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The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN
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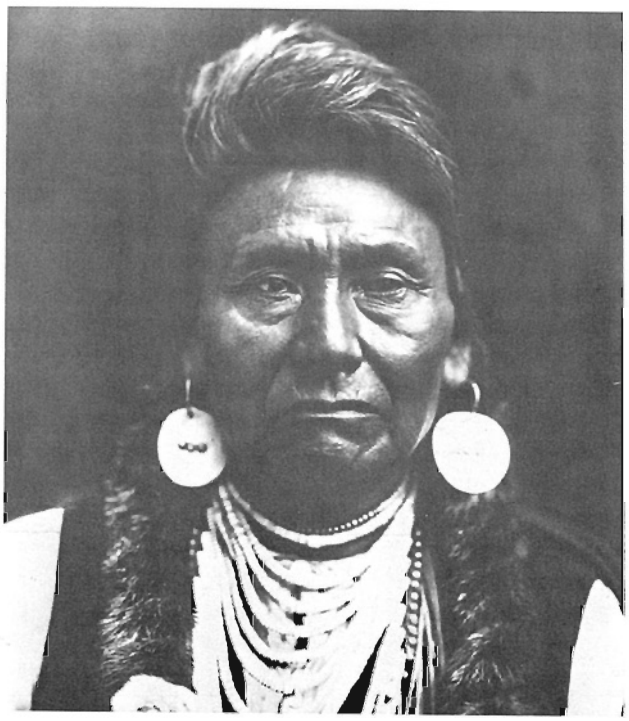

Chief Joseph. — Courtesy of Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

Thunder Rolling in the Mountains:
Chief Joseph: Leader of His People

by Jerome R. Selmer

Leadership is a vague thing. Some maintain it is a natural trait in a few special people, a mystical quality, a gift. Others will argue that it is an acquired or learned skill. While it is true that the principles of leadership can be taught, and thus learned, there is no question that some persons can apply those principles more effectively than others can. Every organized society in history has had its leaders. There is some commonality between them; there are some differences; a few leaders in each society have been truly outstanding and memorable. Such a man was Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Tribe of North America.

(Continued on Page Three)

The Branding Iron

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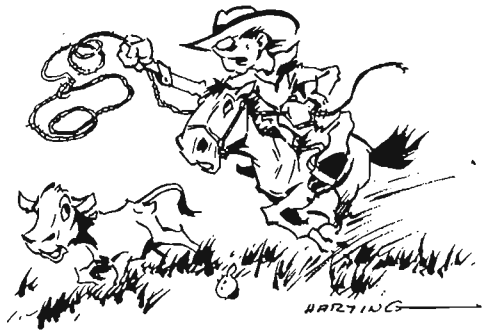
THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 2,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JULY 1993 MEETING

Sunken ships was the topic of interest as Patrick Smith addressed the Corral on the sinking of the UB-88, a German submarine, and the clipper *Star of France,* both sharing a watery grave off the California coast.

Photograph by - Frank O. Newton

July meeting speaker Pat Smith.

The UB-88 was a small submarine (three officers, 27 crew), commissioned January 26, 1918, that served on three patrols during World War I. On November 26, two weeks after the Armistice, the UB-88 surrendered in England. The British gave the submarine to the U.S. Navy to tour port cities as part of the Liberty Loan Drive to regenerate interest in buying bonds. The Navy was also interested in the sub's technological superiority over U.S. submarines. Before the Navy took over the submarine, it had to be put back in working order. Scavengers had pretty well stripped the sub of whatever could be removed for souvenirs.

The UB-88 left Harwich, England, in April 1919, along with four other submarines, crossing the

(Continued on Page Eight)

The Nez Perce have, since prehistory, occupied the mountain areas in the vicinity of western Idaho, northeastern Oregon and southeastern Washington. They ranged between the Bitter Root Mountains of Idaho and Montana and the Blue Mountains in Oregon. It is an area which has always satisfied the basic needs of the tribe, and of which they have always felt a part. It is home. This feeling of belonging and oneness with the land is a frequently expressed part of the character of Native North Americans. It is a mystical quality which is often set forth in religious terms. Chief Joseph himself once expressed it succinctly: "...The earth and myself are of one mind. The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same..."

Even the early coming of the white men with Lewis and Clark, and those trappers and mountain men who followed, did not disturb the ancient ways of life. In fact, these strange ones from the east were generally welcomed in peace as was the custom of the Nez Perce. The timeless routines continued.

Into this tranquil background young Joseph was born in approximately 1840. His father was Chief Tu-eka-kas and his mother was Nez Perce Woman, one of the chief's four wives. Tu-eka-kas was known to the whites as Old Joseph. Young Joseph's boyhood is not recorded, however it is assumed that those years were no different in his life than in the lives of other boys of the tribe. He watched and learned from his elders. He saw how the old women prepared food and how the men hunted and made tools for hunting. He learned about the precious horse herds and of the religious beliefs of his people. From the old men came the telling of the tribal legends and from his father he learned the responsibilities of leadership.

A few years before Young Joseph's birth, the whites began to bring their ideas of society to the Nez Perce. In 1834, the Methodist Church sent missionaries into the tribal domain and were closely followed by the Presbyterians and Congregationalists. In 1842 the government sent agents into the Nez Perce country and they, along with the missionaries, began a chain of events which was to bring to this Indian nation their most tragic, and at the same time, finest hours.

Innocently, the Nez Perce agreed to proposals by the whites that there be a set of criminal laws and that a head chief be elected over all the bands of the nation. Tribal custom had never provided for this before. Each band had its own chief who was assisted by others. Majority rule was unknown as each person was recognized as a free agent. Dissent did not bring expulsion. The failure by the Indians to understand the implications of the white man's ideas and the failure of the whites to accept the Indian customs ultimately led to the end of the latter's way of life.

In a friendly fashion, desiring the best for his band, Old Joseph (as the Christians called him) accepted the Presbyterian version of religion and made efforts to have his people learn the "white man's book." In 1845, upon their baptism, father and son were given the name "Joseph." Until that time, according to Nez Perce custom, the boy had no permanent name. His people called him "Little Turtle." For a few years, Young Joseph received white man's schooling in a missionary school, and also learned from his people the traditional ways.

In his later years, Young Joseph said of his early training:

"Our fathers gave us many laws, which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife, or his property without paying for it. We were taught that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his deserts; if he has been a good man he will have a good home; if he has been a bad man he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same."

When Young Joseph reached the proper age (about eight years) he was called by his father to perform the obligation of the sacred vigil. This requirement of every Nez Perce boy sent him to the lonely beauty of the mountains where he would commune with the Great Spirit if it was the latter's will. If it went well, he would experience a revelation. He fasted and prayed. He concentrated and enhanced his unity with nature. He slept and dreamed. In his dream, thunder appeared to him. The extent of the dream was never revealed, but when he returned from his maturing experience and appeared in the tribal religious rites he sang as the Great spirit had taught him. The tribes-people felt he was blessed and his adult name was bestowed: Hin-mut-too-yah-lat-kekht, which

means "Thunder Rolling In The Mountains."

In the 1850's there began a mounting tide of white settlement in Nez Perce country. It was a story being repeated throughout the West. In each case, the whites wanted use and ownership of land which was the domain of Native Americans. Joseph's people were not spared.

At first the whites were welcomed. Some Nez Perce, including Joseph's father hoped to learn from their ways and improve the life of the Indians. That early faith was soon dispelled when many whites displayed trickery and greed and made their intentions toward their native brothers painfully obvious.

By 1855, the white government officials decided that they should parley with the Indians to try to better define the interests of both peoples. The officials offered treaties and money for selected Indian lands. These proposals were given serious consideration by the various bands including their chiefs, and were vigorously discussed.

A chief named Lawyer had been appointed "Head Chief." This was done to conform with the belief of the white people that one man should be "in charge." The whites proceeded to continually mislead themselves that they were dealing with one, all-powerful person. Nothing could have been further from the truth. At the Council of 1855, Lawyer expressed approval and enthusiasm for the money and the treaties. Others, including Old Joseph and his band did not, and rejected the proposal. Young Joseph recalled later:

"My father, who represented his band, refused to have anything to do with the Council, because he wished to be a free man. He claimed that no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own."

The relationships continued to deteriorate with the white settlers who poured across the land. There were episodes of violence initiated by both sides. It was becoming clearer to all that the Native Americans were losing that which they loved most dearly and which was woven into the fabric of their lives: the land. In the case of Old Joseph's band, it was their beloved Wallowa Valley. Here the water flowed free and pure; the grass grew abundantly and the hills and mountains were timbered. It was their paradise.

Following the Treaty of 1855, many Nez Perce moved onto the reservations which were establishes for them. Old Joseph's band refused, and thus remained a problem to the ever-encroaching whites. By 1863, conditions had worsened and concessions were even being demanded of those Nez Perce who had approved the 1855 treaty and had agreed to live on reservations. Another Council was called by the whites and their new requirements made known to the Nez Perce. Again, Lawyer was recognized by the whites as "Head Chief." At this Council, all Nez Perce were ordered to new, smaller reservations. Lawyer and some other chiefs agreed. Old Joseph and a few of his friends did not. The rift between the bands became so great that it spelled the end of the Nez Perce nation as it had existed up until that time.

The non-reservation Indians took separate paths, attempting to preserve the old ways, but this became increasingly impossible. During these years, Young Joseph watched the elders and the ways of his people, always learning. He also watched the whites: both settlers and soldiers. The latter he found particularly interesting and greatly enjoyed their drills. It was also at this time that the non-fulfillment of treaty obligations by the whites became more and more evident.

In 1868, the local Indian Agent began to insist that Old Joseph's band move to a reservation. The old chief was now growing blind and feeble and thus relied more and more upon his son to take the responsibilities of leadership. This Young Joseph did, and he was accepted by his people in this role.

