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Headlining Past
J. GOODMAN

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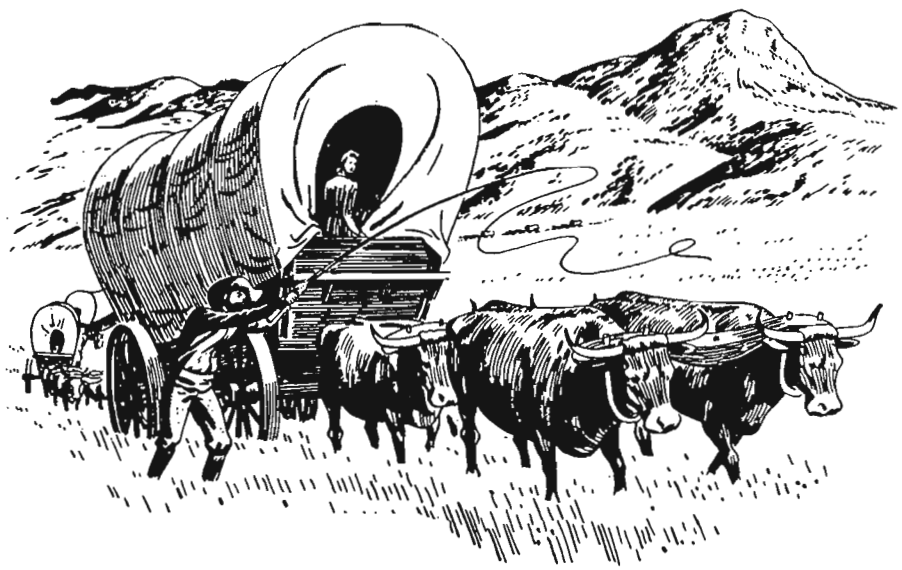

Mountain Meadows Revisited

by B.G. Olesen

The Mountain Meadows Massacre certainly remains one of the most tragic and bizarre events that occurred during the settlement of the western United States. The underlying reason for continuing interest in the Massacre is that the causes have remained an enigma in spite of what some authors have stated. Thus the Massacre has continued to invite investigation, for some to place blame, some to vindicate, and some to shed further light upon the affair. So even 136 years later, investigation deeply touches many nerves simply upon mention. Motivation and causes have been and are still obscured by political involvement, prejudice, guilt, religious dedication, fear of prosecution, lack of first person written records, and perhaps above all, the inability of researchers and writers to place themselves objectively in that time period and situation, in order to discern and describe those causes from what materials are available.

Largely due to this uniqueness, most of the material written on the event concerns operational aspects of the event itself and the perpetrators, perhaps to boredom. But what about the site of the event? Sadly, very little has been written concerning the location or site after 1852, which of itself would seem to be a straight forward subject; however it is most certainly not even close to being

(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

NOVEMBER 1993 MEETING

In his talk, "Whiskey Bottles on the Western Frontier," speaker Don Mullally covered, in great detail, the use and production of whiskey bottles in California from the time of the Gold Rush to the turn of the century. This interest in whiskey bottles began with his finding some very old bottles on the banks of the Sacramento River.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

November meeting speaker Don Mullally with historic whiskey bottles.

Bottled whiskey came to California both by wagon train and by ship around Cape Horn, with the latter being the way quantity supplies arrived—although, the breakage was high. Early bottles were of clear glass as colored glass was associated with medicine bottles and, therefore, an unappetizing association for avid whiskey drinkers. Whiskey consumption, and the western production of whiskey bottles centered in and

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

simple. More on this later, but first one must understand that Mountain Meadows is not what it was when the Massacre occurred and it is essential to understand the evolution of the site in order to comprehend the discoveries related to the Fancher/Baker wagon corral location discussed here.

The first known description of the Meadows was given by Fremont when he visited the area in 1842, in which he said, "May 12 We considered ourselves as crossing the rim of the basin: and, entering it at this point, we found here an extensive mountain meadow, rich in bunch grass, and fresh with numerous springs of clear water, all refreshing and delightful to look upon."

