LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL

The Branding Iron

J. GOODMAN

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Restoration at the California Missions

by Msgr. Francis J. Weber

Restoration of the California missions* has been underway since late in the last century. This was possible because between 1834 and 1882 photographers, artists, geographers, historians, visitors and writers recorded what they saw and knew about the missions of that period.

Artistic renderings of men like Edward Vischer, Edwin Deaken and Henry Chapman Ford; pen sketches of H.M.T. Powell, William Hutton and William J. Miller; surveys and plats made by the United States Government; memoirs and reports of George Vancouver, Jean Francois de Galaup de Laperouse, Camille de Roquefeuil and Frederick William Beechey, together with the writings of Helen Hunt Jackson, George Wharton James, Zephyrin Engelhardt, Edith Webb and others enabled architects and engineers of modern times to recreate and restore the historic foundations along *El Camino Real* in a substantially authentic manner.

In 1834, the jurisdiction of temporalities was removed from the friars and entrusted to lay administrators. From that time onwards, decay and destruction ensued. As the friars died or retired and the Indians wandered away, the once

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*These comments are based on two extensive interviews with the late Father Maynard Geiger in 1974.

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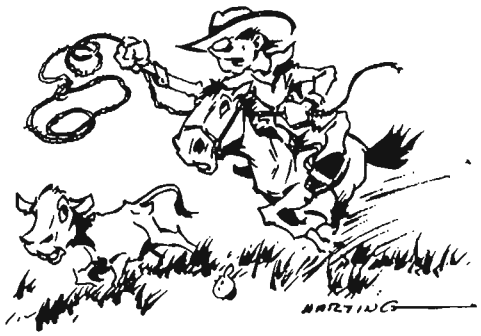

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

by Abraham Hoffman

MAY 1991 MEETING

Active Member Bill Warren demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Corral that California absolutely, positively is not an island despite the most imaginative efforts of cartographers in the 17th and 18th centuries to prove otherwise. The geographical understanding of California has changed over the centuries. Printed charts became available around 1450, based on Ptolemy's maps done 1,300 years earlier. The idea of a spherical world was known to educated people, but they were uncertain about its circumference. Columbus claimed a circumference of 18,000 miles and a 4,000-mile trip to the Indies.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Sheriff Don Franklin and May meeting speaker and Past Sheriff William Warren.

The discoveries following 1492 quickly changed how people viewed the world. Warren showed slides indicating this evolution of thought. Initially, America was believed to be a narrow land mass because that was what people wanted to believe. In 1539 Ulloa sailed up the Gulf of California and determined that Baja California

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flourishing physical plants at the missions gradually faded from the scene.

The first steps taken to preserve the remnants of the missions was initiated by Bishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany in 1852, when he petitioned the United States Government through the Private Land Grant Commission to return those specified sections of the mission holdings always recognized as such by the laws of Spain and Mexico. Witnesses testified and documentation confirmed that in earlier times the churches, dwellings of the *padres*, cemeteries, orchards, vineyards and certain water works were traditionally regarded as ecclesial property.

Eventually, the church's claims were adjudicated as valid by the United States with the result that under the administrations of Presidents James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses Grant, the buildings and certain lands of the missions were returned to Alemany and his successors as incumbents in the bishopric of Monterey.

Today, the 21 California missions are located in the two archdioceses and ten dioceses comprising the ecclesial jurisdiction of the Catholic Church in California. Only four of the missions are still under the care of the Friars Minor, namely, Santa Barbara, San Luis Rey (since 1892), San Antonio (1928) and San Miguel (1928). Two are owned by the State of California (La Purisima and Sonoma) and the others are administered by various local Church authorities. All the missions under ecclesial care are used for worship and/or educational purposes.

With the subsequent expansion and development of California and the founding of new cities and population centers, some of the missions remained mostly unused and exposed to even further decay and deterioration. These would include San Diego, San Luis Rey, San Fernando, La Purisima Concepcion, San Miguel, San Antonio, San Carlos, San Jose and San Rafael.

There were other problems that contributed to the disintegration of the missions. For example, squatters occupied most of the sites and the litigation to expel them was costly; tiles were removed from roofs and that caused many of the adobe walls to crumble and, finally, rain, wind and the burrowing of animals brought on added destruction. While propagandists wrote much in prose and poetry, they did little to effectively forestall the ravages of time, neglect and weathering.

There were several agencies that assisted Church officials with restoration. Paramount was the Landmarks Club which was founded by Protestants in 1895. It had for its object "primarily and principally the preservation of the old missions." As probably the first incorporated body ever to undertake such a work on a grand scale, the Landmarks Club received no public funds, but operated solely with resources contributed by private parties from all over the world.

In Northern California, the California Historic Landmarks League was formed with a similar purpose. Among many statewide groups, the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West exhibited considerable interest in preservation projects. In 1948, the Hearst Mission Restoration Fund was established with a grant of $500,000. Those monies were divided among the nineteen missions owned by the Church. Eight years later, the Fleischman Foundation gave $1,350,000 for rebuilding the towers and facade at Santa Barbara Mission.

Of all the California missions, only *Santa Barbara* has never been abandoned. Although the original founders and their successors have constantly lived there until the present, there have been many changes in the years since 1786.

Physical development at Santa Barbara Mission reached its zenith in 1833, when the second tower was added to the church. At that time, the compound consisted of two quadrangles and a long building to the west, a guard house, a majordomo's dwelling and a Christian village of 252 homes.

Three of the interior corridors had colonnades of brick while the exterior arcade consisted of stone from which the church was also erected. About 1812, a roof with tile supported by wooden poles was built over the front wing, forming an open second story. The cemetery with its stone wall was located to the right of the church. The main water works and irrigation system were evident to the rear, side and front of the church.

There were many changes between 1848 and 1887. The Indian village disappeared after 1856 chiefly through the sale and robbery of roof tiles. Visitors recalled that the foundations were still visible in the last decades of the nineteenth century. The guardhouse, though in somewhat ruinous condition, was recognizable as late as 1865. In 1887 the remaining portions of the

majordomo's and tanner's house were demolished. All the buildings of the second quadrangle and the north wing of the first quadrangle, as well as the long building, disappeared after 1852.

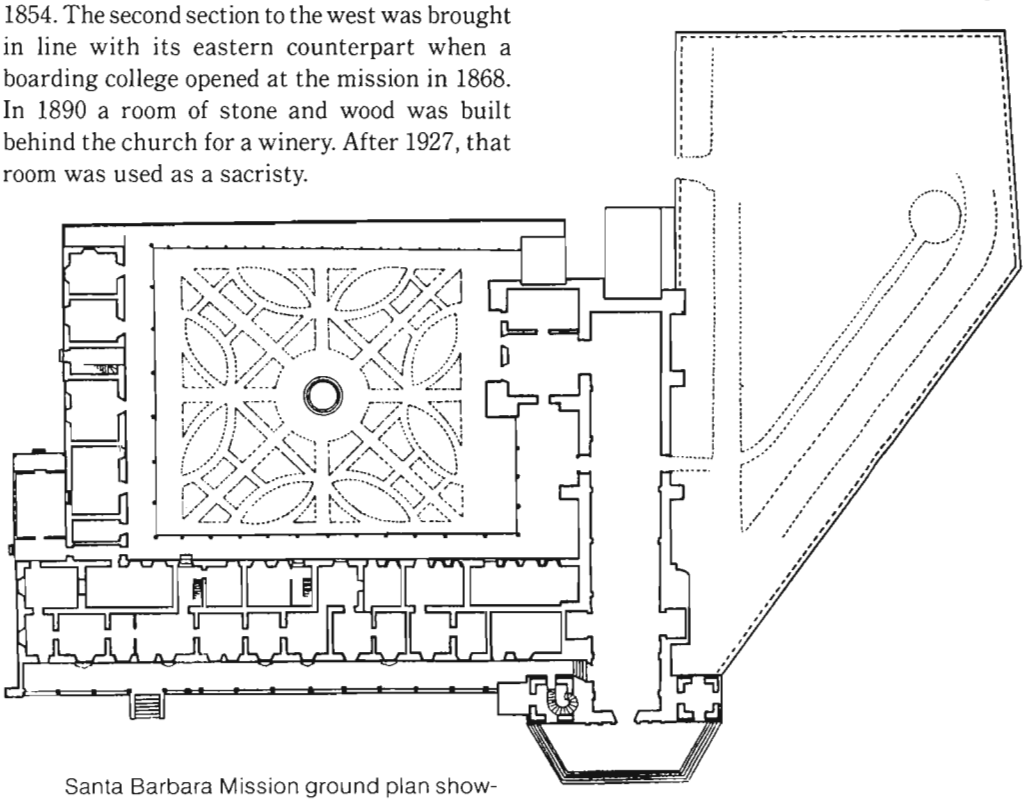
The water works, though in partial ruins, remained until the 1960's. Until 1897 all that remained of the original mission compound was the church, the front and west wing of the first quadrangle. Renovations were made in the interior of the church in 1873 and new roofing replaced the old.

The upper open story of the front wing in the original quadrangle was renovated and enlarged between the years 1856 and 1870, becoming a closed story with living rooms. The area closest to the church was dedicated to the use of the apostolic college which began functioning in 1854. The second section to the west was brought in line with its eastern counterpart when a boarding college opened at the mission in 1868. In 1890 a room of stone and wood was built behind the church for a winery. After 1927, that room was used as a sacristy.

The original pillars of 1800 were taken down in 1927 and replaced. In 1905, an L-shaped stone and concrete building about 100 feet in length and about 30 feet wide was added to the west end of the front wing. It was three and one half stories high owing to the sloping of the ground towards the west.

The principal damage caused by the earthquake of 1925 was to the church and the front wing erected between 1820 and 1905. By 1927 the entire interior of the church had been renovated as well as its adjoining sacristy built in 1820. The right tower had to be taken down entirely as well as a part of the church's facade. These were repaired with the same stones used in 1820. Finally, the church was re-roofed.

The second story of the front wing, built between 1856 and 1870 of adobe walls, in some places covered with boards with a shingle roof and dormer windows, had to be torn down entirely. It was rebuilt with reinforced concrete supported by shafts running through the stone and adobe walls of the first floor deep into the ground. The front section of this roof had been tiled in 1888. Changes were made in the number



Santa Barbara Mission ground plan showing buildings, church, and cemetery.

In 1897 the west wing of the original quadrangle was completely altered to serve as Saint Anthony's Seminary which opened in 1896. The adobe wall on the cloister side and the walls between the adjoining rooms were preserved and incorporated into the new building of frame and plaster. This was again renovated in 1927 and almost completely redone in 1958.

of rooms. The west wing, which had disappeared a few years after 1850 and which through many years was replaced by a wooden shed, now became a two-story building of frame and stucco, thus restoring the original quadrangle.

In 1950, because of deterioration caused by chemical action in the concrete, cracks and fissures appeared in the towers and facade. They had to be taken down and rebuilt completely. Deep foundations were laid and the towers and facade were anchored to the walls of the church of 1820. The new structure was of reinforced concrete and faced with Santa Maria limestone, the proportions and appearance remaining the same as the church of 1820.

the mission's church and compound were built gradually over the next forty-six years. The present church, the sixth in the order of time, was finished in 1797 and the quadrangle was closed in 1815.

In 1834, the mission was secularized and twelve years later it was sold. From 1846 to 1933, there was no resident priest there. President James Buchanan adjudicated ecclesial ownership of the church and nine acres of land in 1859.

In the meantime, tiles had been carried off and most of the adobe buildings had melted back into the ground. The roofless stone church fell into decay and animals sought shelter within its

Main Street in Ventura 1892 showing San Buenaventura Mission where the author was Pastor in the 1970s — *Donald Duke collection.*

In 1956 a major building program was undertaken at the mission, when two large quadrangles were added to the mission and the west wing of the original quadrangle substantially altered. In this process the second quadrangle, which had been begun in 1796 and finished prior to 1833, was restored, this time in two stories rather than one. To the west of this north quadrangle, a third was built to serve as a chapel, auditorium and lounge. This covered the ground where formerly the long wing of early mission days existed.