About this same time, the new leader and his band were influenced by the spread of the "Dreamer" religion taught by its prophet Smohalla. They found a solace and refuge in this new faith. The exact nature of Smohalla's teachings was a mystery to all but a few. The faith called for ceremonies and dreams, and in those dreams a wisdom would be found which would nourish the Indian soul.

In 1871, Old Joseph lay dying. Young Joseph, recalling it later, said:

"...my father sent for me....He said: 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and mother.'"

Following the death of the old chief, Young Joseph assumed the responsibilities of leadership of his band. It was a position for which he had long been prepared. Soon he was to prove his great qualities.

The incursions and demands of the whites grew. The Bureau of Indian Affairs insisted that Chief Joseph move his people to the reservation at Fort Lapwai, Idaho. Joseph consistently refused. He would not leave his sacred land. During the mid-1870's the Modoc War erupted in northern California, an event which stirred the Indians of the Northwest. That was followed by the action of the government in throwing open Joseph's beloved Wallowa Valley to white settlers. In 1877, a Council was called at Fort Lapwai by the senior military officer in the territory, Brigadier General O.O. Howard. General Howard informed the chiefs in the strongest terms that they must obey the orders of the government or face severe consequences.

During the Council, strong words were exchanged between Howard and Joseph and the other chiefs. Howard placed one of the chiefs under arrest, an act which did not set well with the rest. Howard ordered all onto the reservation without exception, within 30 days. Joseph protested because his band lived the farthest distance and the time would be too short to move. The order stood.

Chief Joseph returned to his people and quietly urged them to accept their fate and not go to war. He later recounted: "I said in my heart that, rather than have war, I would give up my country. I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people."

With grieving hearts, Chief Joseph and his people gathered their belongings and began the trek to Fort Lapwai. This move was a taxing exercise in logistics and organization but Joseph proved more than equal to the task. During the move, Joseph's band was victimized by white cattle thieves and besieged by the elements. Although time was running short, his band and others joined in council in a place called Rocky Canyon. Here the people told each other their grievances and many demanded vengeance against the whites. It was a psychological catharsis which proved disastrous in the long-run. Joseph steeled himself against the hatred and inflamed passions and continued to urge peace.

Three young Indians from another band allowed their feelings (and a quantity of whiskey) to overcome them. They charged out of camp and in the course of the next few hours killed four whites and wounded one other. The Nez Perce War had begun.

Once the killing began, it started to spread like a prairie fire. Unsuspecting white settlers suddenly found themselves besieged and often were killed or seriously wounded. At the early stages conditions were at their worst on both sides; they were out of control. Slowly, the leadership on both sides began to gain a hold on the situation and bring order to the hostilities which neither Chief Joseph nor Star Chief One-armed Howard had wanted.*

As he heard of pockets of settlers being attacked, General Howard dispatched relief troops to their aid and in the meantime mobilized his main force to attack the Nez Perce. Joseph sought to avoid an immediate engagement and moved his people to White Bird Canyon. His hope was not realized—the troopers attacked on June 17, 1877. Surprised at first, Joseph maintained his control over the Indian soldiers, and displaying preeminent qualities of generalship, outmaneuvered the U.S. Army troops. The Indian forces soon gained the upper hand. Through deft use of topography and through devastating marksmanship, trooper after trooper was brought down or forced back. At the beginning of the battle the Nez Perce soldiers were outnumbered two to one. However, they succeeded in killing one-third of the Army troops and routing the remainder. Throughout the battle, Joseph was everywhere, urging his soldiers on, giving orders and encouragement. In the end, the day was his. The man of peace and restraint had become the general.

Chief Joseph knew that one victory does not win a war and that this would be a war he could not win in the long run. He called a council and together with the other chiefs decided that the best chance of survival for his people would be a strategic withdrawal to Canada. He knew the blue-coats could not follow him there. The bands, now numbering some 750 people, began their trek and soon outdistanced General Howard whose military impedimenta held back his advance.

It was Joseph's plan to following the buffalo-

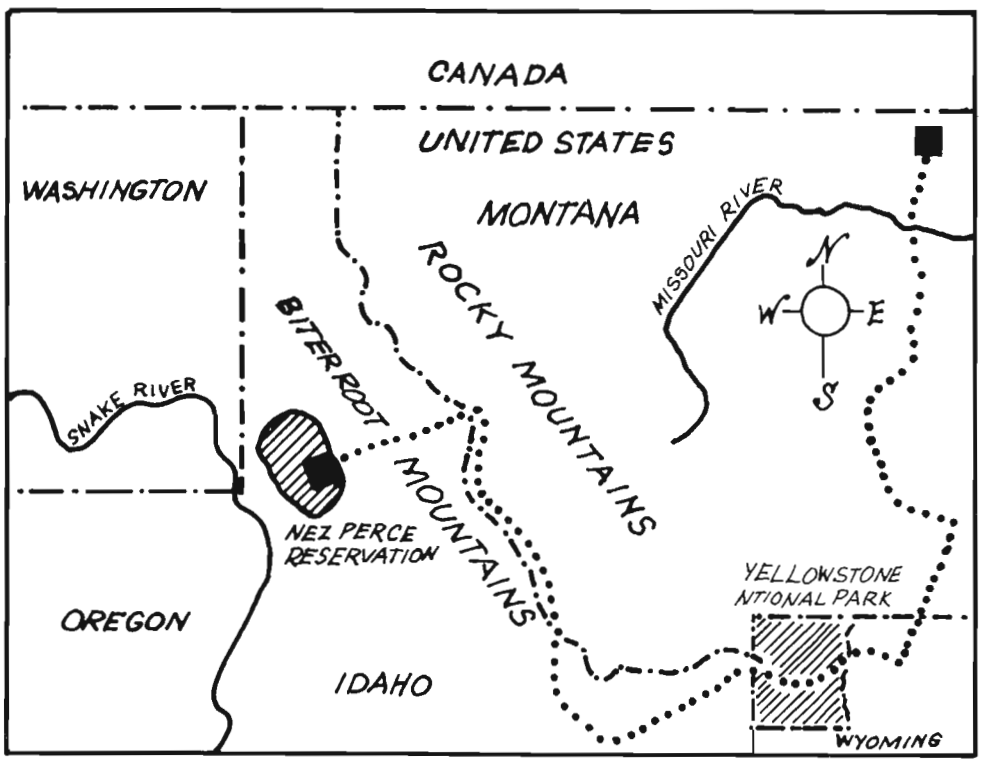
*NOTE: Plains warriors often referred to U.S. Army "Chiefs" by a description of their insignia; i.e., a general officer was a "Star Chief" and a colonel was an "Eagle Chief."

hunting Lolo Trail across the Bitter Root Mountains and then on to the "Land of the Grandmother" (Canada, then ruled by Queen Victoria). As they proceeded down Lolo Creek, they found their way blocked by blue-coats and settlers. The latter had constructed a log barricade, or fort, across the narrow defile of the canyon and thus denied passage to the Indians. Chief Joseph, under a flag of truce, parleyed with the officer-in-charge. Captain Rawn ordered the Indians to lay down their arms. If they did so, he said they could pass. Joseph refused. For two days they parleyed. Neither side gave in. Joseph knew (but Rawn did not) that Howard was hard on his rear and he must move forward without delay.

Howard. He proceeded to move them to the familiar hunting lands of the Big Hole in Montana. Here he hoped to rest for awhile before proceeding north.

Unbeknownst to Joseph, General Howard had telegraphed ahead to Colonel John Gibbon at Fort Shaw, Montana. Eagle Chief Gibbon was an old adversary, known to the Indians as "One Who Limps." Gibbon mustered his command and by quick, forced march soon came within striking distance of Joseph's camp at Big Hole. So sure was Joseph of his safety at this point that he had neglected to post sentinels.

In the pre-dawn darkness Gibbon sent his point troops forward with skirmishers following to a



Dotted line shows route of the Nez Perce trek. — Map by A. Dagosta and S. Demke.

In a feat that left the Army troopers astonished, Joseph moved his people and their herds and belongings up over high ground on a near-impassable trail well above the barricade. The soldiers were helpless to stop them. What was to become knows as the "Battle of Fort Fizzle" was over and the Nez Perce moved on.

At this point, Joseph was now certain that he had moved his people far ahead of General

position within sight of the peaceful camp. The Nez Perce slept, innocent of the menace which hung over them ready to burst with the rays of the sun. The blue-coats had orders to shoot to kill. Gibbon wanted no prisoners. It was cold and damp before the sun rose. Some of the troopers drank whiskey to warm them. Some drank too much.

At dawn, the command went up and down the line and merciless volleys of lead splattered

through tipis and flesh. There were yells and screams. The sounds of gunfire and frightened horses split the morning calm. Men, women and children lay dead or grasping for life in pools of blood. The troopers attacked savagely, showing no mercy or weakness. Amid the pandemonium, Joseph and the other chiefs gathered their forces and other survivors and began to fight back. As at White Bird Canyon, the deadly marksmanship of the Nez Perce began to turn the tide of battle. Several Army officers were killed. Even Eagle Chief Gibbon himself was not immune from Indian lead. One Nez Perce marksman caused the colonel to be re-named "One Who Limps Twice."

At great cost the Army forces were thrown back. Joseph had learned a sad lesson but felt impelled to move toward Canada without delay now as he realized doom lay about him. His soldiers had chased the blue-coats but were stopped by the advance of General Howard. One-armed Howard was catching up!