The next description was given by Orville C. Pratt, a young lawyer, who with an escort of 16 men had left Santa Fe on August 28, 1848 on his way to California. He was impressed by Mountain Meadows and wrote, "Wednesday Oct. 4th 1848... Camped at the Vegas of Santa Clara, to stay for a day or two to recruit the animals. Found the best of grass and plenty of it... Thursday Oct 5th 1848 Remained in camp today at the Vegas... The animals are doing finely on the excellent grass they get here. There is fine & tender grass enough growing on this Vegas to fatten a thousand head of horses or cattle."

Then when Parley P. Pratt visited the area in 1852 on his way to a church mission to the Pacific Isles, he said "April 23, 1851: After passing a few miles of very hilly road, we came down upon a small stream which heads in numerous spring meadows near the rim of the basin, on the divide between it and the Colorado. Here we stopped to rest on Saturday and Sunday. This little mountain paradise was, by the present road, three hundred and eleven miles from Great Salt Lake City, and was altogether the most beautiful place in all the route. Some thousand or fifteen hundred acres of bottom or meadows lands, were spread out before us like a green carpet richly clothed with a variety of grasses and possessing a soil both black, rich and quick... It is everywhere moistened with springs, and would produce potatoes, vegetables and small grains in abundance without watering."

The historian, Gwinn Harris Heap, who wrote of the trip Edward F. Beale made to California in 1853 when he stopped at Mountain Meadows on August 4th of that year, states, "It is here that we saw the first of the meadows of the Santa Clara, which give some celebrity to this region... This vega was covered with tender grass and watered by numerous streams, which preserve its freshness even during the most sultry seasons...their uniform verdure and level surface, shaded in many places by extensive glades of cottonwoods, offered a delightfull feeling of security as though we were once more within the confines of civilization."

All early visitors agree that the spot was the best camping place for good grass and fresh water in many miles and was a fine place to recruit livestock. Today, and when the following photos were taken, it is obvious that Mountain Meadows has changed significantly from a lush grassy meadow to a sage brush covered valley surrounded by hills covered with Cedar trees which were not there in years gone by. Geological reports suggest very strongly that there have been one or more flash floods in the area that deepened the ravines, causing the water table to fall and, in turn, the grass to disappear. It can be seen in the photographs of this article that there has been a preponderance of desert plants growing in the Meadows since at least the turn of the century and probably much longer. There is little doubt that the ravine next to the existing old stone monument is considerably deeper now than at the time of the Massacre 136 years ago.

Much unfounded and totally invented information has been published on the incident, beginning with Brevet Major Carleton, primarily because on the victims side there were no survivors that could relate the story and on the perpetrators side silence was universal. Thus since the beginning, it has been and continues to be an excellent subject for "authoritative" writing.

Today a visitor to the site can drive up a blacktop road to an impressive new monument on a hilltop, dedicated to the victims of the Massacre. This viewpoint overlooks the probable site of the Massacre and the old stone monument, which consists of a low mound of dark rocks surrounded by a stone fence imbedded with a large bronze plaque, both of which were placed there in 1932 by the Utah Trails and Landmarks Association and the citizens of southern Utah. This stone wall and plaque are shown in Photograph #1. This is probably one of the three gravesites described by Brevet Major Carleton and Assistant Army Surgeon Brewer, but not one of the two described by Enlisted soldier Tommy Cardon. Brewer, in the compa-

Photograph #1 by B. G. Olesen.

ny of Captain R.P. Campbell, from Camp Floyd near Salt Lake City and Major Carleton from Fort Tejon, were requested to bury the remains of the victims as one of their tasks. Each officer described the burial sites in his own terms, but each stated that there were three, some distance apart and gave distances between them. Tommy Cardon, who was with the Campbell contingent, stated that "there were two graves made, one 2500 yards north of the spring containing the men and the other 150 yards north of the first for the women." The problem with all three descriptions is that the initial locator landmarks are vague, such as the "2500 yards distant from the spring." There are a number of springs in the area and the principle one is very large in surface area; however, the one close to the old stone monument seems to fit Carleton's description the best. Maps drawn of the site at that time are very poor and present a real challenge in correlating them with the area. One of them is actually drawn with North shown to be approximately 180 degrees away from actual North.