Though *San Carlos Borromeo* suffered almost total destruction in the years after its abandonment, it is today one of the best restored of the California missions. Founded on June 3, 1770, walls. Gradually, statues, paintings and other furnishings disappeared. *San Carlos Borromeo* became a cathedral in the wilderness.

In 1882, Father Angelo Casanova, the pastor at nearby Monterey, began the work of restoration. An astute man, Casanova foresaw that the opening of the Del Monte Hotel would insure a future for the entire peninsula. The renovated church was re-dedicated in 1884 with funds raised by Casanova from personal friends and local inhabitants. His church roof had a considerably higher pitch than the original one, a factor that was later rectified. The church stood alone until 1924, surrounded by the stumps of adobe walls in the compound. The excellent sketches, drawings and photographs over the years made

accurate restorations realistically possible.

Father Ramon Mestres restored the section of the north wing protruding from the church tower in 1924. Within it was placed Jo Mora's elaborate bronze and travertine cenotaph honoring Fray Junipero Serra. Mestres also built a rectory (still extant but used as a museum) near the cemetery.

In 1931, Father Philip Scher erected Serra-Crespi Hall, to the south of the church along what was the south section of the west wing of the original quadrangle. In 1953, the hall was moved to its present location to the rear of the church. It was also in 1931 that Harry Downie began his monumental work at Carmel. A skilled cabinetmaker, Downie was without a peer in California for his knowledge of mission buildings and their restoration.

Downie continued adding to the north wing begun by Mestres, extending it to the present Serra room by 1932 and completing it in 1941. Moreover, he removed Casanova's roof and restored its original pitch. In 1942, he began building the south side of the quadrangle. These wings eventually became the parochial school.

The gap in the east wing between the rectory and the original *padres'* quarters was filled in to serve as a small chapel in 1948. All the buildings in the quadrangle were built atop the original foundations and externally their form followed closely the design of the original structures. The convent was located beyond the quadrangle parallel to the west wing.

The sanctuary floor of the church had been renovated by Downie in 1943, when the graves of the friars were opened and identified. The reredos and altar were designed and fabricated by Downie personally. An extension to the east wing is now used as the living quarters for the Bishop of Monterey. The room built between the convent and the hall is known as the Munras Memorial.

Many artifacts, paintings, statues and other items belonging to the Old Mission were recovered through the course of the years. Interiorly, the north wing, which is used mostly for exhibits, houses one of the finest museums in California. A number of authentic mission rooms have been restored, including Serra's cell and the original mission library. Carmel Mission has been a parish since 1931. It became a basilica in 1960 and later was consecrated. Today *San Carlos Borromeo* continues to serve as the flagship of the missions scattered along *El Camino Real.*

San Luis Rey was one of the later missions, founded only in 1798. Between that year and 1834 it grew into the largest of the frontier establishments along *El Camino Real.* The mission was the work of one man, Fray Antonio Peyri. A visitor to San Luis Rey in the early 1840's recalled that its "buildings...are the most beautiful, the most regular and the most solid in whole California." There was nothing like it along the Pacific Slope.

Besides the church, finished in 1815, Peyri built a huge quadrangle which was already substantially finished by 1804, though the building program continued for another decade. Only in 1829 were the finishing touches put on the church in the form of a dome and a lantern.

Early colored postcard of San Juan Capistrano Mission showing the arches framing the great quadrangle. — *Donald Duke collection.*

When the remains of the mission were examined and measured by Father Zephyrin Engelhardt in 1904, he found that the buildings had covered an area of over six acres. The mission had a frontage of 600 feet from east to west, while extending back 450 feet.

The buildings were fashioned of adobe and one story in height. The facade of the church was of brick, as were the arcades. Above the single story was a flat roof bordered by a parapet. The interior arcades numbered 88. The church was cruciform in style.

The Franciscans served at San Luis Rey until 1846. There is no record of any priest living there in later times until 1892, when the friars returned to the mission where they remain today. By the time of their return, there was little left. Even the church was in partial decay. Several rows of brick arches stood, but all the living quarters and the workshops had fallen back into adobe dust.

Father Joseph O'Keefe began the task of rebuilding. He restored about a fourth of the original quadrangle. He levelled the remaining adobe ruins and returned the ground to agricultural use. The long row of arches along the west end of the property were left in place and later were incorporated into the restored buildings of later times.

In 1926, a section of the tower collapsed during the night. It was repaired during the same year. In the 1930's, the east wing of Peyri's quadrangle was rebuilt and between 1948 and 1950, the friars completed the quadrangle. At that time, the grounds were beautified and a fountain erected in front of the mission. Excavations were made of the early guard house and of the gardens and water works across the road during the 1950's.

Today San Luis, Rey de Francis, reigns once again as the "King of the California Missions." Visitors can identify with the comments made by Auguste Bernard Duhaut-Cilly who visited the mission in 1827:

> This edifice, very beautifully modeled and supported by its numerous pillars, has the aspect of a palace. The green valley in which the building is situated extends further than the eye can see to the north, where the fine landscape terminates on the summit of high mountains.

Before 1930, *San Diego* Mission was a shambles of ugly decay. All that remained were the outlines of the adobe church, its facade and small portions of the side wall. Only the church structure was restored in the following years. In 1950, the ambulatory and front wall of the main wing was put in place with funds from the Hearst Restoration Fund.

San Juan Capistrano preserves the only building at any of the missions which dates back to the time of Fray Junipero Serra (1779). Though somewhat lengthened and heightened, it is still used as a chapel. The large stone church of 1806 was severely damaged by the earthquake of 1812 and remains in ruin as "California's Melrose Abbey." The south, east and north wings of the great quadrangle were restored, the arcades remaining in their original condition. The north wing served as the parish school and convent. Much of this work was done during the pastorate of Father St. John O'Sullivan (1910-1933).

Only the stone and brick church remain at *San Gabriel*, together with a partial section of the front wing of the original quadrangle with its pillars and the tile floor of the east wing. Some changes in the church were made in 1886 and general renovations were made in 1938. The church was severely damaged in the 1987 earthquake.

The most recognizable feature at *San Fernando* is the convento with its arcade and arches. It was re-roofed for the mission's centennial in 1897. The workshops connecting the abandoned church and the convento had become a huge ruins. Re-roofed in 1916 the church was finally restored in 1941 (and the adjacent bell tower in 1946). It was destroyed in the earthquake of 1971 and rebuilt in replica four years later. In 1949, the shops and the south wing of the original quadrangle were restored under the supervision of Mark Harrington and Father Augustine O'Dea.

Only the church is still extant at *San Buenaventura*. Interior renovation took place in 1957 when the wooden floor was removed and the original tiles unveiled. The massive boards were taken off the ceiling and the original beams were revealed. Thus the artificial modernization effected in 1848-1895 was corrected. A portion of the original sacristy was also rebuilt in 1957.

Santa Ines Mission was severely damaged by the flood of 1911. The campanile fell and con-

Mission San Gabriel, south side showing the famous bell tower, circa 1890. — *Donald Duke collection.*

siderable damage was done to the church and living quarters. It was later restored in concrete. The second story on the front wing of the quadrangle survives from early times.

When the restoration began at *La Purisma Concepcion* in 1933, the mission was a desolate ruin. A few pillars and weathered abode walls of the living quarters survived, with trees and grass growing among them. Almost no remains of the church existed. The restored convento, the barracks and workshops, the church and the cemetery were re-dedicated on the morning of Pearl Harbor. The restoration was done under the direction of the United States Government, with the assistance of Civilian Conservations Corps (CCC) workers. The greatest exactitude was employed to insure authentic restoration in what is now a State Park.

The church and front wing of the original quadrangle remain at *San Luis Obispo*. Exterior and interior renovation took place in 1948, with the aid of the Hearst Restoration Fund.

San Miguel Mission was entrusted to the Franciscans in 1948. Only the church and a part of the front wing remained, the latter in a dilapidated condition. A new roof was placed on the church and the front wing was once again made liveable. Between 1933 and 1938, the greater part of the original quadrangle was restored, as well as the front adobe wall. The whole plant was re-dedicated in 1938. The roof of the church was re-tiled in 1939 and an adobe wall placed around the cemetery. In more recent times another adobe wall was erected around acreage south of the mission. Later a T-shaped building was located to the south of the original quadrangle.

By 1904, most of the adobe buildings at *San Antonio* had crumbled back to the earth. Only a few pillars and arches of the front corridor remained. The church stood, but its roof was severely damaged. The replacing of the roof by the Native Sons of the Golden West, in 1904, preserved the walls of the church from further decay. In the early 1950's, the church was totally restored. The original quadrangle and some buildings to the east of the church were rebuilt by the friars themselves.

Until the middle of this century there were only clusters of adobe walls surrounded by a bean field at *Nuestra Señora de la Soledad*. Restoration of the church and a few rooms was spearheaded by the Native Daughters of the Golden West in 1955. Since then several more rooms have been added, but only a small fraction of the original mission has been put back in place.

Restoration at *San Juan Bautista* dates from 1949. The church still stands as does the front wing of the original quadrangle. Its inappro-

priate tower, erected in the last century, was removed. The church was severely damaged in the earthquake of 1906. In the 1970's, the three naves were restored to the church.

Nothing at all remains at *Santa Cruz* except a portion of the Indian village. A miniature replica of the early mission was built near the original site in 1933. Only the church and the historic cemetery remain at *San Francisco* or *Mission Dolores*. What was left of the original church at *Santa Clara* burned in 1926. The present church is modeled along the lines of the earlier building. With regard to the quadrangle, three adobe walls remain and are incorporated into the present buildings of the adjacent Jesuit University.

Only the south wing of the original quadrangle remains at *San Jose*. The replica church, erected in 1984, is one of the most beautiful and authentic houses-of-worship in California. At *San Raphael*, the original mission and church have entirely disappeared. A facsimile of the earlier mission church was erected in 1949 with funds from the Hearst Foundation.

The mission property at *San Francisco Solano* (Sonoma), consisting of a small church and the front wing of a quadrangle, were sold by Archbishop Alemany in 1881. The State of California facilitated the initial restoration in 1912-1914. Continued work occurred in 1943 and, at that time, the church of 1840 and the front wing of the quadrangle were restored.

Restoration is an ongoing project at the California missions. Those wishing to pursue the interesting saga might profit by consulting one of the other 25 documentary volumes about the historic foundation along *El Camino Real* compiled and edited by this writer between 1975 and 1988.