In 1872, five years before these events, the Congress had created the world's first national park—Yellowstone. Now in 1877, General Sherman, hero of the Civil War and Commanding General of the United States Army, was there in the park along with other dignitaries enjoying the wonders of this great natural museum. His vacation was broken by the news that Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce were crossing through the park almost within sight of his camp. The *impudence* of these Indians, sought in vain by his Army, was too much for Sherman. Infuriated, he ordered every blue-coated regular within the territory to give pursuit to Joseph. The first to answer was the 7th Cavalry, Lieutenant Colonel Custer's old outfit which in a year was trying to pull itself back together after its fabled defeat at the Little Bighorn. The 7th failed in its attempt to regain its honor. There were a few skirmishes and battles, but the action was inconclusive. Chief Joseph raced north—toward the border and safety.

Once again the white man's mechanical devices would undermine Joseph's generalship. Sherman's orders had been signaled to all posts. One to respond was Colonel Nelson Miles who, in a forced march from Fort Keogh, Montana, cut directly across the path of the fleeing Nez Perce. Contact was made shortly in the form of a cavalry charge. Some six hundred troopers galloped headlong at the Indian soldiers. The deadly Indian marksmanship again took its toll of blue-coats. Twenty-four died in that first charge with another forty-two wounded. The charge was stopped and bloody hand-to-hand fighting ensued. Joseph led his men at extremely close range and drove the Army back. At the close of the day's battle, the Nez Perce had lost twenty-one persons. Among them was Joseph's beloved brother, a brave battle leader. Joseph attempted to lead his people out at night, but Miles' forces had surrounded him. Then the weather turned against him. Snow began to fall.

Over the next five days the battle seesawed back and forth. On the third day, General Howard and his troops finally arrived and joined the conflict. His presence and the bitter weather finally turned the tide. Chief Joseph saw his proud and brave people being decimated by cold, starvation and bullets. On the fifth day he called his final council. The decision was made to surrender rather than face certain extermination. The Nez Perce had travelled some 1500 miles. They were now a scant 30 miles from the border, but escape was impossible. Colonel Miles and General Howard had sent word to Joseph that if the Indians laid down their arms they would be taken safely to their reservation. At the time it seemed to Joseph the only realistic choice and he surrendered. In the most eloquent of all surrender statements, Chief Joseph said:

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Toohoolhoolzote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. *Hear me, my chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.*"

Joseph was true to his word, and to their credit, Howard and Miles made every effort to be true to theirs. With callous indifference and disloyalty, their superiors in the government failed to support the officers' promises. The Army shipped the Nez Perce to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, instead of

Fort Lapwai as had been promised. The people withered and many died. It was not their land. It was not their home. Chief Joseph, ever the leader, continued to work on behalf of his people. He even travelled to Washington, D.C., seeking justice. Justice was not to be his, however. He never saw his beloved land again. He was finally shipped to the Colville Reservation in the State of Washington. There in 1904, the thunder ceased for him. The great chief was dead. The agency physician said he died of "...a broken heart." ■

Monthly Roundup (continued)...

Atlantic in 19 days to New York where it was cleaned up and painted. It visited the Atlantic Coast, the Gulf Coast, went up the Mississippi River to Natchez, sailed down and through the Panama Canal, and then up the Pacific Coast as far as Washington—a trip of 15,000 miles. As many as five thousand visitors a day showed up to gawk at the German submarine. In November the UB-88 arrived at San Pedro, but its days were numbered. In 1921, as part of a Navy test, the UB-88 met its end when a U.S. destroyer sank it in less than ten minutes.

The *Star of France* had a much longer career. Launched in 1877, it was an iron clipper ship, 257 feet long, weighing 1,644 tons. It was twelfth in the *Star* line for use by Cory and Company and was intended for the trade route between England and Calcutta. A fast and efficient ship, the *Star of France* took jute, wool, and wheat as cargo. In one run the ship made it from London to Melbourne in 77 days—extremely fast for a sailing ship. In 1898 the *Star of France* was sold to J.J. Moore's Commercial Pacific Company under Hawaiian registry, shortly changed to U.S. registry when Hawaii became a U.S. territory. In 1903 the ship was leased for the Alaska salmon canning industry, a task it carried on for the next twenty years. Among the dangers the *Star of France* faced was getting trapped in ice; Smith showed several striking slides of the ship stuck high and dry on pack ice.

Eventually steam replaced square riggers, and in 1934 the *Star of France* was sold for use as an offshore fishing barge off Redondo Beach. Under the name *Olympia II,* the ship enjoyed a final career. In May 1940 it was moved to a better fishing location. But in September the *Olympia II* came to a violent end. A Japanese freighter, the *Sakito Maru,* either carelessly or intentionally (the cause was never proved) rammed *Olympia II* dead center. Eight men were killed, and the ship sank in just three minutes. Smith and other divers have found the location of the ship, under ninety feet of water off Angel Gate, and have brought up some of its metal parts including a porthole cover which was on display at the meeting. Smith accompanied his presentation with many slides which demonstrated the depth (excuse pun) of his research into sunken ships.

Abraham Hoffman

AUGUST 1993 MEETING

In his talk, "Mayor Fletcher Bowron and the Japanese Evacuation from California," August meeting speaker Abraham Hoffman took the listeners back to the time when normally clear thinking civic leaders made irrational, inflammatory statements to a public already disturbed by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1991.

Photograph by Frank Q. Newton

August meeting speaker Abe Hoffman.

Although many public speakers made inflammatory speeches as time moved the United States deeper into the war confrontation, Bowron lost no time in denouncing all Japanese in California. Three days after Pearl Harbor he began his radio broadcast diatribes against Japanese non-citizens and citizens. He considered his radio broadcasts a public service, and took to the air to avoid having to deal with what he thought was a press hostile to his position. Despite the fact that Mayor Bowron had no contact with Isei (Japan born) or Nisei (America born) Japanese, he reported many threatening acts to the nation that these people

had been, and were still, planning. No substantiating facts were ever supplied; but this went unnoticed by a public which, by then, was willing to believe anything.

Bowron was not alone in disseminating such unsubstantiated reports. There were nationwide radio broadcasts by prominent press industry people like Drew Pearson. But Bowron not only had many ideas about what he believed was the disloyalty and trickery of the Japanese in America, he even believed he knew how Abraham Lincoln would have acted against this threat to America.

The February 23, 1943, Japanese submarine shelling of the pier at Goleta and what is now derisively called "the battle of L.A.," aided Bowron's position. The reports of those events, especially the latter, by the Los Angeles Examiner newspaper caused Hoffman to feel that the newspaper deserved the Pulitzer Prize for fiction that year.

Bowron soon received assistance on his anti-Japanese stance from the nation's highest level—the President. Franklin Roosevelt's Executive Order 9066 reaction to a bellicose Congress in February 1942 empowered the Secretary of War to designate certain "military areas" from which "any and all" persons were to be excluded. Further support of Bowron's beliefs came with the action by Lt. Gen. John L. DeWitt, head of the Western Defense Command, interpreting the President's order too drastically. The General gave orders to remove all people of Japanese ancestry—citizen and non-citizen alike—from the west coast states and even having some incarcerated in military-patrolled "relocation" camps like Manzanar.

Hoffman reported that in later, calmer times the actions of General DeWitt were repudiated, and Bowron admitted having been wrong, completely, about American Japanese. It was typical of the man—so unlike a politician. Bowron even made a public apology to American Japanese. Hoffman stated that he still has a great deal of respect for Bowron because of the many good things the mayor did, and feels that the erroneous position about Japanese should not detract from an appreciation of Bowron's positive actions.

SEPTEMBER 1993 MEETING

The Port of Los Angeles was neither a harbor nor a bay, but a wharf jutting into the ocean from the base of the Santa Monica seacliffs. At the September meeting three speakers, Ernest Marquez, Pat Smith, and Bob Schwemmer with their program called "The Long Wharf" provided above-water and under-water information on the wharf. First Marquez, author of *Port of Los Angeles,* published in 1975 by Donald Duke's Golden West Books Press, gave a history outline of the wharf accompanied by slides of historic black-and-white photographs. Then Smith and Schwemmer told of their findings during underwater exploration of the wharf site, showing colored slides of their underwater photography.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

September meeting speakers Ernest Marquez, Pat Smith, and Bob Schwemmer.

There were two wharfs off Santa Monica. The first wharf, completed in 1875 at a length of 1740 feet and a width of 80 feet at its ocean end, was built by the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad in competition with the Southern Pacific Company's shipping monopoly between Los Angles and San Pedro. Years before, the Southern Pacific Company had pressured Los Angeles into giving it, among other items, the Los Angeles & San Pedro Railroad in exchange for the SP not bypassing the city on its tracklaying drive to the east.

Santa Monica was four miles closer to Los Angeles by rail and almost a day shorter by sea to San Francisco. When the competition became serious for the SP, a shipping rates battle developed, benefiting shippers while it lasted. Finally Collis P. Huntington and his SP Company won out out over John P. Jones of Nevada and his Los Angeles and Independence Railroad.

