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The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

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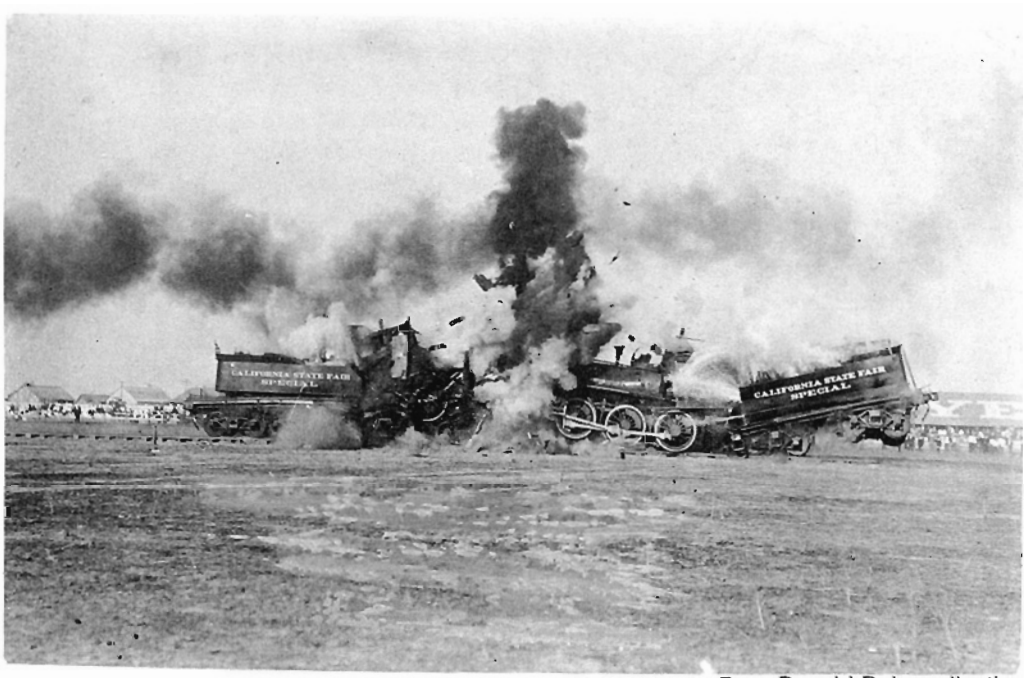

From Donald Duke collection.

Wreck of the Century

by Donald Duke

California, the *Golden State,* has lead the nation in agricultural income since the 1880s. Its farmers, prior to the turn of the century, have grown one-eighth of the nation's farm produce. The state led as the largest producer of vegetables, fruits, cotton and poultry. It was only natural that Californians, proud of their products, established the California State Agricultural Society and as a result held a fair once a year.

With the establishment of the California State Agricultural Society, the first California State Fair was held in 1852. It was held at Musical Hall, alongside Mission Dolores, in downtown San Francisco. The exhibits consisted of farm produce and livestock. Sacramento hosted the fair in 1855 and the 1856 exhibition was held at San Jose. In the meantime, CSAS decided it was time to pick a perma-

(Continued on Page Three)

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THE WESTERNERS

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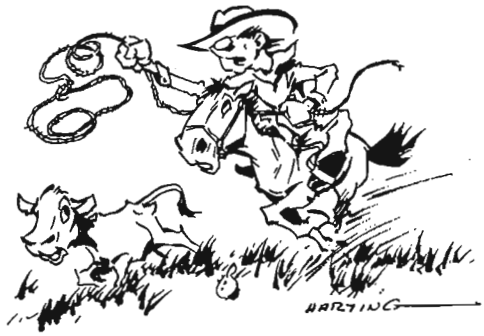
THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 2,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

MARCH MEETING

As recounted by March meeting speaker Paul Bryan Gray, his subject, Andres Pico, participated in most of the important events that occurred in the years before and after America took over California. Andres Pico and his equally active older brother Pio were the descendants of Santiago de La Cruz Pico, who came to California as a soldier in de Anza's expedition of 1775. This grandfather of the Picos and his wife, Maria Jacinta Batista, were of mixed blood. Santiago was a mestizo and Maria was a mullata. Thus the father of the brothers Pico was one-quarter black.

Photograph by - Frank O. Newton

March meeting speaker Paul Bryan Gray

Andres was born in San Diego, and it was near there that he first came into prominence through participating in the Californios military force's first important encounter with American military forces. Jose Maria Flores, commander of Californios forces, had sent Andres to San Diego to besiege the Americans, led by Marine Lieutenant Archibald H. Gillespie, occupying that town. But a better opportunity to

(Continued on Page Six)

nent home instead of shifting around each year. While they were still in the process of finding a spot to settle, the 1857 fair was held in Stockton and 1858 in the Marysville.

Sacramento, the state capitol, was selected as the permanent home. In order to construct the necessary buildings to house the livestock and produce exhibits, to lay out a horse racetrack, and to landscape the grounds, it was necessary to levy a special city tax on the citizens of Sacramento for a period of 20 years. The fair site and grounds were donated by the Sacramento Park Association. At the time this particular locale was known as Union Park. It lay on the eastern outskirts of Sacramento, but was still within the city limits. The fair buildings were completed in 1860, and the first fair was held that year. The California State Fair proved to be an immediate success. By 1890 Sacramento had grown to such an extent that the area surrounding the fairgrounds was now completely residential. The people in the neighborhood soon began to complain about the noise, the smell, and the traffic congestion which was generated each year during the month-long running of the fair. As a consequence of all these complaints, and because there was now no chance to ever expand the site, it became necessary to select a new California State Fairgrounds. The new location selected included a 135-acre tract and was just two miles east of the city line. Construction began immediately. It had to be completed in time for the 1906 fair season. The old site at Union Park was demolished and subdivided, and was then renamed Boulevard Park Estates.

With two streetcar lines running directly from downtown Sacramento to the new California State Fairgrounds, the public had easy access to the horse racetrack and the exhibit grounds. In each of the next three years the fair attendance doubled. Then, suddenly, the patronage took a nosedive. By 1910 attendance hit an all-time low. Charles W. Paine, the fair director, was asked to solve this problem. He concluded that what was needed to create an interest in the fair was something new and spectacular. The board decided that the inclusion of an amusement park with a merry-go-round, ferris wheel, roller coaster and fun zone would be the answer to getting increased attendance. However, this failed to do the trick. It did bring in crowds, but not of the kind that were interested in the agricultural and livestock exhibits. When the board met in mid-summer of 1912, each member was asked to bring in a concrete suggestion that would draw a super-colossal crowd. Their ideas ranged from installing a petting zoo to a giant pyramid, and last, but not least, even to rebuilding a castle that had come from Europe.

Paine, the director, felt these suggestions were unrealistic. He related to the board that he had been reading an out-of-town paper which told about the staging of a gigantic train wreck in the New Jersey meadows. The newspaper indicated that this spectacle had drawn thousands of people, and so Paine felt that this might be a good idea for them to try. It was then that one of the board members remembered that Los Angeles had staged a similar event at Agricultural Park in 1906 and he believed that it, too, had brought in a huge crowd. It was decided that Paine should take the train the Los Angeles and check out this story.

Paine wrote the Agricultural Park board, making inquiry about the 1906 staged train collision. He received an immediate reply along with an invitation to come and inspect their file on the event. Within a few days, Paine boarded the Southern Pacific *The Owl* for the southbound overnight run to Los Angeles.

Upon arrival he was allowed to look at their file which consisted of advertisements that had been run several weeks in advance of the event, a full page ad they had run in all the papers the morning of the event, information on where they had purchased the locomotives, and Los Angeles *Times* articles preceding and following the event.

He found out the fair people had purchased two operating 10-wheel locomotives due for scrapping, but still in operating order. Also, that they had laid a mile-long stretch of straight track in an open field south of Agricultural Park. The admission to see the event was $1.00 per person. No grandstand was built, but an area was roped off where people could stand and watch. Some 200 special police were hired to control the crowds and keep people back from the wreck site.

Paine learned that the event was not staged over a weekend or even on a Sunday when most citizens had the day off. Instead, it was held on a Monday afternoon, September 10, 1906, and still over 25,000 people came to witness the spectacle. He figured that such an event staged in Sacramento, and over a weekend, should bring in a crowd twice that size.

Times advertisement for Los Angeles 1906 engines collision.
— *Courtesy Los Angeles Times.*

Paine found the Los Angeles *Times* article on that day's event to be most interesting. It read:

> Everything is in readiness for the locomotive collision at Agricultural Park today. The affair promises to be the most spectacular event ever shown in the West. Over the mile of track laid for the smash of both engines, each was tried out yesterday afternoon and the indications point to a high rate of speed being attained today.
>
> Engine No. 13 has the advantage of weight. Engineer P. M. Raymond is confident his pet will carry off the honors. With 21 tons of soft coal and 3,500 gallons of water in its tender, it should remain upright following the collision.
>
> No. 23, the *Skidoo,* is the special pride of Engineer N. P. Stancer. He will stand at the throttle as she rolls down the track. Like a giant prize fighter, both engines wheeze and blow in their exertions in order to get into condition. They will whistle their distance at each other as they plunge into battle.