"Hugo Reid and the Southern California Indians Revisited"

by Ronald C. Woolsey

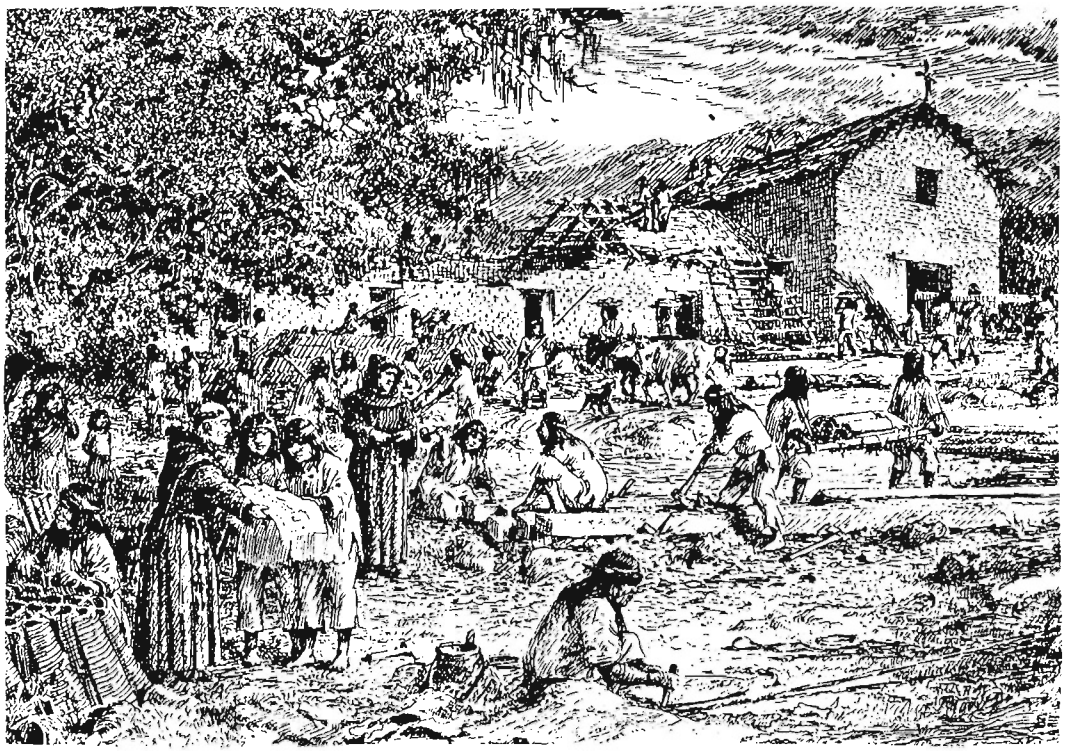
Hugo Reid was one of the early migrants to Mexican Southern California, a time when the rancho dominated the landscape and the mission period abruptly ended with secularization. Born in the British Isles in 1811, the young Scotsman left home at age 18, traveled throughout Latin America, and eventually took a Mexican brig to California in 1832. Not unlike other "Yankee" migrants, Reid adopted the customs and traditions of the rancho period. He married an Indian woman and resided near the San Gabriel mission. He dabbled in winemaking, cattle ranching, and even spent a brief period in the Northern California mines. His friendships ran the gamut of rich and famous; traders and entrepreneurs such as Abel Stearns, Henry Dalton, and Benjamin Wilson.

In 1852, the Los Angeles *Star* published Hugo Reid's essays on the Indians of Southern California, a collection of 22 separate entries that dealt with native customs and wont. The articles provided an informative treatise on Indian culture and mission life. The series established Reid as the foremost expert on the local tribes, and increased his chances for an appointment as Indian agent for the southern district. Indeed, he had a unique understanding of Indian affairs. Marriage into a rancheria family provided access to tribal elders, which enabled him to conduct interviews and gain eyewitness accounts. His own experiences among the San Gabriel Indians added credibility about the adverse effects of the mission system and secularization upon the native inhabitants.

Hugo Reid took the assignment seriously, something that could not always be said for this free-spirited adventurer who counted gold prospecting and sailing to his list of meandering pursuits. In this instance, however, he had spent months in seclusion until he completed the final drafts. Reid considered the project an important undertaking, and he wanted to avoid boosterism or a romantic view of local tribes. "I flatter myself on being able to furnish facts," he asserted, "not falsehoods hatched up to satisfy the curiosity of a chance traveler."

Reid's observations gained instant notoriety, later became a source for Helen Hunt Jackson's *Ramona,* and have provided anthropological data on aborigine language, idioms and traits. Most importantly, Reid's letters were a social commentary meant to educate a readership and elevate the Indian's condition among Anglos. It was the era of Uncle Tom's Cabin, abolition, temperance movements, and womens rights conventions—a period when morality assumed new meaning among American reformers. Within that context, Hugo Reid's treatment of the Southern California Indians brought compassion and justice to the subject.

The essays underwrite several important characterizations about aborigine life. Reid outlined a sophisticated people—a culture of many nuances, particularly in language and literature. He drew analogies with European traits whenever possible. One essay categorized various common nouns and verbs used in the native tongue, then matched them with standard English usage. Popular phrases such as "Thou shalt not' or 'Thou art' were analogous to Indian colloquialisms. Reid noted that "their language is simple, rich, and abounding in compound expressive terms." He linked phonetic usage in the native tongue with similar sounds in the romance languages, and he provided an extensive vocabulary list of Indian words. Reid asserted that Indian literature resembled the epic scheme found in Greek and Roman classics. The natives told legends "being of incredible length and containing more metamorphoses than Ovid could have engendered in his brain had he lived a thousand years."



Indians constructing first Mission buildings under supervision of Padres.

In many ways, Hugo Reid acted as conscience for his Anglo readership. With the same pointed sense of humor that he displayed toward Stearns, Reid needled the sanctimonious themes of Christian missionaries through parallels with native customs. Pagans were not pagans at all; rather, they had fables and legends about virgin births and ascensions. The essays understate the missions' influence on aborigine religion. One essay paralleled precepts of the Apostles Creed, Old Testament commandments, and the Our Father—a belief in one God as a "giver of life," faith in a resurrection of the soul, and the avoidance of using the deity name in vain. These religious influences overlapped indigenous beliefs in a natural order. The eagle had a separate feast day, and the crow and owl were also revered as sacred animals.

Reid also provided a detailed list of tribes and their locales, highlighting the diversity of native life. The first installment in the *Star* listed nearly 30 rancherias with a note that nearly 40 additional villages existed. Unity prevailed throughout the region, and all tribes were "one great Family under distinct Chiefs." Chiefs ruled a lodge and a lodge, not unlike Congress, retained the power to declare war. Traditional standards of authority existed in which elders held the most respected positions. Tribes respected common norms for marriage, allowed for divorce in extreme cases, and they gathered in community spirit for baptism and burial.

Reid was a master of artful suasian, accentuating the best in Indian life against the problems of Anglo settlement. He itemized specific Indian accomplishments that contrasted with existing problems in the pueblo. The rancherias had an advanced messenger service in which children relayed correspondence between tribes—quite different from the informal and inefficient Anglo system that allowed mail to be deposited in a grocery barrel until randomly claimed. In a gold rush era where a dearth of hard currency contributed to wild price fluctuations and unpredictable demand, Reid wily observed an efficient Indian monetary structure based on shells, along with an intricate system of measurement for legal tender.

Hugo Reid's overview of Indian culture represented an important dimension of the Indian profile. The articles detailed a sophisticated and complex aborigine lifestyle that compared favor-

ably with Anglo-European traditions. The essays were educational and informative. Reid subtly elevated the Indian to some measure of parity with an Anglo-American readership. But the articles went beyond a descriptive look at native life and dealt with the Indian personality. Reid's essays on the Southern California Indians constructed a portrait of peaceful tribes, a nonthreatening profile in an era when tensions ran high between the native peoples and settlers. He provided dignity to his subject, offered empathy to his readership, and laid the basis for a humanitarian approach to aborigine problems.

Indeed, Southern California became the focal point of the natives' frustrations. After the secularization of the San Gabriel and Capistrano missions, the Indians were set free to become victims of an unsympathetic world. Alfred Robinson best summarized the missions decline with his observation of circumstances at San Diego. "Here everything was prostrated—the Presidio ruined—the Mission depopulated—the town almost deserted, and its few inhabitants miserably poor." Unemployment ran high, alcoholism endemic, and poverty common among the rancherias. These impoverished conditions led to resistance in the form of cattle raids on the ranchos, vandalism of the missions, and disorderly conduct around the pueblo.

Reid witnessed these distressful conditions at San Gabriel, himself married into the Comicrabit rancheria. San Gabriel was especially hard hit by secularization, leaving a ruined land. "Thousands of cattle were slain, for their hides only," recalled one contemporary, "whilst their carcasses remained to decompose upon the plains." A scenario of injustice and disease soon followed the destruction of the mission. Reid sometimes mediated Indian complaints of mistreatment. In one instance, Reid wrote Stearns about a native who had "come to me crying" that he had been berated by a Stearns' worker. "I thought it better to take him with me," wrote a diplomatic Reid. He saw their poverty turn to disease. "There is no peace for the wicked—So says the writ. I have been occupied in the mission—Great cry & little wool." And he witnessed disease result in death. In a letter to Stearns, desperate conditions were characterized in quiet terms. "Request small syringe... Yglesia is dying... also requests balsam and sweet spirits."

To Hugo Reid, the native peoples were peaceful by nature; hence, his essays portrayed the Indian in pacifistic terms. Internecine wars were infrequent, underlying a sense of comraderie among the tribes—an interpretation substantiated by historian George Harwood Phillips, who noted that Indian conflicts "developed mainly over territorial infractions and usually took place when food was scarce." As a confederation of rancherias, they fought collectively only when they were endangered by outside forces. Reid considered their laws a reflection of nonviolent personal values. Robbery and murder were rare occurrences. He observed that syphilis and alcohol abuse were uncommon among the tribes, a subtle indictment of circumstances after secularization.

In turn, Reid constructed an aborigine profile of gaiety and courage, similar in demeanor to the *gente de razon*. The bright dress, flowers, necklaces, and bracelets of their costume represented a happy people in the best traditions of rancho life. Indian festivals of flowers resembled the elaborate gala of dance and games associated with the *fandangos* and *bailes* common to the pueblo. They were a people of dignity, the noble savage, filled with courage when necessary. Reid described the hunt as a test of fortitude in the best traditions of a medieval knight. A trial by ordeal tested a hunters loyalty, and included fasting and submission to nature's danger. One such test required a hunter to lay exposed on an ant hill, enduring the suffering in silence. "To make them watchful," according to Reid, "vigilant and clear sighted."

Ultimately, Reid's essays on the Southern California Indians represented a social commentary on Anglo-European conquests. His portrayal of a noble people was eventually corrupted by European settlement, and the Roman Catholic Church in particular. Indeed, the Indian question had confounded Spain and Mexico for several years. Reid's criticism of the missions, therefore, crystalized a widespread frustration with the Church's role in Indian policy. In the words of historian C. Alan Hutchinson, the mission's failure produced a call for secularization "on the ground that they were not being sufficiently successful in converting their Indians into Christian, Spanish-speaking farmers able to hold the land for Spain."

For Hugo Reid, the Church had little utilitarian value to the Indians, and the rigid dogma

associated with Catholic ritual seemed alien to their own simple beliefs. Reid noted that the aborigine never heard of a Devil until the Spanish conquest. Nor were whippings common punishment among tribes—an obvious criticism of mission disciplinary methods. Certainly, Reid had resisted the Catholic influence in his own life. He only tolerated the Mass and Benedictions that his converted wife attended. "Religion has [hurt my nerves], having been yesterday at church," he once cracked. During one poor financial stretch, Reid quipped "that good luck will ensue" because he had not witnessed any baptisms since a Dalton family baptism brought "all sorts of calamities..."

A sophisticated people, peaceful by nature, and compromised by foreign settlement—all seemed compelling reasons put forth for a reservation. Reid made this final argument for separation of cultures in several passages. He articulated the intricate beauty associated with the native tongue, lost over time, and a need to return to "old standards." Reid observed that Indians had always resisted cultural indoctrination by the mission padres. He wrote that native runaways, called *hindas,* undertook dangerous risks to escape to the mountains because the price of freedom outweighed the consequences of capture and punishment. This picture of defiance prevailed even after secularization. "Scantily clothed and still more scantily supplied with food," Reid noted, "...nearly all the Gabrielinos went north while those of San Diego, San Luis and San Juan overran this county."

More importantly, the Indian question had specific relevance to Southern California in 1852. Friction between tribes and settlers continued into the American period. Native warriors often attacked overland travelers in the mountain passes and at the outlying regions to the Gila and Santa Fe trails. The Tulare Indians, in particular, raided the cattle ranches and farms in the southern counties. Government neglect, broken treaties, and high taxation were often cited as causes for Indian rebellions. To an exasperated Los Angeles *Star,* the lack of adequate protection invited trouble, and blame rested with "the military commander in this State."

