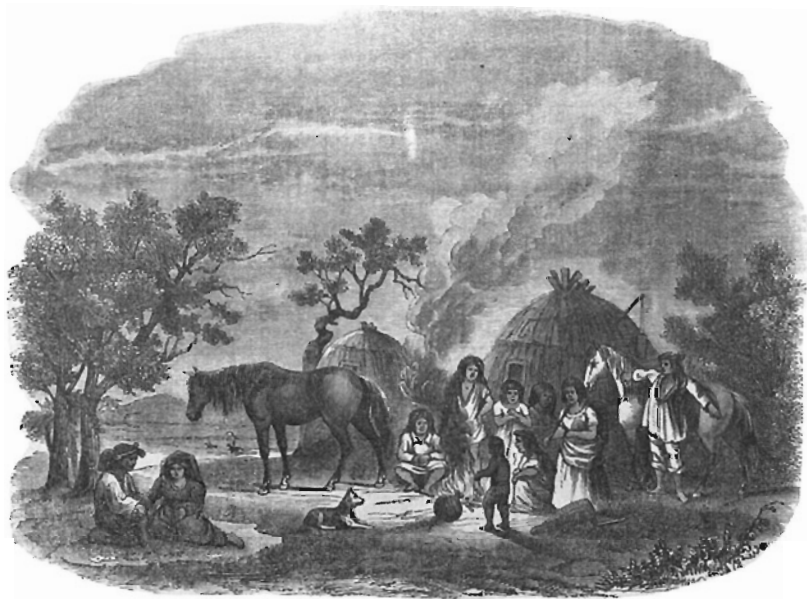




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Tejon Indians. Drawing for steel engraving probably by Charles Koppel. — Courtesy of Southwest Museum.

## Medicines of the California Indians

*by Robert J. Moes, M.D.*

A considerable analogy exists between present-day California and the California prior to the arrival of the white man. The climate then, as now, was salubrious and without the rigors of marked temperature change. This factor and the relative ready availability of food led to a proportionately larger native population than that found in the east or on the plains.

As is the case today, there appears to have been a considerable migration of the native population from the east. This is evident in the fact that four of the five language stocks of the

California natives are related to eastern tribal languages whereas only one is indigenous.

Because of the adequate food supply the California Indian did not have to go far afield to find sustenance. This led to small tribes which remained fixed in their own localities throughout the centuries. As a result there were at least 105 separate tribes and 100 or more dialects, 70% of which were unintelligible to others. Nevertheless, native medicine was basically the same throughout the area.

*(Continued on Page Three)*



Indians had been in California for at least 7,000 years, and their power of observation was notable. It would be strange if they had not developed some medical knowledge, and actually their abilities were appreciable in consideration of the primitive nature of their society. Their knowledge of anatomy was perhaps equivalent to that of Europeans in the Middle Ages and was sufficient for them to be aware of and have names for the principal organs of the body. They had some physiological knowledge based, of course, upon observation and, as an example, were aware that medicine given to a mother would affect a breast-feeding infant.

As we will see they had a worthwhile armamentarium of herbs and plants. This was arrived at by long periods of trial and error. The Indian ate a specimen because its appearance attracted him, or simply because of hunger, and, of necessity, became aware of the result. A multiplicity of repetitions of this process led to the acceptance of the usefulness of the plant and even of some standardization of dosage.

Civilized societies have always had their physicians (as well as charlatans) and American Indian peoples their medicine men. This was true in California, and the shaman or *hechicero* was ubiquitous. Interestingly enough, in the northwestern California tribes these healers were women.

A common device used by all of the shaman was the medicine tube. This was somewhat wider at one end and was usually made of stone. It was employed in a number of fashions and possibly with some merit as a means of counter-irritation in painful affections. For this purpose the larger end of the tube was placed against an appropriate spot on the patient and mouth suction applied by the shaman on the smaller end. At times a small incision, or incisions, were made at the site on which the tube was used and blood sucked out by the shaman. This latter procedure may have served as counter irritation or may actually have withdrawn some local products of inflammation.

The medicine tube was also used in a fashion equivalent to that of the moxabustion employed in Oriental countries and in which a small quantity of inflammable material is burned on the skin. The shaman ignited similar material in the larger end of the medicine tube and applied this to the desired area on the patient. It is interesting

to speculate, although improbable, that the California Indian may have brought this use of the medicine tube with him in his migration from Mongolia many millenia previously.

At times the medicine tube was used as a psychological instrument to convince the patient of his cure. The shaman secreted a pebble or other foreign object in his mouth and, after suction of the tube placed against an appropriate spot on the patient, spat out the foreign body and explained that this had been causing the patient's difficulty and that its removal had accomplished cure. The procedure was made even more convincing by hiding a small snake or similar creature in the tube.

The shaman was compensated for his services and, if cure did not result from the first visit, usually made a second "house call" with or without charge. In central California tribes, if the second visit was not helpful, the shaman was often hunted down and killed on the basis that he was a hazard to the community.



Indian sweat lodge.

A standard treatment used by all the California Indians, and for that matter the tribes of the Pacific Northwest, was the *temescal* or sweat-house. These were used in much the same fashion as the Scandinavian sauna so widely popular today. The *temescal* was a dome-like structure made of branches and twigs and caked with mud and often partially underground. They were heated by fires and the temperature often maintained by hot rocks. The user, as is also true in the sauna, would remain inside until very active perspiration was induced and then would leave and immediately jump into the water of an adjacent cold stream.

All in all, the procedure would seem of some benefit, from the viewpoint of cleanliness if

nothing else. However the missionaries felt that it was very harmful and flatly forbade it. The Indians, perhaps wisely, continued use of the process whenever possible.

Some surgery and treatment of injury could not be avoided by the natives, and there is evidence that it was adequately performed. Skeletal remains demonstrate fractures which have healed in good position and which have been aligned and then immobilized by splints. Skulls have been found which show defects produced by surgery during life. It appears that, as in Peru, trepanation (boring a hole in the skull) was done for ceremonial reasons or perhaps in an attempt to relieve severe headache.

The California Indians possessed sharp and useful flint and obsidian knives. Certainly these were used in opening abscesses and in removing arrowheads imbedded during the occasional internequine forages. Furthermore, coastal and island tribes were active fishermen, and there must have been frequent necessity for the removal of fishhooks. There is not definite record, but it is probable that wounds were sutured as they were by the Indians in Mexico who used hair or plant fiber for this purpose.

Dentistry was practiced to the extent of using certain herbs for toothache. Extractions were done by literally knocking or prying out the offending tooth.

There were some formalized obstetrical care. Women were advised to diet and work hard during pregnancy so that they would have a smaller child and an easier delivery. Actual birth was aided by a midwife and female assistants. Delivery was accomplished with the woman in a squatting position, and the process was furthered by lifting the patient and then dropping her. Following birth the midwife expressed the placenta by abdominal pressure and by traction of the cord.

The postpartum treatment of the squaw may have had some merit in an antiseptic sort of way. Stones were heated in a pit until they were red hot and then covered with bundles of aromatic herbs. These in turn were covered with a layer of earth, leaving a small hole in the center. The new mother was placed astride of this opening and water was then poured into it, producing a great cloud of steam.

The husband, too, participated in the child-bearing process other than merely in its incep-

tion. In certain tribes when the wife went into labor the husband would take to his bed and grunt and groan, apparently suffering all the agonies of a woman in labor. Furthermore the husband was not allowed to so much as touch his wife until the offspring was able to stand alone. This was not as much a hardship as it might seem if one believes the stories of the easy morals of the Indian women.

Finally consideration should be given to other therapeutic measures used by the Indians. One of these, the enema, has been used in all cultures since the dawn of history. The Egyptians were said to have developed the process from observing the ibis inserting its long bill into its *cloaca* (actually the bird was obtaining oil from the perianal glands) and the Indians no doubt watched sea birds involved in the same function. Be this as it may, they used hollow leg bones of large birds, or hollow branches, and with a bladder attached at one end, for syringes.

Ants were commonly employed in treatment, and a supply of red ants was obtained by tapping on a hollow log in which they lived. A cold water infusion of the living insects was swallowed in the management of dysentery. This treatment, repugnant to us, may have had some value because of the formic acid content of the ants.

Ant bites were also employed. Patients with rheumatism were stripped, placed upon an ant hill and kept there until thoroughly bitten. The Indian should not be laughed at for this. Not too many years ago modern physicians injected venom in the treatment of arthritis.

Lice were also well thought of as a therapeutic agent and were in plentiful supply. These were obtained from the healthiest individual available. The living creatures were then suspended in cold water and given to a chronically ill patient to drink. Most unpleasant to us and of very questionable merit, although possibly of some nutritive value.

The lice decoction today would chiefly be of value as an emetic. The Indian drank a large quantity of sea water or, if it were not available, used salt in water for this purpose.

In addition, certain plant drugs, notably an infusion of tobacco, were used to induce vomiting. Tobacco was also smoked by the medicine man and blown through his stone medicine pipe against the affected part of the patient or into his nostrils. Tobacco, too, was taken internally to

induce sleep.

Actually the Indian used a large number of botanicals. Some of these were standard throughout the area and others, as *Manzanita*, were used almost entirely by tribes adjacent to the plant's habitat. Some of these, as far as we can judge today, were of little or no merit and were used because of their form or color. This is true of *Sacapellota* which was employed in pulmonary disease, likely because its roots resembled the human trachea and bronchial tree. However, another plant, *Eridyction Glutinosum*, used in bronchial troubles, was considered so beneficial by the missionaries that they named it *Yerba Santa*, or holy plant.



Manzanita

Perhaps the best known of the California Indian medications occupies this position because of its continuing value in the management of constipation. It appears that the problem was a common one, no doubt because of the constipating effect of acorns, the staple item of the Indian diet. The plant in question was the bark of *Rhamnus Purshiana*, called by the Franciscans *Cascara Sagrada* or sacred bark.



California Poppy

A decoction of juniper berries was used in genito-urinary troubles. Only in modern times has this botanical been abandoned other than for its use in making gin.

The Indians, too, used intoxicating and analgesic agents. An alcoholic drink was produced by fermenting berries, usually the wild cherry. Our beautiful California poppy, the *Eschscholtz*, was used in making a hypnotic extract. (The plant was used by the Indians for many years before it was named for Eschscholtz, the German naturalist and physician in California with the Kotzebue expedition in 1816.)

*Datura Meteleoides* or jimson or Jamestown weed was used medically as a narcotic or soporific and also as an intoxicant as well as an hallucinatory agent in initiation rites for boys reaching manhood and in other ceremonies.



Jimson Weed

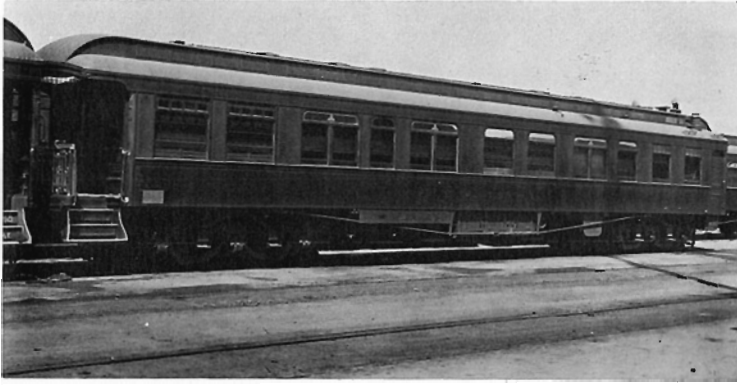
The Indian's medical practices appear to have served him very well, and native births exceeded deaths. However, his medicine would no better stand up against the diseases brought by the white man than would his arrows and knives against the white man's guns. There had been no syphilis, tuberculosis, smallpox, or measles in California, and the Indians had little resistance against these scourges. Epidemics of influenza also killed hundreds of Indians and but few whites. Deaths promptly began exceeding births following the colonization of California and today there remains only a small remnant of a once large native population.