Paine also found the Los Angeles *Times* article for the day following the event, which read in part:

> No. 23, coming from the east, seemed to make better headway. No. 13 was not far behind and with their steam pipes yelling shrilly they rushed angrily toward each other. A little toward the western end of the mile long track the two locomotives came together.
>
> There was a roar and a jarring shock as the two iron horses wrestled for an instant, then all of a sudden each was hidden in a deafening roar of pent-up steam and the gnarled, twisted mass of iron and steel was hidden from view.
>
> Then as the two hissing iron monsters lay grappled in their death-hold, in the center of the field, the rope was let down, and 10,000 people swarmed out on the field. Small boys looked for souvenirs. These were easily found as if there was nothing but a mass of twisted iron and steel left. The fronts of the engines could not be distinguished. Nothing but a chaos of twisted boilerplate.

The cabs were a mass of debris. The driving rods were doubled like a piece of paper. The heavy metal framework of each engine was like shattered glass.

Paine had seen enough and returned to Sacramento aboard the northbound *The Owl.* He immediately called a meeting of the fair board, explaining what he had found in Los Angeles, and stating that it was everything that would be needed to stage a super-colossal event. It was definitely Paine's belief that a staging of a collision at the California State Fair would bring in a new crowd. At least it was worth a try! The board gave Paine the green light. The California State Fair would present the train wreck or locomotive collision at the 1913 opening season.

Paine went right to work. Alongside the fairgrounds he erected a wooden grandstand that would hold 20,000 spectators. He laid a mile of track in front of the stand, with the impact area directly at center stage. The only thing left was to acquire two locomotives. This, he felt, should be no problem, as the Southern Pacific shops had any number of old iron horses standing in their yard. Paine wrote a letter to the shop superintendent, asking the price of two operating locomotives, and explained why he wanted them. A week went by and there was no answer. By the third week, Paine became concerned. He thought to himself, "Maybe he never got my letter!" So he decided to make a personal visit and, surprisingly, was warmly welcomed by the superintendent. He asked the superintendent if he had received his letter. "Yes, I received your letter." He went on to explain that he had not replied because to a railroad man a wreck, of any sort, was an anathema. He would not place the Southern Pacific in an event that smelled of a wreck. Paine was dumfounded. "You mean you will not sell me two locomotives?" "That's right," answered the superintendent. Paine was flabbergasted. Here he had built a grandstand, laid a mile of track, and now he could not buy two old scrap locomotives. What kind of business was this?

Upon his return he called on the Santa Fe, but got the same cold treatment. He then contacted the Western Pacific, whose shops were located in Stockton. Again he received the same "No Sale" response. Where had he gone wrong? He had the stage, but no stars for the show.

Paine decided to write to various railroads, and always received the same blunt "no." Finally, while looking through some railroad trade journals, he found the addresses for some scrap dealers. A Minneapolis scrap dealer sold him a former Northern Pacific 60-ton steam locomotive, leaving him in need of one more engine. Eventually, he was able to purchase one from the Pennsylvania Railroad that was still able to hold a head of steam. Both of the sellers could care less why Paine wanted the old steam locomotives. Each engine was loaded on a flatcar and shipped to Sacramento.

It just so happened that the Southern Pacific main line ran right alongside the fairgrounds and had several spur tracks going directly into the grounds in order to deliver livestock and exhibits. When the locomotives arrived the Southern Pacific sent the fair the bill of lading. Whereby, they advised the Southern Pacific to deliver the locomotive right into the fairgrounds. Nothing happened. When they decided to see why the delay, they discovered that the SP refused to deliver the locomotives to the grounds. They stated that "Sacramento" was listed on the bill of lading, not the fairgrounds itself. They claimed the fair had to take possession at their Southern Pacific yard. Paine had to hire a crane to unload the two locomotives and have them hauled by means of step-track to the fairgrounds.* No easy chore back then. Paine began to think the wreck was not his brightest idea!

Once the locomotives were inside the fairgrounds, they were placed on the straight stretch of track. Upon a complete inspection, they were then steamed up and run up and down the mile of track. Each locomotive performed well. The tenders of the locomotives were repainted and lettered "California State Fair Special." Two retired Southern Pacific locomotive engineers were hired to run the engines. Paine explained to the engineers what he wanted them to do. Both responded with blank expression on their faces. "What's the matter?" Paine asked. "Well, if you expect a big bang when the two locomotives come together, you ain't going to get it, Mr. Paine," stated one of the engineers. The other explained that when the two locomotives came together all you would get would be a blown boiler and a huge cloud of hot escaping steam. Paine then asked, "What would it take to have a monstrous bang or explosion?"

*Step Track is a short section of rails spiked to ties. It is laid down in sections for a locomotive or car to run over it. After the locomotive or car has passed, a section is picked up and carried to the front to run over it again.

"Load the old girls up with dynamite," responded one of the engineers. "That will get you a big boom."

Several trial runs were made to see how fast the locomotives could pick up speed before the crash. Also, when the engineers could safely abort their steeds. To be on the safe side, another quarter mile of track was added to each end. The big "boom" would then happen when the locomotives were rolling along about 30 m.p.h. A demolition expert was consulted as to the proper load of dynamite necessary to bring off the "boom," and the length of time that would be needed before the explosion to light the fuse, to prevent the locomotives from blowing up prematurely.

The California State Fair hired a publicity agent to build up "The Wreck of the Century." He did such a good job of selling the story to the California papers that over 30,000 paid admissions had been sold before the event took place. People came from all over California to witness the big "boom."

On September 4, 1913, at 4:30 p.m., everything was in readiness. The audience was in the stands. Locomotive engineers Elyah Brown and George H. White walked out to their respective locomotives and climbed into the cab. Both locomotives were hot and ready, as they had been steamed up for hours. They smoked nicely as the hostlers threw a shovel load of wet sand into each firebox. The engineers got everything ready in their locomotives and then stuck their head out of the cab window, waiting for the start. They were to look down the track for the flagman who was to come out and wave the white flag at center stage, indicating the "Go" signal. Once the flag was waved each engineer lit his canister of dynamite. He then pulled back on his throttle. It was showtime! Black smoke poured from the stack of each locomotive and steam came out of the cylinder cocks as they began to move. The driving wheels began to spin and each engine dug into the rails like a charging bull. When the two locomotives were in full motion, each engineer then moved the throttles wide open, moved to the gangway and dropped clear of the engine. The audience was spellbound. The two puffing engines were rapidly approaching one another. Then BOOOM!

The *Sacramento Union* for September 4 reported:

> When the locomotives met there was a loud crash, a sort of shattering, then the ground shook, there was a tearing noise as the locomotives met. The two engines hitched upward, attempting to crawl over the other, but the match was too equal and with a jolt the engines settled down.
>
> Cylinder boxes exploded and rolled off to the side. The driving wheels held their position pretty well, but the oilers of each locomotive moved forward and ruptured, and clouds of steam reached skyward. The cabs seemed to disintegrate before the eyes, and about all that was left were the tenders. The only thing intact were the locomotive bells which kept ringing.

So successful was the wreck that the press sent a wire story all over the nation describing the collision. Paine had pulled off a super-colossal event, and became famous overnight. Locomotive wrecks were staged for the next three years, until the nation entered World War I. At that time every locomotive that could run was pressed into wartime service. By the way, the attendance at the California State Fair for 1913 reached 700,000–a new record! The "Wreck of the Century" had taken place and the board of the California State Fair was elated. ■

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

inflict damage on the American forces presented itself when General Stephen Watts Kearny and his Army of the West were observed to have entered California. Although the Californios did much damage to the American forces at the Battle of San Pasqual, there are those who think the Americans were victorious because they were eventually able to stagger into San Diego and from there they went on, in later days, to drive off the Californios at the Battle of San Gabriel River.

After the complete defeat of the Californios, Andres led the group that agreed to the easy, and much criticized, surrender terms negotiated by Major John Charles Fremont in the Treaty of Cahuenga.

After the successful takeover of California by the United States, the life of Andres Pico seems to have followed the saying: "If you can't beat them, join them." At the time of the gold rush, he tried his hand at mining. He did well at this until the

prejudiced American miners drove the Mexicans and Chinese out of the mining regions.

Next, Andres went into politics, and did well at this, also. In 1850 he ran for the Assembly, from Los Angeles, and was elected. This was a comparatively easy victory, as Los Angeles numbered 2,000 people, the vast majority of whom were Mexicans. He was also appointed to the job of Receiver of Public Money. These triumphs were achieved despite the fact that he spoke no English.