The old stone monument that currently sits on the edge of the deep ravine there is thought to be where Carleton erected a stone cairn, as he describes it in his own handwritten report—"twelve feet high and fifty feet in circumference, with a wood cross on top bearing the words carved thereon "VENGENCE IS MINE: I SHALL REPAY SAITH THE LORD." Carleton further states "that from the ground to the top of the cross is 24 feet." At the base of the pile of rock, Carleton describes "a rude slab of granite set in the ground and leaning against the base of the monument there is cut the following words:

HERE
120 Men, women, and children
were massacred in cold blood early
in Sept. 1857
They were from Arkansas

Photograph #1, taken in 1992 shows the old monument stone fence as it is today. One must wonder somewhat about that low mound of large stones in the old monument when looking at the size, character, and volume of rocks currently in the area. They are all two-man (or more) lifting size rocks in the monument rock mound. Those in the stone fence are considerably smaller. The mound of stones there now is much more than 50 feet in circumference, but less than three feet high. The monument described by Carleton would be an ambitious undertaking by a small Army group since the rock would have to have been hauled from the nearby hills. Carleton himself

says that they did just that. Today it appears that there are not enough rocks inside the stone fence area to make a monument quite as large as Carleton described. Also one must be curious as to how an Army contingent would get all those words carved in both wood and stone. Would they have anticipated the need for carving tools?

There is no sign of a stone slab there today, which would have had to be of a good size to have all of those words carved upon it. Possibly some of the old stone monument collapsed into the adjacent ravine; but there are no rocks of any size in that ravine. They would certainly have been far too big to have been washed down stream by any flood, because the sides of the ravine are of soft dirt that would have been washed away first, to create an S shaped stream and this has not happened. So where did only some of the rocks go?—assuming the rocks currently there are those that Carleton placed there. While it is conceivable that some bitter people may have torn down such a monument and burned the cross, it is stretching the story to say that they would haul rocks away (by wagon) for any distance. Such an effort would require a dedicated group of people with the possible objective of entirely erasing the site, so why haul away only a relatively small quantity of the rocks? Even with a group effort and considerable dedication, the rocks would, without doubt, have been pushed over the side of the adjacent ravine which would have made more sense from both an erasure and effort standpoint.

Photograph #2 is taken in a north-north-easterly direction at the site of the current old stone monument. There is no date information available for this photograph at this time, but since there is no stone fence around this pyramid shaped rock pile, it must have been taken prior to 1932. There is no doubt that this photograph is of the specific spot where the existing old stone monument sits, because the landscape surrounding this pyramid shaped rock pile exactly matches the landscape there today when the old stone monument is viewed from the same position. The hill in the background is clearly recognizable, and the skyline in the background matches the site. The ravine there, next to the pyramid shaped rock pile, is in exactly the same position relative to the old stone monument there today. It is interesting that in analyzing this photograph closely, the rock in this photograph appears to be very similar to that in the fence today. Also interesting to note is that this pyramid shaped rock pile is much smaller than that described by Carleton and has far less volume of rock in it than is in the currently existing low mound of rock inside the fence of the old stone monument. Further, the rock in the mound inside the stone fence is not the same as that shown in Photograph #2. The stones of the old monument mound are much larger, of a different shape and uniformly darker color. The rock of the pyramid shaped pile of rock in Photograph #2 is of varied colors and type, whereas the rock of the existing low mound is uniform in color and type. Thus it appears that it came from a different location than that of the pyramid shaped rock pile of Photograph #2. It could be concluded that when the stone wall was built, the rock from the stone Cairn was used in that construction because it was of a size that was easy to work with in building the fence and that additional rock was hauled in to cover the gravesite. This would explain why there is more rock in the low rock mound inside the wall now than was in the pyramid rock pile shown in Photograph #2. A man can be seen standing on the opposite side of the ravine in Photograph #2, and using him as a means of comparison (even though at a distance), the pyramid shaped Cairn in Photograph #2 is obviously much smaller than the one Carleton described. The logical conclusion is that someone hauled in more rock and placed them at the site sometime after this photograph was taken. It is probable that The Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association did that, if they felt that the Cairn there was too small to cover the grave site. It could be that in working in the area, they found that the actual gravesite covered more area than the base of the pyramid rock pile and they felt that all should be covered. It is obvious that they did significant work there because some of the steps leading over the wall are of partially cut stone of considerable size.