Just as the outlying tribes signified a mood of

Mission Indian women grinding corn in front of their rancheria house.

defiance, the mission Indians represented a helpless people. Disease and suffering associated with the rancherias invited crime and violence, particularly at San Gabriel. While Reid composed his Indian essays, the mission suffered widespread theft and vandalism. One report indicated that "as many as four large dwelling houses have been constructed from the materials thus carried away..." Native residents were often the victims of unsolved murders. Only a week after the publication of Reid's first essay, the *Star* reported that two Indian men were found dead in town, one killed by aguadiente while the "other was stabbed and cut in various places." The newspaper urged an investigation into violations of Indian rights. "The Indian law is badly enforced in this county," the *Star* declared, "and the reason of many inconveniences we suffer in the city."

Reid believed the American conquest had exacerbated the Indians plight through indifference. In 1848, he assessed the depressed conditions at San Gabriel along with his own financial woes. "The taking of the country by the Americans," Reid concluded, "is undoubtedly the curse!" In Gold Rush California, an agenda of growth and discovery overshadowed the demands of an indigenous people; thus, the native tribes became the victims of a nation preoccupied with western settlement. Although Hugo Reid did not fully grasp this sad fact, he certainly sensed that Indian conditions required urgent reform. To Reid, these native depredations were a matter of American policy that demanded national solutions. "Ought not the government of the United States in consideration of those lands, hard toil & labor make them a remuneration, give them an annual supply of clothing, give schooling to their children with much more justice (since justice is the theme)." Hence, a reservation in Southern California seemed as much an obligation of American settlement as an Indian right based on historical precedent. "Ought not the Indian families," Reid asked, "have a reservation made them which they could cultivate under a certain system?"

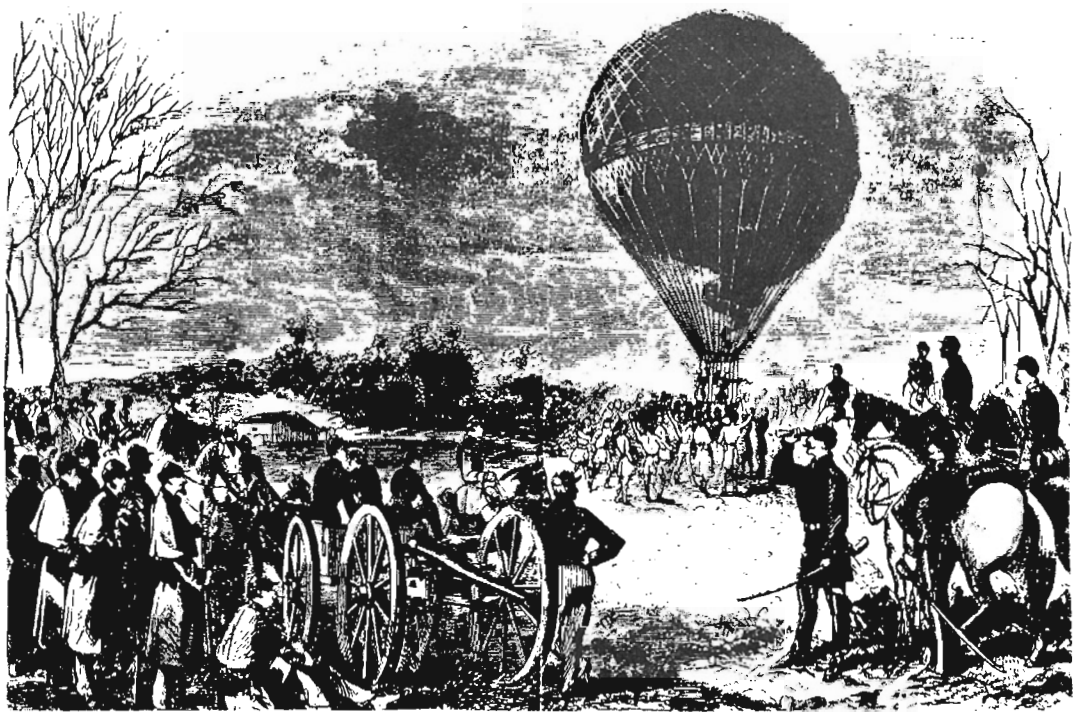
Reid's essays on the Indians of Southern California appeared in the Los Angeles *Star* between February and July of 1852. The entries were a popular success and later reissued in other newspapers located throughout the state. As an addendum to the series, the *Star* believed the articles would sway public opinion, and "have a practical tendency to ameliorate their [Indians] condition." In addition, the experience gained Reid statewide prominence, which may have led to a later appointment as Indian agent. According to Robert F. Heizer, "If Reid had lived he might have succeeded [Benjamin] Wilson, and in so doing would have been profitably employed in a work in which he had great interest and competence."

But Reid did not live more than a few months after the publication of the Indian essays, and the work of a reservation and the ramifications of Indian policy would be left to others. Still, Hugo Reid had elevated the Indian question to a matter of public policy, and established the rationale behind future governmental action in Southern California.

From Author to Reader: The primary resources used in this study were derived from the Hugo Reid collections at the Huntington Library and the Seaver Center for Western History, along with microfilm available on the Los Angeles *Star*. The essays have been published in various incomplete editions over the years. The most comprehensive and accurate compilation of all 22 essays is Robert F. Heizer's ed., *The Indians of Los Angeles: Hugo Reid's Letters of 1852* (Highland Park, Los Angeles: Southwest Museum, 1968). The most imporant biographical work is Susanna Bryant Dakin's, *A Scotch Paisano* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1939).

Thaddeus S.C. Lowe
A Most Original Western Entrepreneur

by Abraham Hoffman



Thaddeus Lowe aboard the *Intrepid* about to ascend in his balloon near Vienna, Virginia, to reconoiter for the Union Army. — *Harper's Weekly*

The San Gabriel Mountains form the northeastern boundary of the Los Angeles area, and when the weather is right hikers can see as far as Catalina Island. One of the best spots for such viewing is from Mount Lowe, named for a scientist and businessman who was responsible for creating some of the West's most unusual landmarks.

Thaddeus Sobieski Coulincort Lowe was born in Jefferson Hills, New Hampshire, in 1832. As a young man he became interested in air currents and ballooning, and by the late 1850's he was designing and building balloons and airships, inventing instruments for measuring latitude and longitude, and making balloon ascensions. Lowe's interests were purely scientific, but he soon became noted for the way in which he applied his expertise, sometimes in most unexpected ways.

Shortly after the Civil War began, Lowe made an unplanned balloon trip that put him in considerable difficulty. On April 20, 1861, he took off in a balloon from Cincinnati, Ohio. Nine hours and 900 miles later, having been blown considerably off course, he landed near Pea Ridge, on the boundary between North and South Carolina. Although Lowe insisted that his voyage had been a purely scientific one, Confederates were inclined to think otherwise. Arrested as a Yankee spy, Lowe only narrowly escaped a lynch mob when a man recognized and vouched for him.

Once out of the clutches of the Confederates, and aware of the military possibilities offered by ballooning, Lowe offered his talents to the Union. By way of demonstration he sent the first telegraph message from a balloon, to President Lincoln; and he was the first person in the United

The first electric trolley from Altadena Junction to Echo Mountain incline railway station was truly of open air design. Professor Lowe is sitting on the chair at the front. — *Donald Duke collection.*

States to take photographs from a balloon. The Union army found Lowe's military balloon a practical one, and Lowe's observation balloon, the *Intrepid*, saw action on a number of Civil War battlefields. Lowe witnessed the Battle of Seven Pines from his balloon, and the *Intrepid* was also used at Fair Oaks. Major General Fitz John Porter made no fewer than a hundred ascensions in Lowe's balloon, while Colonel Richard Auchmuty noted that observers were safe from artillery fire at the observation height of 1,000 feet. When the balloon fell within the 300-foot height, however, it fell within range of Confederate guns, making the trip up and back down rather perilous.

After the war Lowe's inventive mind led him to a number of practical scientific accomplishments, including the first commercially useful artificial ice, improving the manufacture of gas and coke, and experimenting with producing gas for such purposes as icehouses. Left in debt when his refrigeration transport service failed, Lowe sought new horizons in the Southern California real estate boom of the 1880's. Lowe headed West, arriving just in time to see the boom go bust, but he had a number of ideas which quickly found financial support.

One idea, to manufacture gas from water, attracted the attention of Los Angeles financiers. Lowe claimed gas could be made at a cost of eight cents per thousand feet. On a $15,000 investment, Lowe laid gas pipes and in a few months commenced selling gas at a dollar per thousand feet, undercutting the Los Angeles Gas Company's price of $1.50. Unfortunately, Lowe's estimate proved way off the mark, and his gas cost more than what his company was selling it for. The investment was saved when the Los Angeles Gas Company bought Lowe out rather than face the competition.

Undaunted by his lack of success with commercial gas in Los Angeles, Lowe plunged into a variety of science-related business ventures. Known as Professor Lowe—though he seems never to have taught school—he moved to Pasadena and adopted the young town as his own, constructing a gas plant and serving as president of the Pasadena Gas & Electric Company. He also bought the Grand Opera House Block, became a director for several businesses in Pasadenand Los Angeles, and accepted a vice-presidency in the Citizen's Bank of Los Angeles.

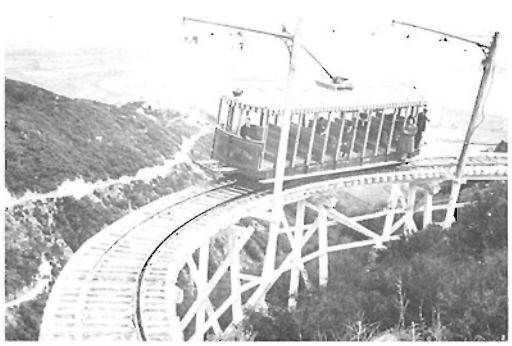
Lowe's most enduring monument typified the spirit of enterprise and promotion that brought national attention to Southern California in the late 19th century. In 1891 Lowe organized the Pasadena & Mt. Wilson Railway Company, soon popularly known as the Mt. Lowe Railway. He built an inclined, funicular railway up Rubio Canyon above Pasadena, creating a 3,000-foot elevator to transport building materials up the mountain which was soon named for him. Lowe's initial inspiration had been to construct a balloon ferry to the top of the mountain, but this plan did not work out, and the railway became his trademark route for scaling the mountain.

Soon the Rubio Pavilion, the Swiss Chalet, and the Echo Mountain House—a dance hall and two resort hotels—were under construction, as was an observatory, reservoir, and other facilities. The complex became known as The White

City and was officially opened on July 4, 1893. It was an instant success. Tourists flocked to the incline railway which featured a breath-taking 60 percent average grade, then transferred to a narrow-gauge trolley which wound around 127 curves and 18 trestles to the Alpine Tavern, an end-of-the-line hotel Lowe built at the top of the mountain, 5,593 feet above sea level. Some of the more spectacular curves were given names such as Horseshoe Curve, Granite Gate, and Sunset Point. In an era when tourists enjoyed hiking and camping, Lowe's resorts were a prime attraction, and the railway was praised by author George Wharton James as "the most wonderful railway in the world."

Although successful, most of Lowe's resort complex was short-lived. In 1900 his premier hotel, the Echo Mountain House, burned down, and five years later high winds mortally damaged the Swiss Chalet. A fire then destroyed the rest of The White City buildings except for the observatory. But it was fun while it lasted. In its time Lowe's resort offered hiking trails; a zoo and museum; a searchlight Lowe purchased from the 1893 World's Fair, visible 150 miles out at sea; bridle paths; a dance hall; and the hotels. Lowe died in 1913, and although his most elegant hotels had been destroyed, he still lived to see the success of his Alpine Tavern and incline railway as prime tourist attractions.

The company was taken over by the Pacific Electric Railway, who repaired the cable incline and trackage after fire had damaged them, and the Alpine Tavern continued in business until 1936 when it, too, was destroyed by fire. A massive flood in 1938 completed the destruction



The single truck trolley, from Echo Mountain to Alpine Tavern, on famous Circular Bridge. — *Donald Duke collection.*

At base of Echo Mountain incline railway. Connecting trolley of Mount Lowe Railway shows later enclosed design. — *Donald Duke collection.*

of Lowe's masterwork. The remaining railway tracks were torn up for their metal during World War II, and nothing remains today except for some cement foundations, the old cable wheel, and a historical marker.