In 1857 Andres demonstrated that he was serious about serving the public. When rampant banditry resulted in the murder of the Los Angeles Sheriff, Andres formed a posse, pursued the bandits into the mountains, caught two of them, and hanged them. This helped him to be re-elected to the Assembly for yet another term. Then in 1859 he ran for the State Senate, and won.

During the 1860s and 1870s Andres and his brother Pio were involved in a string of court actions. These were brought on by Andres' nephew and Pio's adopted son, Romulfo Pico, who wanted a share of the huge Rancho Santa Margarita. This rancho was made up of the lands granted to grandfather, father, and the brothers Pico and covered an area that comprises most of what is Camp Pendleton Marine Base today. The costs of the many court actions whittled away at the brothers' possessions. In attempts to save something, Andres first deeded his share of the lands to Pio, who in turn deeded all the land--except that on which he and Andres had built their homes--to a nephew named Don Juan Pico. This relative was also an ingrate, working against the interests of the Pico brothers.

Andres died in 1876 under mysterious circumstances; the cause of his death was never clearly explained.

Eight years later the court actions came to an end as the lawyer for Pio sold the last piece of land to pay court costs. By then Romulfo finally won a judgment, but there was nothing to collect.

The Pico family went from poverty to riches and back to poverty in three generations.

APRIL MEETING

April meeting speaker Bob Kern saw his first steam train climb over the Cajon Pass when he was a boy and his grandfather took him to see this grand sight of machinery conquering a mountain. With a few interruptions, such as a Navy career starting with the draft during the Korean War and ending with a Captaincy, Kern has been standing alongside those tracks ever since, despite many changes in the type of machinery to be observed. The result is that in addition to a vast collection of train photographs, Kern is such a train expert that he is the Union Pacific Railroad's representative in arbitration cases.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

April meeting speaker Bob Kern

Kern divided his talk into two parts. The first part consisted of Cajon Pass railroad history and the second part consisted of many interesting slides of trains traveling the pass.

The first completed activity in the Cajon Pass was a toll road, existing from 1850 to 1861, built by John Brown. In 1875 the Los Angeles & Independence Railroad had plans to move through the mountains as part of its design for spreading north and east. Serious later planning involved the Santa Fe Railroad's desire to enter California. That railroad's plans were frustrated, however, by Collis P. Huntington, who built Southern Pacific Railroad lines in such a way that Santa Fe would have to ask permission to cross them--which permission was not to be granted. Santa Fe finally succeeded in negotiating a trade of a piece of railroad it had in Mexico, in what is now the State of Sonora, for a piece of right of way owned by the SP. Ownership of that piece of right of way enabled the SF to get to, and through, the Cajon Pass before the SP could make claim to the pass.

The first train ran through the pass on November 19, 1885. Until 1924 there was a single track

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

Ordeal of the Sobobas

by John W. Robinson

It is easy to understand why the Soboba Indians settled where they did, on the northeastern edge of the San Jacinto Valley in today's Riverside County. The Soboba lands border the great San Jacinto Fault, and this, geologists tell us, accounts for the hot springs, numerous cold springs and water seepages that make this place a veritable Garden of Eden in the midst of arid surroundings.

About 150 Sobobas live on their 5116-acre Soboba Indian Reservation today. It is fortunate that these Native Americans continue to live on their ancestral lands, in view of the fact that so many Indians who once lived nearby–the Cupeños of Warner's Ranch, the Luiseños from Temecula, the Dieguiños from San Pascual–were long ago evicted from their homes by land-hungry whites.

Soboba family in San Jacinto Valley, circa 1890. — *Courtesy San Jacinto Museum*

The original inhabitants of Soboba were Cahuilla people. Sometime between 1816 and 1821, the exact date unknown, Franciscan padres from Mission San Luis Rey, just inland from today's Oceanside, established Rancho San Jacinto as their furthermost cattle ranch. The padres brought with them a good number of San Luis Rey Mission Indians, known as Luiseños, to tend the herds of cattle, horses, and sheep. Later, some Serranos came over from the San Bernardino Valley to work on the great stock rancho. Many of these native peoples–Cahuilla, Luiseño, Serrano–remained in the San Jacinto Valley after the decline of the mission rancho and made their homes at Soboba. Eventually, they all became known as Sobobas.

On December 21, 1842, Mexican Governor *pro tem* Manuel Jimeno granted Rancho San Jacinto Viejo, encompassing the eastern half of the San Jacinto Valley and the Soboba lands, to José Antonio Estudillo, with the stipulation that the new owner "shall not in any manner prejudice the Indians who are established on said land." As long as he lived, Don Estudillo respected the rights and well-being of his rancho Indians, but some of his heirs were not so conscientious.

The problem that caused so much trouble for the Sobobas originated with the Land Law of 1851 in which Congress decreed that all claimants to land in California present their claims within a given time to a Board of Land Commissioners. Virtually all of the California Indians, unfamiliar with United States laws and legal procedures, failed to comply, and subsequently most of them were evicted from their ancestral lands. The Sobobas, reassured by Estudillo, believed they were secure.

The senior Estudillo died in 1853. His son, of the same name, continued to honor his father's promise to the Sobobas.

The situation changed in the 1860s, after José Antonio Estudillo Jr.'s passing. the many Estudillo heirs were land rich but cash poor. Starting in 1868, the heirs sold various tracts of the great ranch whenever they needed funds. By 1880 most of the rancho lands had been sold.

Since the land had never been adequately surveyed, lawsuits over disputed boundaries of the various claimants ended up in court. By order of Judge W. F. McNealy of San Diego Superior Court, three surveyors were commissioned to map Rancho San Jacinto Viejo lands. Upon receiving the completed rancho survey in 1882, Judge McNealy divided up the rancho lands among the white claimants. The Sobobas, with no legal claim recognized by the court, received nothing. In the eyes of the court, they were squatters.

Matthew Byrne of San Bernardino was awarded 700 acres on the northeastern side of the San Jacinto Valley, including the Soboba village, the cultivated fields, and all the water. Byrne planned to graze sheep on his lands and at first said the Sobobas could remain. A few months later he changed his mind and threatened to evict the Indians unless the U.S. Government paid him $30,000--far more than he had originally paid the Estudillo heirs--for his 700 acres. The Department of the Interior's Indian Bureau refused to even consider Byrnes' demand, so the latter petitioned Judge McNealy in San Diego for an order of eviction against the Sobobas.

Onto the scene in 1882 came a remarkable woman with a burning desire to help Native Americans. Helen Hunt Jackson (1831-1885) was a native of Massachusetts who lived many years in Colorado. Following the tragic deaths of her first husband and two sons, she embarked on a prolific writing career. Magazine articles, travel sketches, stories and poems flowed from her pen, none of them of great literary merit. She would be unread and unknown today were it not for a chance meeting in 1879, when she heard Chief Standing Bear and his niece, Bright Eyes, graphically describe the misfortunes of the Ponca Indians of Nebraska. What she heard so traumatized her that she dedicated the remainder of her life to helping the American Indian.

Mrs. Jackson's first book on the subject, *A Century of Dishonor,* was a strongly worded indictment of the federal government and greedy whites. Upon its publication in 1881, she sent a copy to every member of Congress. She was shocked and disappointed when her book produced little response and no change in the Government's Indian policies.

Late in 1881 Mrs. Jackson was commissioned by *Century Magazine* to write a series of articles on the California missions. She arrived in Southern California in early 1882 and set out to visit each of the decaying mission sites. In San Diego she met Father Anthony Ubach and first learned of the sorry condition of the Mission Indians. With Father Ubach she traveled into the San Diego back country, visiting San Pascual and Temecula, places where the "robber whites," as she called them, had recently evicted native peoples. In Temecula she heard of the Soboba Indian School in the San Jacinto Valley, established in 1880 as the first institution of its kind in California. This, she insisted, she must visit.

Riding into the San Jacinto Valley with Father Ubach, she found a village of 150 Indians living adjacent to natural springs at the foot of the mountains. She talked with Jesus Castillo, the Soboba chief, and with the aged Victoriano, hereditary chief. From Mary Sheriff, teacher at the Indian school, she was shocked to learn that the peaceful Sobobas, who had lived here for generations tending their fields of beans and peas, raising livestock, and shearing sheep for nearby ranchers, were about to be evicted.