Paradoxically, it is not positively known that the currently existing pile of rock is over one of the gravesites. No excavation or site testing has been done according to the Dixie National Forest Archaeologist. What is known is that the plaque was placed at the old stone monument site and the fence built around it by The Utah Trails and Landmarks Association and the people of Southern Utah in 1932, "because it was there in about the right spot for the gravesite and it was known that

Photograph #2 Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

the gravesite was marked by a pile of rock" again according to the Dixie National forest Archaeologist. It is also somewhat curious that the other two gravesites have not been relocated even though the three descriptions of their location exist and are relatively exact in terms of direction and distances from each other. Recently there have been ground searches made looking for them, but to no avail. The search is complicated because some of the land is privately owned, has been cleared, is now and has been farmed for years. On top of this are the feelings of some of the local citizens and some of the relatives descendants who would prefer to see the area undisturbed, which is understandable. Very probably, the other gravesite stone markers were of a lesser size and were destroyed during land clearing operations subsequent to the time the early photographs herein were taken.

In contradiction to the authenticity of the existing old stone monument, a local tale says that the pile of rock resulted from the original homesteader's land clearing efforts and that he piled the rocks there to get them out of the way. However, this story is much more than highly suspect in that a person wanting to use the land of a comparatively small overall area would not have made a pile of rocks on a useful piece of that land. He would have, in all probability, dumped them into the adjoining ravine. Further, there is little doubt that the rock in the old stone monument came from the nearby hills and not the flat land because this land is of a fine loam type usually resulting from decomposition and deposition of vegetation, which is very suitable for cultivation. Even the remaining uncleared land, a short distance away, has very little or no rock of that nature on it, even of a small size. Also Photograph #2 proves that the site was specifically marked prior to 1932. Juanita Brooks states that the "Monument" was torn down by 1864, but was again replaced, with the same type of a cross. However, Brooks gives no source, which is interesting, since she was a meticulous researcher. Presumably, it is a locally accepted fact. If this is true, then the pyramid shaped Cairn shown in photograph #2 is of that replacement monument and not the one made by Carleton. If photograph #2 is indeed a reasonably correct replacement of the one Carleton erected, then Carleton did embellish his efforts since this stone monument is smaller than he describes. Neither Brewer nor Cardon mention a plaque or cross or such a large monument.

Photograph #3 was taken from a point further north in Mountain Meadows looking in a southern direction, showing an unidentified man standing by a few larger rocks. There is no doubt that this is a photograph of the Mountain Meadows area since the skyline of the hills in the background matches that of the area. It is probable that this is one of the burial sites north of the one now marked

by the old stone Monument. As of this date no other information is available on this photo, although the style of this person's clothing was popular during the 1920's and early 1930's. It should also be noted that there are electrical power poles and fence posts in this photograph. The small hill so clearly seen in photograph #2 is just to the right of the electrical power pole and to the left of the man in the photograph.