Sad to note that few people in Southern California other than old-time residents know of Lowe's attractions. Thaddeus Lowe had many original ideas that seemed just slightly off center. His attempt to establish a transcontinental luxury passenger balloon line never worked out, but the idea sounds intriguing even today. Modern diversions, from Disneyland to Magic Mountain, continue the tradition of keeping the masses amused. An earlier and more innocent era probably had just as much fun rounding Horseshoe Curve as any tourist taking the Matterhorn ride today. There have been other entrepreneurs who left their mark on the Southern California landscape, from Tishman's buildings to the ubiquitous Fred Sands real estate signs—but few men have matched the mountains in the way that Lowe figuratively, and literally, accomplished.

A Model-T Ford passes alongside the north entrance building to Camp Cajon, located along the old National Trails Highway running between San Bernardino to Needles, circa 1920. — *Steele's Photo Service*

Camp Cajon

by Donald Duke

The old National Trails Highway ran all the way across the Mojave Desert from the California border at Needles to San Bernardino, by way of Cajon Pass. Following World War I it had been paved and was a narrow two-lane road with only one chance to buy gas between Needles and Barstow. As the Southern California bound motorist traveled this highway and surmounted Cajon Pass, he left behind the hot endless desert. Upon descending Cajon Pass, travelers began to wonder if they would be subjected to even more desolation on the west side of the pass. However, as they rounded a curve, there lay a beautiful stand of sycamore trees that not only provided shade, but the area also had water as well. The grove became a stopping place for tourists, allowing them the luxury of washing the grit and sand from their faces. This automobile oasis later became known as Camp Cajon. Although the camp was not established by the Santa Fe Railway, the railroad certainly was involved in its construction and physical plant.

The idea for Camp Cajon was the brainchild of William M. Bristol, a citrus farmer from East Highlands, just outside San Bernardino. Why Bristol became so concerned with the comforts of the overland traveler remains a mystery! Quite possibly he was simply a humanitarian or he may have motored across the Great American Desert himself at one time, and knew what it was like to anticipate some sort of civilization that would serve as a pleasant "greeting" to Southern California. In any case, Bristol saw to it that there was just such a "Welcome Station" for those who had braved the desert in their travel to this area.

In order to get others behind his project, he editorialized in various Southern California newspapers. He wrote a ton of "Letters to the Editor" articles, and fortunately, many of them were published. With all of this exposure, he suddenly discovered he was gaining an increasing amount of interest in his project. He won the admiration of the Chamber of Commerce of many Southern California communities. He also gained support from the Elks (BPOE), the Eagles and the Rotary Club. In due course the Automobile Club of Southern California came around to join in the support of Bristol's idea for a roadside welcome or rest stop.

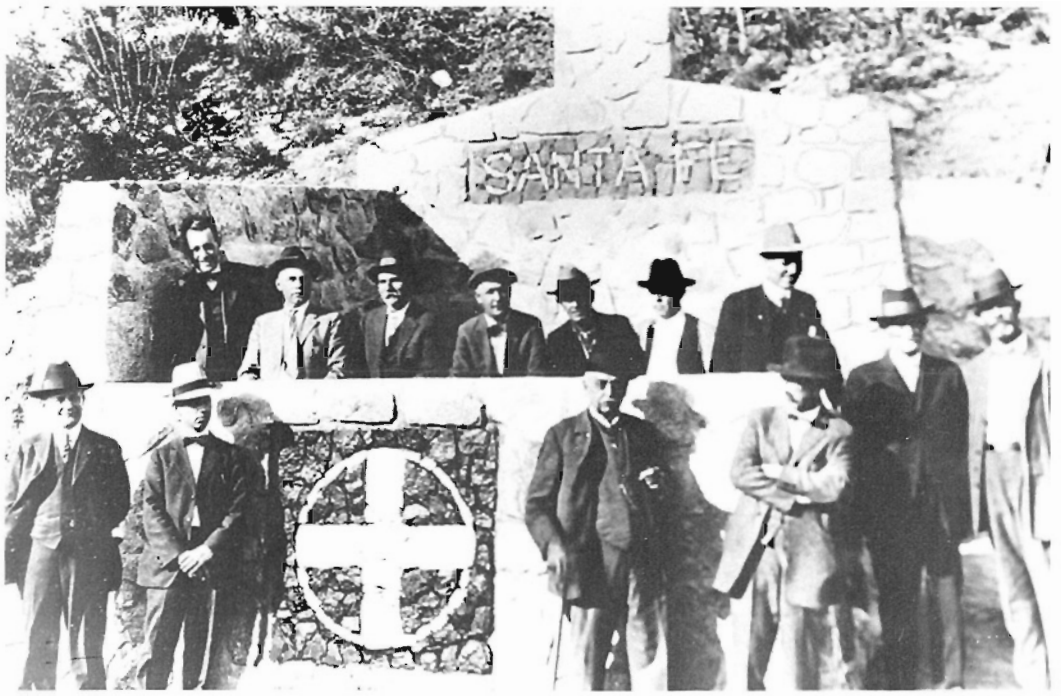
During weekends at this period of time, Bristol would often pitch his tent above the Santa Fe Railway's Cajon Station, and he would spend his time scouting for the appropriate place to build his "Welcome" park. It was his feeling that the grove of sycamore trees just north of Cajon

Map which shows the location of Camp Cajon in relation to Cajon Pass. Actually Cajon Pass is not a pass at all, but a separation between the San Gabriel Range and the San Bernardino Mountains.

Station would afford the ideal spot, plus it had the added advantage of running water. Bristol decided to take a two month vacation from his orchard in order to begin to design and plot his park. He made wooden molds for tables and benches and mixed and poured the cement. He built some stone cooking stoves, using the surrounding natural rock, and dug a toilet and surrounded it with a rock building. Camp Cajon, at the mouth of Crowder Canyon, was slowly becoming a reality.

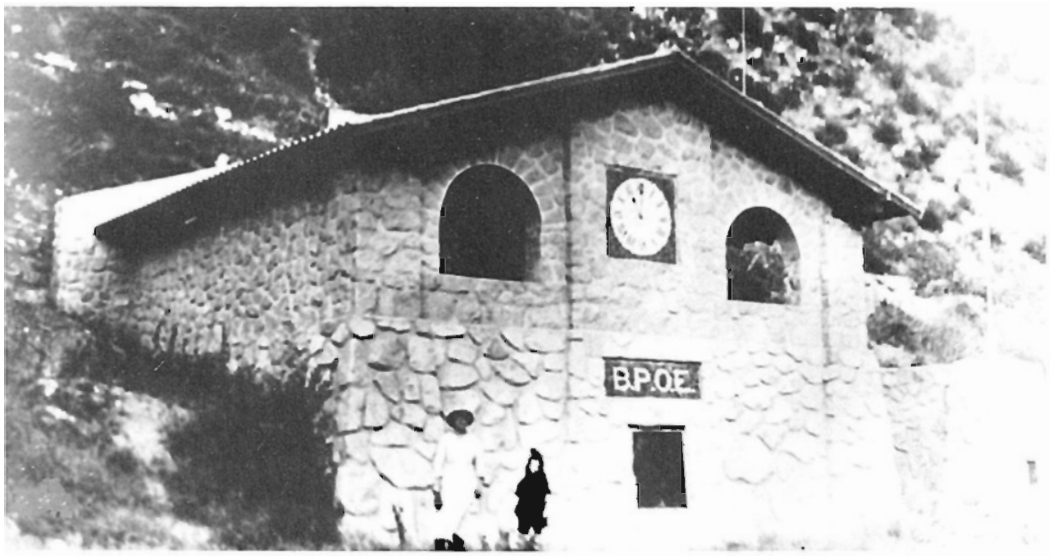
Nothing remains of Camp Cajon today, but its location was on the east side of Interstate 15 at the upgrade truck scales above Santa Fe's old Cajon Station, just where the two Santa Fe rail lines split.

The newspapers kept an eye on Camp Cajon's progress, and once they saw something was happening they would feature articles to inform the citizens of the "Inland Empire." Corporate and fraternal support was quick to respond. The Santa Fe Railway and its employees gave a hand. Roadmaster Al Ray and his crew, on their off-hours, built an outdoor stone dining room, complete with tables and benches. The dining room was built from native stone and the stepped entrance featured a large Santa Fe emblem cast in black and white stones. The San Bernardino shops cast 26 round cement tables and accompanying seats. The Knights of Pythias built a roofed stone-like castle for inside dining. It had wooden tables and chairs with stoves at one end



The entrance to the outdoor dining room nicknamed the "Camp Cajon Harvey House" built by Santa Fe Railway employees. The structure was constructed by Roadmaster Al Ray and his crew of track workers. This photograph shows Santa Fe Los Angeles Division officials during the grand opening of Camp Cajon. — *Steele's Photo Service*

The outdoor "Harvey House" dining room showing the round concrete tables and benches. The black spot in the middle of each table held a bronze plaque stating the name of the giver or city. Some of them read "To all nature-lovers by the employees of the State Hospital at Patton." Others read "Just 20 miles to Del Rosa beneath the Arrowhead." One read "In honor of Fred T. Perris - chief engineer of the Santa Fe who in 1884 led the Iron Horse thru Cajon Pass." — *Steele's Photo Service*



The Elk's Clubhouse (B.P.O.E.) building was an imposing stone structure which contained an indoor dining area. The water clock which worked on the drip system was novel for its time. — *Steele's Photo Service*

of the structure. The Elks (BPOE) built a giant stone clubhouse with a large water clock on the outside face of the building.

The Pioneer Society of San Bernardino became so involved that they decided to honor the junction of the old Salt Lake Mormon Trail and the Santa Fe Trail with a monument at Camp Cajon. It was dedicated in early 1917 and still stands in the pass today, just below Tiffany's Diner.

Bristol began building Camp Cajon in early 1917, and from its inception it just seemed to grow. The Santa Fe Railway, the Knights of Pythias, the Rotary Club, the Elks and various valley cities Chambers of Commerce were involved. Camp Cajon was officially opened and dedicated on July 4, 1919. A big celebration was held and William H. Bristol was the honored guest. J.C. Davis, the poet laureate of California, even wrote a poem called "Camp Cajon," and read it at the event. Al Ray and his crew of Santa Fe employees were honored for their contribution of the open air dining hall at a flag-raising ceremony. Unofficially, the dining hall became known as the Camp Cajon or Cajon Pass Harvey House. No pun intended!

Camp Cajon
by J.C. Davis

Up from our inland empire of orange and palm and vine—
Here where the wildflower fragrance and the breath of the mountain pine
Give respite from work and worry and the grinding care that kills,
We find the help that cometh from the everlasting hills.

At this—the wide-flung portal to our golden farthest West—
Of all fair lands the fairest, of all good lands the best,
We have builded a shrine to friendship, goodfellowship and cheer,
That all who cross our threshold may find refreshment here;
For the weary, wayworn stranger, a haven of peace and rest;
Cool shade from our ardent sunshine, Godspeed for the parting guest.

The pioneers—pathfinders—beheld no welcoming sign
As trickled down yon cañon, their first thin skirmish line;
Vanguard of the mighty army, that ever swells and grows,
As swells the flood in the old Cajon with the melting of mountain snows.
Gone are their prairie schooners—type of a vanished day;
Gone are the sands and boulders that strewed their hard-won way;

A gigantic rainstorm struck Southern California in the spring of 1938. It rained for two days without a let up. Walls of water slammed down the canyons of Cajon Pass. The water rushing down Crowder Canyon undermined the B.P.O.E. Clubhouse and this is all that remained of the once large structure. — *Steele's Photo Service*

They blazed the trail primeval, but the sons whom they gave birth,
Ariel-like, have made us a girdle around the earth;
Running a myriad tangents from dawn to the set of sun;
Spanning the mighty distance till East and West are one.
Smoothly as glides the eagle, above us in the sky,
Racing along that speedway our airshod chariots fly;
And the beehive hum of commerce across earth's leveled floor
Chords with the diapason of the birdman's motor's roar.