Chief Victoriana and Third wife, circa 1882 – *Courtesy San Jacinto Museum*

Mary Sheriff seemed to be the only white person in the San Jacinto Valley who cared about the Soboba's plight. "Her gentleness and refinement have excited an influence all through the village, and her self-denying labors among the people in times of sickness and suffering have been the work of a missionary rather than a teacher," Mrs. Jackson wrote. She encouraged Indian students at the school, all under fourteen years of age, to write letters. One particularly heart-rending letter was written to the President of the United States by a young Soboba boy named Ramon:

> MR. PRESIDENT – DEAR SIR: I wish to write a letter to you, and I will try to tell you some things. The white people call San Jacinto rancho their land, and I don't want them to do it. We think it is ours, for God gave it to us first. Now I think you will tell me what is right, for you have been so good to us, giving us a school and helping us. Will you not come to San Jacinto some time to see us, the school, and the people of Saboba village? Many of the people here are sick, and some have died. We are so poor that we have not enough good food for the sick, and sometimes I am afraid that we are going to die. Will you please tell what is good about our ranches, and come soon to see us.
>
> Your friend, RAMON CAVANI

Mrs. Jackson promised the Sobobas she would do what she could for them. After visiting Los Angeles, where she met Abbot Kinney, an Altadena land developer who held similar views on the Mission Indian plight, she returned to Colorado Springs. Awaiting her was a disturbing letter from Mary Sheriff saying that Byrnes was going ahead with his intention to evict the Sobobas.

Helen Hunt Jackson was distressed to the point where she found it difficult to sleep. She fired off letters to Secretary of the Interior Henry Teller and Commissioner of Indian Affairs Hiram Price, pleading for government action on behalf of the Sobobas and the Mission Indians in general. She wrote a friend that "there is not in all the Century of Dishonor, so black a chapter as the story of the Mission Indians...driven off their lands like foxes and wolves." She volunteered to serve as special agent to further investigate the deplorable condition of the native peoples of Southern California.

Teller and Price were sufficiently impressed to recommend her as a special commissioner of Indian affairs in Southern California. President

Teacher Mary Sheriff (on left) and students of Soboba Indian School, circa 1884. This was the first school for Indian children in Southern California, founded 1880. — *Courtesy San Jacinto Museum*

Helen Hunt Jackson — *by Duane Lawson*

Mary Sheriff Fowler in old age. — *Courtesy San Jacinto Museum*

Chester Arthur approved the appointment on July 7, 1882. At her insistence, Abbot Kinney was appointed as her co-commissioner.

Mrs. Jackson hurried back to Southern California in early 1883 and, with her commission partner Kinney, went first to see the Sobobas. The situation was bleak. Matthew Byrne was on the verge of getting a court order of eviction against the Sobobas, and no one locally, other than loyal Mary Sheriff, seemed willing to take up their cause. The Soboba village chief told Mrs. Jackson, "If the government says we must go, we must; but we would rather die right here than move." When Mrs. Jackson returned to Los Angeles, she hired, at her own expense, the law firm of Brunson and Wells to defend the Soboba cause. She wrote Miss Sheriff, "I could not bear to go away and leave the matter in such shape...so I have myself guaranteed to the lawyers a certain sum...to see the case through if a suit of enactment is brought against the village."

After visiting most of the other native villages in Southern California, Mrs. Jackson departed with Abbot Kinney and hurried back to Colorado Springs, where she wrote her *Report on The Conditions and Needs of The Mission Indians* in remarkably short time, completing it on July 13, 1883. In the report, she made eleven recommendations, the most important being that the Mission Indian reservations be clearly surveyed and marked and white settlers be prevented from encroaching on them, and that special U.S. attorneys be appointed to safeguard Indian legal rights.

Again, Helen Hunt Jackson was disappointed in the lack of response. She cast about for some way to bring the plight of the Mission Indians to America's attention. Could a novel succeed where reports had failed? The idea appealed to her. Soon it dominated her whole being. Mrs. Jackson isolated herself in a New York City hotel and began writing at a furious pace. Her health was not good: she had sustained serious injuries when she fell down a stairway and–although she did not know it yet–she was dying of cancer. She wrote almost every day and long into the night. Thus was born *Ramona,* one of the two great social novels of the 19th century (the other being *Uncle Tom's Cabin*).

As she started to write her masterpiece, Mrs. Jackson received a piece of good news from Washington. She learned that President Chester Arthur had heeded her call to help the Sobobas. By executive order dated June 19, 1883, the Soboba Indian Reservation was established, a 3,172-acre tract that included Soboba village and the adjacent hills. But this was largely a hollow victory. The President could set aside public land for a reservation but he had no authority to take away private land. Soboba village, the cultivated lands, and the major springs, which the Indians needed to water their

crops, were part of Rancho San Jacinto Viejo and belonged, according to court decision, to Matthew Byrne. And since the government refused to meet his exorbitant terms, he was determined to occupy the Soboba lands.

In November 1883, Byrne was granted his eviction order by the San Diego Superior Court. In a shrewd and heartless move, Byrne waited to serve the eviction papers until sheep-shearing time in the spring of 1884, when most of the Soboba men were away. In the words of Riverside County historian Elmer Holmes, "One beautiful Sunday in April, after this winter of anxiety in Soboba, three men crossed the swollen river and visited every home in the village. They were not welcome visitors, for their brought to each family the order of the court that they must gather up their goods and chattels and leave...There was mourning in Soboba that day...no comfort to the hearts of the stricken Indians, for the edict of banishment had come to them with paralyzing effect."

It appeared that the Sobobas would be removed just as were the Indians of Temecula, San Pascual and, later, Warner's Ranch. But now came a startling change of fortune in favor of the native people. The Soboba village chief went from house to house, gathering the eviction notices, and told the families, "Don't grieve so, my people, we have friends among the Americans who are going to help us. Have you forgotten the 'good woman' who is doing so much to save our homes?...Do not give up, but trust the good God still, for I am sure he will see that our village and gardens are not taken from us."

The eviction papers were taken to Los Angeles and given to the law firm of Brunson and Wells, previously engaged by Mrs. Jackson. But the two attorneys were obliged to withdraw from the case when the Indian Bureau refused to recompensate them for their considerable expenses. Mrs. Jackson, mortally ill, made a plea to C. C. Painter of the newly-formed Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia. Painter took the case directly to President Chester Arthur, who arranged for the appointment of Shirley C. Ward as special attorney to represent the Sobobas. The Indian Rights Association was obliged to pay Ward's salary and expenses when the Department of the Interior refused to do so.

Shirley Ward journeyed to California and succeeded in placing an appeal of the lower court decision before the California Supreme Court. The required appeal deposit of $3,000 was paid by the Indian Rights Association after the Interior Department again declined to supply funds. In fact, the U.S. Attorney General wrote Ward that he should abandon the Soboba case and "allow execution [of the lower court decision] to issue."

In the case of *Byrne v. Alas,* Ward argued that the Sobobas had been given the right to remain on their lands by a provision of the original grant to Estudillo in 1842 and that the United States was bound by the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, under which California became part of the United States, to honor the original Spanish and Mexican land grants. He further argued that the Sobobas should not be forced to give up their lands because they failed to present their claim to land Commission within the prescribed years of 1851 to 1853, and that the patent issued to Byrne in 1882 did not preclude the Soboba right of occupancy.

In a landmark decision rendered on January 31, 1888, the California Supreme Court ruled unanimously in favor of the Sobobas. The Court upheld their right of occupancy based on the provisions of the original Rancho San Jacinto land grant and their "continuous use and occupancy" of the land in question. The justices further stated their belief that "Congress did not intend the rights of Indians should be cut off by a failure on their part to present their claims before the Land Commissioners." For the first time, the state's high court voted to uphold the land rights of an individual Indian tribal group.

Unfortunately, the California Supreme Court decision was reversed, in another case, a year later. In *Botiller v. Dominquez* (1889), the United States Supreme Court upheld the supremacy of the claims confirmed by the Land Commission as opposed to claims based upon provisions of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. "The Court is bound to follow the statutory enactments of its own government," the majority decision affirmed. Since Native Americans failed to present their land claims before the Land Commission in the prescribed years, they held no valid title to their lands, even if they could prove continuous use and occupancy going back hundreds of years.

Fortunately, the Sobobas were saved, for the time being–until Matthew Byrne might reapply for an order of eviction based on the U.S. Supreme Court decision.

Helen Hunt Jackson did not live the see the California Supreme Court decision in favor of the Sobobas. She died of cancer on August 12, 1885.

The Sobobas remained on their lands but their ordeal was not over. They did not have legal title; Byrne and later his heirs, the legal owners in the eyes of the San Diego Superior Court, continued to litigate and paid taxes on the property until 1902. In 1903 the State of California seized the Byrne and Soboba lands he claimed, for non-payment of taxes. The California Legislature was persuaded to sell the Soboba part of the seized lands to the federal government for $775. The deed was recorded on September 11, 1911, and, at last, legal title was held in trust for the Sobobas by the Department of the Interior.

Even this action did not settle the land controversy and litigation continued as late as 1916, when the Citizens Water Company of San Jacinto unsuccessfully attempted to evict the Sobobas and take over their water rights.