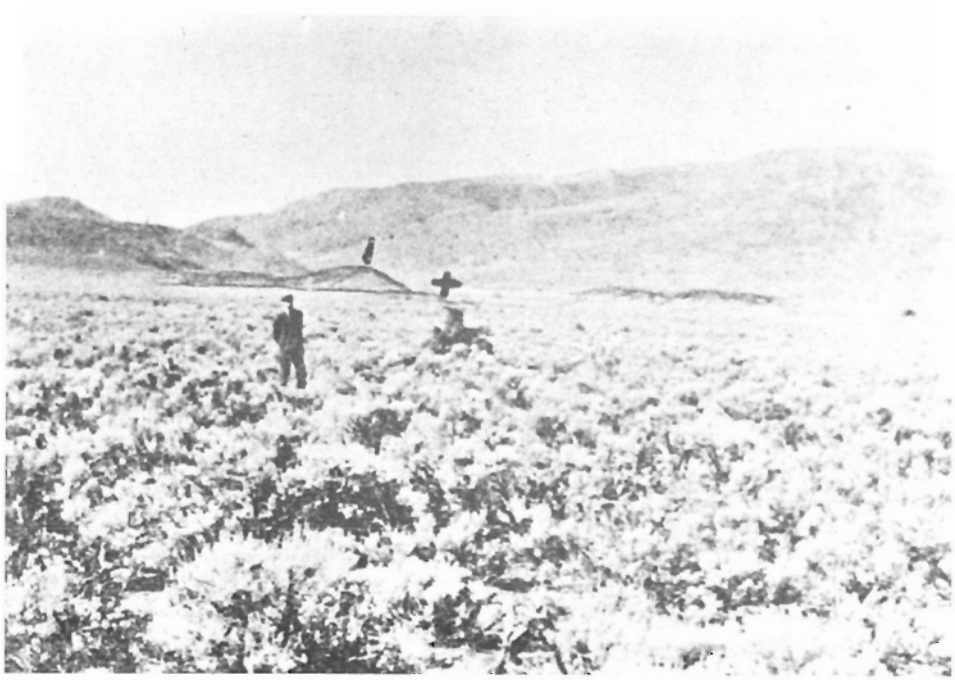
Photograph #4 was also taken looking south in Mountain Meadows and shows a man standing by a larger pile of rocks. This must be an earlier photo of the same site shown in Photograph #3 as shown by looking at the skyline in the background. However, this photograph must antedate photograph #3 due to the style of his suit of clothing and the fact that there are no electrical power poles or fence posts to be seen in the photograph. It appears that this photograph was taken somewhat south of where photograph #3 was taken, but that could be an illusion caused by the use of a different camera lens. Again, date information for photograph #4 is unknown. This also could be one of the gravesites described (apparently the same one as shown in photograph #3), but not the one marked by the existing old stone monument, again, because there is no ravine in the photo and there was always one at the site of the old stone monument as shown by maps drawn of the area at the time of the Massacre or shortly thereafter. The currently existing old stone monument is far to the south of the rock pile shown in photograph #4, near the small hill to the left of the man shown. The "+" above the pile of rocks is an identification mark on the photograph and not a cross on the rock pile. Also the "I" mark over the hill to the right of the man in the photograph is an identification mark.

In 1969, a friend and I visited Mountain Meadows after reading Juanita Brooks recently published book on the Massacre. At that time there were few fences, fewer visitors and largely unused land. We spent the entire day looking around the area and toward the end of the day I found some mounds and adjoining depressions about 100 yards south of the old stone monument. Looking further I found that they had a pattern to them. They were in a "V" shape with the western leg in an arc and with the "V" oriented roughly north and south. The group was set in what would be a natural defensive position just to the west of the large ravine in that area. There were 29 depressions and mounds on the western side of the "V" with one being about 20 feet long. The depressions and mounds were irregular and varied in size and were not regularly spaced and uniform, but there was a mound for every depression and each mound was on the outside of each depression relative to the "V". The width of both mound and depression was about two paces with the length of each set about 4 paces or a little less than 12 feet. The mounds and depressions were in a reasonably contiguous row on each side of the "V", however the mounds and depressions were much less distinct on the eastern leg of the "V" with only a few showing enough too be definite to the eye. The northernmost of the eastern leg was one of the few distinct sets. Since I had no measurement means available, the lengths were paced to provide some relative size information. If indeed this was the location of the Fancher/Baker wagon corral, and if there were a depression and mound under each wagon and between wagons under the wagon tongues, there could have been 15 wagons on the west side of the "V".