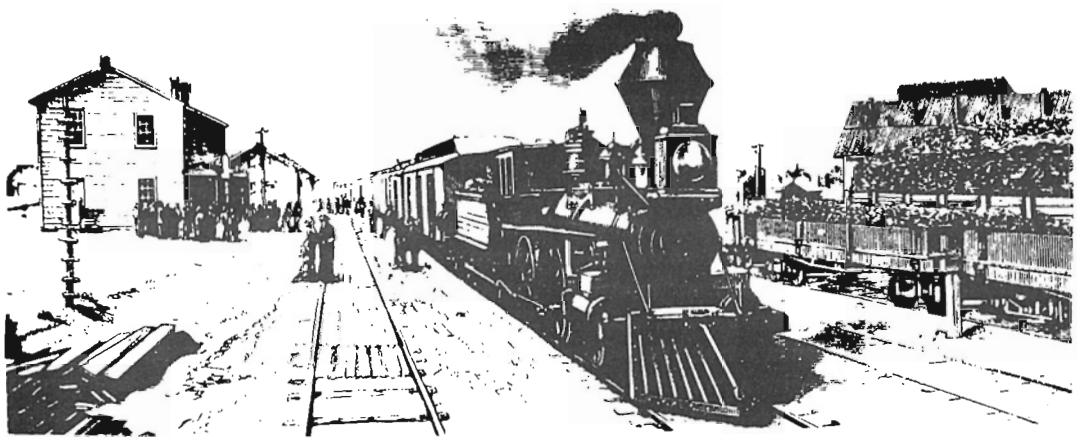
The SP Company tore down the Los Angeles and Independence wharf, which was located where today's cement paved Municipal Pier

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

Violent Birth of a California City

by John Southworth

By the time that final golden spike was driven at Promontory Point, Utah, on May 10, of 1869 to complete the first transcontinental railroad, the Central Pacific Rail Road Company was already making plans to extend its empire south to Los Angeles in order to tap the vast potential of the San Joaquin Valley and to connect with other railroads building into Texas and California from the east.



Of a number of surveyed lines, the best and preferred choice south from Sacramento and Stockton lay directly through the budding community of Paradise on the banks of the Tuolumne River. Asking for a donated right of way through the town and financial assistance in building a trestle bridge across the river at that point, railroad representatives were turned away empty handed. The townspeople of Paradise refused to grant concessions of any sort. Paradise was a river transportation town. It had no need for a railroad.

So the railroad shifted its strategy, and its survey line, a few miles to the east where it bought several hundred acres of land from original settlers on the north bank of the Tuolumne in anticipation of a new and then nameless city.

The mainline to Los Angeles, the first segment of the soon-to-be organized Southern Pacific Company railroad, began building from Lathrop, close to Stockton, and by June of 1870 was accepting wheat shipments as far south as the Stanislaus River. Four months later, substantial wheat shipments were being accepted on the shore of the Tuolumne River at a new station called Ralston in honor of the banker then arranging for railroad construction money.

William Chapman Ralston was the founder and financial genius behind the powerful Bank of California headquartered in San Francisco. Not interested in public recognition, he operated behind the scenes as bank cashier while D. O. Mills, from lofty Sacramento banking circles, fronted as bank president. Mills provided prestige while Ralston ran the entire financial operation. Their bank was heavily involved in land and sea transportation, all backed by the fabulous wealth of Nevada's Comstock Lode.

Among many other important involvements, Ralston was a director of the Central Pacific Rail Road Company. His financial support for the new construction to Los Angeles is thus easily understood. His consternation and almost violent disapproval when he learned that a whole new town was to be named in his honor is less easily understood but is consistent with his inclination to remain unapparent.

Ralston adamantly refused to allow his own name to be used. In a town meeting to select a more acceptable name, Judge Stakes, a local dignitary, suggested Modesto, Spanish for modesty. If Ralston insisted on modesty, modesty was what he should have. The suggestion was accepted unanimously.

The new town with its unusual name literally sprang into being. The railroad land developers had platted a large city bisected by railroad tracks.

Lots were sold quite cheaply in order to attract buyers and by the end of 1870 houses from earlier surrounding settlements, such as Paradise and Tuolumne City, were being hauled in at the rate of three or four a day. For months the rural roads were thronged with caravans of houses, merchandise and people, all enroute to the new town of Modesto. In the first sixty days, the infant city gained seventy buildings and a population of over three hundred people. By years end, Modesto was a respectably sized community providing every sphere of commercial and professional activity to the surrounding countryside.

In 1871, by an overwhelming popular vote, the county seat, county archives, and all the county officers were ordered moved to Modesto.

Modesto soon became an extremely prosperous community situated as it was on the road to the southern mines and in the center of a vast sea of wheat, much needed to feed the burgeoning hordes of gold seekers toiling the High Sierra foothills to the east. The miners brought gold; the wheat was sold for gold; and a steady proportion of all that gold passed through Modesto's growing collection of gambling halls, saloons, dance halls, and whorehouses.

Modesto was born a railroad town. The wildest prairie town or mountain mining camp held no edge over booming Modesto.

There were no zoning laws in those early years. Businesses of every sort clustered around the Ross House, a locally famous hotel, and the railroad station. Private homes and commercial businesses occupied lots on both sides of the tracks and were interspersed with saloons, gambling halls, and opium dens. The main saloon district was the Front, paralleling the tracks. Here lay the heart of Modesto politics, for the saloon element possessed able political leaders who delivered the votes as they saw fit. While the many solid citizens of the town argued the pros and cons of political issues, the saloon owners delivered the tie-breaking and deciding votes. All types of activities were completely legal and law enforcement was minimal. The Front was wide open both day and night, with a continual round of noise, drinking, gaming, and thievery. Law and order, such as it was, was in the hands of the lawless.

Years of such nefarious activities palled on the majority of the citizens of Modesto. They soon had enough of the continual noise, the loud and ribald language, and of being jostled from the streets by maudlin visitors. They felt it was time to reclaim their town. So they made quiet plans.

On a Saturday night in the latter part of August of 1879, some two hundred and fifty men, previously recruited and organized, assembled on a knoll east of town, brought from their homes in the early evening by some secret communication. They were all thoroughly armed and were led by their Captain, a man of family and property, an advocate of law and order and, up until that very night, a law abiding citizen.

Donning black masks and hoods, the well armed group marched silently into town straight to Sullivan's dance hall where, deployed five and six deep across the entire saloon frontage, they called loudly for the appearance of Sullivan. The crowd of celebrants inside, alerted by the call and peering out at the impressive array of shiny guns and black garb, stampeded for the rear exits.

Sullivan, a brave and self-assured man, presented himself unarmed to the vigilante group. He was instructed to close his business immediately. Without argument, he did exactly as ordered and soon left Modesto permanently.

Flushed with success, the vigilante group descended on the notorious Alley between G and H and Ninth and Tenth streets, where all the female residents were ordered out of town. A few inmates waited for the morning train but most walked off into the night to find other, friendlier quarters.

The Johnson dance hall was the next vigilante target. Johnson was given the same order earlier delivered to Sullivan. He also closed his business but stayed in town to later become a popular constable.

Following these quick successes, the vigilantes overran several Chinese fan-tan and opium parlors. Those frail buildings were pulled forcibly to the ground, their contents piled up and burned, their occupants ordered to leave town.

Totally successful, the vigilants dispersed into the night. Their raid had been a complete surprise and no blood was shed. Further, no attempt at retaliation was suffered. It is a measure of the frustration and resentment borne by the solid citizens of the new town of Modesto that out of a total population of some 2,000 souls, 250 vigilantes could be assembled.

The vigilante raid of 1879 left its mark on the

activities of Modesto, but not for long. Within a few months, life on the Front was strictly business as usual. The town remained in the grip of the rougher elements. Pistol duels and drunken brawls returned. Robbery and thievery abounded under tenderloin control. The outnumbered police again were unable to keep the denizens of the Front within the bounds of decency. Lawlessness stalked the village unmolested. The whole of Stanislaus County was controlled by the saloon element of Modesto, whose elected sheriff played the political game according to the rules then in vogue.

Talk of public lynchings arose when disturbances at a nearby roadhouse erupted into a series of riots and a sixteen-year-old boy, visiting the Front in youthful curiosity, was murdered without explanation. These events again lit the fuse of public resentment and indignation. The bomb went off when the Doane, Robbins, McCrellis affairs and involvements became public.

The indigent J. N. McCrellis family had recently moved from Mariposa County to live in a small house provided by Joseph Doane in the rear of the saloon he operated in his own home six miles east of Modesto on the road to Waterford. Storms of public opinion evolved around the two McCrellis girls, aged nine and eleven. It seems they were made "available" by their parents. Who objected to this arrangement, or why they spoke out, is not known but the law descended on Joseph Doane and J. J. Robbins. Both men were taken into custody, both gave bail, and both were released, to stand trial later.

Although the unsavory reputation of Joseph Doane was well known, public outcry did not develop against him for his relations were entirely with the older girl, who was beyond the legal age of consent of those early times. In addition, she had her mother's permission. But with J. J. Robbins, it was an entirely different matter. He was an older man, white of beard, a well known newspaper reporter and real estate agent. He was accused of misconduct with both McCrellis girls, and with others unnamed, in his downtown office.

As the dates for the trials of the two men approached, and the town populace became aware of the seriousness and magnitude of the charges, public feeling against the two accused men became bitter. By the time Robbins was to the returned from Lathrop, to which he had fled under bail, public revulsion against him was burning bright. When it was learned in Modesto that he would soon be arriving by train, several hundred men, many with ropes, eagerly gathered at the railroad station to greet him. A telegram to Lathrop warned of the welcoming committee so the prisoner was lodged in the Stockton jail for his own safety. Had Robbins been returned to Modesto, he would surely have been lynched. Just in case the frustrated mob turned their anger against him, Doane was hustled off to safety in the county jail.

Both Doane and Robbins were given preliminary hearings by justice of the peace C. W. Eastin.

Doane was released after he proved to the court's satisfaction that the elder McCrellis girl was of age in such matters and had given her consent. Robbins was bound over to the superior court.

After many irritating delays, on February 11, 1884, Robbins was called up before Judge Hewel to answer the charges against him. He had able defense counsel in W. E. Turner of Modesto and W. L. Dudley of Stockton. The prosecution's case immediately collapsed when both McCrellis girls swore to the existence of certain marks and tattoos on the person of the defendant. Robbins stripped for examination in the courtroom. No such marks being found, the prosecution's case was abandoned and Robbins was released.