The West to the East calls ever in a voice that is loud and clear,
And she stands at her open gateway to give you greeting here;
Friends are ye all and brothers, from whitherso'er ye come—
Tarry beneath the willows—this for the nonce is home.
We offer to each a token, a service of heart and hand;
The deed for the word unspoken, the way of our western land;
A pledge and an invitation, bold-written in bronze and stone
That he who runs may read it—THRICE WELCOME TO CAMP CAJON!

For nearly 20 years Camp Cajon provided highway travelers, on their way to Southern California, with its intended warm welcome. Many citizens from the San Bernardino region often traveled to Camp Cajon just to picnic. Camp Cajon remained a highway haven until March 2, 1938. It was then that a gigantic rainstorm struck Southern California, raining for two days. Walls of water, rock and silt came rushing down every canyon, including Crowder Canyon, the site of Camp Cajon. One might believe that stone structures could withstand any deluge of water, but it was only a matter of time before the rushing water began to undermine the foundations and tore the buildings apart. The Santa Fe Railway's lines over Cajon Pass were washed out in many places and train service was cancelled. When the sun finally came out, Camp Cajon and the railway were in ruin. Many of the round concrete tables had washed down the canyon, some found at least a mile away. Crews began rebuilding the railroad right-of-way, but it was decided not to rebuild Camp Cajon.

Nothing remains of Camp Cajon today, except for a few trees at the entrance to Crowder Canyon. Even the foundations are long gone. But the monument marking the junction of the Mormon and Santa Fe trails survived. Several of the round tables and benches were located during the rebuilding of the Santa Fe right-of-way and are located at Perris Hill and Lytle Creek parks in San Bernardino.

One Way to Beat the System

by John Southworth

Through the years, much truth and fiction has been written concerning a woman who registered and routinely voted in California many years before the nineteenth amendment to our Constitution was ratified in 1920 to give all women that right.

To set the record straight, the following article by Ed. Martin, as published in E. S. Harrison's 1892 *History of Santa Cruz County, California*, page 78, is reproduced in its entirety.

> On the stage line between Santa Cruz and Watsonville, in the 1850's, was a driver who rejoiced in the name of 'Cross-eyed Charley.' He was a man about forty years old, rather short in stature, lame in one leg, and having but one eye gave him rather a peculiar appearance; the absence of any beard, save a very little in his upper lip, a falsetto voice, a face rather repulsive on first acquaintance, altogether comprised a make-up of such a character as to be remembered. Charley drove stage for some years, used the language of 'the knights of the whip,' swore at his horses as the occasion demanded, took his 'nip' at all the stopping-places, carried the United States mail, conveyed messages from one settlement to another on his route, performed his duties faithfully, and was a general favorite on the road. Becoming tired of handling the reins, he started a half-way house, 'refreshments for man and beast,' took care of the relay of stage horses, bought twenty-five acres of land on the Calabasas, and apparently settled down on his own ranch.
>
> In 1879 Charley sold his ranch and went to live in a cabin on a ranch owned by some of his friends, lived alone, avoided people as much as possible, took sick in 1879, and passed to the other side. While the kindly offices of the dead were being performed, and the body prepared for burial, it was ascertained that 'Cross-eyed Charley' belonged to the softer sex. In other words, Charley, the old stage driver, was a woman. Why this disguise, for a number of years successfully carried out, had been assumed was beyond conjecture. The strange story was circulated very extensively. Enterprising reporters devoted a column or two, and made up quite a romantic history of the *soi desant*, Charley Parkhurst, the female stage driver. The Eastern papers took up the narrative and embellished the same with a story of a fair, golden-haired maiden in New Hampshire becoming disappointed in love, and, leaving her native State, wandering forth disguised in the habiliments of the sterner sex.
>
> Her identity was pretended to have been established, but we think not. No evidence was ever presented tending that way. Charley had preserved his secret carefully, and it was buried with him. No heirs or legatees ever made any inquiries or endeavored to make any claims to the little property left by the deceased, hence it is safe to say that the mystery of Charley Parkhurst's life will remain unsolved, and pass through history like the man in the iron mask or the gentleman who struck 'Billy Patterson.' On the great register of the county is found the name of Charles Darkey Parkhurst; nativity, New Hampshire; age, fifty-five; occupation, farmer; date of registration, 1867. Charley evidently exercised the right of an American citizen, and voted in spite of the law that deprives the gentler sex of the right to vote.

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

was a peninsula, not an island. Cabrillo soon after validated this view, but their voyages offered little cartographic information.

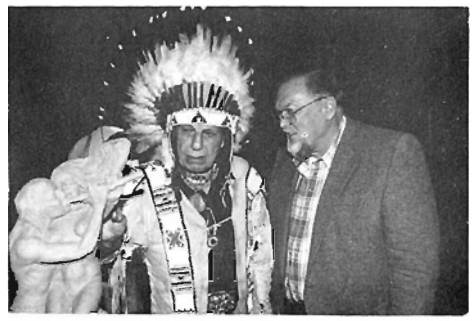
In the years that followed world maps showed California as a peninsula, though much of the land masses as drawn reflected the imaginations of mapmakers anxious to avoid blank spaces. There was a great deal of plagiarism and perpetuation of earlier mistakes. Map quality improved at least in appearance as engravings replaced wood blocks. Maps in the 17th century became quite complex, appearing in up to six languages as they were used by sailors of many nations. The squiggly coastlines, however, usually designated nonexistent harbors and inlets.

The big problem for California arose with Father Antonio Ascension's argument that California was an island. He had sailed with Vizcaino in 1602 and accepted sailor's stories about a strait east of California. Ascension became the chief proponent of California as an island. One of his maps ended up in the hands of Henry Briggs, an Englishman who believed in the Northwest Passage. Briggs' friend, Samuel Purchas, published a map in 1625 showing California as an island. Others bought Purchas's work and continued the error. The French put out an erroneous map in 1650. By then maps were riddled with such misinformation, and the errors influenced map work for the next fifty years.

The mystery of California was at last resolved by Father Eusebio Kino who in 1701 proved that Baja California was indeed a peninsula. He explored New Mexico and found that the Gila and Colorado were rivers, not straits. The Jesuits published his findings in 1705 and caused a cartographic furor. The error persisted, however, well into the 18th century. At last, in 1747, King Ferdinand VII of Spain issued a decree that California was *not* an island. But erroneous maps could still be found with such fancies as the Strait of Anian and an Island of California until almost the end of the 18th century.

SEPTEMBER 1991 MEETING

Artist Vic Riesau, noted sculptor of Western themes, addressed the Corral on his work and interests. Idas are plentiful, said Tiesau, but inspiration comes hard. An artist works alone and with a certainty of failure in trying to reach his goal. True art itself defies definition; time is limited, and so is money. Creative art goes far beyond modeling or illustrations, as it must express what the subject is feeling or doing.



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Iron Eyes Cody examines work of sculptor Vic Riesau, on right, September meeting speaker.

Riesau said that Western sculptors and artists are primarily concerned with subject. But the subject must be shown exhibiting energy, movement, and an ability to evoke an emotional response in the viewer. Riesau described his use of space, texture, and lines to create the illusion of action. Use of shadow and how sculptures will create their shadows is also important. Painters enjoy more creativity than sculptors who have to take the time to develop the framework for their work. Knowledge of anatomy and the ability to do research are also essential elements of the Western sculptors' qualifications.

OCTOBER 1991 RENDEZVOUS

The annual Rendezvous was once again held at the beautiful home of Al Miller, whose hospitality continues to set high marks for graciousness and generosity. Corral members who attended this event found several changes in procedure that were designed to make the entire event run more smoothly. This included an enlarged silent auction offered as a part of the Trading Post operation; a corresponding decrease in the total number of books offered at the regular; and the bar was operated by the caterer offering draft beer. A lot of sales developed in all areas, resulting in $3,000 added to the publication fund.

Several Corral members who had authored books displayed their efforts. Supplying brilliant colors for the occasion was the display of western

paintings by artists Ben Abril and Andy Dagosta. Flexing his biceps over a portable forge, Bill Miller showed he could still bend iron as part of his display of frontier blacksmithing. While looking at the books, watching Miller's forge and looking at the art work, members sampled the Indian fry bread and paro caliente wrapped in a sort of biscuit. Apparently the tap beer created a taste for salt, as the peanuts disappeared by the handful.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Bill Miller. "The smith a mighty man was he ..."

Following the auction was our annual Rendezvous dinner of tender steaks, baked potatoe, salad, and garlic bread. At the conclusion of the meal which was washed down with the fruit of the vine and coffee, Sheriff Don Franklin presented the Corral's special Westerner's plaque to honored guest Doyce B. Nunis for his years of faithful service to the Corral, as Brand Book Editor, Brand Book author, and his contribution of a forthcoming Keepsake on the life and times of Tom Horn.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Sheriff Don Franklin presents plaque to honored guest Doyce Nunis while Msgr. Francis Weber and Siegfried Demke observe the action with sober approval.

NOVEMBER 1991 MEETING

Historian Kevin Starr described the latest installment of his "Americans and the California Dream" series on California during the Great Depression, focusing on "Historians and the Writing of California History." He highlighted three scholars whose work has made a lasting impression on the historiography and bibliography of California—Robert E. Cowan, Henry R. Wagner, and Carey McWilliams.

Cowan began his career as a part-time violinist and stationery clerk in San FRancisco. He also began the first of several important private collections on the government and people of California and pursued the themes of exploration and manifest destiny. He soon amassed a collection of books second only to the Bancroft Library. Collis P. Huntington bought this collection and donated it to the Bancroft Library; meanwhile, Cowan continued collecting. In 1926 Cowan moved his growing collection to Los Angeles. His first bibliography had been published in 1914, and with his son Robert G. Cowan he put out an expanded work in 1933. It remains the standard starting point for California studies. In Los Angeles Cowan wrked as bibliographer to millionaire William A. Clark. Cowan sold his second collection to UCLA for $50,000, and his previously penurious life was made comfortable through his work for Clark.

In constrast to the long years of economic hardship for Cowan, Henry R. Wagner started as a man of means, a successful businessman with interests in mining. He traveled extensively and enjoyed life to its fullest. His interest in bibliography made him an important figure in the field by the 1920s. Wagner insisted on geography as a base for sensing history's environment. His collections became the core of his historical and bibliographical writing. Wagner then sold the collections (usually at a profit) and then started over again.

Wagner's interests ranged widely from Irish economics to the trans-Mississippi West. Retiring from business, he began issuing bibliographies on the West. In 1922, *California Imprints* came out. After this came studies of the Spanish Southwest, Sir Francis Drake, and Spanish voyages of exploration. All this work was done in his sixties during the 1920s. In the 1930s more important publications came out; by age 80 in 1943 he was credited with 125 books and articles, none of them done with any academic connection. Starr compared Wagner with Herbert E. Bolton in range and energy. Wagner did receive honorary degrees, and he supported

the growth of historical societies.

The independent scholar tradition also included the career of Carey McWilliams whose first book was a literary biography of Ambrose Bierce—the first critical biography of a literary California figure, written before McWilliams was 25. Starr gives the book very high marks.

The three men had little in common other than a sense of history and a passion for scholarship and writing—models for what Westerners do today.

HOLLAND AND NUNIS AWARDED HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

The November Round-Up meeting was the occasion for the Corral to bestow Honorary Membership on Elwood W. Holland and Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. for their many years of outstanding service to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. Holland specialized in administrative activities, always becoming involved in Wrangler tasks. He was Registrar of Marks & Brands for several years, became Deputy Sheriff in 1977, and was Sheriff in 1978. Nunis was editor of the Corral's "Silver Anniversary" Brand Book published in 1971, followed by his service as Deputy Sheriff in 1972 and Sheriff in 1973. And, if this was not service enough to the Corral, Doyce was again editor of Brand Book No. 14, published in 1974 and is currently working on Brand Book No. 18 of which he is both editor and author.