The Sobobas' ordeal was still not over. The next "villain" on the scene was, unexpectedly, the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California. In the years 1933 to 1938, the MWD drilled a 13-mile tunnel through the San Jacinto Mountains as part of their great Colorado River Aquaduct to bring water to Los Angeles and other Southern California cities. Underground water flow was so disrupted by the tunnel construction that most of the springs and wells on the Soboba Reservation dried completely or were reduced to a trickle. Fruit orchards died and farmland lay fallow for lack of water. The reservation Indians were obliged to haul water from the town of San Jacinto for domestic use. The Metropolitan Water District was unresponsive to Soboba pleas to restore the lost water, and the dispute ended up in a morass of litigation that continued for years. The Sobobas refused a MWD offer of $30,000 for damages, and resisted a government attempt to annex them to the Eastern Water District of San Jacinto with good cause: they would have to pay for water they once owned outright. Several bills to ease the Soboba water plight failed passage in Congress. It was not until 1978–more than forty years after their natural water system had been destroyed–that the Sobobas finally had their water supply restored. A new water system was installed, funded by a $554,000 grant from the Department of Heath, Education and Welfare's Indian Health Service and $121,060 from the Department of Commerce's Economic Development Administration.

Agriculture has never really recovered from the years the Sobobas went without adequate water. Only a fraction of the orchards and fields are cultivated today. Still, the Sobobas live relatively well. Many of them work in the nearby communities of San Jacinto and Hemet, or as ranch hands in the valley. The Soboba Tribal Council actively promotes the peoples' well-being. A sign of the changing times is the recent completion of a large Soboba bingo parlor that should bring jobs and, hopefully, economic enhancement to the reservation. ■

Postcard of Soboba Valley circa 1920 — *The author's collection*

Soboba Tribal Hall today — *Photograph by author.*

FANDANGO 1993

Each year the Corral officers and wranglers strive to find an interesting and historic site and to put on a fine Fandango. This year, with the San Fernando Mission as the site, they succeeded again, to the enjoyment of one of the biggest turnouts of members and guests.

A noticeable sartorial feature this year was the large number of western style hats being worn for the occasion, including the handsome flat crowned Seville style sombreros being worn by Don and Charlotte Snyder. Their special type of hat is called a *cordevis* and keeps the sun off the head of TV hero Zorro. Our benevolent host, Msgr. Francis Weber, entered into the spirit of the occasion by wearing an impressive western hat that could not have been ordered from a haberdasher advertising in the yellow pages of the Vatican telephone directory.

On first arrival, guests would almost drop the delicious hors-d'oeuvres, served by caterer Larry Anderson, because of a hair-raising cry that sounded as though someone was being mugged behind the oleander bushes. But this was merely an arrogant peacock trying to impress a shy peahen. When guests quickly became accustomed to these shrieks, the peafowl were enjoyed as beautiful decorations on the green lawns of the Mission.

After a fine dinner with wines, two special events were scheduled for the evening. First an outstanding Andy Dagosta oil painting of a mission scene was raffled. The lucky winner of that beautiful work was Dick Yale. One wonders if fate had decided to reward the Corral's longest distance commuter to Corral meetings; Dick drives a round trip of almost 250 miles from his San Diego home.

The second event, arranged by Msgr. Weber, was the fascinating and very funny magic show, sometimes accompanied by tongue-twisting patter, performed by Father James Blantz, the Chaplain at Rancho San Antonio Boys Town Of The West. Known as "The Magic Priest," Father Blantz, in addition to his priestly work, puts on magic shows and whatever income develops from that activity he donates to Rancho San Antonio.

In addition to Msgr. Weber, and the San Fernando Mission, the people who are to be thanked for this enjoyable Fandango are Sheriff Ernie Marquez, Deputy Mike Nunn, Impresario Hugh Tolford, Wrangler Boss Todd Peterson, and Wranglers Larry Arnold and Mike Gallucci.

The Editor

Volunteer wrangler Palmer Long doing duty at the drinking fountain. Other volunteer wranglers, not in the picture, were Powell Greenland, Bob Kern, and Ray Peter

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Left to right, hatless Bill Whiteside, hatted Bill Johnston, Don Snyder, and Dick Noonan

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Miniature book collectors Doris Selmer and Msgr. Weber interrupted while discussing the Monsignor's latest Lilliputian literary creation

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Even under close scrutiny, Father Blantz, The Magic Priest, mystifies spectators.

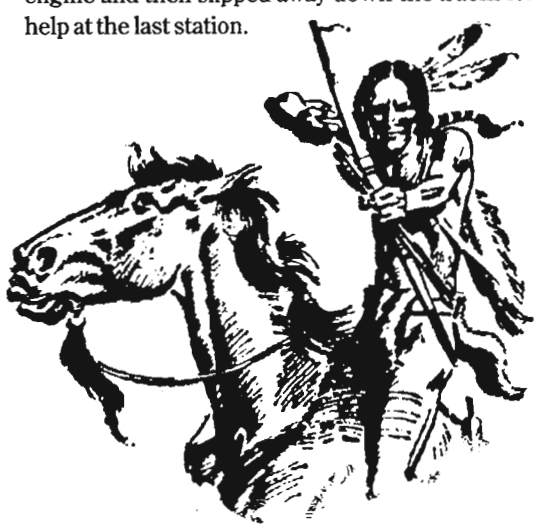
A Horror in Early Railroading

by Todd Peterson

At 9:00 P.M. on the night of August 6, 1867, William Thompson, telegraph operator at the isolated Union Pacific Plum Creek Railway Station, located in Nebraska, cursed as the telegraph line went dead. Thompson made his way to the barracks and woke the section crew, whose responsibility it was for telegraph maintenance, and sent them to find the cause of the break. The line break was usually caused by Indians, as the telegraph never broke down on its own. For more than a year, the Cheyenne Indians had waged a war on the railroad and their telegraph lines, making it necessary for the train crews and the section crew to work heavily armed.

As Thompson sent his gang on their way he cursed the day he went to work for the Union Pacific Railroad. With guns and tools in hand, William Thompson, Sam Wallace, Jim Delahunty, John Kern, Tim Murphy, Pat Handerhand and Pat Griswold climbed aboard a handcar and began making their way down tracks looking for the break in the line. Three miles from the Plum Creek station the handcar suddenly leaped into the air in the cover of darkness and crashed down the embankment, spilling the seven men in all directions. The men made their way back up the embankment to the railbed. Thompson had time to see that a rail section had been pried up from its sleepers (the metal plates that keep the rails in place) and rested across a rock. Screaming wildly, some forty Cheyennes charged from the underbrush and began urging their horses up the incline to the railbed, firing as they came. The railroaders scattered and ran. They had lost their guns when the handcar overturned and were defenseless against the attack.

Pat Handerhand was run down and hacked to pieces with tomahawks. Pat Grisson ran off into the darkness with three Cheyennes in hot pursuit. Wallace Kern, Murphy and Delahunty plunged into the underbrush where the Indian ponies could not follow. A painted warrior rode at William Thompson as he raced for comparative safety in the brush. A bullet smashed into his right arm, but he continued forward. At this time the Indian urged his horse forward and swept by Thompson. The Indian's rifle swung towards the helpless Thompson and he was spun to the ground. Thompson was barely conscious as the Cheyenne warrior sprang from his pony. He felt the Indian's fingers in his hair and then the brutal slicing of the scalp around the top of his head as it scored a line. He wanted to scream but knew that would cause instant death. The pain was so excruciating that he had to bite his lips as the hair was jerked away and he felt as though his head had been removed at the scalp line. Standing up in victory, the Indian stood tall, clutching the bloody scalp, and grunted in triumph. In seconds he was on his horse and riding off with his prize. The blood on it made the scalp slippery and the half-blinded Thompson saw the scalp fall from the Indian's hand as he rode away. The Indian whirled his horse around to go back and retrieve the scalp but halted as the light of a 17-car freight train came into view. The Cheyenne momentarily stopped in his tracks, then took off without his trophy. The train, having no notice of the rail removal ahead, hit the raised rail at some 25 miles per hour. Tipped on its side, it caused a great cloud of steam to fill the night as the three leading freight cars catapulted over the engine and plunged down the embankment. The rest of the cars piled up off the track. Fireman George Henshaw was trapped in the engine cab and scalded to death by steam. Engineer Brooks Bowers was tossed into the air as the engine overturned, and was trapped in the wreckage. Conductor Kinney, riding in the rear car, was unhurt. He waited until the Indians had gathered around the shattered engine and then slipped away down the tracks for help at the last station.



In the meantime, Thompson saw the Indian abandon his search for the lost scalp and ride off. Utmost in Thompson's mind was to regain his scalp. He painfully began to crawl to the area where he had seen it fall and found it in the tall grass. This effort had weakened him and he barely had the strength to place the scalp in his pocket before he blacked out.