Photograph #5, looking in a south-eastern direction, shows the depressions and mounds looking down the line of the western leg of them. The tissue paper (which was all that was available to mark the line of depressions and mounds) can be clearly seen in the foreground and very slightly in the original 35mm slide photograph further away from the camera. Photograph #6, looking south, shows one of the depressions and mounds of the eastern leg of the "V" pattern. Photograph #7 looks south southeast showing two of the depressions and mounds close up. Photograph #8 looks in an east northeast direction from the hill to the west of the site of the depression and mounds, and it is just barely possible to make out the white line of the tissue paper in the lower one-third of the photograph. This white line demarks the western leg of the "V". Fortunately, the entire group was photographed even though it was near the end of the day. I have 24 machine dated 35mm color slides of the area that were taken on that day.

At the time I vaguely suspected that there was a possibility that this could be the site of the Fancher/Baker wagon corral and feel strongly that it is so today. However that must be proved or disproved by an Archaeological dig some time in the future. Carleton's statement that the large pit was 28 yards from the ravine matches the location of these depressions and mounds relative to the large ravine to the east.

Photograph #3 Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

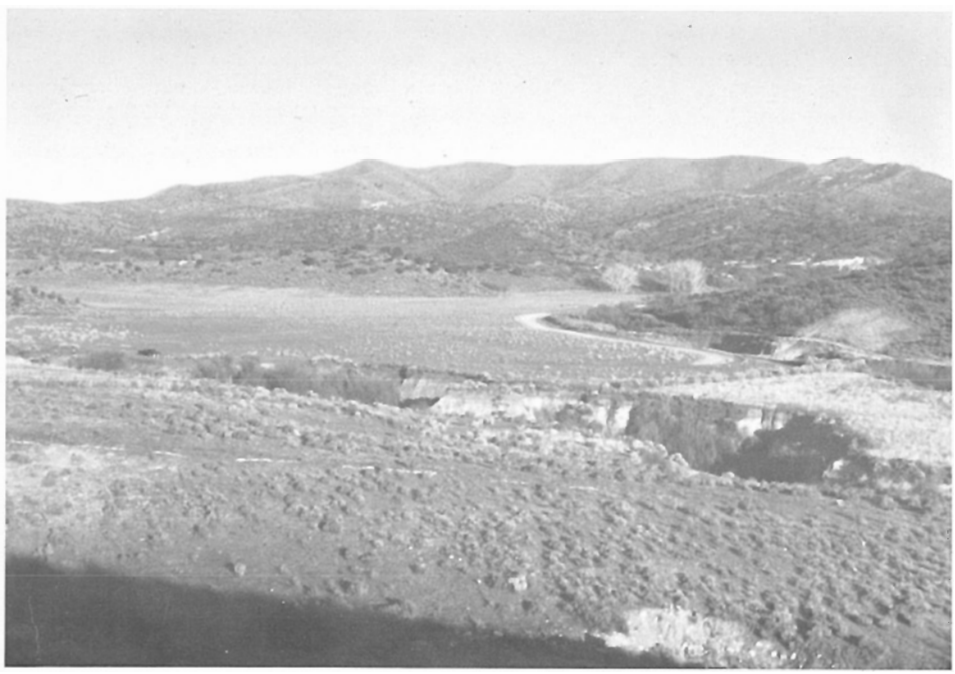


Photograph #4 Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Photograph #5 by B. G. Olesen