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This article by Dr. Moes is published posthumously. He died in November 1989, leaving a copy with his longtime friend, Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., who recommended it to the *Branding Iron* for publication. ■

# The “Estelle”

by *Msgr. Francis J. Weber*



The “Estelle.” Doheny living quarters are in the right hand two thirds of the car. — Photographs courtesy of Archdiocese of Los Angeles Archives.

The first home of Edward L. and Carrie Estelle Doheny was a railroad car. And it was aboard that “mansion on wheels” that they exchanged their marital vows on August 22, 1900.

In the listing of marriages in the local Albuquerque newspaper was this entry: “Oil magnate Edward Doheny was married yesterday to Carrie Betzold aboard their private railroad car, parked on a siding near the main transcontinental line.”

Doheny’s private railroad car played an important role in his busy life. For over three decades, the “mobile mansion” rolled back and forth across the United States and Mexico with great regularity.

According to railroad historian, Lucius Beebe, the “Katharyne” was distinguished for its “classic purity of line and refinement of decorative treatment.” In his book, Beebe reproduces a picture of the car resting on the transfer table at Pullman, Illinois, with the company’s venerable clock tower in the background.

Manufactured by George Mortimer Pullman’s Palace Car Company, the “Katharyne” was listed on the company’s records as Private Car Number 2093. Delivered on November 30, 1894, it was constructed according to Plans Number 1115-A.

The car was luxuriously outfitted with carpeted floors, upholstered chairs and artistic chandeliers. The black walnut paneling was embellished with

beveled French mirrors. The car even boasted an ice activated air conditioning unit.

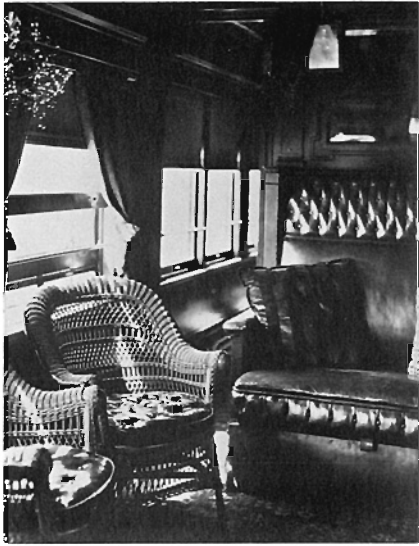
Built to the specifications of Richard C. Kerens as his personal property, the car was assigned to its home carrier, the West Virginia Central & Pittsburgh Railway, a company in which Kerens was a director.

Though not a railroad operative in the professional sense, Kerens was a heavy investor in such firms as the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, and the St. Louis-Southwestern. In addition, Kerens was associated with Montana’s Senator William Andrews Clark in the incorporation of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad which later evolved into the Union Pacific.

The deluxe private railroad car “Katharyne” transported Kerens in comfort and safety, sometimes pausing at the four towns named for its owner in Texas, Arkansas, West Virginia and California.

The “Katharyne,” named for Kerens’ oldest daughter, was acquired by Edward Laurence Doheny just prior to the turn of the century. On the day of his wedding, Mr. Doheny rechristened the car “Estelle” for his new bride.

The “Estelle” had begun its career during the golden years of steam railroading. Private railroad cars were a familiar scene from the high passes of the Rockies to the fashionable resorts of California.



Lounge/living room at observation platform end of the car.



Dining room at midcar. Gateleg table with silver service is set for between meals.

Yet, almost without exception, private cars remain aloof, serene and impervious to popular availability. To own and operate a private car was a rare distinction.

Since many of the files at the Pullman company were destroyed and others remain "classified," it was presently impossible to determine what eventually happened to the "Estelle" after Mr. Doheny sold it in the early 1930s. Several family friends conjecture that it was given to the President of Mexico. ■

## Monthly Roundup (continued) . . .

In prehistoric times Indians lived in the area. Evidence of this was discovered by Logan in the form of petroglyphs in one of the canyons in the area.

In 1900 some German families settled there, resulting in the naming of two roads as the Grosser Grade and the Kleiner Grade. Grosser and Kleiner were not the names of any of the settlers but simply the German words for larger (grosser) and smaller (kleiner) to describe the grades.

Water is available for the few inhabitants of the area from the small Cuyama River that runs through the valley, and after a twisting and turning run north and west joins the Santa Maria River. The existence of this water supported the increase of people living in the valley when oil was struck nearby. With more mail going in and out of the valley, a post office was finally established in recent times. But the unique isolation of the valley affected even this. Mail directed to nearby towns, like Santa Maria, must still follow a circuitous route. First it must always go south to Los Angeles, then north to its destination.

At the end of his talk, Logan told of a reported massacre of thirty Indians by Alexis Gody, who had attempted to establish a ranch in the area. During the question period following the talk, Walt Wheelock, who researched Gody for the June 1965 *Branding Iron* article, indicated that the reported massacre never took place.

## JANUARY 1993 MEETING

Corresponding Member Sid Gally addressed the Corral on the relationships of Santa Catalina Island and Pasadena, focusing on the roles of Hancock Banning, Charles Frederick Holder, Peter Gano, William Wrigley, and David M. Renton. Gally enhanced his presentation with numerous slides of historic Catalina and the homes and improvements the five Pasadenans made on the island.

Banning, the son of Phineas Banning, was a Pasadena businessman who built a home on the island and sailed a yacht with young Pasadena people there in the 1880s. His Descanso Canyon home was reached by an inclined railway. Visitors to the

*(Continued on Page Eighteen)*

# California Blue Book

by Sidney K. Gally

History lives in used book stores. In Berkeley, just off Shattuck Avenue, a copy of the *California Blue Book* for 1903 attracted attention on the shelf. The Blue Book was on sale and a quick inspection of the contents discovered the name of a grandfather, then a railway mail clerk. The book had to be purchased!

The *California Blue Book*, or State Roster, proved to be more than a compilation of statistics. Names, political affiliation, salaries, population figures, all tell what California was like in 1903 and how it was changed in the past almost 90 years. Los Angeles County had a population of 170,268 and Orange County only 19,696 in the 1900 census. San Francisco was the most populated city in the state, three times the size of Los Angeles.

Inflation was low. Governor George C. Pardee in 1903 received an annual salary of \$6,000, the same amount specified in the Constitution of 1879. The Legislature met for 60 days, every other year, and received a maximum of \$8 per diem, ten cents per mile, and \$25 contingent expenses per session. The State Librarian was paid \$3,000, a cataloguer \$1,200, the janitor \$900. The highest paid State official, at \$10,000, was Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California. Professor George Davidson was the Department of Geography at \$3,000 and A.L. Kroeber, Instructor in Anthropology, received \$1,300.

Women could not vote and few held government positions higher than teacher or stenographer, but Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst was a University Regent. The Constitution still contained Article XIX which prohibited the employment of Chinese by corporations or government, although its provisions had been ruled invalid by the courts.

From Governor down to Elevator Attendant, most of the employees of the executive department were Republican. Governor Pardee had beaten his Democratic opponent by less than 3000 votes in 1902. Political affiliation is not shown for State Library employees, so it must have been non-political. All regular employees of the State Printing Office, however, were Republican.

In addition to names and numbers, the Blue Book has a narrative political history of the state

and a history, with photos, of the Franciscan Missions of California, written by the Honorable Joseph R. Knowland.

Some random bits of information from the Blue Book:

- The jute mill at San Quentin prison made a net profit of \$560,768.62 since its founding in 1881.
- California furnished 5,676 volunteer officers and men for the Spanish-American War. Of them, seventy-seven died in service, most from accident and disease.
- Licensed architects were more plentiful in California than certificated accountants. Architects listed included Bernard Maybeck, Frederick Roehrig, and the Greene brothers, all well regarded today.
- Governor Pardee was a medical doctor trained in Leipzig as an eye and ear specialist.
- The Golden Poppy (*Eschscholtzia*) was named the State Flower of California by the Legislature in 1903. The botanical name is derived from naturalist and physician Johann Frederick Eschscholtz who accompanied the von Kotzebue expeditions.

The *California Blue Book* was first issued by the Legislature in an edition of 1000 copies during Governor H.H. Markham's time in 1891. By 1903, 7,500 copies were being printed biennially. Today, the Government Code provides for a State Blue Book to be issued every fourth year starting in 1963. The most recent issue was in 1975, in Governor Jerry Brown's era. In 1975 the Blue Book contained larger pictures of officials, more narration, and fewer statistics. The Blue Book may have been a casualty of cost. Privately published books such as the *California Political Almanac* to some degree take its place.

For studying California government during the past century, the Blue Books can be a valuable source of information. The Blue Books themselves, or microfiche editions, are found in various libraries in Southern California.

And, by the way, the grandfather railway mail clerk was paid \$1,000 per year. ■

# First Statue of Jedediah Smith

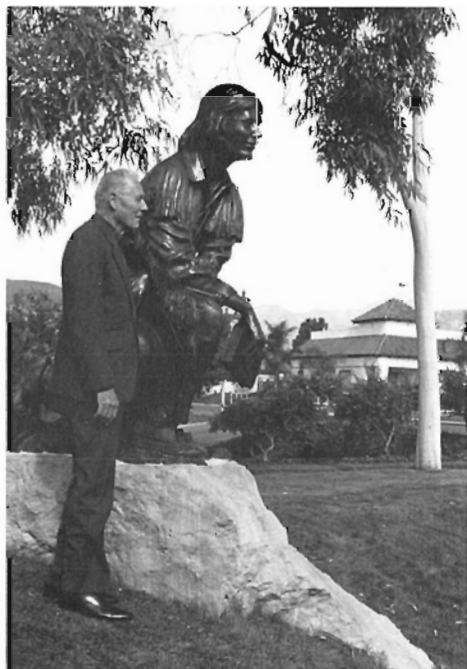
*by Don Pflueger*

The city hall of San Dimas forms the backdrop for the first statue of western pioneer Jedediah Strong Smith, dedicated on November 21, 1992. Pointed southeasterly toward the site of a spring a few yards away, the Smith statue stands in the vicinity of his campsite for the night of November 26, 1826. The statue bears the title, "A Welcome Sight." The sculptor is Victor Issa of Loveland, Colorado.

Smith led the first party of Americans overland into California, starting from the Great Salt Lake in August, 1826. Trapping along the way, the party crossed the Great Basin, the Mojave Desert, and the Cajon Pass into Southern California. After a brief stay at Mission San Gabriel, Smith journeyed to San Diego to get permission to trap in California, but was told to leave by the route he entered the Mexican province. Instead he went up the Central Valley, soon realizing he was trapped by the Mountains to the east. Leaving his men at the Stanislaus River, he went over the treacherous

Sierras, another first, to his base in Utah, returning to California as soon as possible. With his men he traveled northward to Oregon, still another first, and eventually reached Fort Vancouver, thence to the Great Salt Lake and his home in St. Louis. On his next trip west, along the Santa Fe Trail, he was ambushed and killed by the Indians. His legacy in opening the west is enormous.

On hand for the dedication were members of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners Tom Tefft, principal speaker for the occasion and author of a forthcoming book about Smith; Ray Wood, former president of the Jedediah Smith Society and author of a book on plaques all over the west dedicated to the memory of Smith; 1992 Sheriff Don Pflueger, first contributor to the statue project, and Ron Woolsey. The idea for the statue was conceived by John Walgren, past Sheriff of the San Dimas Corral of The Westerners. Also on hand for the dedication was Julian Smith-Bacon, great grand nephew of Jedediah Smith.



Jedediah Smith statue with great grandnephew Julian Smith-Bacon standing in the foreground.



Closeup of Jedediah Smith statue titled "A Welcome Sight."



# Horatio Alger and the Rover Boys

by Ray Zeman

Librarians, English teachers, and most book dealers will hate me for this, but I want to confess that I loved the Rover Boys books and the works of Horatio Alger, Jr. long before I ever heard of Dickens, Shakespeare, or even Mark Twain.

I don't know how it happened when we lived on North 41st Avenue in Omaha, but I must have read fifty or sixty of the Alger books and literally hundreds about the Rover Boys, Frank Merriwell, Tom Swift, the Motor Boys, and Tom Slade, some by Oliver Optic and many others before I read anything like *Treasure Island*, *Two Years Before the Mast*, or *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. So did every other boy in the block.