Public opinion became bitter toward Doane, Robbins, and the McCrellis family. The people of Modesto considered the McCrellises unworthy of their fair city. They firmly believed that the girls had lied in court and that Robbins was guilty as charged. They were also sure that the dismissal of the case against Doane was pure evasion of the law.

Shortly thereafter, the three principal parties received privately delivered, more or less identical, notes directing them to leave Stanislaus County immediately. Written in a bold backhand on light brown grocer's paper, the warnings reads:

March 1, '84

From this date you are notified to leave this county within ten days of date, fail not on pain of death.

San Joaquin Valley Regulators

The targets of this vigilante activity took the warning, each in his own manner.

Robbins permanently departed for San Francisco, deeply relieved to be safely gone.

Doane became belligerent. Ignoring good advice that he leave town for a few months, he armed himself and displayed the warning letter to his cronies, who plied him with liquor and advised him to fight his enemies. On March 10, while intoxicated, he drew his pistols on W. C. Clark, a highly respected farmer and the father-in-law of Superior Judge William O. Minor, and would have shot the judge if the judge had not used a cane to good advantage and several bystanders interfered to prevent bloodshed.

Doane remained intoxicated. He paraded the streets of Modesto with the McCrellis girls, taunted officers of the law and dared anyone to interfere. In his barroom he flaunted the girls, admitting to and describing the details of his shocking outrages against them in coarse language and coarser jest. This scandalous conduct went unchallenged until the night of March 19, 1884.

On that Wednesday evening, the Regulators gathered at the old Dry Creek bridge, which was more than high enough to hang a man. The masked, well armed, and mounted men, again directed by their Captain of five years earlier, rode to the Doane place to capture him. They left guards scattered along the road and at the bridge so no one would interfere with the night's proceedings.

Halting close to the Doane saloon, seven or eight of the armed and hooded men entered the establishment and curtly ordered the uplifting of hands by all those present. All complied in haste except Doane, who reached for his arsenal. A shot rang out and Doane fell dead. All customers were ordered home; all Doane employees were ordered out of the county. The McCrellises pleaded poverty and removed to Los Angeles the following day.

Three days after Doane was shot, the following notice was sent to over thirty citizens of Modesto:

You are herby notified to leave Modesto within twenty four hours and never return, under peril of your lives. Remember Doane's fate.

San Joaquin Regulators

Modesto, March 31st, halfpast 10 P.M."

Quite a few of the recipients heeded this grim warning. Others, brave or impudent, did nothing. The rest cried loudly to previously disregarded authorities for protection.

The Regulators appeared on the streets of Modesto one more time, on Saturday, April 15, about 10 P.M. They warned casual pedestrians to disperse and again visited the Alley, which had by then fully recovered from the effects of the 1879 raid. Inmates of the Alley were ordered to depart Modesto at once. Houses of prostitution were entered and warned against boisterous conduct. Chinatown was once more overrun, all the opium that could be discovered being summarily destroyed.

The Regulators came under much public criticism for this latest raid. Opinion was deeply divided, with some open resentment. On April 18, the Regulators warned against active opposition to their activities, or reprisals against supposed or imagined Regulators.

In justification of their extra-legal activities, the Regulators published the following statement in the local press:

PROCLAMATION

We have made no order we do not mean to enforce; no promise we do not intend to fulfill. No notice has been given without positive proof that the parties named were guilty as charged. We take nothing back; apologize for nothing. We wage war on none but the evil doer. No one, be he laborer, saloon keeper, merchant or farmer, need fear anything from us as long as he conducts himself as a law-abiding citizen–but we do intend to make every one responsible for the gang he keeps around him and protects and supports, and for the character of the house he keeps. Our work is before the people–they can see what we have done. Compare the condition of affairs in Stanislaus county now with what they were prior to March 19th and see if we have done anything good or saved the taxpayers any burdens. But one arrest in Modesto in six weeks; no fights; hardly a drunk. Our wives and daughters can walk the streets without being insulted or being pushed from the walk by prostitutes. Our nights are no longer made hideous with drunken rows; the "Alley" is silent and deserted; and our courts are no longer blocked with criminal cases and all with no cost to the taxpayers, but is solely the work of the San Joaquin Valley Regulators.

Modesto, Cal., April 28, 1884.

With that declaration made public, and feeling their work well done, the San Joaquin Valley Regulators vanished forever from the scene.

Modesto was maturing rapidly. It was no longer a small town or large village. A certain civic pride was developing which made further vigilantism totally unacceptable. On August 6 of 1884, Modesto became an incorporated city and fully accepted all the responsibilities of its own destiny.

The economy of Modesto is no longer dependent upon gold and vast acreages of dry-land wheat farming. It is now based on hard work and a wide variety of irrigated agricultural products made possible by far-sighted pioneering spirits who fought hard for State recognition and approval of local tax entities they called irrigation districts. But that is yet another interesting story about an interesting time and place. ■

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

stands, and built another, longer, and wider wharf up the coast under the Santa Monica Cliffs. Completed in 1893, this wharf was 4,720 feet long, doubled tracked for trains to pass coming and going, and broadened out to a width of 130 feet at its ocean end to make room for seven track spurs and a massive coal storage bunker. On the land end of the wharf were machine shops and a roundhouse. In the construction of this wharf, at the time considered the longest in the world, pilings were used in clusters of 16 at the corners and were 90 feet long with 20 feet of this length driven into the ocean floor.

The finding of oil in the Los Angeles Basin area eliminated the need for imported coal as fuel. At the same time the dredging of the San Pedro Harbor made it a safer place to load and unload ships, and a place that could grow with the increase of shipping activity. The dismantling of this wharf followed. But not all the evidence of the wharf's existence is gone. Divers Smith and Schwemmer showed slides of their underwater photographs of piling stumps and scattered coal piles, discarded bottles and other artifacts. Although the company that had the dismantling job was supposed to pull up the pilings, at times they simply broke off many pilings near the ocean floor as an easier way to do the job. Many of these stumps remain.

In addition to their interesting slides, Smith and Schwemmer displayed on the exhibit table items brought up from the wharf site. Most fascinating were bottles containing clam shells. Immature clams had entered the bottles, had grown to full adult size, and thus were enclosed in a glass trap. ■

Corral Chips

by Donald Duke

All rise! Bow your heads! A minute of silence please! You are among royalty. Pope John Paul II has conferred on *Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.*, and *Raymond Wood* an admission into the Pontifical Order of St. Gregory the Great. No, they will not become priests, a monsignor, or a bishop, but will join a noble order in recognition for their distinguished service to God, country, community, and the local church. The investiture is scheduled for November 21st. After that date they have the right to place after their last names the initials "K.S.G." Each will receive a vellum scroll signed by John Paul. They will also wear the uniform of St. Gregory. So after the 21st, you will kindly address Doyce as Sir Doyce and Ray as Sir Raymond. And don't forget to kiss their rings—no, you will not turn into a buffalo if you don't!

Abe Hoffman is the co-author of *Cliffs Advance Placement-U.S. History Examination Preparation Guide.* It is published as one of those yellow books called "Cliff Notes" so you can bone up on any subject except sex. As an aside, attention Abraham! *Mike Harrison* read your latest book review and comments in the *Branding Iron* stating why doesn't someone write a biography of A.P. Giannini. Mike states you did not go to the library. *A.P. Giannini, Giant of the West: A Biography* by Julian Dana, published by Prentice-Hall in 1947.

CM Jirayr Zorthian became famous overnight in the San Gabriel Valley with the publication of a two-page feature in the Pasadena *Star-News* on August 25th. The feature, entitled "From A to Zorthian: Altadena's most eccentric resident lives his dream amid chaos," describes his residence at the top of Lake Avenue. The article goes on to state that Jirayr is most creative, an artist and designer of things made from junk, and he will live to be 250 years of age if he finishes all the projects he has planned. Oh, by the way, Jirayr is still Corresponding.

Iron Eyes Cody was featured in the Los Angeles *Times* on August 5th a a participant in a three-day Indian powwow held at Costa Mesa. I believe the story includes a picture of Chief Iron Eyes in full dress.

A German-built high-speed train pulled into Los Angeles on Thursday, August 26, 1993, built by Siemens-AEG and under testing by Amtrak. Known as the "ICE Train," which stands for Inter-City Express, this train has done well over 245 m.p.h. on German rails. It is being considered for Northeast Corridor service between Boston-Washington, and for future use between San Diego-Los Angeles-San Francisco if they can ever get the curves and kinks out of the track. Aboard as guests of Amtrak were *Donald Duke* and *Todd Peterson,* Associate *Larry Arnold,* and CM's *Darrell Brewer, Mike Dickerson* and *Bob Kredel.* Past Sheriff *Don Franklin* was at trackside near Orange, waving and jumping up and down as the train flew by. Between San Clemente and the outskirts of San Diego the train hit well over 100 m.p.h. on normal track.

Country doctor *Robert Stragnell* keeps busy at Prescott, Arizona. He is a past sheriff of the Prescott Corral and from what I gather Prescott is nearly as big as Pasadena, so hardly can we call him country doctor. He has just finished curating "Landscapes of the West" at Prescott's Phippen Museum of Western Art. Some 70 paintings by 60 artists have been gathered for this exhibit from Alfred Jacob Miller to contemporary art. The display will run through November 11th. Some of the art is on loan from such places as the Southwest Museum, Irvine Museum, Palm Springs Desert Museum, and the Wickenburg Museum. What, no Andy Dagosta cowboy and Indian art in this exhibit? Isn't it about time for another visit, Doc? Haven't you run out of swamp root yet?

Art Woodward: Maverick Southwesterner by Bob Cunningham is a feature of the *Journal of Arizona History* in its Autumn 1992 issue. It talks about his life and career in both Los Angeles and Arizona. It mentions that Woodward was a past sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral. There are several observations in the article from CM *John Gilchriese.* The one thing I remember about Art Woodward was he could drink anyone under the table and be cold sober. He was a true curmudgeon!