Meanwhile, while going towards the last station, Conductor Kinney flagged down another freight train rolling towards the disaster. He had it backed up to the Plum Creek station. There he found Wallace, Kern, Murphy and Delahunty, who had reported the hand-car wreck and, as they had seen Pat Handerhand and Thompson go down under the tomahawks, they presumed that all were dead. An hour later Griswold dragged himself into the station, almost out of his mind with pain. A bullet had shattered his hip but he had managed to crawl the three miles to safety.

News of the train wreck and the Indian attack was sent by wire to Omaha, nearly 300 miles away. Then the railroaders bedded themselves down for the night. At dawn the next morning, reinforced by a party of armed settlers, the hardy crew that remained hitched a flatcar in front of the engine, piled a barricade of railroad supplies across the front of it, and set off once more down the line toward the wreck. A mile from the wreck they saw a man staggering along the tracks ahead of them. It was William Thompson. His scalped head had turned black from the blood, and dried blood was on his face and down his body. His face was streaked with sweat and tears, and he babbled incoherently as he waved his bloody scalp at the horrified railroaders. They took Thompson onboard the flatcar and steamed slowly to the wreck. The decrepit engine lay smoldering in the early morning light. The Cheyennes had burned the freight cars after pillaging them for any valuables they wanted. A few Cheyennes were still seen in the area. In glory the Cheyennes had tied bolts of multicolored cloth to their horses' tails and rode madly around. The Cheyennes seemed to be drunk, as they had opened a cask of liquor that was in one of the freight cars and had a party with it. Jim Delahunty, brother of Pat, dropped a warrior with a long shot from his rifle and the Indians soon picked up their dead companion and rode off. The railroaders found engineer Brooks Bowers hanging by one mangled leg from the engine cab. He was still alive. The Indians had found it amusing to let him dangle as the flames from the fire licked around him. It was a miracle he was still alive. On return to Plum Creek with Thompson and Bowers, they met a trainload of soldiers. The line to Omaha had been cleared all the way and the two injured men were placed in a special car for the lifesaving dash to Omaha and the nearest doctor. William Thompson was rational, but steadfastly refused to be parted from his scalp. He believed it might be grafted back on his head. It was placed in a bucket of water and looked like a drowned rat. The special train pulled into Omaha after a record run, with both men still alive. A huge crowd was at the station when the train arrived. In the crowd assembled at the station was a young Welshman named Henry M. Stanley, who was in Omaha as a reporter for the *Missouri Democrat.* Four years later Stanley would gain international fame for finding Dr. David Livingstone in uncharted central Africa, on which occasion he is supposed to have made the bland remark, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

People flocked from all parts to view the gory baldness which came upon Thompson so suddenly, as Stanley wrote to his paper. Thompson was evidently suffering from his torture and appeared weak from loss of blood. He was taken to Hamilton House and Dr. Pecke and Dr. R. C. Moore were sent for. They soon dashed his hopes that his scalp could ever grow back. The main concern was to save his life.

Dr. R. C. Moore made this report to the Second Annual Meeting of the Nebraska State Medical Society:

> William Thompson, an employee of Union Pacific Railroad, was scalped by the Cheyenne Indians near Plum Creek Station on the night of August 6, 1867. He was placed under my care on the morning of the 8th, about 36 hours after the wounds had been inflicted. The scalp was entirely removed from a space measuring nine inches by seven inches. The denuded surface extended from one inch above the left eyebrow backwards. There was also a severe tomahawk wound, also a slight gunshot wound through the fleshy part of the right arm. Suppuration was very profuse, but the patient, being strong and in excellent health, rapidly recovered. He had severe neuralgic pains on the right side of the head and face, but in three months the pain should cease and the entire surface cica-

trized [formation of scar tissue over a healing wound].

William Thompson decided to quit his job with the Union Pacific Railroad, and soon after he left the United States altogether. Before his return to his Hampshire, England, birthplace, he presented his scalp to Dr. Moore. In later years the doctor gave the scalp to the Omaha Public Library, where it can be seen today as a reminder of the early days of railroading and the attacks by the Indians on the railroads and the railroad men.

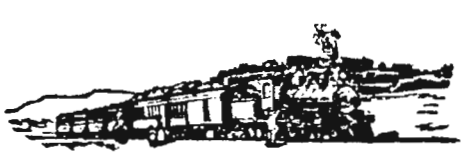
The above information was extracted from the book, *Bowler Hats and Stetsons,* by Colin Rickards, published by Ronald Whiting and Wheaton, London, 1966. A copy may be found in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. ■

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

through the pass. In 1924 the pass was double tracked. The way in which the single track had been laid, however, forced the second track to be laid in such a way that left-hand travel takes the trains through the pass on the parallel tracks. In later years the traffic through this 4301-foot high pass was so heavy that at times trains were held up for a week. With the SF building a cut-off at Colton and the improvement of equipment, trains traverse the pass very quickly now, to as many as a hundred trains a day.

With his colored slides, Kern showed how specialized freight cars have become. In the past there were few variations in design of freight cars, and a shipper's cargo had to conform to the car. Now cars are built to the shipper's specifications. Such cars are no longer maintained by the railroads but are maintained by the car manufacturers. As piggyback and container loaded cars rose higher, a clearance problem arose in tunnels on railroads. This problem was eliminated by removing the tracks, lowering the tunnel floor with bulldozers, then replacing the tracks.

Kern still goes to watch the trains, doing so every weekend. He recommends this unusual spectator sport to others, and advises that the best time to go is early in the morning.



MAY MEETING

Justice in early California, particularly in the gold mining regions, was swift and often administered by people with little legal training. As told by May meeting speaker Gordon Morris Bakken in his talk entitled "Frontier Due Process," much of early California law was practiced without lawyers. Even judges had no legal background, and at times proudly announced this fact. Despite this lack of legal training, however, there were some good judges in men who were intelligent and used logic in their reasoning. Conditions were somewhat improved when more lawyers became judges because court fines were a better source of income than clients.

By 1856 conditions improved to the extent that people on both sides of the bench had better training. But even then the practice of law and the administration of justice was unique. The cases developed by lawyers were based more on rhetoric than evidence. Knowledge of Cicero was considered more important than knowledge of Blackstone. A classic example of this verbosity of the times, although not of the frontier west, was an eight-hour summation to a jury by Daniel Webster.

May meeting speaker Gordon Morris Bakken

Because lengthy trials were expensive, and witnesses in them sometimes disappeared, justice was delivered swiftly. One judge sent juries out for deliberation without a meal until they reached a verdict. Due process was followed with little delay. In an example case cited by Bakken, the accused

was arrested April 3, tried April 14 and found guilty with the death penalty result, the verdict was appealed April 24, demurrer was filed in May, and the execution took place in July. There were few appeals in obvious homicide cases, because there was little prospect of a verdict being set aside.

There was, however, a tendency toward questionable gallantry in court cases that involved alleged indecencies toward women. The accused in such a shooting usually demanded a jury trial, and the jury, despite there being many witnesses to a flagrant criminal act, would find the accused not guilty. ■

Corral Chips

by Donald Duke

Andrew Dagosta exhibited his art at the 17th Annual San Dimas Festival of Western Arts held during April 23-25 of this year. He was one of 36 artists to display watercolors, oils, acrylics, and bronze sculptures at the show.

This is AD — *Andy Dagosta*
Not AD — *Albrecht Durer*

James Gulbranson was one of six judges at the San Dimas Festival of Western Arts this year. He is a prominent collector of Western Art and was a founding member and former president of the Collegium of Western Art.

Siegfried Demke, editor of the *Branding Iron,* past Sheriff of the Corral, and honorary curmudgeon of the East Prussian Defamation League, has been elected to the Board of Directors of the Southern California Historical Society. The length of his term is based on how he votes for the 1994 Budget.

Richard Waldo Cunningham (aka Captain Ahab) was featured, with a classic picture, in the Ventura County Section of the Los Angeles *Times* for June 16th. The new exhibit he has been working on is entitled "Ventura County's Gateway to World Trade." If you have never visited Ventura County's Maritime Museum at Port Hueneme, you are really missing the boat. It is a first rate museum and well worth your attention. Call Captain Ahab on how to find the damn place, it ain't easy!

Several Corral members visited the attack submarine *U.S.S. Pasadena* in March when it paid a visit to the Port of Long Beach. Examining the narrow quarters were *Donald Duke* and *Robert Kerns,* plus C.M.'s *Larry Arnold, Robert Schwemmer,* and *Pat Smith.* Several of these old salts are members of the Pasadena Chapter of the Navy League. No one got seasick as the sub was tied to the dock.

C.M. *L. P. "Jim" Corbett* was interested in Ken Pauley's talk last November about the Los Angeles Air Meet. It seems that Jim was never a pilot, but did have the pleasure of making one of the first transcontinental commercial flights between New York City and Los Angeles during May of 1930.

C.M. *Dick Flood* of Arizona reports that there is a new videotape on *Charles M. Russell and His Art and Life.* He says it is quite interesting with a lot of old movie and newsreel footage. There is also a sequence featuring Charles and Nancy Russell talking Indian sign language. Suppose that is where Iron Eyes Cody learned how to do it? It is believed that William Escherich is taking sign language lessons from Cody.