I'm learning we were typical of all the boys and girls in our day and that literally tens of millions of these adventure books were sold in the era before radio, sound motion pictures, and television. In fact, I wonder if I didn't miss something by not living earlier—in the days when farm boys hid in hay lofts to read the Nick Carter dime novels, the frighteners about Buffalo Bill and "Another red-skin bit the dust."

The 41st Avenue youngster venerated the authors of their books as much as they admired their heroes. It was disillusioning to learn in later life that Arthur M. Winfield, whose name appeared on all the Rover Boys series, wasn't really their author. Winfield actually was Edward L. Stratemeyer. Oliver Optic was really William Taylor Adams. Margaret Sidney, of the Five Little Pipers series, was really Harriet Mulford Stone Lothrop. Burt L. Standish, who fathered the Frank Merriwell books, was born Gilbert Patten. Only a few authors, like Horatio Alger Jr.—whom some

dubbed "Holy Horatio"—and Percy Keese Fitzhugh, of the Tom Slade and Roy Blakesley series, wrote under their true names.

Stratemeyer, who lived from 1862 to 1930, wrote more than 150 books, of which ten million copies were sold. When the Spanish-American War began, Stratemeyer became Capt. Ralph Bonehill, author of the Old Glory series. In 1899, as Arthur M. Winfield, he began the Rover Boys. By 1926 the 30th volume of the series appeared. Tom, "the fun-loving Rover," and his brothers, Dick and Sam, were braving more blizzards and cloudbursts, hunting more lost persons and lost treasures all over America and in African jungles. "Dan Baxter, you cad!" was a better known shriek than any being hurled today by small fry in comics, radio and television serials.

In 1906 Stratemeyer formed the Stratemeyer Literary Syndicate—a General Motors type fiction production line which made educators shudder. He supplied outlines of plots which his staff, at one time numbering twenty writers, transformed into books. Stratemeyer thus engineered more than 800 novels. His assistant, Howard Garis of Uncle Wiggily fame, wrote all the Tom Swift series under the name of Victor Appleton and nearly all the Motor Boys series under the name of Clarence Young. Stratemeyer's syndicate writers used such names as Laura Lee Hope, May Hollis Barton, Roy Rockwood, Frank W. Webster, Jim Bowie, Lester Chadwick, and 100 more.

Twenty-one volumes of the Motor Boys ran into dozens of printings. The Rover Boys were even translated into German and Czech, and by 1930 some five million copies were sold. The Tom

Swift series ran into six and a half million copies of thirty-six volumes by 1934. Someone estimated that forty-five million of the Stratemeyer books sold in the syndicate's first twenty-five years would make a monument 700 miles high. Tom Swift was its best seller of all time. A Stratemeyer syndicate writer usually was paid \$50 to \$250 for each hack job, and then his novel would be tossed back to a bin for final polishing.

After worshipping the Rover Boys at Putnam Hall, I was astonished to learn that their author never went to prep school or college. Yet he left an estate of a million dollars. His daughter took over the syndicate, and later I noticed that my young daughter had a couple of volumes of the Bobsey series, by Laura Lee Hope, in her room. Similar books are still coming off the production line—the same type as I read when Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Fatty Arbuckle were household names.

In those days before we began tinkering with crystal radio sets, the boys in our neighborhood solved their financial problems by trading the paper and cloth-bound novels until they were threadbare. In a vacation month I think we easily averaged skimming through three books a day. On a peak day I'd read five or six. If nothing else, the books taught us fast reading. And as for morals—heavens! A Rover Boy never swore, mocked, or told a lie. He was a half-orphan of a middle class family, a model of rectitude.

Ah! Bring them back!: *The Rover Boys in the Jungle*, *The Rover Boys on the Great Lakes*, *Tom Swift and His Electric Runabout*, *Tom Swift and His Sky Racer*, *Tom Swift and His Aerial Warship*, *The Motor Boys Across the Plains*, or *the Hermit of Lost Lake* and *The Motor Boys Afloat*, or *the Stirring Cruise of the Dartaway*.

Just before that generation, Frank Merriwell was the idol of millions. The Prolific Gilbert Patten (Burt L. Standish) invented Merriwell in 1896 when *Tip Top Weekly* wanted a serial athlete. He got a three-year contract that paid \$50.00 a week. At top speed, he reputedly hit a clip of 50,000 words a week.

Frank Merriwell saved countless maidens in distress through a sea of 25 million words. He saw Frank through prep school and college (usually winning the game in the last seconds of play) and then carried on with Frank's brother Dick and finally with a Merriwell son and daughter. The melodramatic Merriwell series heyday was from 1896 to 1916. Patten died in 1945 at his home in Vista, San Diego County, at the age of 77. Preceding Patten was the mass of 19th century dime novelists and such famed writers as William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic) of 1822-97 and Horatio Alger, Jr., 1832-99.

Adam's *The Boat Club* proved so popular that the 1855 initial volume of the series ran through 60 editions. He wrote 126 books, totaling well beyond one million copies, and about 1,000 short stories for magazines. At first the public libraries refused his Oliver Optic books because the hero's feats, like those of today's Superman, were considered too improbable. I enjoyed them, and I developed an insatiable appetite for Alger.

Today the word Alger is imbedded in the American language. The Alger formula is simple: Honesty, hard work, ambition, and perhaps a little luck will lead to inevitable success. Oddly enough, Alger himself was never a bootblack, a train candy butcher, or street urchin. He went to a private school, and studied the classics at Harvard. He steered away from parental grooming for the cloth, but ultimately became a clergyman. In two



years, however, he resigned to write. In New York he spent much time at the Newsboys' Lodging House, where he had brought a Chinese foundling. He played the drum in the youngsters' band, marched in their parade, and won their confidence. He began writing about them.

Alger's Ragged Dick serial in *Oliver Optic's School and Schoolmate Magazine* became enormously popular immediately and led to a lengthy Ragged Dick book series. He produced 119 books totaling six million words. They sold fifteen million copies. Sometimes Alger completed an entire volume in two weeks.

In 1953, the old Los Angeles book stores on Main, Third, and Sixth streets, and New York shops on lower Fourth Avenue had Alger reprints but rarely a first edition. The Los Angeles Public Library had a biography of Horatio Alger, but only one of his works. This was a combined volume, for reference reading only, of *Struggling Upward*, *Phil the Fiddler*, *Jed the Poorhouse Boy*, and the famed *Ragged Dick*. Book stores that long ago were reporting they were cleaned out of all copies of the Rover Boys.

Today, some scoff at Alger as "Holy Horatio." Others call his works trash, appallingly poor English for a man who was versatile in foreign languages. The *Dictionary of American Biography* says: "His works will have left a stronger mark on the American character than the works of many a greater writer." ■



## Corral Chips

by Donald Duke

C.M. Bob Oleson made good use of his new "Four Wheel Drive" vehicle last February 2nd, when he and C.M. John Southworth visited the "Silent Sepulchre" (as spelled when named in 1850) in Fish Canyon. It is located in the Slate Range east of Trona. The occasion was the dedication of a

marker celebrating the life of Leonard Collard, who, at his own expense, erected lasting markers along the emigrant trails west of Death Valley. The Reverend Collard was killed on his way to Alaska on his motorcycle during June of 1992. About 40 members of his family and friends gathered in the Slate Range in remembrance of his life and achievements.

Past sheriff Robert Clark reported in the last issue about those Los Angeles Corral members who were in attendance at the WHA Convention. Apparently Bob was so busy chasing his wife Atara (our typesetter) around the Yale University Library stacks that he failed to account for two corresponding members who also attended the Western History Association gathering. One said to give Bob Clark the raspberry and wished to remain anonymous. He related he was old enough to be Clark's father and that Bob should wear his glasses more often. The other was Mike Harrison. He states, "Although not a representative of the Los Angeles Corral, I became a corresponding member before young Clark was born. Bob must be having a lapse of memory as I, too, was at New Haven last October." No comment!

C.M. Richard "Grizzly" Dillon is back teaching again at the Fromm Institute, University of San Francisco. Says he is teaching California's "Names on the Land." Claims he still has his nose to the grindstone digging up facts for his definitive history of Napa Valley. The grapevine tells the writer of this column that he is still working the tap rooms of the wineries?

Anyone ever hear of Mike Torguson? After consuming all the frozen dinners at San Fernando Valley's Ralphs Market, he finally returned to the nest at Gold Hill, Oregon. No he is not digging gold, but trying to develop the mind at Southern Oregon State College at Ashland. Proud father and past sheriff, Don Torguson states that Mike has learned to read and write. He is doing well in school and has a job at the local newspaper *The Medford Mail Tribune*. Dad says he is putting in 30 hours per week. Was not aware that it took so long to fold and put those rubber bands around the papers! Torgy says he made the "Dean's List" with a GPA of 3.88. His major is political science and history with emphasis on educating the girl population on campus. Another Bill Clinton in the making!

Former Sheriff Jerome Selmer has retired twice. First from the City of Los Angeles, and from

the directorship of the Southwest Museum. Now he is president of the Zamorano Club, on the board of the San Dimas Festival of Western Arts, and the board of Trustees of the Friends of the Archival Center at Mission San Fernando. When does he have time to mow the lawn?

Abraham Hoffman is the author of "William S. Hart on Location." This appeared in the Spring 1992 edition of the *Southern California Quarterly*. I was under the impression that Abe only wrote about WATER!

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the creation of the Angeles National Forest, a daylong symposium on December 5, 1992 was held which featured the history of the 693,000-acre preserve in the San Gabriel Mountains. Of course John Robinson was one of the speakers. For those who don't know, John has written several books on the San Gabriel Mountain country.

Western sculptor, C.M. Tom Knapp has produced a larger-than-life-size bronze called "The Reed Gatherer" which is on display at Waring Plaza at Palm Desert. It depicts a Cahuilla Indian woman gathering reeds. The sculptor was commissioned by Wendell Hinsley, Senior Projects Director-Downey Savings & Loan. He recently had the honor of sculpting the Tournament of Roses "Hall of Fame" sculpture now out in front of the Rose Bowl.

Ray and Margaret Wood celebrated their "Golden Wedding Anniversary" the end of February. Msgr. Frank Weber was among those present at the celebration to give his blessing to the youngsters.

There are probably not many members who will remember Jack Reynolds, one of the pioneer members of the Corral. He had an antiquarian bookstore out in Van Nuys when I knew him. About 25 years ago he packed up all his books and opened a store in Willits—selling mainly mail order. I am sure Corral members will remember his frequent catalogs. Jack Edward Reynolds died of a heart attack on January 28th of this year. He was 78. Jack was born in Long Beach, attended Long Beach schools, spent a year at junior college and then attended the University of Chicago. After graduation he returned to Long Beach and worked as a rewrite man for the *Los Angeles Daily News*. During 1940 he moved into Los Angeles and worked in the motion picture industry. Always interested in books, in 1948 he opened his first bookshop, specializing in out-of-print titles on Cali-

fornia and the West. In 1950 he moved to Van Nuys and operated a retail store and mail order catalog business. As an Active Member of the Corral (when he moved north he requested that his membership would be changed to Corresponding) he wrote an article on the history of The Westerners for Brand Book No. 7, published in 1957. This article was the source of many quotation excerpts nationwide for many years. He retired (sort of) to Pine Mountain, near Willits, in 1976. One never goes out of the book business as the catalogs kept coming. He is survived by his wife of 56 years, Rosalie Reynolds.

Remember Country Doctor Robert Stragnell? He moved to Prescott a few years back, but he is hardly in the country anymore. The place is almost as big as Pasadena and he is "Big City" Doctor these days. Not content to come see his old friends when he runs out of pills, he helped start the Prescott Corral of Westerners of which he is a past sheriff. He is now the representative. What he represents is anyone's guess—send us something, "Doc." You certainly must have a *Branding Iron*? He claims the Prescott Corral has some 200 members. Must be all those widows and orphans of famous Doctors? Like former sheriff Jerry Selmer, he is on the board of everything. The Prescott Phippen Museum of Western History, the Rotary Club, and civic groups. Before long it will be Governor Stragnell! Don't take any wooden nickels, Doc.