(Continued on Page Twenty)

California History Vignettes

by Msgr. Francis J. Weber

Alexander Francis Harmer

There were no professional artists in Alta California during the Spanish-Mexican period. Several foreign illustrators were in and out of the area, but it was only in the 1840s and 1850s that artists began arriving on the scene.

Alexander Francis Harmer (1852-1925) was among the select number of artists who journeyed to the area in later times and few artists or illustrators have portrayed the California missions as ably as he did.

Born in Newark, New Jersey, Harmer first came to California as a member of Company B, First United States Cavalry. A "young man of fine promise," he was discharged from military service in 1874.

Harmer returned east where he found employment as an assistant in a photographic gallery. Later he was admitted to the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. In 1881, he re-entered the army and served in several field expeditions organized to pursue the Apaches.

All during those campaigns, Harmer's pencil was busy recording events upon the trail. His experiences among the Apaches during those hectic times furnished him with a wealth of material which he later incorporated in watercolor, pen and ink sketches and large oil paintings.

In the 1880s, Harmer's life began paralleling that of Frederick Remington who was a few years younger than Harmer. After his service in the army, which lasted this time until 1883, Harmer followed Remington to the West. Between 1880 and 1900, his artistic work was devoted almost exclusively to the portrayal of Indian life.

Harmer made several tours of the California missions, pausing at each outpost to sketch and paint. One of his first commissions came from Mrs. Juan Forster who asked him to paint a large canvas rendition of San Luis Rey Mission.

In 1893, after a sojourn in Mexico, Harmer returned to California where he married Felicidad A. Abadie, the daughter of a distinguished Santa Barbara family. From that marriage there were seven children.

In his later years, Harmer concentrated on depicting scenes from the area's Spanish-Mexican days. In the early 1900s, at the request of Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, Harmer did numerous sketches of Indian life at the California missions to

Alexander Harmer illustration from Father Zephyrin Engelhardt's book SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, THE JEWEL OF THE MISSIONS.

illustrate the friar's books about the religious outposts along *El Camino Real.*

Charles Fletcher Lummis, the enthusiastic champion for the restoration of the missions, encouraged Harmer to perpetuate the earlier days through his art. This the artist did in hundreds of sketches for contemporary periodicals, including *Land of Sunshine* and *Out West.*

In the 1960s, Whitney T. Genns, a prominent bookdealer in Santa Barbara, issued a portfolio of fifty-six *California Missions Engravings* by Harmer, most of which had appeared earlier in the Engelhardt volumes.

Harmer was also an excellent landscape and marine artist. He went on boating trips to the Channel Islands and his paintings of scenes on islands like Santa Cruz are highly prized.

Lummis said that "no other painter has given so much attention to California of the old times, and for that matter, no other painter knew the subject one-half so well." To Harmer's technical skill, which was far beyond the ordinary, is added "the rare distinction of accuracy beyond that of anyone else who has presented like objects." Mr. Lummis knew "of no one else, with half his talent as an artist." ■

Lincoln Freed the Missions!

Familiar to every American is the story of Abraham Lincoln's vow to free the slaves. As a young farmer of nineteen years old, Lincoln was hired to float a cargo down the Mississippi River on a flatboat. There he saw black men, women and children being sold into slavery, like so many cattle. That human parade of misery went straight to me heart of the tall, awkward and sensitive Lincoln. "Someday," he muttered to a companion, "I'm going to set those slaves free."

Every school child knows that Lincoln attained his objective on September 22, 1862, when he issued his famous "Emancipation Proclamation" that freed the blacks in the south.

And now–for the rest of the story. Six months after his decree for the slaves went into effect, Lincoln issued a series of proclamations which "freed" nine of the California missions, thereby confirming their ownership by the Catholic Church.

The first attempt to alienate the missions occurred in 1813, when the Spanish Cortes passed legislation directing that all mission established ten years or longer were to be "secularized" and entrusted to the spiritual care of the local diocesan clergy.

Though not implemented at the time, the legislation was re-enacted six years later and promulgated in New Spain in January of 1821. By that time the process was irreversible.

Following Mexico's independence, things got progressively worse until 1831 when a formalized plan for secularization was published in California. Between 1834 and 1837, all the missions, together with their property and lands, were distributed in accordance with a plan that provided for the appointment of administrators by the governor. Those friars who stayed at their post were to function only as chaplains.

Governor Pio Pico ultimately prevailed upon the Assembly to pass further legislation whereby the land at the missions would be sold or rented. He and his brother, Andres, purchased several of the missions, including San Fernando.

Shortly after California was admitted into the Union, in 1848, the land titles were found to be hopelessly embroiled in bureaucratic technicalities. In 1851, Congress passed a bill to "ascertain and settle private land claims" for California.

On February 19, 1853, Bishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany filed a claim before the United States Board of Land Commissioners asking that the graveyards, quadrangle of buildings, enclosed gardens, orchards and vineyards attached to the missions be returned to ecclesial ownership.

When the Church's claims were finally adjudicated, documentation was referred to the President for final approval. Abraham Lincoln's signature appears on the patents for Santa Ines, San Diego, San Buenaventura, San Fernando, San Antonio, San Francisco Solano, Santa Barbara, San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano Missions.

Some of those original patents are still around and they confirm that Abraham Lincoln truly did "free" the missions. ■

Santa Barbara Mission.

Photograph by Frank O. Newton

Robert Granniss Cowan
1895-1993

Robert G. Cowan, Bob to his legion of friends, was a native son of the Golden State, born in San Francisco, December 14, 1895. Of Irish descent, he was the only child of Robert Ernest and Marie Margaret (Fleissner) Cowan. His father is remembered today as one of California's great bibliographers (an honor shared by his son) and a distinguished bookman (a trait also shared with his son). "Robbie"—the diminutive by which his family called him—grew up in the Bay City. His memory of those halcyon days detailed in his autobiography records a childhood spent in a loving home, not to mention the 1906 earthquake and fire. Educated in the city's public school, he eschewed a college education. During World War I he served in Battery A, Army Artillery Park, 1st Army, American Expeditionary Forces.

While in service he maintained a diary of his experiences as a soldier. The diary commences on May 17, 1918, when his battery departed the Presidio in San Francisco for France, and ends on his official discharge from service in his hometown a year later, May 21, 1919. Happily, Bob published that diary as part of his autobiography. World War I diaries kept by citizen-soldiers are extremely rare. Their rarity is the end result of established military policy at the time: no diaries were kept for fear they might fall into enemy hands and be used in subsequent military planning and actions. Fortunately, a handful (I am reliably told probably less than six) WWI diaries were maintained, and these clandestinely. Cowan's is one of that handful.

It is an informative document, not for military information—for no startling intelligence is recorded—but for the insight it affords into the life and times of real live "dough boys." As such, the Cowan diary is a classic. One of its inherent charms is the recording of field entertainments, for Bob had become involved in his early manhood in barbershop quartet singing, as he possessed a beautiful bass voice that was full-throated and sonorous.

Returning to civilian life, Bob re-entered the jewelry business in San Francisco, a prior involvement cut short by his wartime service. It was at this time that he met his wife-to-be, the California-born Georgia Harvey, whom he wed in October 1919. She prevailed upon Bob to enter the employ of Dill-Crosett, importers/exporters. Subsequently, he became a cashier for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company auto ferry on the Oakland-San Francisco run.

During these early post-war years, his father was appointed librarian by William Andrews Clark, Jr., of Los Angeles, scion of a wealthy Montana copper family. For the first seven years of employment, the elder Cowan divided his time between southern California and the Bay area, where he continued to maintain his residence. In 1926, with the completion of Clark's library building on property at Cimarron and West Adams, the senior Cowan moved to Los Angeles and took up

residence in a house provided by his employer. Unfortunately, due to financial reverses caused by the Great Depression, in 1933 Clark asked his librarian to resign. Robert E. was seventy-one years old, but he decided to remain in Los Angeles, continuing to maintain his keen interest in Californiana.

With the relocation of his parents to Los Angeles in 1926, Bob sold his home in Oakland and moved his family near to his parents' Clark-owned residence on West Twenty-fifth Street. This made it possible for father and son to collaborate on preparing a catalog of the extensive Cowan Californiana collection which Bob had packed and shipped south. Father Cowan had earlier undertaken the preparation of *A Bibliography of the History of California and the Pacific West* which was published by The Book Club of California in 1914. This was a select list of about 1,000 titles, and it made his reputation as a bibliographer, which in turn caught Clark's eye and led to his employment by the millionaire book collector.

The end product of their collaboration, published in 1933, was entitled *A Bibliography of the History of California, 1510-1930.* Some 5,000 titles were recorded, each succinctly annotated, and published in a three-volume set, handsomely printed by John Henry Nash of San Francisco. In 1964 Bob published a fourth volume, the purpose of which was "not to expand the scope nor to alter the design" of the earlier edition, but to "fill some of the gaps that time and discoveries have made." It was designed and printed by the Torrez Press, Los Angeles. That same year a facsimile edition of the original, augmented by Bob's addenda, was also published in reduced size and bound in a single volume. That bibliographic contribution remains a highly useful took to bookmen, collectors, scholars, and researchers.

The Cowan Californiana collection was sold to the University of California at Los Angeles in 1936. Today it is the core collection of the University Library's Department of Special Collections. It is recognized as one of the premier Californiana holdings, ranking alongside the Bancroft, Huntington, and State libraries.