Photograph #6 by B. G. Olesen

Photograph #7 by B. G. Olesen



Photograph #8 by B. G. Olesen

Various accounts of the Massacre state that the emigrants did not surrender for nearly a week. Thus it has been puzzling to some writers as to why they surrendered at all, especially since it has been generally accepted that the wagon corral was at or very near the currently existing old stone Monument. Apparently, since they held out for a week, the emigrants were in a very good defensive position, had ammunition and had clear ground around them so that they could shoot at anyone approaching them. Unfortunately the position must also have stopped them from getting away. They could only have gone north from the site, of the depressions and mounds that I found, because of ravines on the east and west side of the site and a hill on the North side of the site that provided a good sheltered position for the besiegers. The answer as to why they surrendered is right in Carleton's handwritten report in which he says "Indians...concealed around the spring and behind the crest of the hills, kept back the perishing emigrants from water." Also, J. Forney who investigated the Massacre wrote in 1859 that "...the inmates (of the corral) had been without water from five to seven days..." If the emigrants' wagon corral was in the location described here, they could have been shot at and stopped from getting water as they tried to cross the open ground between themselves and the ravine to the east of the corral which did have water in it. If the wagon corral was in the location of the old stone monument on the edge of the ravine, they could have readily gone down to the water at night and could not have been stopped since they could have been covered by gunfire as they went. In another place Carleton states that "The Santa Clara Indians say that the emigrants could not get to the water as the besiegers lay around the spring ready to shoot anyone who approached it." Carleton stated that "by standing in the defensive pit that the emigrants had dug and looking toward the ravine, he could just see the head of one of his men standing in the ravine which was about 28 yards away." The ravine would now be about 3 or 4 times deeper than it was at that time, judging by his description. The fact that Carleton stated that there were 28 yards between the corral and the edge of the ravine proves that the corral was not at the site of the old stone monument which today sits on the very edge of the ravine and is in danger of sliding into it.

An article from "A Correspondent" published in *Harper's Weekly* on August 15, 1859, provides an extremely dramatic description of the site of the Mountain Meadows Massacre which was specifically intended to inflame public opinion, but the article does provide an exact description of the corral site. This "Correspondent" says, "to enable you to appreciate fully the danger of their position I must give a brief description of the ground. The encampment, which consisted of a number of tents and a corral of forty wagons and ambulances, lay on the west bank of, and eight or ten yards distant from, a large spring in a deep ravine running southward; another ravine, also, branching from this, and facing the camp on the southwest; overlooking them on the northwest, and within rifle shot, rises a large mound commanding the corral, upon which parapets of stone, with loopholes have been built. Yet another ravine, larger and deeper, faces them on the east, which could be entered without exposure from the south and far end." This is an exact description of the position of the depressions and mounds that I photographed. Further this "Correspondent" states that the Fancher/Baker party held out for "five or seven days, sinking their wagon-wheels in the ground, and during the darkness of night digging trenches, within which to shelter their wives and children."

Since the total description given in the Harper's article closely parallels that written by Assistant Army Surgeon Brewer in the official reports, and Brewer specifically states in the official reports that he met this train on his way to Ft. Laramie, and this "Correspondent" also states in this article that he met this train on his way to Ft. Laramie, and gives almost a carbon copy description, it is very probable that the "Correspondent" author of the Harper's article is none other than Assistant Army Surgeon Brewer. This "Correspondent" states that he was on the site in the late summer of 1859. We know Brewer was there with Carleton at that time.

In the fall of 1992, I belatedly (after retirement) made arrangements to meet with Dixie National Forest Archaeologist Marion Jacklin at the site to show her the position of the depressions and mounds shown in the photographs and discuss the site with her. There were a number of people there at this meeting, including another archaeologist from the area, Larry Coates of Ricks College History Department, myself and Betty Hunt along with some family members. Photograph #1 includes some of these people. Time does take its toll

though, and the actual site of the depressions and mounds has continued to deteriorate since I visited the area in 1969. Today the site has many more fences, sometimes duplicated side by side, many cattle walking over the unfarmed land, and boundary markers all over the place. Some markers are the result of surveys from space. The numerous visitors to the area are unwelcome in the vicinity around the actual old stone monument because some of it is private land. However, during the 1992 trip, the archaeologists were able to find the exact spot where I had seen the mounds and depressions, and did it faster than I could. They also recognized the spot as a very old Indian camping site because of the arrowhead chips there. They were pessimistic about getting any excavations done on the location though, due to the sensitivity of both the victims relatives and local people.

Coincidences always play a role in whatever task is undertaken, and that happened on this trip when we met Betty Hunt at the new monument by chance that morning. She was there to see the site for the first time, was a very gracious lady much interested in the whole story, and walked all over the area with us. She is, if I recall correctly, the great niece of one of the female children that survived the Massacre.