In December I got a letter from Chile. "Who in the world is down there?" I thought to myself. Well it was from *Ranger* Ron Geiger, who is floating aboard the *Evening Star* around the world with his family. His 250 foot yacht made it that far but nearly sunk at the Easter Island when he tried to place one of those big heads aboard for a park in Long Beach. Just wait until he takes his *Star* around Cape Horn! I just hope the bilge pumps are working. He had better not dock at Washington or Bill Clinton will conscript the *Star* as the official presidential yacht.

Honorary Member Hugh Tolford presented a slide program before the Southern California Chapter-Railway & Locomotive Historical Society the evening of March 2nd. His topic was *The Last Great Bonanza*. In essence it was about the turn of the century mining excitement sparked by the fabulous discoveries of gold and silver in Southern Nevada. This sparked the construction of a half

(Continued on Page Eighteen)



## Alden H. Miller 1905-1992

There is an old saying, "You can take the man out of the West, but you can't take the West out of the man." That same sentiment applies to Alden H. Miller—Al to his legion of Friends. He was a true son of the American West; he never lost his High Plains accent, that lilting western twang that distinguished his speech. Throughout his long life, he was an ardent devotee of history of the American West, a noted collector of Western American art and artifacts. He was also an avid outdoorsman—he loved to fish and hunt. He enjoyed savoring the grandeur of the west and the recreation it afforded him. He reveled in being close to nature and in extended stays in the wilderness. During World War II while stationed at Pearl Harbor, he bought, sight unseen, a cabin in the wilds, situated near good fishing grounds. And whenever the occasion presented itself, off he would go hunting with his cronies. It was all so natural to him for he was a true westerner.

Al was born in the tiny, rural hamlet of Stanley, North Dakota, November 27, 1905. He was named Alden Herbert Scott Miller by his parents. His father was a frontier physician, a horse and buggy doctor. He was a great influence on his son, who was destined to follow in his father's professional footsteps. When still a child, the family relocated to Harlem, North Dakota, and then moved to upstate New York where his father operated a sports equipment manufacturing business. When that enterprise failed, his father was employed as company physician for Anaconda Copper, head-

quartered in Missoula, Montana. There Al attended the local high school where he graduated in 1923.

Intent on a college education, Al took the bus to Los Angeles that same fall intending on matriculating at the young UCLA campus then located on North Vermont Avenue by Monroe Street (where Los Angeles City College stands today). By sheer chance, Al said it was due to getting off at the wrong stop on the streetcar line, he enrolled at USC instead.

From his undergraduate days until the day of his death, he was a die-hard Trojan, and I mean a *TROJAN*. Receiving his B.A. in 1927, he immediately enrolled in the fledgling USC School of Medicine. Unfortunately, two years later the school lost its A rating from the American Medical Association and was placed on probation. Al and his classmates had to scramble to find an alternative institution in order to complete their final two years of medical studies. Al was accepted by the prestigious Rush Medical College in Chicago, later affiliated with the University of Chicago.

In 1932 his M.D. was conferred. He immediately decided to return to Los Angeles, which he now considered his home, to intern in Los Angeles County General Hospital. After receiving his medical license on August 30, 1933, he began a two year residency at L.A. County General, choosing as his specialty otolaryngology. It was during these early years he fell in love with a beautiful staff nurse, Agnes E. Jackson, whom he affection-

ately called "Babe." They were married in 1935.

Completing his residency that same year, Al received a preceptorship under the distinguished physician, Simon Jesberg in the Los Angeles Eye and Ear Hospital where he specialized in bronchoscopy and laryngoscopy, mastering the intricacies of these demanding diagnostic procedures, 1935-39. Parallel with this advanced study, he opened a private practice and in 1936 accepted appointment to the revived and prospering USC School of Medicine in the Department of Otolaryngology. That association was interrupted by the advent of World War II. Al was among the first doctors to be called up for duty. He had foreseen the spectre of the war as a possibility, which prompted him to join the U.S. Naval Reserve Medical Corps in 1940. He was summoned to active duty in December 1941 and served with distinction until March 1946, rising to the rank of commander. Thereafter he continued in the Medical Reserves until he reached the mandatory retirement age.

After the war Al immersed himself in his medical practice. Beginning in 1948 he published the first of some fifty research papers germane to his medical specialty. In doing so he made a national reputation for himself, one that earned him the presidency of the Los Angeles Society of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, the Pacific Coast Oto-Ophthalmology Society; on the national level the American Broncho-Esophagological Association and the American Laryngological Association. He was honored further by election as a Fellow in the American College of Surgeons and the Royal Society of Medicine, United Kingdom.

His renown brought him a clinical professorship at the USC School of Medicine in 1961, an association that lasted until a year before his death, and for two decades, 1961-81, he was head of the Department of Otolaryngology. In addition, Al served as head of the Department of Otolaryngology at L.A. County General and the Children's Hospital, the Department of Eyes, Ears, Noses, Throat and Dentistry, Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital (later renamed Queen of the Angels/Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital), and chairman for Otolaryngology in the Research Study Club of Los Angeles.

Among Al's many stellar attributes one stands out above all else: he enjoyed being a host as did Babe. Each year they invited medical students and faculty to their Glendale home just off Riverside

Drive to gala outdoor parties, one which quickly became a tradition rather than a custom. At the same time, Al liked to play poker with his coterie of like-minded friends, and the game room, a detached dwelling facing the patio and pool, was dominated by a large poker table. Later, when Al became one of the founders of Salerni Collegium, an alumni support group for the USC School of Medicine, he invited prospective and active members to his home both for membership recruitment and as an expression of appreciation for financial contributions to the organization. It is little wonder he was elected president of Salerni Collegium and in 1969 received its Distinguished Service Award.

Other honors came to Al. Leading the way was USC. He received the General Alumni Association Award of Merit, 1962; Medical Alumnus of the Year, 1966, and Man of the Year Support Group Award 1975. His research in his specialty earned him the coveted Newcomb Award from the American Laryngological Association in 1972.

As a person, Al was one of the most affable and likable men I have ever known. He had a winning smile, a ready handshake, a cordial greeting, a listening ear. Our paths first crossed in the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners in 1966 when Al became a member. Why it took him so long to join that group still puzzles me. He was a born Westerner. We immediately found common ground for we both were interested in the history of the American West. We also shared a common fascination with the history of medicine in the Far West, a focal point of Al's book collecting. The latter brought him membership in the Zamorano Club in the year 1984/85; he rarely failed to attend a regular meeting thereafter.

In addition to his book collecting, Al prepared several illustrated talks dealing with various aspects of the history of medicine in the American West which he presented to interested organizations. Another topic that captured his attention was the history of the USC School of Medicine. On the occasion of the centenary of the founding of the first medical school (there were three in all), Al prepared a fascinating illustrated talk and published a splendid essay on the history of the first school in the publication sponsored by Salerni Collegium.

In 1971 Al became Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral. His tenure is still memorable for he was deeply involved in the betterment of that organiza-

tion. The latter is attested to by his hosting the annual Rendezvous at his home, beginning in 1967. For twenty-six years, that yearly event was held at "Doc' Miller's spread." His interest never flagged in respect to the Rendezvous. He appeared at the last one, held October 17, for a brief greeting to his guests—such was his unfailing loyalty. As a token of its profound appreciation for all he did for the Corral, honorary membership was conferred in 1985.

All who knew Al will recall their own private memories of him. Mine will always be his western-laced speech, his eagerness to share, his gregarious personality, his unfailing enthusiasm and generosity, his genuine affability and manly charm. Death claimed him on November 22, 1992, five days shy of his eighty-seventh birthday. A memorial service was held at St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church in Studio City on the late afternoon of November 24. He is survived by his beloved "Babe," his daughter, Bonnie (Mrs. Leslie Andersen), his son, Rev. A. Scott Miller, an Episcopal priest, and his grandchildren, Jennifer, Piper, and Heather. At the memorial service, true to his pride in his Scottish heritage, a kilted bagpiper was on hand to play solemn dirges and tunes. On leaving the church, mourners were greeted in the chilling evening's early darkness with the piping of the USC Trojans' fight song. It was an appropriate and moving farewell.

As was said in the beginning of this tribute, "You can take the man out of the West, but you can't take the West out of the man." That sentiment certainly applies to Al Miller. He will be sorely missed.

Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

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Alden H. Miller became an active historian of the American West with particular emphasis on medicine. He joined the Los Angeles Corral in June, 1966 and in October he gave his first historical talk on "Medicine Men of the Far West." He prepared other talks on the use of peyote by the Indians and "Natural Medicine Used in the West." In addition to his library of western books, he assembled a wonderful collection of art by western artists.

On January 13, 1971, Al Miller was elected Sheriff, and in 1985 was made an Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Corral.

For more than 40 years, the Miller family lived in Glendale in a replica of an English country home which was built by Warner Brothers Pictures in 1940 and given to film star Bette Davis. The Millers became the second owners in 1949. In September 1967 the Millers invited the Los Angeles Corral members to stage their annual Rendezvous outdoors on their spacious grounds. In October 1992 the 26th annual Rendezvous was hosted by the Millers. As always, there were books, art, maps, keepsakes, and early western artifacts for sale in the country store and through the auction. Westerners could taste Indian fry bread, watch a blacksmith at work, and watch an artist paint a western scene or portrait. The usual convivial dinner followed on the lawn.

One cannot forget Al Miller's "wooden Indians." Years ago, he discovered a shop where they were manufactured out of hard plastic. Each year he provided one specimen from his secret source, to be raffled off at the annual Rendezvous with the proceeds to go to the Corral Publication Fund. Today there are many "wooden" Indians scattered all over Southern California, standing in Westerners homes or patios.

Al Miller was also a longtime member of the Historical Society of Southern California, the Death Valley 49ers, Inc., and the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus. Because of his great interest in books, fine printing, and western art, he was invited to join the Zamorano Club, known for its Zamorano 80—a list of 80 of the most important books about early California. He rarely missed a dinner meeting or outing of the Club until a few months before his death.

For several years he managed western music events for the annual Death Valley Encampments and also acted as judge for the old-fashioned fiddlers contest.

Westerner Al Miller will be remembered as a man filled with ideas for furthering the Los Angeles Corral...a kind person with loyalty beyond reproach and enthusiasm beyond measure.

Hugh C. Tolford



## Wade E. Kittell 1916-1992

Wade Kittell was born in Harlan, Iowa on June 21, 1916, and lived there until he moved to Des Moines to attend Drake University. Harlan is a very small town and Wade said that it reminded him of the small Iowa town that was the setting for the musical "The Music Man" (76 trombones).

As the only child in a household that consisted of his parents and his maternal grandparents Wade had to be constantly watchful of his behavior for almost everyone in the town knew him and were quick to report any misbehavior to his parents.

A few years ago he returned to Harlan for a visit thinking that he might like to go back there in his retirement, but as he expressed it "you can't go home again." All of the pleasant memories had vanished and nothing was left for him but the boredom of a very small community with very little in the way of cultural interests.

During his youth his grandfather often took the family to Long Beach, California to weather the cold winter months and Wade fell in love with the Long Beach of the 20's and 30's.

After his graduation in 1937 from Drake University with a degree in Journalism he moved with his parents to Long Beach where his father died a short time later. Wade never married and lived with his mother until her death in 1976.

The three great loves of his life, after his mother, were writing, reading, and presenting slide shows. Every Saturday for more than 30 years he wrote a 500 word article on some subject that interested him. These were on many subjects

and were neatly typed and filed in large notebooks. In reading them it seems a shame that he did not try to publish them. I guess that just writing them was a release from the boredom of the accounting job that he held for over 30 years with a local oil production company. He also faithfully kept a weekly diary for more than 40 years.

His second great interest was reading and his condo contains shelves filled with more than 2000 books. He liked all subjects but particularly history and mysteries. Because of his interest in history he joined the Long Beach and Downey Historical Societies, the Southern California Historical Society, and the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. A corresponding member in 1966 he became an active member in 1970. His grubstake number is 118 and he was Keeper of the Chips in 1985.

