman's fight."

The book is an excellent accounting of how the remarkable Celts left their mark on California history. That Oisin's prophesy was fulfilled is evidenced in the 1980 census which revealed that California boasts the largest population of Irish ancestry (3,725,925) of any state in the Union.

Eat your Irish heart out, Massachusetts!

Donald M. Snyder

MAMMOTH GOLD: *The Ghosts Towns of Lake District,* by Gary Caldwell. Mammoth Lakes: Genny Smith Books, 1990. 174 pp. Maps, Illustrations. Works cited, Index. Paper, $10.75 plus CA tax. Available from Mammoth Chapter. Friends of the Library. P.O. Box 1468, Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546.

Writing from the second-story loft of his Mary Lake cabin, Gary Caldwell paints a word and picture panorama of the Lake Mining District, particulary the Mammoth Mines. We venture back through dusty pages of an era, gone a century, of miners, mills, and transient hopes for a "big mine." Caldwell walked the district, found its secrets, and tells much of the all too familiar tale of hopes lost and mining towns long gone. So too Mammoth City, the Mammoth Mine and the Mammoth Mining District; all is history replaced by the condos and ski lodges of modern times.

General George S. Dodge, Milton Lambeth, and Edward Clarke, with other San Francisco investors, turned their attention to the Lake District in the Spring of 1878. After a brief investigation, they bought a group of five claims and formed the Mammoth Mining Company. Tunnels shot into the mountain, and a mill and flume soon sprouted nearby. A mining camp became Mammoth City. But the blossom of fortunes in gold, in mining stock, and in retail profits did not last long. The Mammoth Company's tramway was an engineering and financial disaster. The mill could not get enough ore to process profitably. In 1881, the sheriff was at the door and the company assets were on the auction block. Hopes were dashed and the cities became ghost towns.

While the story is not unusual, Mammoth City was different in some ways. It was not visited by the violence common in Bodie. Also, as Caldwell stresses, the questions about its history and the history of the Mammoth Mining Company are only partially answered. Its living past and its transition to a resort community still needs investigation and further explication.

Gordon Morris Bakken

CAMERA EYE ON IDAHO: *Pioneer Photography, 1863-1913,* by Arthur A. Hart. Caldwell: Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1990. 201 pp. Illustrations, Tables, Notes, Bibliography. Cloth, $24.95. Available from Caxton Printers, Ltd., 312 Main Street, Caldwell, Idaho 83605.

This is the latest of the books on Idaho history that the author has written over the last twenty years. The book is an attempt to give recognition to the women and men who pioneered a photographic record of the 50 year Idaho history from 1863 to 1913.

Photographs were selected to illustrate the quality of work done under difficult circumstances, to demonstrate the wide range of subject matter that interested these photographers, and to give credit to individual photographers for their work,—which most books and journals that use historical photographs fail to do.

There are two stories told in the book. One is the story told by the pictures, their captions, and their credits. It is a story of people and their society, the places they lived, and the events of that period. Each picture is a short story to be enjoyed by itself, limited only by one's memories, imagination, interests, and interpretations. Example: A picture of the mining town of Silver City shows its environmental impact on the local forests.

A second story concerns the technology, struggles, failures, and successes of the known men and women who tried to make a living by photography. These accounts are interesting, but the number of names recorded tend to become tedious for the casual reader.

A non-technical description of the early photographic processes,—the Daguereotype, the glass plate, the ambrotype, and the melianeotype, (tin type), is a bonus as are the comments about the first or #1 Kodak camera with its 100 picture roll and the example of its circular prints.

Most of the pictures are from the collection of the Idaho State Historical Society, Boise. Other sources are the College of Idaho, Caldwell, the United States Geological Survey, the Latah County Historical Society, and a few private collections. The book uses an index number, or a credit near each picture, which may aid researchers looking for historical photographs.

There are two lists. One is an alphabetical list of photogaphers in Idaho, their towns, and dates. The other is a list of towns, their photographers, and the dates.

A disappointment, at least for the reviewer, is the use of photographs with shadows and dark areas that produce pictures with little contrast or detail. Fortunately, most of the pictures are enjoyable.

H.F. Edgar

NEW MEXICO'S RAILROADS: *A Historical Survey,* by David F. Myrick. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1990. Revised Edition. 276 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Index. Paper, $16.95. Available from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131.