Metal Pounder, Associate *William I. Miller,* was featured on two pages of the Orange County *Register* for May 6, 1993. It seems that the paper caught up with him while giving blacksmith or steel-shaping demonstrations to school kids. I am sure the noise alone would keep the kids on the edges of their seats! Several of the illustrations are in color.

Still carrying the torch for the Missions, *Norman Neuerburg* has written any number of letters in protest to the reconstruction of the San Gabriel Mission. He feels it should be restored, not rebuilt. We miss his long list of the lectures he has given lately, but apparently you can't give talks and carry a placard. Norm is looking for some heavy cardboard to place in the holes in his shoes.

Donald H. Pflueger was present at the Timm's Landing Monument Dedication on May 29, 1993. As commissioner of the Historic Resources Commission, State of California, he gave a little talk on the history of Timm's Landing at San Pedro. Augustus W. Timms immigrated to the U.S. from Prussia in 1843 and built a landing for shipping and forwarding of goods at the mouth of what became Los Angeles Harbor. Wonder if he knew Siegfried Demke?

Martin Ridge, historian and Caltech history professor, was honored by a week-long chain of talks, dinners and parades held during April 12-14, 1993. They say he is retiring from 13 years at the Huntington and Caltech, but he still has his nose in a book at the Huntington. Maybe now he will have more time to grind his own axe!

C.M. *Patrick Smith* has been working on a Master's degree in Public History/Historical Preservation at Cal State Dominguez Hills for the past two years and unable to make meetings because of a class conflict. All that remains before he is entitled to his "Green Card" is to sort through 1,000 pages of input and to complete his internship at the Los Angeles Maritime Museum, and to write his thesis. Anyone got a thesis for sale? I saw a catalog not long ago with all kinds of academic papers for sale. However, there was nothing entitled "The Ferryboats on San Pedro Bay."

Former Sheriff *Don Torguson,* the Paul Bunyon of the Oregon woods, is still carrying the torch for Mike. His son, not "Mike" the dog. Says Mike is too busy chasin' quail through the woods to write what he is doing. He, Sheriff Don, claims that Mike has been selected for the Churchill Scholar Honors Program at Southern Oregon State College. He was one of 25 applicants so selected. The one-room Southern Oregon State College has an enrollment of 35 students. Mike was selected in the first dart throw at Torguson's Bar. The one thing that puzzles all Corral members here in Southern California is how did Mike get plugged in scholastically all of a sudden? Wonders never cease!

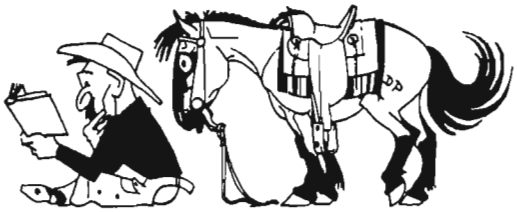
Msgr *Francis Weber* and *Tom Andrews,* the executive director of the Southern California Historical Society, put on a "Good Show" at the Doheny Mansion a couple of months ago. In attendance were Honorary Members *Glen Dawson* and *Colonel Holland,* Actives *Powell Greenland, Siegfried Demke, Earl Nation, Raymond Wood,* and C.M. *William White.* Msgr. addressed the group and spoke about Carrie Estelle Doheny. Remember Msgr. wrote about the Doheny private railroad car in the (Spring) *Branding Iron.*

Among those attending the 33rd general meeting of the California Map Society at California State University-Fullerton on July 5th were former Sheriff *Bill Warren* and none other than *Ray Wood.* Hey, can you find me a route to San Jose?

The 22nd Baja California Symposium was held at El Centro on June 4-6 with former Sheriff *Bill Hendricks* presiding. Those attending were *Dutch Holland, Walt Wheelock,* and–here is a name out of the dark–*Tad Lonergan.* High-point of the meet, according to Walt, was a Mexican Hayride. It was aboard a flatcar pulled by a steam locomotive from El Centro, down through the streets, and into Mexicali. On the return trip, the locomotive ran out of water, so the Hayriders had to hoof it.

On Saturday, June 26th, *Donald Duke,* C.M.'s *Larry Arnold, Bob Kline,* and *Bob Kredel* took an excursion over the various lines of Metrolink, Los Angeles Metropolitan Transit Authority's new commuter railroad. First to Newhall-Saugus, Moorpark, then San Bernardino.

Msgr. *Francis Weber* turns out miniature publications faster than most New York book publishers. His latest two are *Dean of Microbibliophiles,* about the legendary bookman, Wilbur Macey Stone, and *Caspar de Portola.* All his "Big-Little books" always contain an appropriate postage stamp. I guess Wilbur Macey Stone never had a stamp issued for him. One nice thing about Msgr's books, they don't require a shelf support! Finally, Msgr. Weber recently was chosen as president-elect of the Association of Catholic Diocesan Archivists. When does he find time to feed the peacocks? ■



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

SANTA CRUZ ISLAND: *A History and Recollections of an Old California Rancho,* by Helen Caire. Spokane: The Arthur H. Clark Co. 1993. 192 pp., Thirty-eight Illustrations, Map, Notes, Appendix, Index. $29.50. Available from The Arthur H. Clark Co., P.O. Box 14707, Spokane, WA 99214.

"These were the thinning ranks of the elders who remembered *el tiempo antiguo,*" writes Helen Caire of the vaqueros of Santa Cruz Island. "Many years ago they rode the historic trails. Who now is left to remember?" That those vaqueros, and the island ranch they worked, will in fact be remembered is the legacy of this fine new book.

Founded in 1869 by ten San Francisco businessmen, the Santa Cruz Island Company and its ranch bore the singular stamp of Justinian Caire, who turned his full attention to the island in 1880 after buying out his nine partners. Thus began the era of the Caire family on Santa Cruz Island, fifty-seven years that saw sheep and cattle ranching, the production of wines under the Company's own label, and the growth of a nearly self-sufficient community connected to the mainland by the ranch's schooner. Justinian had a number of the buildings built in a style reminiscent of his native southern France, lending the establishment a Mediterranean flavor.

Handsomely printed and bound, this book contains the childhood recollections of Justinian's granddaughter Helen, who spent her summers, and one memorable Christmas, on the family island toward the end of their era. She provides an idyllic vision of vacations spent exploring the island on horseback, of observing the ever-solicitous ranch hands at work and, clearly a highlight to the young Helen, of visits by John and Ethel Barrymore. Interwoven with these memories, and serving to round out the ranch's history, are accounts by older family members. The author takes care, a well, to sketch the history of the island before the advent of the Caires. Most compelling are the chapters dealing with those times when the island was alive with the seasonal work of the ranch–the roundups, the shearing of the sheep, and the vintage. The anecdotal style, so effective in relating these reminiscences, is perhaps less successful in the chapters on natural history and early-day smuggling. Numerous and superb photographs, including glass plates taken by Helen's uncle Arthur, are reproduced clearly and compliment the text, although in some cases more informative captions, including dates, would have increased their impact.

In 1987, fifty years after the departure of the Caires, the Santa Cruz Island Company holdings were acquired by The Nature Conservancy, ending forever the era of family ranching on most of the island. For us, however, *el tiempo antiguo* and its inhabitants will live on vividly in these pages.

Warren M. Thomas

MARMALADE & WHISKEY: *British Remittance Men in the West,* by Lee Olson. Golden, Colorado, Fulcrum Publishing, 1993. 234 pp. Illustrations, Bibliography, Index. Paper, $16.95. Available in bookstores or by calling (800) 992-2908.

With so many books going over the same subjects that are considered the outstanding occurrences in the history of the American West, it is a pleasure to read a book on a new, or seldom mentioned, subject. *Marmalade & Whiskey* is such a book. Not only is the subject comparatively new and interesting, author Lee Olson, with over forty years on the editorial staff of The Denver Post behind him, writes in a clear and entertaining style.

The remittance men were forced into their strange slot in society because of the ancient rule of primogeniture that Britain followed without deviation for centuries. This was the rule that the first born male in a family automatically inherited the family estate. The second son, and any other sons, received only what the heir to the family estate arranged to provide as an income. As the adherence to the primogeniture rule kept the lands in the same family and off the market, careers for second sons of the landed gentry in Britain were limited to entering the clergy or the military. If these were not alluring, the alternative

was to migrate to an English-speaking country–America, Australia, Canada–to establish an estate where land was available.

There were two kinds of remittance men. One kind chose to leave home to seek, or make, a fortune of their own, and one kind had to leave home because of scandal. An example of the first kind was William Drummond Stewart who adventurously attended mountain men rendezvous in the late 1830s, and had with him the artist Alfred Jacob Miller, who was the first man to paint the Rocky Mountains. An example of the second kind was Moreton Frewen, an uncle of Winston Churchill. Winston, himself, though born in Blenheim, the magnificent palace-like home of the Dukes of Marlborough, was a second son, and, therefore, the family title and estate were out of his reach.