At one time Wade belonged to 31 organizations which included his historical and Masonic bodies, but after the death of his mother he withdrew from many of them, saying that if he couldn't be real active he lost interest. The Westerners, the Long Beach Scottish Rite, and the Downey Historical Society were the three remaining at the time of his death. He was president of the Long Beach Historical Society in 1972.

Also waiting for him at the time of his death were 51 new books that he purchased this past summer for this winter's reading.

His many slide shows were mainly on Long Beach history and the very unusual subject of cemeteries. He could tell you where almost every

notable person in California history was buried.

Wade died on December 6, 1992 after an illness of about four weeks. He is survived by many friends but no relatives.

One final thought. In reading Wade's comments on the funeral of Westerner George Fullerton he said, "all of the Westerners then adjourned to a restaurant nearby and toasted on its way the soul of the departed member."

Wade continued, "That to me is as a memorial should be. After all, the one so honored is not to be pitied but sent on his way where we all will follow."

Ray Nicholson

### Corral Chips (continued). . .

dozen short line railroads which connected with the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific (Salt Lake Route at the time), and the Santa Fe Railway.

Tired Eyes Newton attended the "Conference of California Historians" at Airtel Plaza Hotel at Van Nuys Airport on February 26-27-28. The conference was full of interesting programs and a long excursion. Also in attendance were Abe Hoffman, Msgr. Frank Weber, CM Louis Bourdet, and of course, Ray Wood.

Associate Todd Peterson wrote an article about the "Harvey Girls" which appeared in the February 1993 issue of *The Observation Platform*, a historical monthly publication of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society.

C.M. L.P. "Jim" Corbett had read in the *Branding Iron* about the talk Ken Pauley presented to the Corral about the *First Los Angeles Air Meet*. He states, "I was part of the managing staff of the California Hospital from 1939 to 1957. About 1950, a retired nurse from that hospital wrote and published a book on her life and the history of nursing in the U.S. In this book she related the story of the Emergency Station that served the Air Meet at Dominguez Rancho in 1910. The California Hospital established the station and furnished the doctors and nurses. The author, Miss Williamson was in charge." He goes on to relate, "Arch Hoxie was a daring young pilot who pushed his plane to the limit. On the second day of the meet he flew his plane over Mount Wilson. He flew higher than anyone at the meet, but since Hoxie had no altimeter on his plane another flyer with an altimeter received the award for flying the highest which was 4,000 feet. Mount Wilson is at a height of 5,710 feet."

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"It's the classic story of the local boy making good," is the title of a *Pasadena Star-News* article featuring our own Rick Arnold. Did he build the San Gabriel Mission, jump over Mount Wilson in a single bound? No, he joined the San Gabriel Police Department in November 1976 and it has been up-and away ever since. Last month he was promoted to "Captain," the second in command on the force. The article goes on to list all the activities he is in, La Casa Community Center, the San Gabriel Medical Foundation, the fire buff clubs he is in, however, no mention of the Westerners. It goes on to say that "Arnold's main interest, he admits, is San Gabriel history and he is a faithful member of the San Gabriel Historical Association." They should mention this as he dug the foundation for the Association's new home. Oh well, congratulations Rick, and he fixes tickets. That's Metro Link tickets, not traffic tickets!

Martin Ridge, who is higher than high on the staff of the Huntington Library, will discuss and sign copies of his latest book, *Atlas of American Frontiers*. This new publication tells the story of America's development through historical maps, archival photographs. The event is to take place April 8, 1993 in the Overseer's Room of the Huntington.

Powell Greenland, the president of the Southern California Historical Society, and Executive Director Thomas Andrews had their picture in the *Huntington Calendar* when the Society donated their photo archive to the Huntington Library. They can't give the Lummis House away as it belongs to the City of Los Angeles! ■

### Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

island lived in tents. Banning constructed an amphitheatre and held band concerts there, playing the cornet himself for appreciative guests.

Peter Gano built the Holly Hill House, first called Lookout Cottage, overlooking Avalon Harbor. He came from Cincinnati to Pasadena in 1880, bought land, and moved to Catalina in 1888. The house originally was for his fiancée, but she jilted him. The house remains a showplace today.

Charles Frederick Holder wrote many books and articles about Catalina and publicized it as a sports fishing paradise. He founded the Valley Hunt Club in Pasadena in 1888, was a cofounder of the Rose Parade, and engaged in many other civic efforts. His first book about Catalina appeared in



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

January meeting speaker Sidney Gally.

1892 and was subsequently published in several versions. In 1898 Holder started the Tuna Club in Avalon, "for gentlemen anglers."

William Wrigley and David M. Renton transformed Avalon into a modern resort. Successful in business, Wrigley made his fortune with chewing gum. He moved to Pasadena in 1914 and became friends with Renton, a Canadian who came to California in 1901. Renton was a building contractor who built many Pasadena homes. Wrigley bought Catalina Island sight unseen in 1916, the same year he bought the Chicago Cubs, and didn't even see the island until three years later. Renton built houses to replace the tent city, and Wrigley promoted Catalina as a tourist attraction. Renton developed water, electricity, roads, a country club, and a golf course on the island, as well as the famous dance pavilion and casino.

Wrigley, the last major Pasadenan to promote Catalina, died in 1932 and was buried on the island in 1935. His remains were later removed to Forest Lawn, and his mausoleum is now a memorial visited by tourists. Renton died in 1947.

In other Corral business, the elected officers for 1993 were announced.

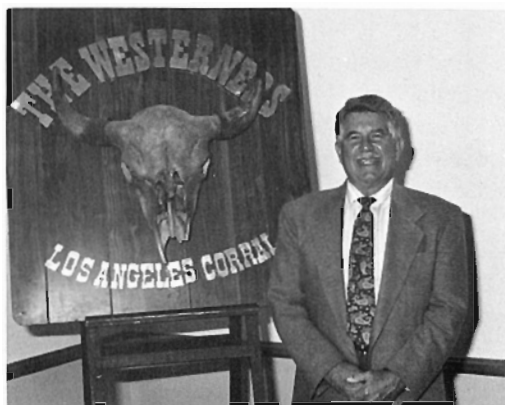
Abraham Hoffman

## FEBRUARY 1993 MEETING

Although gold has been mined in California from one end to the other, February meeting speaker Powell Greenland, in his talk titled, "Relics of the California Gold Rush," explained that most mines were in what is called the mother lode area of the west side of the Sierra Nevada Range. The mother lode area was divided into

what were called the northern mines, in the area drained by the Sacramento River, and the southern mines, the area drained by the San Joaquin River. Right at the beginning of his interesting slide illustrated talk, Greenland informed the listeners that the term "mother lode" was unknown during the gold rush. It is a term that began to be used in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and its origin is unknown.

The mother lode's main industry now is tourism, with the town of Columbia even having been turned into a state park. State highway 49 runs the length of the area, through the many historic towns, some with their own museums. Enroute travellers pass through a few covered bridges, the only ones in the state. Detours take tourists to the remnants of the gold diggings.



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

February meeting speaker Powell Greenland.

Powell showed slides of the interesting gold rush relics, including the giant water wheels constructed to lift ore and to power the stamp mills that broke up the ore to fine granules to permit the extraction of gold from rocky deposits. He showed how water was the essential element in all mining: in placer mining to wash the gold-bearing gravel; in hard rock mining to operate stamp mills; in hydraulic mining to shoot powerful streams of water to cut away the earth and sluice it through gold extraction troughs, and in dredge mining to float the dredge and wash the gold out of the dredged earth. Dredge mining, a method pioneered in Australia, was the last of the big operations that ended in 1968, with only one dredge still operating near Marysville. The huge barge, floating on a pond that it moved across the land by dredging away the earth from one side and

*(Continued on Page Twenty-Two)*



## John H. Urabec 1907-1992

Born on June 20, 1907, in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, John Urabec was the son of Mary and Frank Urabec, who emigrated to the United States from Austria in the late 1890s and settled in the Badger State. He attended the local Catholic parochial school and public high school to complete his basic education. Upon graduating from Sheboygan High School, he worked for two years in the local bank, saving his money in order to finance his higher education.

Backed by his savings, John entered the University of Wisconsin in 1926, majoring in chemistry and the basic sciences for he was intent on a career in medicine. During those undergraduate years John had the good fortune to have a superb teacher in English literature. That gifted professor seeded in the young student's mind an abiding love for the writings of Thomas Hardy, one of England's brilliant novelists and poets, that would grow to fruition in later years. At the same time, John discovered the old and famous book stores in Madison and became a regular browser, spending much of his free time from his studies foraging through endless cluttered shelves and tables piled with books. Thus was planted a second abiding interest of John's which ripened as he prospered into an avid book collector as well as a connoisseur of fine bindings and printing, one of his great passions throughout his long life.

Upon receiving his bachelor's degree in 1930, John applied to and was accepted by the University of Pennsylvania Medical School as a student. Upon completing his medical studies in 1933, the

young doctor came to southern California to take his internship at the Los Angeles County General Hospital. Completing that year of training, he was attracted to diseases of the chest, especially the prospect of becoming a thoracic surgeon. To further that ambition, he undertook a residency at the Barlow Sanatorium in Los Angeles, then a famed institution of importance in the field of thorax (chest) diseases. Additional residencies in what was to become his medical field of expertise followed at the Los Angeles County General and finally at Bellevue Hospital, New York. Having completed this phase of his training, John returned to Los Angeles to open his private practice, one that lasted until his retirement in 1977.

He quickly gained a reputation as a skilled surgeon which led to his appointment as an assistant clinical professor of medicine in the USC School of Medicine. He also, in time, became attending physician at the Barlow Sanatorium and the Hospital of the Good Samaritan, the latter association lasting until his retirement for his office was located nearby at 1126 W. 6th Street. He also served as consulting physician to the Wadsworth General Hospital (Veterans' Administration) and St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica.

Like so many others of his generation, his medical career was interrupted by the advent of World War II. John joined the American Air Force and served with the Western Flying Training Command, 1942-46, in the AAF Medical Corp. When discharged from active duty he held the rank of major.

Resuming his medical practice, John began assiduously to indulge himself in book collecting, with a focus on Hardy and the American West, the latter a new interest which he cultivated with enthusiasm. At the same time he also acquired finely printed books for their artistry and beauty, and took a special interest in books on papermaking which became an avid hobby.

John's engrossed interest in the American West naturally led him to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. His first visit to a meeting was on June 21, 1962, when George L. Harding spoke on Tiburcio Vasquez. It was not until February 1966 that he was again listed as a guest in *The Branding Iron*. But apparently this time he decided to become a Corresponding member. Several years later he was elevated to regular membership. One of his first contributions to the Corral was an attempt to influence them to drink superior wines. To this end, he provided the wine for two Rendezvous, 1967 and 1970.

In 1973, he was elected Deputy Sheriff, the year in which I served as Sheriff. We worked extremely well together for by this time we were fast friends. Our paths had first crossed in the Zamorano Club. John had an established reputation as a solid bookman, one rightly earned. This led to his election to membership in the Club in 1956/57. When I joined in 1963, we soon became frequent dinner companions for he was a well-informed and well-read conversationalist. That initial happy association was enhanced when he became a Corral member.

John's enthusiasm for the American West was a dominant lief motive in his book collecting. When he became attracted to that subject remains unknown to me. However, once hooked, he quickly was converted and was an ardent Western Americana history buff and collector. He possessed a choice library on the subject, along with his other bookish indulgences. The latter also led to one of his fondest hobbies—papermaking. In joint partnership with the late printer, Richard Hoffman, the two men produced beautiful hand-made paper of the highest quality. On John's 75th birthday, Hoffman designed and printed on H/U paper a special keepsake to honor the occasion in a limited edition of five copies, a magnificent typographical tribute.

There are two other dimensions to John's long life that should not go unnoticed. He possessed one of the most discerning palates when it came to

wines and had few peers that could equal him in that respect. Not only did he know his wines, he also collected them. I recall one time when he was invited to my home for dinner, he came in rather chagrined—he had dropped a marvelous bottle while getting out of his car, one intended as a house gift! I, too, shared his sense of loss when he told me it was a 1968 Beaulieu Charles Latour Reserve Cabernet, one of the great California vintage years for reds. But he made up for that loss on other occasions when I was invited to his home for dinner, always beautifully prepared by his wife, Margaret. Marvelous vintages from his wine cellar flowed freely.