Santa Fe, founded by the Spanish in 1610, was the focal point of transportation in early day western trade routes. The development of the famous Santa Fe Trail was the result of the journeys made by traders to Missouri. While New Mexico figured prominently in the Pacific Railroad Surveys of 1853-1856, a quarter of a century would pass before a railroad would come to New Mexico. Transcontinental carriers, such as the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific, only built across the state en route to somewhere else. Although freight and passenger trains crisscrossed the territory bringing in manufactured goods, settlers and tourists, very few inhabitants stayed in New Mexico to develop its cattle, agriculture, lumber and mining facilities. Now known as the "Land of Enchantment," this arid land did not become popular with the earlier settlers until the 1890's.

The number of railroad lines recorded in New Mexico's history can easily be expanded or contracted, depending on your definition of a line or on how you count. Many of the earlier railroads were built by one firm, then combined or merged into another line, and later formed into a transcontinental system. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, for instance, built across the northern half of the state en route to California, but it was later taken over by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway. They, in turn, made it a part of their California to Chicago system. While the name "Santa Fe" was in its corporate title, indicating this location might be on its main line, this was not the case. Due to heavy mountain construction, Santa Fe, the state's capitol, was bypassed and ended up on a branch line from Lamy.

Since New Nexico enthralled early day tourists, the Santa Fe decided to develop an "Indian Detour," which expanded on the Indian's lifestyle. Such tours would later be significant in encouraging the motto, the "Land of Enchantment."

The Southern Pacific, in building its main line from Yuma to New Orleans, passed through the southern portion of New Mexico. In 1924, the SP absorbed the El Paso & Southwestern, a large coal carrier running through the southern and eastern part of the state. In the merger, the "Golden State Route" was developed and it was connected with the Rock Island Line at Tucumcari, New Mexico. This linkage provided the SP with nearly 1,000 miles of track within the state.

New Mexico shines in its development of industrial railroads. They are mostly short lines

used to serve the logging and mining industry, and a few, of which, carried passengers. There were any number of coal carriers built in the northeastern corner of the state. While the coal output was small compared to Appalachian output, New Mexico became the largest provider of coal to the American West. Coal was big business up until World War I, then natural gas pipelines were installed and extended throughout the state. Coal, however, is once again alive and well, with trainload after trainload being shipped to the power generating plants.

Much of the mining history of New Mexico was centered in the southwestern section of the territory. There were any number of railroads built to serve the copper, potash, silver and gold mines. In the late 19th century the mines were going full blast, but following World War I the bubble burst.

The great railroad building era also ended in New Mexico at about the same time. The subsequent history of New Mexico's railroads is one of a persistent struggle for traffic as, one by one, the mines have been closed down. But as Myrick's book tells us, railroads will always be a part of New Mexico's heritage.

New Mexico's Railroads is a rail historians delight. Its author has, in the past, also provided the reading public with a number of good books featuring Nevada and Arizona railroads. This, however, is without a doubt the best book in print today on New Mexico's railroad lines.

Originally, it was published by the Colorado Railroad Museum in 1970, as a hardbound volume, containing 206 pages and 187 photographs. Now, in combination with the author, the University of New Mexico Press has completely renovated this edition. The whole package is better. It now contains 276 pages, over 200 photographs, and the text has been brought up to date.

Donald Duke

FRONTIER FIDDLER: *The Life of a Northern Arizona Pioneer,* by Kenner C. Kartchner. Edited by Larry V. Shumway. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1990. 282 pp. Photographs, Appendices, Index. Cloth, $27.50. Available from University of Arizona Press, 1230 North Park, #102, Tucson, AZ 85719.

In 1876 Brigham Young sent 200 Mormon families to colonize the Little Colorado River. Among the pioneer families were the grandparents of the author who was born in Snowflake, Arizona in 1886. The vivid description of his early years brings into clear focus the difficulties and harsh realities of settling and farming in this inhospitable area. The strength of Mormon faith and hard physical work are well described and accented by the homey anecdotes with which this book abounds.