Regardless of the reason for migrating to the American West, the results usually were the same. The problem was, the remittance men were misfits. Educated in the classics at fine schools, in preparation for the life of a British gentleman, they were not trained in the management skills required to make a success of running a cattle ranch in America or Canada. Sometimes the original investment money was foolishly spent on elaborate imitations of English country life–foxhunts, fancy balls and dances, homes of baronial hall dimensions. Other money was simply lost through mismanagement, or through being victimized in unsound land deals. In the end, most remittance men, who were unable to return home, sank into a life of heavy drinking and living on credit until the next remittance check arrived. And thus they earned the contempt of many Native Americans and Canadians.

Despite the majority of failures, the remittance men did bring two things to the west that were benefits; they brought a lot of money–squandered or mismanaged–and culture. Even when they lacked money, their superior education was an influence on the less cultured natives.

This is an interesting book, with one distracting peculiarity. There is a redundancy in Olson's writing consisting of many chapters repeating the explanation of primogeniture and the fact that over-education caused remittance men to be unfit for success as ranchers, with many of them ending their lives as drunkards. It is almost as though the book is a compilation of separate pieces, and in each piece the author briefly reviews the basic aspects of remittance men.

Siegfried G. Demke

THE COMPLEAT MUZZLELOADER, by L. Gordon Stetser, Jr. Missoula: Mountain Press Publishing Company, 1992. 119 pp. Illustrations, Appendices, Bibliography, Index. Paper, $15.00 + $2.00 p/h. Order from Mountain Press Publishing

This book is primarily directed at today's muzzleloading firearms shooters; however, it would be useful to anyone interested in their era and who lacks practical knowledge and/or experience with them.

The first two-thirds of the book is an adequate study of modern reproductions of antique muzzleloaders, their care and use. It is illustrated with numerous examples of these modern reproductions, and adequate "how to" and "with what" pictures to go with the instructional information.

The last third of the book is possibly its most useful part. It includes directory information for everything associated with these muzzleloaders and on shooting them. There are over 25 pages of listings of muzzleloader shooting clubs, etc. indexed by states.

While the directory information in this book will become obsolete with time, the "how to" and "with what" information will be of lasting usefulness. The book is pretty basic, but people involved with or interested in muzzleloading could find it worthwhile.

Konrad F. Schreier, Jr.

WRITING THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WEST, by Martin Ridge, et al. Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1991. 168 pp. Maps, Illustrations. Paper, $12.95. Order from University Press of Virginia, Box 3608, University Station, Charlottesville, VA 22903.

The heart of this slim and trim softbound book is the text of three talks on the writing of Western Americana. They were given at U.C. Berkeley in 1991 during a far-flung meeting of the American Antiquarian Society.

Martin Ridge, of Huntington Library, defends the battered Frontier Thesis of Frederick Jackson Turner in its trimmed-down (or Billington) form, suggesting that it is still worthy of consideration by historiographers, even the advocates of the chic "New History."

Texas freelance ethnohistorian Elizabeth St. John, author of *Storms Brewed in Other Men's Worlds,* reminds us that we have, of late, neglected Herbert E. Bolton's Borderlands thesis of a northward-advancing frontier, from Sonora and Chihuahua, as well as one from the Missouri River.

Finally, Alvin Josephy, editor emeritus of *American Heritage,* adds a delightful piece of nostalgia for his personal Old West ((that of 1934!) that is, alone, worth the "price of admission" to this book. Better than his academic colleagues, he suggests the tug-of-war between change and continuity that *is* the West, whether considered as place, process or myth. With humor and grace, he makes the important point that the West is constantly reinventing itself. (Bravo!)

Commentary on the papers is supplied by Howard Lamar of Yale and Kevin Starr of USF and USC. Lamar wants a synthesis of the diverse views of the West. Starr, rightly, will not forgive historians if they continue to neglect three key areas of Western history—the 20th Century, urban areas, and the Pacific Rim.

George Miles winds up the volume with a catalog of an exhibition of historic Western guidebooks at the American Antiquarian Society, although he is the curator of Yale's Western Americana. It demonstrates that Yale is not the only place back-East worth a stop by Western scholars and buffs. Worcester's AAS is worth a look, to boot.

Richard Dillon

A.P. GIANNINI AND THE BANK OF AMERICA, by Gerald D. Nash. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992. 162 pp. Illustrations, Note on Sources, Index. Cloth, $24.95. Order from University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019

My earliest memory of a bank, as it must be for so many Californians, is of a Bank of America branch—more specifically, the one down the block from where I lived. On the wall hung portraits of two men—the bald man looking sterner than the other, giving no doubt he was the one in charge, looking down on the tellers and bank officers (and maybe little boys as well) to make sure no one swiped any nickels. Later on, visiting other Bank of America branches, I saw the same portraits, and knew the bald man to be Amadeo Peter Giannini, the founder of the Bank of America and the motive force behind its becoming the biggest bank in California, the nation, the world.

Interestingly enough, A.P. (as everyone knew him), Giannini has not been the subject of a biography, though there have been a number of studies about his bank. Born of Italian immigrant parents, Giannini displayed an early and energetic talent for selling and, while still a teenager, expanded his stepfather's agricultural brokerage firm. At the beginning of the 20th century, a time when "banking" meant either commercial activity or the deposits of well-to-do patrons, Giannini developed the idea of attracting small-scale depositors, the everyday workingman who stuffed his savings in a mattress. Aiming first at his Italian countrymen, Giannini founded the Bank of Italy; and as California's economy in the new century expanded, so did Giannini's bank.

Although branch banking is routine today, the idea was revolutionary when Giannini first proposed it. Many of his ideas were considered radical at the time, among them financing motion picture productions. Giannini was out to end the colonial status of a West that owed its financing to powerful Eastern banking interests. He never sought great wealth personally; for him, the power was in the bank itself. And powerful the Bank of America—the name replacing the Bank of Italy around 1927—became, notwithstanding bankers and bank regulators who found his plans too ambitious.

Gerald Nash tells the story well, basing his research on the Bank of America archives, oral histories, and articles in newspapers and magazines. He concedes that this is not a full-scale biography; there are no footnotes, just a brief "Note on Sources," and no bibliography. Nash writes authoritatively, but there are a few gaffes that someone should have caught—Arthur (instead of William) Mulholland, Henry (instead of Louis) B. Mayer, and Harrison (instead of Harry) Chandler. William Gibbs McAdoo was elected U.S. Senator in 1933, not 1924, more than a typo since the sentence reads, "When McAdoo was elected a U.S. senator from California in 1924, O'Connor was his protege." J.F.T. O'Connor played an important role in the controversial 1934 gubernatorial election, so the dates become significant. And Giannini's part in the Upton Sinclair campaign isn't told

here, though surely there was room for it in a biography that runs less than 150 pages. The book is nonetheless a good introduction to the humanizing of a near-mythical figure in California's financial history.

Abe Hoffman

NOTICE

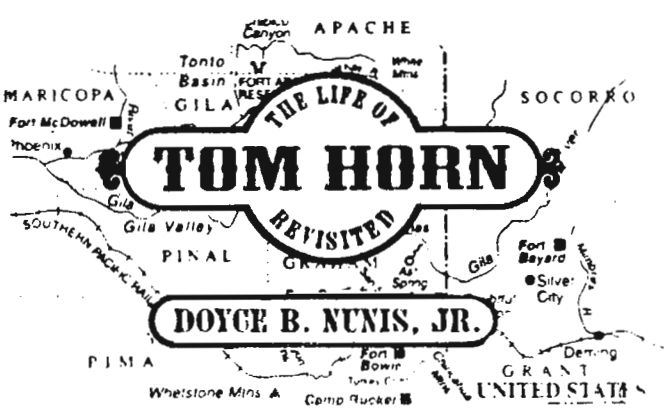
It is an unwritten policy that the *Branding Iron* will not run advertisements. There is a recent development, however, that justifies a singular deviation from that policy.

Arthur Clark, father, and Robert Clark, son, who are the Arthur H. Clark Company, have been, and continue to be outstanding supporters of The Corral. Both have held many offices—Art is currently the Librarian—and both were at the center of the great amount of work it took to produce many earlier *Brand Books*, *Branding Irons*, and Keepsakes. Bob was instrumental in the Library acquiring a complete set of the *Brand Books*—when the Editor was Librarian—at only a nominal price.

Bob now has acquired two complete sets of our *Brand Books*, that he has for sale. By permitting Bob to advertise the availability of these books in the *Branding Iron,* it is a service to the members of the Corral who are interested in acquiring a complete set.

Noblesse oblige.

The Editor



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 inquires are invited.