Both Margaret and John shared the joy of gardening, which was a primary element in their happy lives. Together they became nationally recognized authorities on camellias. Such was their reputation that they were called upon to judge many a camellia show. And together they developed one of the most extraordinary camellias which they aptly named "Tiffany." It is a beautiful shade of rich pink, with the center tinged with white and yellow. A hardy plant, it is an excellent grower and produces abundant double blossoms when in season. No wonder it became a national prize winner for a hybrid camellia. It still commands a huge gardening following. Happily, they gave me one of the parent plants which thrives in my garden, its profuse blossoms reminding me of our longtime friendship.

In 1983, I was able to help John fulfill a lifelong wish to visit the area in England where Thomas Hardy lived and wrote about in his novels. A special tour was arranged with a driver and guide to take him and his sister-in-law through what he called "Hardy country"—the bleak and forbidding landscape of Dorset (known as Wessex in the novels)—and a visit to Dorchester that was Hardy's home for most of his life. Margaret would not give up the Chelsea Flower Show so she elected to remain in London for that annual event.

Death came to John peacefully. He died in his sleep on the night of October 17, 1992. Acting on his wishes, there was no funeral or memorial service. He wanted to slip away from life quietly; and so he did. He is survived by his wife, Margaret Elizabeth Hoile, and his son, John Reading Urabec.

Those of us who knew John as friend will sorely miss him for he was a boon companion and a gentle man. Westerners will recall his faithful attendance at Corral meetings until age began to take

its toll on his constitution. As his deafness increased, conversation with him became strained. That affliction, coupled with his increasing difficulty in walking, finally forced him into greater inactivity, which meant giving up Corral meetings. But he held on as long as his strength and the kindness of others in driving him to meetings was possible. To those who wish to remember John, the next time you have an excellent wine, raise a glass to his memory. He'd like that, I am sure!

Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

## 1993 Officers

Elected to office for 1993 and installed in the January meeting are: Ernest Marquez, Sheriff; Michael W. Nunn, Deputy Sheriff; Thomas W. Bent, Registrar of Marks and Brands; Robert Blew, Keeper of the Chips; Siegfried G. Demke, Publications Editor.

## New Members

In recognition of his Wrangler work for the corral, the Trail Bosses voted to raise Reese Benson to Associate Member level, and his Grubstake Certificate was presented to him at the February meeting.

### Monthly Roundup (continued) . . .

depositing the rows of washed boulders on the opposite side, was often as high as a four story building. It was a completely self-contained machine that performed all the necessary functions from digging up the earth to isolating the few flecks of gold existing in each square yard of processed earth.

Greenland's talk also provided much information on the success of California mining by reporting how many millions of dollars in gold was extracted by the different processes used by the most profitable mining companies.

The display tables helped to illustrate the evening's talk subject with many interesting items that Frank Newton brought from his gold rush era collection, among them Wells Fargo gold receipts, letters with mother lode towns post office cancellations, gold scales, gold "poke" sacks, and even

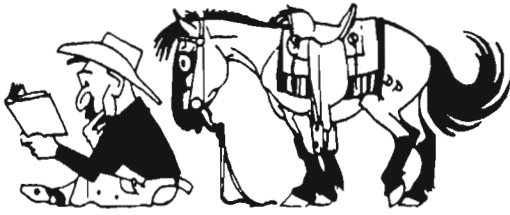
vials containing small amounts of gold dust and gold flakes.

NOTE: Abraham Hoffman, who served as Editor of the *Branding Iron* from Spring 1985, Issue #158, to Winter 1987, Issue #175, and continued to write "The Monthly Roundup" column until this year, has expanded his history teaching activity. Starting with the latter half of last year, Hoffman has taken on the additional teaching job of a Wednesday night class that prevents his attending most of the second Wednesday of the month meetings to report the talks of meeting speakers. As he has done in the past, when pinch-hitting for Hoffman, The Editor will struggle to supply the reports on speakers. When a report will have been written by someone else, the author's name will appear at the end of that report.



The Editor, pinch-hitting in the battle against split infinitives and sentences ending with a preposition.





## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

**FRONTIER FAITHS: Church, Temple, and Synagogue in Los Angeles, 1846-1888**, by Michael J. Engh, S.J. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1992. 267 pp. Illustrations, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$32.50. Order from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591.

This penetrating study about the role of religion in a frontier community offers a fresh insight into the complex beginnings of social and ethnic diversity in Los Angeles. Religious life in the one-time *Pueblo de Nuestra Señora de los Angeles* differed significantly from that in other frontier regions of the nation because of the area's geographic isolation, local demographics and ministerial diversity.

As a frontier, Los Angeles stood as an exception to the pattern of religious pioneering in the United States. The area was "discovered" and colonized by Catholics and, as one Baptist preacher noted in 1852, the population was still attached to the "ridiculous observances of the Roman Church." In his opinion, "no place needed the Gospel more than Los Angeles."

However, adherents to non-Catholic creeds faced new and unfamiliar challenges in the area, not the least of which was the language. No Protestant minister could speak Spanish until the arrival of Reverend William Mosher in 1871. Such Hispanic customs as Sunday bullfights, gambling, horse racing and cock fighting appalled the Protestant divine.

Dr. James Woods, a Presbyterian clergyman who established the first Protestant religious body in Los Angeles, confided to his diary that the city's Hispanic aristocracy were "a dark complexioned set with darker minds and morals."

With the gradual improvement of transportation, more immigrants streamed to Los Angeles. For religious sects, this meant increased membership, construction of churches, formation of ecclesial jurisdictions and a proliferation of denominations.



No group felt the impact of this influx more than the descendants of the city's founders. Spanish-speaking Roman Catholics comprised the earliest pioneers, and their congregations constituted the oldest of the creeds, not only in Los Angeles but throughout California and the Southwest. Because of their numbers and influence, Catholics remained the most prominent of the city's institutional religions well into the 1880s.

In his meticulously-researched and carefully-annotated study, Father Engh demonstrates how, in spite of considerable religious prejudice and racial violence, Protestants, Catholics and Jews developed an unparalleled religious cooperation based on civic boosterism and the desire to attract newcomers to the city and its churches.

Without any question, the best of the nine chapters in this book is the one dealing with the "Soldiers of Christ, Angels of Mercy" which tells about the Daughters of Charity in Southern California and their work among peoples of diverse faiths and cultures. Those good ladies demonstrated how members of the Roman Catholic community could also grapple creatively with the exigencies of pioneer life from their *pueblo* converts.

Jesuit Engh is a better historian than a sociologist. His treatment of Bishop Thaddeus Amat's attempts to implement the directives of the Baltimore Councils, for example, needs considerably more "seasoning." The giants of yesteryear, religious and otherwise, cannot be properly understood or appreciated in a context outside the era in which they lived.

Hopefully, this truly fascinating study is only the first in a series about religious diversity in what is now the largest city in the world dedicated to the Mother of God.

Msgr. Francis J. Weber

THOMAS STARR KING, *Eminent Californian, Civil War Statesman, Unitarian Minister*, by Robert Monzingo. Pacific Grove: Boxwood Press, 1991. 251 pp. Illustrations, Sources and References, Index. Paper, \$12.50 + \$1.75 s/h. Order from Boxwood Press, 183 Ocean View Blvd., Pacific Grove, CA 92950.

As a patriot and statesman, Thomas Starr King was instrumental in saving California for the Union cause. This man of God considered the Civil War a missionary experience, and his spirited sermons and speeches throughout the northern counties provided moral legitimacy to the northern war effort. King's oratory inspired Union loyalists to financially contribute to the war effort, and his prodding helped raise huge sums for the Soldier Relief Fund. Thomas Starr King's premature death before the war's end solidified his status as a legitimate California war hero. Robert Monzingo's *Thomas Starr King* provides a balanced perspective toward the man and his legacy, a difficult task considering the mythic proportions of King's legendary accomplishments.

Monzingo chronicles King's efforts to galvanize Union sentiment through the use of the pulpit. He bravely toured hostile mining communities and rural towns to preach the Union cause. King's efforts were critical early in the war, a time when partisan sentiment divided the state. This Unitarian minister innervated Union support, raised financial aid for the war, and blunted partisan momentum which undermined the Federal cause.

The author profiles King's tireless energies within the framework of his diverse talents and religious zeal. He was a gifted orator, parish organizer and naturalist. King's ministry responded to local concerns despite the overriding demands of the national crisis. He traveled to the victims of the 1862 flood in California's interior regions and solicited financial support for various charities and public works projects. King's religious commitment stretched his energies beyond normal limits. The frenetic schedules of lectures and speeches often left him near complete exhaustion. Meanwhile, new church construction projects and parish duties further taxed his energies. The only respite came with periodic forays into the California wilderness. King's fascination with the land is best understood as a search for spiritual peace; hence, his writings on California's expansive terrain draw Biblical metaphors that compare the

state's natural beauty with a layman's notion of the Promised Land.

Robert Monzingo considers King's patriotic accomplishments part of a larger caricature, which adds a fresh spin to this biography. Thomas Starr King was a progeny of a caste-free California; a self-educated, humble, virtuous, man of common roots. This Union loyalist embodied the frontier ideal of success and notoriety within an egalitarian setting. King's untimely death elevated him to martyrdom, and insured his preeminence among state leaders. But it also obscured King's more salient features: a Jacksonian symbol of the West.

Monzingo has fashioned a credible overview of King's impact on Civil War California. The reader meets loyal confidants and supporters, which include Jessie Benton Fremont and Bret Harte. More importantly, King's speeches were powerful statements, and they provide a pedagogical insight into this simple man of faith. There are only a few annoyances: the overuse of lengthy quotations make for tedious reading, and more comprehensive secondary references on California and Civil War history would benefit the reader, particularly since the author goes to great length to provide an historical context of the era. Yet, these minor objections pale in relation to the compelling subject matter about a man of enormous talents and singular purpose. Robert Monzingo's *Thomas Starr King* is a satisfying account of this shooting star against the dark backdrop of California's Civil War years.

Ronald C. Woolsey



THE FRONTIER WORLD OF FORT GRIFFIN. *The Life and Death of a Western Town*, by Charles Robinson III. Spokane: The Arthur H. Clark Company. 234 pp. Illustrations, Appendix, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$27.50. Available from the Arthur H. Clark Company, P.O. Box 14707, Spokane, WA 99214.

This is another in a long line of Arthur H. Clark Co. volumes concerning western history. As usual the design is good, the print large and legible, and the binding neatly done. Charles M. Robinson III has carefully researched the history of this remote

Texas fort and its adjoining collection of embryonic adventures in civilization. Robinson's journalistic skills are quite evident. The book is well-organized, describing chronologically, "wild western" activities and characters. Outlaws, Buffalo Hunters, Indians, Shady Ladies, Vigilantes, Cowboys, Local Merchants and other personalities both crooked and honest spring to life from the pages of this 200+ page volume. Also included is a biographical appendix listing alphabetically by classification the "dramatis personae." A useful research tool.

An included map would have enhanced the enjoyment of the book for this reviewer. Fortunately *The Rand McNally Road Atlas* provided ample details including locating Fort Griffin State Historic Park. It is also a pity that the economic realities of book publishing have eliminated such visual amenities as deckle edges and gilding, features included in older editions of Clark publications.

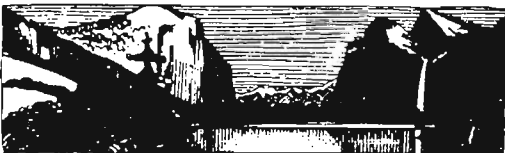
Nonetheless Texas History buffs will be euphoric about this book. Others will surely give it their enthusiastic endorsement.

Don Franklin



**REGREENING THE NATIONAL PARKS**, by Michael Frome. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1992. 291 pp. Notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$34.95; paper, \$19.95.