Music played an important part in the recreational life of these settlers. Kartchner began singing and playing the guitar as a child, and expanded his talents to the violin when he was twelve. By the time he was fourteen, he was playing with Claude T. Youngblood, the leading dance fiddler of the region, who was seven years his senior. In 1903, although not quite seventeen, the author left home and spent a year at Flagstaff, Williams and the Grand Canyon. The hard work of logging and as a packer were interspersed with fiddle playing in local saloons, providing him a subsistence existence. In 1908 he married and moved to Salt Lake City where he was employed as a salesman and bookkeeper for an uncle's clothing store. The preceding four years he had worked at farm labor, wrangling horses, cowboying, sheep shearing and rounding up and selling wild horses. The vivid description of his experiences in these various activities are well written and make for good reading.

While in Salt Lake City, Shumway points out that his grandfather had his only formal musical education, and that when he first played a "fiddle tune" the Professor termed it "vulgar." After returning to Arizona and passing assorted vigorous written and field exams, Kartchner was appointed to the U.S. Forest Service as a ranger. Later he was an Arizona state game warden, and ultimately became an assistant regional director with the Federal Fish and Wildlife Service.

Even more than being a story of the pioneering experiences of a young man growing up on the forefront of the Mormon expansion in Arizona, this book provides a remarkable visit to the world of musical recreation in a sparsely populated emerging frontier. The listing of the tunes and dances and description of the musical techniques, which are expanded in the appendices with transcriptions of some seventeen of the tunes played by Kartchner, gives a rare insight into this nearly forgotten pattern of fiddling which

BOOK AWARD CONTEST

Los Angeles Corral The Westerners

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners announces a biennial competition for an outstanding unpublished book-length manuscript dealing with California or broad aspects of history of the American West.

Submissions from both scholars and history buffs are invited. Two copies of the manuscript should be submitted, double spaced throughout with footnotes and bibliography at the end.

Manuscripts for the second biennial award consideration must be received no later than April 15, 1992. The winning manuscript will receive a cash award of $1,000 and its publication will be sponsored by the Los Angeles Westerners. Manuscripts will be returned to sender only if accompanied by return postage.

All inquiries and submissions should be sent to:

Chairman: Publications Committee | Los Angeles Corral, The Westerners
2324 Blackmore Dr.
Glendale, CA 91206

lost popularity as the phonograph and radio emerged. Perhaps more intriguing is the interrelationship between Kartchner's music and the confrontation with the settler on National Park Land and the regulations of the Forest Service. When met with skepticism, Kartchner's ability to bridge the gap through his music led to his being known as the "fiddlin' forest ranger," and facilitated the acceptance of the policies that he was trying to implement.

This readable autobiography has been admirably edited by Larry Shumway, grandson of the author.

Robert Stragnell, M.D.
Ranger Active Member

THE PAYNES, EDGAR AND ELSIE: *American Artists,* by Rena Neumann Coen. Minneapolis: Payne Studios, Inc., 1988. 98 pp. Illustrations, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, $60.00. Available from DeRu's Fine Art Books, 9100 E. Artesia Blvd., Bellflower, CA 90706.

In commissioning Dr. Rena Neumann Coen to write this ninety-eight page volume, Dr. Evelyn Payne Hatcher has attempted to compare and evaluate the techniques of her artist parents, Edgar and Elsie Payne; and in so doing "remove Elsie's achievements from the powerful shadow of her husband's and to accord to both Edgar and Elsie their due in the history of art in California." In the case of Edgar Payne, his position in the history of California art is assured. Long regarded by the art world as one of the preeminent plein-air painters of his era, he casts a large shadow in the field. Not so easily elevated is the work of Elsie Payne.

The Paynes, Edgar and Elsie is a detailed compilation of the history of the Payne family. Organized chronologically, it is based primarly on the reminiscences of Elsie Payne and her doting daughter, Evelyn. Certainly a useful reference for the art buff and historian, we find here many well done color reproductions of both artist's work, the majority of which are from the Payne Studio's Inc. and not available elsewhere.

The narrative is tedious and suffers from the transparent attempts to puff the reputation of Elsie Payne. The author admits that her work is flat and patterned without modeling. Primitive and cartoonish are adjectives which also apply. Elsie painted "ordinary people doing ordinary things." From this standpoint, her work is of more historical interest than Edgar's. It is not surprising, however, that Edgar's skillful renditions in the Impressionistic style have more universal appeal and enduring value.

Containing about a hundred illustrations, most in color, this vanity press edition is nicely produced, printed and bound. A welcome addition to this library for its value as a reference, it fails to accomplish its stated goal of according artistic recognition for Elsie Payne equal to that of her husband.

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