With the completion of the bibliography, aided by his father, Bob entered the stamp business, first in a partnership on Fourth Street near Main, and then relocated in the now razed Philharmonic Auditorium Building at Fifth and Olive. The shop, called the LaCal Stamp Company, was located on the ground floor next to the stage door entrance. A year after the U.S. entered World War II, Father Cowan died, leaving Bob a modest estate which enabled him to dispose of his stamp business and invest in rental property. The role of landlord suited Bob, and he enjoyed managing his properties. Other than a brief stint as an orchestra musician, playing the bass fiddle during the Depression, and his stamp business, he found his greatest success in managing real estate.

By happenstance, I first met Bob in 1958 when I attended my first Historical Society of Southern California meeting. The date was November 21, 1958; the occasion was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Society's founding, held at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History. I was introduced to him by the then assistant executive secretary, Margaret J. Cassidy (Peggy to her intimates). Our association grew more frequent after I became editor of the Society's quarterly publication, for Bob was a member of the Board of Directors and took a lively interest in the Society's various activities. For the ensuing twenty-plus years, he was much involved. This led to a good friendship which was rewarding but not close. We found much in common through our mutual interest in California history and book collecting.

In August 1964, he attended his first meeting of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, and the following month was made a regular member. I, too, had become a member in that same year so that in the ensuing decades, until he had to forego driving and later, walking, our paths crossed regularly not only at the Historical Society's meetings, but also those of the Corral, and on occasion socially.

Bob was very reticent about his private life. He and his wife had two sons, Robert IV, born in 1923, and William Alfred, born in 1924. In his oral history interview for UCLA in 1979, Bob spoke glowingly of his sons, their World War II service, and their subsequent lives. But on one matter he would never speak: his divorce, which was apparently traumatic. Remarriage never entered his thoughts, of that I am sure. But he found a boon companion in Peggy Cassidy. Their shared Irish blood sparked a deep-seated platonic friendship. He once remarked to me she was the best friend he ever had.

During his mature years, Bob authored a number of books. Other than the bibliography he co-compiled with his father, he also collaborated with him on *The Booksellers of Early San Francisco*

(1953). On his own Bob authored *Ranchos of California; A List of Spanish Concessions, 1775-1822, and Mexican Grants, 1822-1846* (1956), an indispensable reference work, and *The Admission of the 31st State by the 31st Congress; an Annotated Bibliography of Congressional Speeches upon the Admission of California* (1962). With the Historical Society of Southern California he published two nostalgic photographic studies, *A Backward Glance: Los Angeles, 1901-1915* and *On the Rails of Los Angeles: A Pictorial History of Its Street-cars.* But his best effort was his slender autobiography, *Foibles*Fun*Flukes*Facts of Life in San Francisco, World War I—France, Oakland and Los Angeles,* published by the Arthur H. Clark Company in 1985. As already alluded to, it contains his World War I diary.

As a person Bob was exceedingly affable, that is, once you got to know him; otherwise, on first encounter he appeared formidable. He was blessed with a wonderful sense of humor; he was an excellent raconteur and a willing conversationalist. He remained active up through his early 90s before the burden of his years began to wear him down. The last three years of his life he was literally housebound due to ambulatory problems. Yet he was game to the end. I recall only too well the times I'd go to his home to pick him up on a Saturday so he could attend the quarterly meetings of the Friends of the Archival Center (he was a charter member of the Board of Directors) which met at Mission San Fernando. It was not easy, for his wheelchair had to be carried in the car trunk and getting in and out of the car was difficult. Undaunted, he would make his way down his home's front stairs, backing down step by step, clinging to the railing; on returning, he would valiantly pull himself back up to the landing where his chair awaited. He had to cease that strenuous effort as frailties made their inroads on his once robust constitution. But give him his due: he had true grit!

Death claimed Bob on August 3, 1993, after a brief hospitalization, a few months shy of his ninety-eighth birthday. He requested to be cremated. Following his wishes, no funeral was held. His ashes were placed with his parents in the Chapel of the Pines, located next door to Rosedale Cemetery. A memorial service was held at Mission San Fernando on September 15, presided over by Msgr. Francis J. Weber. Tributes were paid by Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., on behalf of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners; Thomas F. Andrews, for the Historical Society of Southern California, and Glen Dawson, veteran Los Angeles antiquarian bookman.

At Christmas time Bob for many years baked his special cookies for select friends and delivered them to their door as his Yuletide gift, a tradition he maintained until he could no longer physically manage it. A few Christmas's ago, he gave each of his friends a ballpoint pen. On it was stamped this simple message: "BE HAPPY TO HAVE A LONG LIFE. ROBERT G. COWAN." I can think of no better epitaph, so let that be his.

Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

Corral Chips (continued). . .

Several Los Angeles Corral members were guests of the United States Coast Guard on September 9, and went for a cruise aboard the Coast Guard Cutter *Conifer* between its base at Terminal Island and Catalina. A stop was made at Two Harbors to remove a buoy and then on to Avalon for a two-hour visit. On board were *Donald Duke* and *Todd Peterson,* Associates *Larry Arnold* and *Robert Schwemmer.* Arnold, an old salt, told stories of his Naval engagements during World War II to crew members and kept them in awe! Helmsman Schwemmer had to the removed from the wheel of the "Cutter" as he was always two degrees off course! Apparently Schwemmer does better underwater?

On Sunday, September 5th, your writer turned on the television to Channel 9 to watch a show listed as a "History of the Theatres of Downtown Los Angeles." The show was called "Story Behind the Story." It wasn't a show about theatres at all, but a mixed bag of Southern California "then-and-now" stories. They began to discuss the old gambling ships and who should appear on the screen? Yes, Sheriff *Ernest Marquez,* and he told the story of the gambling vessels such as the *Rex.* Ernie came across well, but think he is a better candidate for the *Roseanne* show!

Resident mission consultant *Norman Neuerburg* was a speaker at the University of Santa Barbara's conference called "Restoring Historic Adobe California" held on July 24th. His topic was "How the Art Historian Uncovers Secrets of the Past." His talk should have been "How to botch up the restoration of Mission San Gabriel!"

Richard Waldo Cunningham (aka Captain

Ahab) wrote a very interesting piece for the Ventura County Merchant Marine Monograph No. 93, entitled "The Ship of Five Names—*La Jenelle*." Many will remember the *La Jenelle* that came ashore during a heavy storm in 1970 at Port Hueneme, became grounded, and rolled over. She was to be a sort of floating museum or something like the *Princess Louise* was in San Pedro Harbor.

What has happened to *Don Pflueger?* Has he swallowed the "Big Orange?" He has not been around for at least three months. Your *Branding Iron* reporter got a "Request for News" form in the mail today and the mystery is solved. Unable to find decent "baklava" in Claremont, he and his son made a trip to the East. Flying to Copenhagen, they took a series of trains to Athens, boarded a cruise ship, sampled the cities along the Black, Aegean, and Adriatic seas, going as far unwest as the Crimean city of Yalta. Conclusion: the "baklava" in Claremont ain't so bad after all!

Our San Bernardino Correspondent, CM *Arda M. Haenszel,* who was in charge of the California history room at the San Bernardino Public Library, has sent in her report. She has received two gold stars from the City of San Bernardino Historical & Pioneer Society for her many years in which she has accumulated the history of the San Bernardino Valley and the Mojave Desert. CM *Larry Burgess* says, "She keeps a network together by herself and her newsletter." Your reporter knows that Ada knows more about San Bernardino County than anyone. ■

[A letter received from C.M. *Jirayr Zorthian* contains information that deserves being brought to the attention of the Corral membership. Because the Branding Iron has no letters to the editor section, it seems logical that Zorthian's telling of action to be taken would follow Donald Duke's report of Members' action already taken. The following is an edited version of the letter.]

The Editor

* * *

The unveiling of *Pioneer Barter.*

As everyone knows, I have been a Corresponding Member for many years. To be moved to Associate Member status, it has been suggested that I write an article for the Branding Iron, or have a little art show, or help with the Fandango, etc., etc.

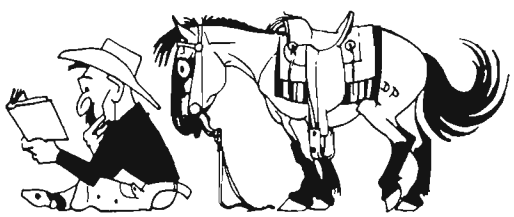
Partly because I am still not "retired" at age 82 and I have to spend many hours in my studio as well as run a forty-five acre ranch with horses, goats, pigs, and construction, it's been difficult to find the time, also because my direction in art is not always conducive to the Westerners' taste.

Finally, I have thought of something that might be of interest to all—an art unveiling. The work of art I am proposing for the unveiling (sixty by eighty inches in size), done entirely in compressed charcoal, is called the *Pioneer Barter,* a protest drawing of our treatment of the Native Americans from 1850 to the turn of the century. I had been thinking of doing this for years. When the film *Dancing With Wolves* was received so favorably by the public, I decided that it was high time I did it. There will be other works shown with this piece, all much smaller and done much, much earlier. I hope I will be able to do this soon. If it is possible, I would like to have Iron Eyes Cody at the occasion.

I don't expect that all of you will like this piece, but I'm sure that you will not forget it immediately.

Jirayr H. Zorthian

■



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

BIG EYES; *The Southwestern Photographs of Simeon Schwemberger, 1902-1908,* by Paul V. Long. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1992. 205 pp. Illustrations, Notes, Selected Bibliography. Cloth, $32.50 plus $2.25 S&H. Order from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131.

Big Eyes, as translated from Navajo, is an apt title. Its subtitle signals that this is a coffee table style collection of pictures that are newly offered as a group.