Public use versus preservation. This has long been a dilemma of the National Park Service. Should the primary emphasis be visitor enjoyment and accommodation or protection of the natural environment? The twin goals are often incompatible, particularly in popular parks such as Yosemite, the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone, where traffic congestion, overused facilities, commercialization, pollution and crime detract from nature's grandeur.



Michael Frome, a prominent writer on the national parks, forests and environmental matters, is highly critical of the way the parks have been managed. He places much of the blame on the National Park Service, which he says is undermined by politics and bureaucracy. He cites collusion between the NPS and entrenched park concessionaires, such as the Yosemite Park and Curry Company, now run by MCA, the Hamilton Stores in Yellowstone, Fred Harvey and his successor AMFAC at the Grand Canyon, for fostering an entertainment center philosophy. Such artificial edifices as the Hopi Watchtower on the brink of the Grand Canyon, which he labels an "inexcusable fake," the luxurious Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite Valley, and the tunnel at Zion, foster tourism but do nothing for the natural scene. The public must share some of the blame for demanding greater services, which the profit-minded concessionaires are only too ready to accommodate. In the past, writes Frome, the National Park Service bureaucracy has discouraged dissent within its ranks by transferring or terminating park superintendents and rangers who were deemed too vocal in promoting preservation over development.

Frome offers a 10-point program to "regreen" the National Parks. Some of his proposals are rather far-reaching. He would close Yellowstone to auto traffic for five years; entry would be by shuttle bus or on foot. He would eliminate all automobiles and half of the overnight facilities in Yosemite Valley. He would reevaluate the roll of concessionaires, and deemphasize resort hotels in favor of low-cost hostels. He would turn the parks into outdoor museums of natural history. Wildlife would be better protected, including the grizzlies in Yellowstone and Glacier national parks. He would make the National Park Service an independent bureau, free from the Department of the Interior and political pressures.

This is a stimulating book that should be read by all who are interested in preserving our natural environment. You may not agree with all that Frome says, but hear him out. Our overburdened national parks deserve this consideration.

John W. Robinson





THE LOST CAUSE: *The Confederate Exodus to Mexico*, by Andrew Rolle. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992. 252 pp. Illustrations, Map, Appendices, Bibliography, Index. Paper., \$14.90. Available from University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019.

All wars produce exiles and the American Civil War was not an exception. An account of the Confederates who fled to Mexico following this war is the subject of Andrew Rolle's 1965 book *The Lost Cause*, reissued last year in paperback.

Probably no more than several thousand exiles went to Mexico from the defeated South, but among them were many prominent military men and politicians. Fear of retribution drove them to seek refuge in Mexico, many slipping over the Rio Grande just ahead of pursuing Federal troops. But Mexico was far from a peaceful asylum, with war raging between the Juaristas and the French troops propping up the would-be empire of Maximilian. Allying themselves with the Emperor, the Confederates received grants of appropriated land east of Vera Cruz. Here they attempted to farm and to establish several towns, the most important named Carlota in honor of the Empress. Former politicians and military men thus became agrarian colonists, a calling for which few had the talent or temperament. To swell their numbers Maximilian established a bureau of immigration to recruit additional settlers from the American South.

Two sometime Californians also put in an appearance—David S. Terry tried sheep ranching and cotton growing near Guadalajara and, as the emperor's agent, tried to attract colonists to join him there; William Gwin, claiming to have been named Duke of Sonora by Napoleon III, briefly promoted without Maximilian's blessing a scheme

to populate his imaginary duchy in northern Mexico with Europeans and Confederates. Several Southerners gained positions of influence with Maximilian, among them oceanographer Commodore Matthew Maury, who headed the immigration bureau, and General Joseph O. Shelby.

The Confederates' stay in Mexico was short-lived. Embroiled in a conflict they only partly understood, the colonists were not accepted by the native inhabitants and never achieved self-sufficiency. The colony at Carlota, founded in September, 1865, was abandoned the following June. By the time Maximilian was executed on June 19, 1867, the majority of the Confederates had already left Mexico.

Professor Rolle's highly readable account is well-researched and documented. By following the pre- and post-Mexico careers of prominent Southerners, he places their brief but important exile in its larger context. In summary, it might be said that the Lost Cause of the title refers in fact to three lost causes—the Confederacy itself, the imperial ambitions of Maximilian, and hopes of the Southern colonists.

Warren M. Thomas



GHOSTTOWNS & MINING CAMPS OF CALIFORNIA: *A History and Guide*, by Remi Nadeau. Crest Publications, P.O. Box 22614, Santa Barbara, CA 93121-2614. 6x8 inches, 324 pp. Illustrated, Maps, Bibliography, Index. Paper, \$13.95.

Today, most of California's great mining adventures are ghost towns. Some have old buildings, but most have returned to nature. These mining camps carried such classic names as Cerro Gordo, Bodie, Angel's Camp, Chili Gulch, Skidoo, and Ballarat, to name but a few. All of these places were live communities in their heyday complete with mining claims, boarding houses or hotels, bars, barbers, and newspapers such as the *Death Valley Chuckwalla* that has recently been reprinted by Westerner Hugh Telford.

Possibly you are saying to yourself, just what could be so fascinating about some old mine or broken down mining camp? After all it's just a lot of decaying buildings! There seems to be something fascinating about something old, or rotting build-

ings and tourists flock to these locations. Maybe it was the architecture of the times that you see every evening on television.

There is a whole different story about these old camps once you blend in how the camps developed, the heartache of those working the claims, what the towns were really like in the old days, Remi Nadeau, in this book, brings this all to you. He makes these old camps live again. He tells about the people, how they lived back then, how they died, and the people's attempt at some sort of justice, if any.

Remi Nadeau comes by lost mining camps naturally. His great great grandfather was the famous freighter who brought down to San Pedro the riches of the Cerro Gordo, and the Panamint. He weaves a captivating story about the life and times of California's mining camps. Not from personal experience, but from handed down stories from father to son. In this book he covers all the major mines and mining towns. Beginning with the finding of gold at Sutter's Mill, he travels all the way up north and then back again, ending the tale at San Diego County's famous Julian mining camp.

This superb guide explains how the claims were found and developed. How the towns came about, and the eventual collapse of the claims, then the abandonment of the towns. Also explained is what is left of these towns today and the roads to take in order to inspect what is still left.

The lust for gold is what started California's mining revolution. Once the word got out that GOLD had been found in California, it started a mining stampede. People migrated from all around-the-world. While some did get rich from panning and hard rock mining, most of the miners who grubbed the claims made very little in the long run. Those who made the bucks were the smelters, the freighters, the supply merchants, the hotels and boarding houses, the cafe and bar operators, and the shady ladies who provided a little bit of recreation. Most miners had to move 50 times more ore for the bullion that was smelted. It was back-breaking, gut-wrenching work, with long, long hours. Many eventually threw in the towel. Prospectors worked holes that produced little except hope; just a few feet further and the big bonanza would open up. Many such veins just never came about. I liken a prospector to a gambler. Once the bug has taken its bite, one never gives up hope!

Ever since I was a little kid, I was always inter-

ested in maps, places, and the strange formations of the earth's crust. I thought of becoming a geologist while attending Colorado College. I took many geology courses, could identify the rocks, explain how an alluvial fan was formed and identify the results of river erosion or glacial action. What they never taught was how a prospector, with pick and shovel, a trusty pack mule, could climb all over the terrain and say "here is my bonanza!" Maybe it was experience, or heartbreak, who knows?

On my return to California I tried to establish a mining library, but could find little in print except Sutter's Mill. Forty years later, I find *Ghost Towns & Mining Camps of California* and I thoroughly enjoyed a good read. It was the answer of my years of searching. A little bit was consumed each evening, so that I might savor and absorb what I had read.

Remi Nadeau is a seasoned writer and historian. He has eight books under his belt, plus hundreds of articles appearing in *Westways* and other local publications. This book was put together as a gathering of many years of articles appearing in *Fortnight* magazine. A publication not familiar to me. Nearly every member of Westerners has Nadeau's *City Makers* and *The Water Seekers*, and this book is just as good, or for that matter more complete.

*Ghost Towns & Mining Camps of California* is illustrated with 54 scenes of mines, miners, and the towns they lived in during the bonanza years. This volume is divided into six sections, beginning with the gold country, then moving north into the Shasta region, then back south along highway 49, then off to Death Valley and the high desert country, eventually reaching San Diego County. If one must find fault in a review, my only complaint would be the lack of detailed maps. However, this book is so stimulating that this slight imperfection can be overlooked. This book should stand as the basic text on California mining. It should be on the shelf of all Westerner libraries.

Donald Duke



THE GRAND CANYON: *Intimate Views*, edited by Robert C. Euler and Frank Takalsky, Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1992. 114 pp. Map, Illustrations. Paper, \$15.95. Order from University of Arizona Press, 1230 North Park Avenue, #102, Tucson, AZ 85719.

Since the first written accounts by a European visitor in 1540, the Grand Canyon has had a plethora of books published concerning every conceivable aspect of this spectacular wonder, and the need for another might be open to question.

Surprisingly, however, this updated compilation written by five individual authorities serves an interesting, enlightening and practical purpose. Originally published in 1980 as *The Grand Canyon: Up Close and Personal*, this new edition is updated and enlarged and has two entirely new chapters. This is essentially a comprehensive and handsome guidebook.

A thorough presentation is included of each facet of information necessary to fully understand the diversity and appeal of the Grand Canyon and its environs. The romance of the subject permeates the entire work. The reader senses the appeal that has brought millions of visitors to its Rim, encouraged 80,000 people annually to obtain overnight camping permits in addition to lure more than 16,000 people to ride the river through the Canyon each year.

The work is divided into six segments, each of which provides a scholarly presentation, easy to read and full of interesting facts and lore which would certainly enhance the experience of anyone interested in exploring the opportunities the Grand Canyon provides.

Starting with THE GEOLOGIC PERIOD, the subjects covered include LIVING CANYON, GRAND CANYON INDIANS, HISTORICAL EXPLORATIONS, THE CANYON BY THE RIVER, HIKING THE CANYON. Each segment has an extensive suggested reading list for further study. The segment on HIKING THE CANYON also has a detailed examination of the various trails listing their pleasures, degrees of difficulty and physical requirements. A recommended equipments pack list is also included, in addition to the suggested reading list.

Ann Zwinger, a noted natural history writer with important works on the Southwest desert region and who has made several river trips through the Canyon has written an appreciative foreword about

the authors. She is quoted "All are dedicated, experienced, and knowledgeable hands in the Grand Canyon, out there with the scratches and squint lines and a love of place that pulls them back again and again. Together they have produced a book that is more than the sum of its parts, that gives the reader a new appreciation, in the fullest sense of the word, of the Grand Canyon."

The book has many fine color photographs, illustrations and a fine regional map of the area by fellow Westerner, Don Bufkin.

It is certainly highly recommended for any reader wanting a condensed overview of the Canyon and all its splendors, and the subtitle *Intimate Views* is certainly appropriate.

Wm. G. Lorenz



THE CHEROKEES: *A Population History*, by Russell Thornton. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1990. 238 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Tables, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Paper, \$11.95. Order from University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th Street, Lincoln, NE 68588-3581.

On page two of the Introduction the author states: "My story is not a general history of the Cherokees." What then is it? It is, as the subtitle says, a population history. The author is a professor of sociology at the University of California, Berkeley. As such, the reader would expect and indeed gets, a lot of tables, statistics, and endless citing of sources.

In chapter one, the reader learns the Cherokee version of the origins of life and their migration across the Bering Strait. Chapter two describes their first contact with Europeans (DeSoto) in the sixteenth century from the Spanish point-of-view. From chapter two through chapter five the writer describes a succession of horrors. First the British try to wipe out the Cherokee in the eighteenth-century, and then the Americans try to wipe them out in the nineteenth-century. It is a constant litany of the effects of diseases such as smallpox, or war, or the forcible removal of thousands of Indians, such as documented in the Trail of Tears. Even this careful and conservative author accepts the fact that at least 4000 Cherokee died on that forced march to Indian Territory in 1838. The rest of the book deals with Cherokee population growth and

demographic characteristics in the twentieth-century.