Corral Chips

Honorary member *Arthur H. Clark* was handed another "Honorary" membership last October. He was honored for his many years of devoted service to the Western History Association at their annual meeting in Austin, Texas. Also in attendance was past Sheriff *Robert Clark*. *C.M. Richard Dillon* states that Art Clark wasn't the only L.A. Corral figure present. He was in evidence, too!

At the Western History Association meeting in Austin, the Los Angeles Corral was awarded the "Heads-Up Award" for its activities and a check for $100.00. *John Robinson* was awarded the Coke Wood Award for his journal article on the San Bernardino National Forest and received a check for $50.00. At least someone recognizes the journalistic efforts of Corral members.

C.M. Dr. Albert Shumate was awarded an "Honorary" membership to the California Historical Society for distinguished contributions to California history. The award was presented at their annual meeting held on September 7, 1991.

During May of 1991, *C.M. Richard Dillon* was the ship's historian aboard Clipper Cruise Lines *Yorktown Clipper*. What his lectures dealt with is anyone's guess, but probably about the Humpbacked Whales that drank too much Napa Valley wine. Dick is busy writing a full history of the Napa Valley Wine Country. The Book Club of California exhibited a retrospective of "Dilloniana" this fall and the exhibit is currently in the University of San Francisco's Gleeson Library.

During mid-October, *Honorary Member Glen Dawson* and *Actives Msgr. Francis J. Weber* and *Jerome Selmer* travelled to the annual conclave of the Miniature Book Society held at Williamsburg, Virginia. Jerry's wife Doris was elected to the Board of Governors of this ever-growing group of mini-bibliophiles. Msgr. Weber is selling magnifying glasses to all who can't read the small print in his tomes.

Honorary Glen Dawson gave a talk before the Friends Group of the Braun Research Library at the Southwest Museum. His topic was the life and times of his father, Ernest Dawson. Glen was introduced to the dignified group by *Jerry Selmer,* the museum's director. *William Escherich* and *Dave Gillies* were among the honored few that got to hear Glen Dawson.

Jerry Selmer was invited by the Hon. Reginald Dorrett, Consul General of Canada, to attend an artist's reception to honor Indian artist Art Thompson. Jerry was asked to introduce Thompson to the group since the artist had been an exhibitor at the Southwest Museum on several occasions. Thompson, of Victoria, British Columbia, is also one of Canada's premier carvers and a

member of the Nuu-Chah-Nulth tribe.

One of the most productive members of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners is *Msgr. Francis J. Weber.* He recently added three books to his bibliophilic repertoire. They are *Little Books by Big People* (concerning miniature books—not the pulp "Big Little" books produced in the late 1930's and early 1940's), *Prominent Visitors to the California Missions* and a *Calendar of Documents in the Archival Center, 1918-1935.* All are available at Dawson's Book Shop.

Don Pflueger was missed at the Rendezvous. He chose to see some of his old girl friends at his 50th Glendora High School Reunion. Possibly he was curious to see what his old flames had turned into or whether one of them was the Ultra Slim-Fast Girl for 1991.

At the October meeting of the California Historical Resources Commission, our deputy Sheriff was elected Vice Chairman of the nine-member body. *Pflueger* was appointed to the Commission by Governor Deukmejian following the death of Commission Chairman *John Kemble,* our former Sheriff. Before Kemble's service, *Martin Ridge* was a Commission member, so it can now be claimed, tongue in cheek, that there is a "Los Angeles Corral seat" on the Commission. Just what are the duties of the Commission? Well, in addition to selecting nominations for the National Register of Historic Places, the Commission determines the state's historic landmarks, more than a thousand of which are marked with bronze plaques up and down the state. Another category is the designation of so-called "Points of Historic Interest." This means that those sites are not of landmark status. Creation of the "Points of Historic Interest" was the brainchild of Martin Ridge. Hundreds of historic sites throughout California are now, thus, officially recognized and worthy of your attention while traveling around California.

The Historical Society of Southern California celebrated the year of its incorporation with a "Big Blast" at the Los Angeles Times center. Helping to celebrate the Society's 100 years of service to Southern California at a sit-down dinner at the Harry Chandler Pavillion were Westerners *Tom Andrews* (Executive Director of the Society), *Andrew Dagosta, Siegfried Demke, William Escherich, Powell Greenland* (this year's Society President), *Elwood Holland, Norman Neuerburg, William "Uncle Bill" Newbro, Doyce Nunis* (the Society's publications editor), *Don Pflueger, Victor Plukas, John Robinson, Jerome Selmer* and *Ray Wood.* Also in attendance were Corresponding Members *Elizabeth Waldo-Dentzel, Paul Dentzel, Ruth Malora, Jean Bruce Poole, Bill White* and *Ronald Woolsey.* In a world where institutions such as the Historical Society of Southern California are looked upon as comparative newcomers, here in the American West a 100th Anniversary is cause for celebration, and celebrate they did.

C.M. *Midge Sherwood* is the new *Buckskin Bulletin* editor, the quarterly newsletter of Westerners International. Midge has produced a fresh new look for the quarterly. Knowing the industriousness of Midge Sherwood, the publications will now be on time instead of a year or two behind schedule.

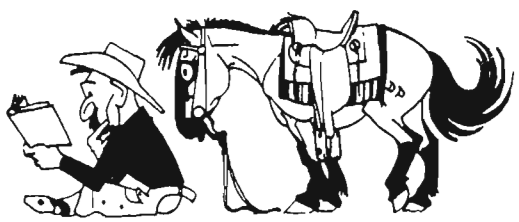
The Pasadena *Star-News* for September 9, 1991, featured an interview (with illustrations) of *Donald Duke,* your *Branding Iron* editor and publisher of Golden West Books. The article appeared in the Monday edition "Business Feature" and was entitled "Riding the Rails of Specialty Publishing." A picture of your curmudgeonous editor, wearing his Santa Fe Railway conductors cap, actually shows him smiling!

C.M. *Mike Harrison* is concerned about your editor's plight for "NEWS" for this column. He quotes from Michael Harrison's version of the King James Bible which sayeth, "If thou dost not bloweth thine own horn, Gabriel shall not bloweth it for thee."

Apparently, C.M. *Tiff Warren* got the calling as he sent in a "Request for News" form for the first time. He states that he has been the editor of the West Los Angeles/Brentwood Rotary Club "Newsletter" and knows how hard it is to get the members to contribute. Instead of attending the Rendezvous and getting all dressed up in hip boots, a wig and wearing six guns, he spent the Rendezvous weekend double crossing the Grand Canyon. He did not just walk across from rim to rim, but walked down from the South Rim and then up again to the North Rim. The distance is some 24.6 miles and it took him nine and one-half hours to make the junket. He stayed overnight at the North Rim to let his shoes cool, and then made the trek back. It took him 13 hours for the return trip. Must have run out of brandy en route!

With *Richard Arnold* at the wheel of the "big

bus," *Siegfried Demke* navigating (only two wrong turns), and *Donald Duke* bitching from the back seat, the trio cruised Highway 101 for a tour of the new Ventura County Maritime Museum at Channel Islands Harbor in Oxnard. The Corral's own Captain Ahab, *Richard Cunningham,* is the curator of this fascinating museum. Guided by the sea-salt encrusted Cunningham, the museum was shown to the traveling trio by someone who is in love with his craft. The museum is well-planned and intimate and its exhibits do not overwhelm the viewer. Among the exhibits are detailed sailing ship models of outstanding craftsmanship and they are blended with a rotating marine art show. Currently, the marine art show has as its centerpiece contemporary and historic works portraying Admiral Nelson's fleet defeating the French forces at the battle of Trafalgar. All you old 'salts' should make an effort to visit the museum at 2731 South Victoria Avenue, Oxnard. It is open Thursday through Monday from 11:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. (805) 984-6260. There are all kinds of restaurants within a stone's throw of the museum. It should make a nice day's outing for a Westerner and his gal. The museum is located right on the channel of the marina. If you spot the tall lighthouse you are almost there.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

RANCHO SAN JULIAN: *The Story of a California Ranch and Its People*, by A. Dibblee Poett. Santa Barbara: Fithian Press, 1991. 233 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Tables, Bibliography and Notes. Cloth, $19.95.

Rancho San Julian, now but a fifth of its size at the time of the grant to Jose Antonio de la Guerra in 1816, sits off Highway 1 between Gaviota and Lompoc. Hills, *barrancas*, streams, woods, and grasslands spot the acres of the original grant. De la Guerra y Noriega (an ancestor's wife was more distinguished) bought many more pieces of land: Simi, Rancho Conejo, Rancho Las Posas, Rancho Espada. In 1861 the de la Guerras passed the whole to Gaspar Orena, who eventually sold the ranch and more to members of the Dibblee, Hollister and other families. The Rancho San Julian was eventually Dibblee property and today it is in trust for the family and heirs.

Pared down to 13,000 acres, the contemporary ranch is used for grazing and agriculture, with a rich deposit of diatomacheous earth (mined by Manville) that helps greatly with the luxury of ranch ownership. A visit on April 6 showed scattered farm and ranch buildings, all in need of paint and repair, a large ranch house with an air of neglect, and a few cattle. Over the years the ranch has given the Dibblee and Poetts (a marriage united the families and possession of the land) a life of relative wealth in Santa Barbara. It was a life that the author, Arthur Dibblee Poett, enjoyed from earliest boyhood through management of the ranch to the present.

The book is not history but a memoir with unrelated excursions: one to Spain in search of the ancestral homes of the de la Guerra, Noriega and Orena families, another followed sheep and emigrant trains to California, and one section is plain "Recollections." Reading the book is an aimless ramble that now and then has something to do with Rancho San Julian. But Poett did say in the introduction that the book "...is not entirely objective, as it is seen through my eyes..." Special chapters tell of "Men on the Ranch," sheep shearing, a friend (Richard Bond), oil exploration, cattle ranching, and tramps. This is "story," not history, and the latter must still be written one day.

A handsome book with a splendid dust jacket and a bibliography that includes family papers that should have an index. If one's intent is to enjoy a leisurely journey without compass on the rancho near Santa Barbara, it is a wonderful "excursion."

Raymond E. Lindgren

THE QUANAH ROUTE: *A History of the Quanah, Acme & Pacific Railway*, by Don L. Hofsommer, College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1991. 216 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, $42.50. Available from

Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354.

This beautifully published book is the story of the rise and fall of a small Texas railroad in the Northwest Texas plains country. The calendar life of the Quanah, Acme and Pacific was from March 21, 1909 to June 1, 1981. The author begins the story with a review of the country, its people and the initiation of railroad activity in the late 1880's.

The "father" of the QA & P was Samuel L. Lazarus, an early entrepreneur in the area. Sam Lazarus acquired control of the Acme Plaster Company in the 1890's, and obtained a charter for its Acme Tap Railway as the Acme, Red River and Northern Railway on July 12, 1902. This 9.18 mile of leased track railway finally made it when the Railroad Commission of Texas recognized the QA & P as a common carrier on March 21, 1909, with Sam Lazarus as President, a post he held until his death on March 6, 1926.

Work began in April of 1909 to lay track to the Southwest of Acme towards Paducah, some forty miles away, and initial train service began on December 14, 1909. The QA & P reached a total length of 118 miles and ran from Red River on the Texas-Oklahoma border through Quanah and Acme to Floydada—some forty miles Northeast of Lubbock. The never-reached goal of the QA & P was El Paso.