Simeon, Sim for short, had left his Ohio home in 1901 and was now near Window Rock, Arizona, where he labored at gardening. He had failed to

(Continued on Page Twenty-Three)

Photograph by - Iron Eyes Cody

William G. Lorenz
1914-1993

William Gordon Lorenz was born in Los Angeles, December 5, 1914, son of William H. Lorenz Jr. & Edith Kimes Lorenz. His grandfather, William H. Lorenz Sr., was born in Schleswig-Holstein (then Germany, now Denmark). The Senior Lorenz became Sheriff of Clinton County, Iowa, which is perhaps one of the reasons our Bill Lorenz so much enjoyed being Sheriff of the Westerners in 1989.

William G. Lorenz grew up in Calexico learning what he called border Spanish. After graduating from high school, he left home to enlist in the navy to see the world, which he literally did for six years on the S.S. Louisville. At the time of Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, he was a civilian employee in the naval shipyard. During his time in Honolulu, he became acquainted with Joe Herweg, a Honolulu bookseller. Joe Herweg moved to San Diego, where he and Lorenz were friends and associates. In Oahu, Bill was married to Carol Tewis, who died March 3, 1971.

During World War II, the Lorenz family left Hawaii and came to Southern California in September 1943, where Bill was to work in the Terminal Island shipyards. Soon, however, Bill became involved with the newly growing frozen food business. He was for much of his career a national sales and district manager of the Gorton Corporation, whose specialty is frozen fish. His position involved much travel and contacts with many business leaders, including the Andersen of split pea soup fame.

I first met Bill in 1971 when he came into Dawson's Book Shop looking for *Baja California Al Dia* by Vivanco. I suggested he attend the 9th Baja California Symposium, held in Santa Ana. He followed my suggestion and attended Symposiums regularly, including the one in his boyhood home of Imperial Valley in 1993.

In 1977, Bill married Edna Hegge Wallen. They had known each other in the food business. Bill and Edna enjoyed being together at their cabin at Big Bear, travel, theater, concerts and Dodger games.

Bill spoke to the Westerners March 1977 on Imperial Valley, and May 1983 on William Franklin Holt and Harold Bell Wright. He joined the Westerners in 1975 and served as Wrangler Boss, Keeper of the Chips, Deputy Sheriff and in 1989 as Sheriff. With his tall frame, his mastery of detail and his no-nonsense authority, he was every inch a Sheriff. He was diligent and punctual in all his duties as a Trail Boss. Tom Andrews allowed the Trail Bosses to use the Lummis home as a meeting place and Bill enjoyed his active membership in the Historical Society of Southern California.

Bill was an active member and supporter of the Long Beach YMCA. He served as president of his homeowners' association. One of his talents was being able to repair the elevator when it stuck.

A gourmet cook, Bill loved to create meals for his family and friends. His time in the islands and Mexico, and his knowledge of fish influenced his

cooking. He was once featured as "Personality Chef of the Week" in the Long Beach Press Telegram. He believed in people and saw the increasing ethnic diversity of Southern California as a potentially powerful example to the nation and world of what could be.

Edna, Bill, Mary Helen and I had many adventures in Baja California together. In 1980, we rented a car in La Paz, attended the symposium in Loreto with the voyage to Carmen Island and then took Annetta Carter with us to Magdalena Bay. In 1983, we were able to get to La Paz before the flights were cancelled and participated in the smallest Symposium ever held. We visited the site of the American base at Pichilngue and the four of us drove to Todos Santos. In 1985, we went to San Felipe by way of Ensenada and circled Consag Rock. In 1986, we took a boat ride to the rocky point of Cabo San Lucas. In 1988, at Bahia de Los Angeles, our boat was separated from the main group, but did not diminish Bill's usual enthusiasm and optimism.

Bill was self-educated by extensive reading. From 1975 to 1991, he was in the antiquarian book business in Long Beach as the Associated Book Service. This was partly business and partly avocation. He also appreciated music and art. He tried his hand at publishing: *Progress in Flying Machines* by Octave Chanute.

William G. Lorenz died August 19, 1993, of complications following a heart attack. He is survived by his wife Edna Lorenz of Long Beach. Between them, Bill and Edna have four children, ten grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. A brother, Jack Lorenz of Calexico, and sister Jeanne Hein of Yucaipa also survive him. The Westerners has made a memorial gift in memory of Bill to the Historical Society of Southern California.

Glen Dawson

Western Book Trail. . .

qualify for Franciscan Priesthood but was accepted as a Brother, which relegated him to menial tasks.

He became friendly with the Navajos who came and went continuously and, not being a "boss man," could better relate to them. The name Big Eyes, given to him by them, had perhaps as much to do with his camera lens as his bulging eyes.

Sim was not completely resigned to manual labor and exchanged letters with a member of the famous Hubbell Trading Post family.

He had decades of life ahead so, in hope of bettering his lot, learned the essentials of photography. A far-sighted Franciscan Father recognized the historical value of passing events and bought Sim a camera and supplies with mission funds.

The West was then awash with many photographers running about expecting instant posing and access to all ceremonies, invited or not. Sim, being part of the scenery, had unusual advantage over outsiders.

Word spread about his pictures and he was getting better. His efforts yielded a small profit for the Franciscans.

In 1909 Sim moved on to Gallup and set up his own photo gallery. His views bought by individuals, and now found in museums, indicate that he was making hundreds of prints and dozens of albums. But photography did not bring in enough profit for in late 1911 he worked for Hubbell a short time, visited FLorida and returned to manage Hubbell's Cedar Springs post. Hubbell, by then, had many posts and a spreading fame. It was here that Sim learned how to trade with the Indians.

The book goes on about his later marriages, arguments over ownership of his scattered files, and copyrighting matters. The dozen or so pages following show a number of his views along with an essay on ceremonial and initiation affairs. The last half of the book brings the reader to some 100 scenes and portraits. There is a striking similarity to the A. C. Vroman book of 30 years ago.

Sim seems to have captured natural and relaxed postures, but those proud people sometimes came overloaded with their best finery. Nevertheless, one notes haunting expressions, reflecting a hard life.

The book's good print quality did not come easily, in spite of being from contact prints of the glass plates. Their condition, when found, must have been truly shocking.

An essay by a co-author and more views makes up the last chapter.

Lists of notes and sources are followed by a selected bibliography. One criticism is a lack of index which is often a great help to researchers.

All in all, this book is useful and deserves a place on our shelves on Native Americans.

Frank Newton

BURIED TREASURES OF TEXAS: *Legends of Outlaw Loot, Pirate Hoards, Buried Mines, Ingots in Lakes, and Santa Anna's Pack-Train Gold,* by W. C. Jameson. Little Rock: August House, 1991. 203 pp. Maps, References. Paper, $9.95. Order from August House, P.O. Box 3223, Little Rock, AR 72203.

The emphasis of this book is on the legends and myths about buried treasure, rather than on the probable location of such loot. Each chapter narrates some hair-raising tales about how the treasure–gold nuggets, coins, bullion, silver ingots, or whatever–came into the possession of the final owner (though he was not necessarily the legal owner), but the concluding paragraph usually states something like–"and so a treasure in–nuggets, bullion, coins, or whatever–still lies buried in So-and-so County in Texas" or "...somewhere deep below the cool blue waters lies a great fortune in gold and silver."

The chapters are divided geographically into seven areas of Texas, and each area has from three to six tales, many involving a well-known name, such as Sam Bass, or referring to legendary lost mines, such as the San Saba or the Los Padre mine in the Franklin Mountains near El Paso. In this instance the author gives us some rather unsupported legends about El Misión de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, across the Rio Grande from today's El Paso, including a misprinted date of founding–1859 for 1659. What he doesn't explain is how the Franciscans of that era, on a primitive frontier, were able to accumulate 250 mule-loads of mission wealth in the 21 years between 1659 and 1680, especially since the ore from the Franklin mine was "smelted down into ingots and shipped to Spain" as soon as it was brought from the mine. Nor does he explain how a legend could have arisen that states that three Franciscans were buried alive by their fellow missionaries in 1680. Unfortunately, the book has no footnotes, no endnotes, and no index. There is a page of "References," of 27 items, of which six are to his own works.

If you wish to read some unusual legends, stories or myths about lost treasures in Texas, this is your book; but if you anticipate using it to locate any of these treasures, you will be disappointed.

Raymund F. Wood

ROPING CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH, Southwest Humor by Curt Brummett. August House Publishers, Inc., Little Rock, AR 72203, 1991. 96 pp. Paper, $6.95.

"Curt Brummett's business card says that what he does is 'Semi Pro, Pert-Near Full Time Short Story Reading and Telling.' Well, before he reads them, he's got to write them down–and that's what he's done in this book." This is a quote from the back of this very short book.

Curt Brummett is a real, gin-you-wine cowboy who grew up in eastern New Mexico. He is still a cowboy, living on and working a ranch in eastern New Mexico. Having lived in New Mexico and known some real cowboys, Brummett, it seems to me, has that peculiar ability they seem to have, of an almost photographic memory for funny incidents. As John O. West says in the introduction: "Could any youngun have had that much fun...?"

This book consists of eleven funny stories, only one of which has the same title as the book. Some of the stories take place when Curt was a teenager, such as the time he and his two friends salted old Slimtech's (the school principal) box lunch just after he had bought it from the "dread man-hunter," Widow Hausetter. The boys were caught and had to eat the lunch themselves. Or the time Curt made a parachute out of a pillow case and talked his little sister into testing it by jumping out of the second story of the barn. The parachute didn't open and she landed on the cab of his father's pickup while dad was in it. No one was hurt except Curt, who got the spanking. Other stories take place while he is married, such as the time he put two, that's right, two, 200-pound calves in the back seat of his wife's 1965, two-door Pontiac Tempest. You can imagine what they did to the car.

I had better stop before I tell all of his stories and this review gets to be longer than this very funny book.

Thomas R. Tefft