I found one of the author's conclusions very interesting. "...the percentage of American Indians with half or more Indian blood quantum will decline from about 87 percent in 1980 to about 8 percent in 2080." What will this do to the Native American Movement if it is true?



Although this book is heavy on statistics I found many of the quotes from primary sources fascinating and in some cases heartbreaking. In 1775 a man by the name of Adair describes a Cherokee man disfigured by smallpox: The man repeatedly tried to kill himself, but his relations removed everything they thought he could use to accomplish that end and they finally left him alone. "...His relations through tenderness, left him to rest—but as soon as they went away, he raised himself, and after a tedious search, finding nothing but a thick and round hoe-helve, he took the fatal instrument, and having fixed one end of it in the ground, he repeatedly threw himself on it, till he forced it down his throat, when he immediately expires.—He was buried in silence, without the least mourning."

After having been initially put-off by the statistics, I found this book to be an excellent and poignant history of a people who refuse to give up.

Thomas R. Tefft

TURNING ON WATER WITH A SHOVEL: *The Career of Elwood Mead*, by James R. Kluger. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1992. Illustrations, Notes, Selected Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$29.95. Order from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591.

Elwood Mead's name is memorialized by the lake that backs up behind Hoover Dam, but as is usually the case with public monuments, Mead's career encompassed far more than this famous tribute. Born in Indiana in 1858, Mead chose a career in engineering after attending colleges in Colorado, Iowa, and Indiana. His life's work fell into several distinct phases which made a biographical study both simple and challenging for James R. Kluger. Early in his career Mead served as Wyoming's first state engineer. With the aid of Wyoming Senator Francis E. Warren, Mead helped formulate some of the most influential legislation concerning irrigation and reclamation in the United States. A professorship at the University of California was interrupted by a long sojourn in Australia where he advocated the creation of model rural communities utilizing irrigation. In 1924 Mead was appointed Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation, a post he held until his death in 1936.

Mead's role in irrigation and reclamation was a controversial one. He disagreed with Frederick Haynes Newell and other advocates of reclamation who called for major reclamation projects. Mead felt such schemes were philosophically backwards, that attention should be paid to the communities which would be affected by reclamation. During his career he sponsored the creation of such communities which he named "closer settlements." In California he sponsored the agricultural colonies at Delhi and Durham. Their failures did not dissuade him from advocating the model community idea. Many of Mead's proposals either met with failure or were rejected by politicians as too expensive or unworkable. Nevertheless, Mead gained fame as a supporter of irrigation benefits to small farmers.

This biography had an odyssey of its own. It first appeared as a doctoral dissertation in 1972. Kluger found little time to conduct the additional research needed and make the revisions necessary for publication as he was caught in the job market squeeze for historians. Then he was struck

with a major illness. He persevered in his efforts to finish the book and at last succeeded. His accomplishment is noteworthy as it places in the historical record the achievements of a most unusual and dedicated public servant. The lake deserves the name.

Abraham Hoffman



JOSIAH ROYCE; *From Grass Valley to Harvard*, by Robert V. Hine. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992. 218 pp. Illustrations, Bibliographical Note, Index. Cloth, \$24.95. Order from University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019.

As the author states, this is not a definitive biography of Josiah Royce, rather it is an attempt to understand what influence Royce's western youth had upon his life and philosophy. Although, there is some information about Royce's family life, this is not a psycho-biography. Hine does ponder the effect a frequently absent, unsuccessful father and a strong willed, deeply religious mother had upon the development of Royce, but he does this more in terms of environment than in psychology. Hine is far more interested in the influence of community upon his subject than his family's influence. He quotes both Royce and his sister on their belief that a study of his family would give few clues to his development. Still one wonders why so many successful men of the nineteenth century were the result of a family with a weak or missing father and a domineering, strong willed mother.

Each of the first eight chapters of the work is devoted to one phase of Royce's life. The introductory chapter details his family background, especially the personalities of his parents, their moves west and within California before settling in Grass Valley.

Royce's early years were first in Grass Valley where Royce was isolated from the crudeness of the propoundly male settlement. In spite of protection, the youngster seemed to know the prostitutes, gamblers, and roughness of the community without being touched. After the family moved to Avon Farm, outside of the community, the lad was entirely isolated from other boys and influences of Grass Valley. Here, he began his religious devia-

tion from his mother's fundamental Protestantism and wrote his first work of fiction—a story about kitten, Pussy Blackie and his travels.

In 1866, the family removed to San Francisco where Royce entered school for the first time. How different contact with other boys must have seemed to the reticent, introspective youngster. In spite, or maybe because, of being the brunt of the other students' pranks and attention, Royce developed intellectually; today, he would have been classified as gifted. Soon, he had out-stripped the school and at the age of fifteen left to attend the new University of California at Berkeley. Here, he continued his intellectual growth and became the favorite of several of the faculty, especially the librarian since he was one of the few to utilize the library facilities. At the university, he not only gained greater knowledge, he developed socially discovering girls and physically doing pick and shovel work during the summers to help pay for his education. He also attracted the attention of many of the faculty who would serve as advisors and mentors later.

Basically, the study is over. The next three chapters, the longest twenty-one pages, deal with his studies in Germany and his doctoral studies at Johns Hopkins; after Johns Hopkins, Royce returned to what he considered intellectual and academic exile in Berkeley, and finally his return to Harvard and his years there as a professor and philosopher.

The final three chapters of the book are the gist of the work. One is devoted to an analysis of his great history, *California from the Conquest to the Second Vigilant Committee in San Francisco*, and his novel, *The Feud of Oakfield Creek: A Novel of California Life*. The study of the history is extremely insightful and clearly shows how the concept of community influenced Royce's writings.

The chapter, "West as Metaphysics," studies the influence of the west on Royce's mature thought. The metaphors he used, examples, subject all reflected the values that he learned in the west. Even in his rejection of the west as an academic desert, Royce was strongly influenced by the west—its environment, mores, attitudes and outlooks. The final chapter looks at the influence of Royce and his philosophies and how he has been honored in the West in many ways.

This well researched work gives the feeling (unlike some biographies) that the author was as

one with his subject; the reader feels that the author is completely simpatico with Royce. A good test of a work is, does it kindle a deeper interest in the subject? After reading Hine's book, this reviewer took down his copy of Royce's *California* and reread it with a new point of view—an understanding how one who considered the West intellectually sterile and raised in isolation so deeply understood the West and community. This work, which is better written than many novels, should complete the studies of Royce and will delight those interested in the man, in California, or who just enjoy reading excellent biographies.

Robert W. Blew



ROCKY MOUNTAIN WEST: *Colorado, Wyoming, and Mountain, 1859-1915*, by Duane A. Smith. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1992. 290 pp. Illustrations, Essay on Bibliography, Notes, Index. Cloth, \$32.50; paper, \$16.95. Order from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591

Much of the study of American history is akin to the western development of the United States. The first two hundred and fifty years is "eastern" history, then a quick jump to the west coast and on to the twentieth century. What is frequently missing is the great midriff of American history, the inter-mountain west. Duane A. Smith's book is a serious attempt to sketch in, much of the geographically central aspects of the body of American history.

The American west is a phenomenon of both a wide variety of times and places. The Rocky Mountain west as a region draws little attention in our national history, (save for the romanticized mountain man, George A. Custer, etc.). *The Rocky Mountain West*, neatly fills many of the gaps in our general knowledge of the historical development of a significant part of the western United States. This very readable addition to the "Histories of the American Frontier" series is "salted" with terms, people and events of both local and national importance. The union struggles, the environmental movement, the development of the agricultural industry, tourism, are all given chapters, not just paragraphs or sentences of attention. There is an excellent annotated bibliography and bibliogra-

phy essay covering some thirty-nine pages. However, the selection of photographs is only adequate. I would have liked to have seen the pictures of many more of the people and places written about. Also, there is not one map in the entire book!

Duane A. Smith's work is not of an interpretive nature. There is no unifying Turner's thesis found here. *The Rocky Mountain West*, is a straight forward accounting of what did happen in the risky and arduous development of part of the American west. Mr. Smith takes no sides in the various terrific battles he describes, as in settler versus nature, Native American versus settler, and mine worker versus mine operator. Also, the author achieves a well ordered balance between the political, social and economic aspects of the development of these three states. The author, to his credit, makes every effort to use the primary sources of the words of the men and women who made this history. As the touring Earl of Dunraven visited one mining town wrote, "Good Lord! What a...place! We had looked forward to it during the journey as a sort of haven of rest, a lap of luxury... There might have been laps, but here was no luxury."

Thomas J. Woessner



REBELLION IN THE BORDERLANDS: *Anarchism and the Plan of San Diego, 1904-1923*, by James A. Sandos. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992. 237 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Tables, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$24.95. Order from University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019.

Professor James A. Sandos, of the History Department, University of Redlands, has written a scholarly book, based on exhaustive research, attested to by 14 pages of bibliographic references.

Through the almost unfathomable web of anarchistic and revolutionary movements and individuals in the United States and Mexico early in this century he has woven a fascinating story. Intertwined is the career of multitalented anarchist,

Ricardo Flores Magón: from "becoming an anarchist," through banishment to Los Angeles, and his death in Leavenworth prison in 1922, at age 49, of poorly treated diabetes. The Magón brothers' on-again, off-again revolutionary newspaper, *Regeneración*, is a focal point.

The author explores throughout the book the Magón influence on the many horrible border incidents in the second decade of this century; horrible from the standpoint of the Mexican border raiders and the unfettered Texas Rangers, as well as citizens of Southwestern Texas.

The significant involvement of Japanese and Black residents of Mexico is of interest. The German influence preceding World War I also is intriguing.

The political jockeying between President Carranza and Woodrow Wilson in trying to avert war between the two countries, while civil war raged through Mexico, and U.S. troops under Pershing chased Pancho Villa in northern Mexico, is well told.

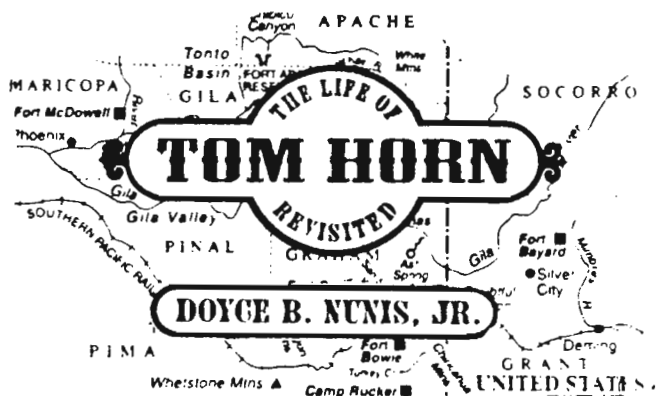
In the early stages of the borderland disturbances Mexicali, Tecate and Tijuana were captured preparatory to using Baja California as a

base. Tijuana was "taken" by an interesting group of renegades, against Ricardo Magón's orders. The renegades invited "tourists" to cross the border, at one dollar each, and loot the shops and stores of Tijuana. Over 1000 responded. The "liberated" natives fled. The charade culminated with a Hollywood actor "retaking" Tijuana and raising his flag of capitalism. This seems to have been the only light note in the borderland depredations.

The Baja episode occurred in 1911, before the Plan of San Diego [Texas] was developed. This was to eliminate all Anglo males over the age of 16 in Southwestern Texas. The bloody border raids and reprisals were fuelled by this plan.

The reader will be rewarded with a better understanding of some of the factors still influencing U.S.-Mexican relations over 70 years later. Moreover, as Sandos states in his conclusion: "...An accurate assessment of anarchism in the past, of the success of the PLM [Mexican Liberal Party] and the PSD [Plan of San Diego] in the U.S.-Mexico Borderlands, is essential to inform our thinking about anarchism, in its varied forms, in the future."

Earl F. Nation



To help raise money for the Corral's Publication Fund, a larger supply of Keepsake No. 30 was printed than was needed to distribute one to each member. These additional copies are available at a price of \$14.95 each, plus postage and handling. Additional copies can be ordered through the Publications Editor. Dealer inquiries are invited.