The story of the railroad naturally includes the story of the people and communities it served in addition to the managers and people who worked for it. Cattle, wheat and cotton were raised and grown by ranchers, cowboys and farmers. Unless you're a Texan, the names of the stations won't be familiar, but the code of conduct established by the justice of the peace and constable of Swearingen, Texas, gives the flavor of the area:

> Poker—Allowed only in the livery stable
>
> Drunks—Somebody had to carry them home
>
> Ladies—If one came to town, drunks had to get off the streets
>
> Breaking School House Windows—Don't

The expansion of the QA & P to Floydada in 1928 and establishment of a "flagship" passenger train—"The Plainsman"—was perhaps the high point of the railroad's growth. Thereafter, along with the Great Depression and the growth of automobile and truck competition, the area of the QA & P was particularly hard hit by the Dust Bowl. These factors combined to halt growth and the QA & P began its path towards its demise. The last two-car train ran in 1973 and the Quanah, Acme and Pacific was merged into the Burlington Northern on June 1, 1981.

The book contains a number of interesting maps and photographs, but it is sometimes hard to tie the text to the proper map. Also involved are some 652 footnotes in 185 pages for those that like to cross their eyes. Although, with perhaps more detail than necessary, it is still an interesting history of a small Texas railroad, its people, and the communities and areas it served.

Palmer L. Long

URANIUM FRENZY: *Boom and Bust on the Colorado Plateau*, by Raye C. Ringholz. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1991, 312 pp. Maps, illustrations, Notes, Index. Paper, $14.95. Available from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131.

The story of the uranium mining frenzy as told by Raye C. Ringholz encompasses three interrelated elements: the prospecting for and development of the uranium mines themselves; the search for venture capital and the consequent wild speculation in over-the-counter penny stocks; and, finally, the struggle by the Public Health Service and related state and national health agencies to study the health hazards and implement safeguards to prevent the subsequent radiation tragedy.

Raye C. Ringholz, a remarkable storyteller, accomplishes her task using a compelling narrative style relating the sequence of events through the unfolding story of the principal historical characters involved.

With the close of World War II, the Atomic Energy Commission was in search of large deposits of uranium to carry on an extensive program of testing and to build a substantial arsenal of atomic weapons. To encourage the development of ore deposits, the United States government offered liberal bonuses for every new

producing mine. The result was a frenzy of activity on the Colorado Plateau reminiscent of the gold and silver rushes of a century before. This story is told, principally, through the narrative of Charles Steen, who made the first great uranium strike leading to the fabulous Mi Vida Mine.

Likewise, the activities of a dozen leading securities speculators and "wheeler dealers" who turned staid Salt Lake City into the Wall Street of the uranium market, serve to bring into dramatic focus this phase of Ringholz' story.

The third element, the dark side of the narrative, is related through the work and frustrations of Duncan Holiday, who made the first studies on the dangers of radiation. Also the work of Dr. Victor Archer, medical director of the uranium miner study, and his case study of Van Arsdale, the first known fatality from radiation in an American mine.

Raye Ringholz succeeds in drawing these elements together in a cohesive manner that makes pleasant yet compelling reading. However, a mining buff may feel another element should have been included. The book completely neglects any account of the actual milling and recovery methods used in uranium mining and touches only incidentally on the mining operations themselves. It seems unfortunate this opportunity was missed by the author.

Powell Greenland

INDIANS OF NEW MEXICO, edited by Richard C. Sandaval and Ree Sheck. Santa Fe: New Mexico Magazine, 1990. 128 pp. Illustrations. Paper, $12.95. Available from New Mexico Magazine, 1100 St. Francis Drive, Santa Fe, NM 87503.

This handsome book has been compiled from articles previously published in New Mexico Magazine and features some of New Mexico's best writers and photographers. There are 23 articles arranged in seven chapters.

As the title indicates, this book focuses on the Indians of New Mexico—the Navajos, the Apaches, and the Pueblo people. Most of these articles are not about history, but about present day Native Americans living and working in New Mexico. There are articles on pottery-makers, jewelry-makers, woodcarvers, drum-makers, and blanket weavers. In addition there are articles about the people, their ceremonies, and the land. All are beautifully illustrated with color photographs.

New Mexico Magazine does not share neighboring Arizona Highways' reputation for beautiful photo-reproduction work. But, the photo-reproductions in this book are every bit as good, if not better, than those in Arizona Highways. And, the writing matches the photography.

For anyone interested in the Indians of the Southwest, this inexpensive volume is a must for your collection.

Dave Gillies

SHIPWRECKS AT THE GOLDEN GATE A History of Vessel Losses from Duxbury Reef to Mussel Rock, by James Delgado and Stephen Haller. San Francisco: Lexikos, 1989. 168 pp. Illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index. Paper, $15.95. Available from Lexikos, 4079 19th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94132.

It was with great excitement and anticipation that I received my copy of *Shipwrecks of the Golden Gate.* Volumes dealing with Pacific Coast shipwrecks are relatively rare, and therefore, I look forward to each addition to this field with considerable eagerness, particulary so in this case since I knew the background of the authors.

James Degado has held several positions with the National Park Service, including Park Historian for the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. Stephen Haller is Curator of Historic Documents (and photos) for the San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park. From two such knowledgeable individuals, I was expecting a veritable armchair bacchanal of maritime history. Unfortunately my expectations were not met.

Shipwrecks at the Golden Gate documents the loss of 95 vessels of various types that met their end in and around the entrance to San Francisco Bay. This information plus photos, maps and chapter heads is given to the reader in the space of about 130 double column pages. If, from this, you get the impression that the documentation and history provided for these 95 vessels might

be somewhat cursory, you would, for the most part, be right. In several cases, e.g. the *Bonita,* (pp. 15) and the *William Mighel,* (pp. 96), the whole of the vessel's history and loss is summed up in a single paragraph of less than ten sentences; a good many more vessel losses are stated in barely twice or three times that space—certainly short shrift for an event as awesome as the loss of a ship and possibly lives through a sinking or standing.

In one case, the description of the history of the U.S. Navy hospital ship *Benevolence* is a barely paraphrased repetition of the text found in the *Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships.* This slap-dash scholarship is disappointing, considering the reputation and resources available to the authors.

In some cases, Delgado and Haller do a good or even excellent job. The information presented on the loss of the *City of New York* and the tanker *Frank H. Buck* are quite good. The section on the history and loss of the *Samuel S. Lewis* is excellent. These and a few others are, unfortunately, the exception.

Another area in which the reader will be disappointed is the artwork and photos used to illustrate *Shipwrecks.* Considering the resources available in the archives of the San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, I was expecting at least a single photo or illustration for nearly every vessel. This was with the realizaion, of course, that for a time period spanning from the mid-19th century to present day, photos or illustrations of some vessels, particulary some of the earlier ones, might be unavailable. The real difficulty, though, lay in several different areas. First, the relatively small number of photos and drawings used to illustrate the book meant that many of the ships were not represented. Second, the use of different shots of the same ship served to reduce even further the number of illustrations of vessels presented to the reader. Lastly, when illustrations of the vessels were used, they were usually set some distance from the text on that vessel causing the reader to have to thumb forward or backward, three to five pages—and, in one case, 40 pages—to view the ship in question.

Despite its problems, *Shipwrecks at the Golden Gate* can provide those Westerners with an interest in things maritime with some diversion; however, those researchers and serious buffs who are looking for the maritime history equivalent of a five-course banquet will come away hungry from Delgado and Haller's "shipwreck history life."

Patrick Smith

BRET HARTE'S CALIFORNIA: *Letters to the Springfield Republican and Christian Register, 1866-67,* edited by Gary Scharnhorst. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1990. 170 pp. Illustrations, Index. Cloth, $22.50. Available from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131.

These selected letters of Bret Harte, some thirty-seven in all, written between January 1866 and November 1867, and mailed to two quite different readerships in Springfield, Massachusetts, give unusual depth to two quite different factors—the character of Bret Harte himself, and the everyday life of San Francisco in the 1860's.

The letters are about equally divided between those submitted to the religiously oriented *Christian Register* and those sent to the more secular *Republican.* But each letter, in its own way, tells almost as much about the author as about the things described. For the *Register,* Harte talks about church attendance; the powerful sermons of the recently deceased Thomas Starr King; the almost universal observance of the sabbath by the general populace, despite the common opinion to the contrary held by the uninformed press of the East; and similar topics of interest to the regular readers of the *Christian Register,* and others who held to the Unitarian persuasion, which Harte often refers to. In fact, Letter No. 1 of the series goes into such details as the annual pew rent at the Geary Street Unitarian Church. Letter No. 2 (January 18, 1866) is a bit broader in its scope, describing in some detail the rare occurrence of snowfall in the Bay Area, visible upon Mt. Diablo, and on any other nearby mountain or hill that exceeded about 2000 feet. He concludes his letter with comments on the aspect of the "treeless city" being "invaded by Christmas evergreens," and he mentions a bull-

fight in connection with the recent holidays. He concludes on a whimsical note, "Probably we have outgrown the worship, but not the amusements, of our Catholic pioneers."

Though writing for a rather narrowly defined readership, Harte shows nothing of the bigot or of the agnostic in his commentaries on what he observes in San Francisco. In fact, his most moving letter is the one (No. 6, May 19, 1866) in which he describes the sad condition into which the famous Mission Dolores had fallen, through neglect and vandalism. He writes, "The shriek of a nearby locomotive discorded with the Angelus bell." And also, "A (nearby) Episcopal church of a green Gothic type, with deceitful buttresses of Oregon pine, mocked its (the Mission's) hoary age with imitation, and supplanted it with a sham." He visits the church's cemetery also—he notes "the quiet pathos of children's toys in the little glass cases beside the tombs." He noted that one sailor had been buried with the hope that he would rise again to greet "the Lord High Admiral Christ." The whole letter is a tribute to the sensitivity of a man who was not of Catholic persuasion, yet who could appreciate the enduring quality of its faith, both in its churches and in its cemeteries.

The letters to the more cosmopolitan *Republican* are written in a different tone. They convey news of a more immediate interest, such as an accidental explosion of a shipment of nitroglycerine at the headquarters of Wells, Fargo & Co. This sad event (April 16, 1866), which killed more than half a dozen employees (the precise number is not given in the letter), is written up in a calm, narrative style, with no attempt at moralizing, but no doubt giving a more complete and reasonable account than that which must have been telegraphed to the Eastern papers immediately after the event. His June 11 letter recounts the first annual commencement ceremonies at the College of California in Berkeley. He has much to say in this letter about the unreliable San Francisco climate, which he contrasts with that of Berkeley. His commentary on the speeches delivered that day would do justice to any California booster, which, of course, Harte was rapidly becoming. Later letters deal with political and social topics, such as the "Copperheads" in the City; the State Fair; the arrival in San Francisco of Queen Emma of Hawaii; the Limantour (real estate) swindle; earthquakes; Anglo/Chinese clashes in the City; Telegraph Hill and its goats; and the delights of a summer cottage in the Santa Cruz mountains. In a nearly final selection, No. 35 (September 17, 1867), Harte writes about the problems of publishing literary journals in California. He notes that "we have long had a California literature." But, he wails, "the Pacific monthlies came to a pacific end . . . through defective circulation . . . It was the old trouble of inadequate supply and demand . . . We have in fact more writers than readers; more contributors than subscribers." This was in September 1867. In July 1868 appeared the first issue of the *Overland Monthly*, published by the bookseller Anton Roman, with (unsigned) contributions from Bret Harte himself, as well as from Charles Stoddard and Ina Coolbrith. "The journal was a sensation, both East and West," to quote from a biography of Ina Coolbrith. Was Harte prescient in 1867, when he bemoaned the lack of a good literary journal in California? Or did his letter in the Springfield newspaper spur Anton Roman into doing something positive to fill the void? We can only guess.

This selection of Harte's letters, both the churchly-oriented and those totally secular, hitherto largely unknown and unpublished in this century, make fascinating reading. Little known details of life in San Francisco, commentaries on the weather, the shape of clouds over the Golden Gate, conversion of the natives of the Hawaiian Islands, discussion as to whether wine-producing countries, such as northern Italy and California, induce or prevent intemperance—it is all grist to his mill. And he pours it forth with grace, with artistic skill, and with a light touch that is charming, fascinating, and once taken up is very hard to put down.

Raymund F. Wood