In conclusion, it is probable that the old stone monument does mark the southernmost grave site of the emigrants, that Carleton built a stone Cairn there, much as the one shown in Photograph #2 and that the Utah Trails group used the stones shown in photograph #2 to build the stone wall around the site. Further, they hauled in the existing large rocks, perhaps to cover the gravesite better. It is quite likely that the Army contingent would have spread out their digging to accommodate more bones as they were found, rather than digging up those initially buried to dig deeper to accommodate all they found. It is probable that Carleton did enlarge upon his efforts, since a monument that impressive would most likely have been mentioned by Brewer and/or Cardon. It is also likely that the stone monument shown in Photograph #4 is of one of the more northern burial sites and that Photograph #3 is of the same spot. Perhaps some of these rocks were also used in the stone fence around the existing old stone monument. The distances stated by the Officers and Cardon would place the stone monument shown in these two photographs at about the right position within the valley. Perhaps sometime in the future, sensible and nondestructive work can be done to find out more about the site.

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Chaffey Home Restoration

The bucolic community of Etiwanda, now part of the city of Rancho Cucamonga, held its first open house for the restored 1874 Chaffey home on November 29, 1993. The modest dwelling belies its historic significance. No architectural masterpiece, the old house was for a short time the home of one of California's great unsung heroes, George B. Chaffey. In that house on December 4, 1882, glowed the first incandescent lamp in southern California, supplied by the long-distance transmission of hydro-electric power.

A native of Ontario, Canada, Chaffey purchased portions of Rancho Cucamonga in the 1870's, founding both Ontario and Etiwanda. A civil engineer, he named the famed double drive Euclid Avenue after the great mathematician. Etiwanda was named for a Canadian Indian chief and friend of the family.

Chaffey realized early that the area's greatest need was water and felt that everyone should bear responsibility in its development, hence he invented the mutual water company by selling a share of

water stock with each acre of land; his concept ultimately led to the creation of water districts. His ideas spread throughout the West with an incredible impact.

After an illustrious career in land and water development in Australia, Chaffey returned to engineer the first canal to bring water to the Imperial Valley. His last project was laying out the city water system for the Whittier area. Currently a statue of Chaffey is being planned for Ontario.

For information on his home call (909) 980-7303.

Donald H. Pflueger

■

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

around San Francisco. Southern California at the time of the Gold Rush, and for many later years, was in wine and brandy production. Whiskey business in the southern part of the state was a small overflow from San Francisco area. In later years, Los Angeles wine dealers also did some whiskey business. Consequently, no whiskey bottles were manufactured in Los Angeles. In the later part of the 19th century Seattle was a whiskey bottle producing city.

The shipping of whiskey in barrels, with bottling taking place in the west, made this business more profitable. Although bottling took place in the west, the names of eastern distillers and bottling companies were used. These names were familiar to serious whiskey drinkers and helped sales, although the names on the bottles did not guarantee the quality of the contents. It was the quality level of the saloon that established the quality of the whiskey served in it.

By the 1890s bottle shapes began to change to mainly longnecked bottles, and a little color—mainly amber—began to appear in the glass. In part, the color of glass in whiskey bottle manufacture was dependent on what coloring agents the manufacturer had on hand. The high time of whiskey bottle production in the west were the years 1860 to 1870.

Slides shown by Mullally pictured samples of outstanding, or special, bottles produced in the past. On the exhibit table Mullally had an array of old bottles—all empty—showing interesting embossed names and designs.

DECEMBER 1993 MEETING

The activities of four generations of news photographers named Watson were reported and illustrated by December meeting speaker Delmar Watson in his talk "When America Had Heroes," the title referring to the fact that heroics, rather than crime, were the popular subjects for photographers of the past.

Photograph by - Frank O. Newton

December meeting speaker Delmar Watson

It was all started by Grandfather Watson who became a photographer in 1900, moved to Los Angeles in 1904, and was hired by the Los Angeles *Times*.

Of all the Watsons—and at times there were as many as four from the same family, each working as photographer for one of the then four newspapers in Los Angeles—Uncle George was the most active over a seventy-five year career. In his time, Uncle George photographed the prominent people of sports, acting, politics, crime, special events, and was credited with several firsts like the first photographs of Los Angeles from the air, and the

(Continued on Page Eighteen)

Rendezvous October 1993

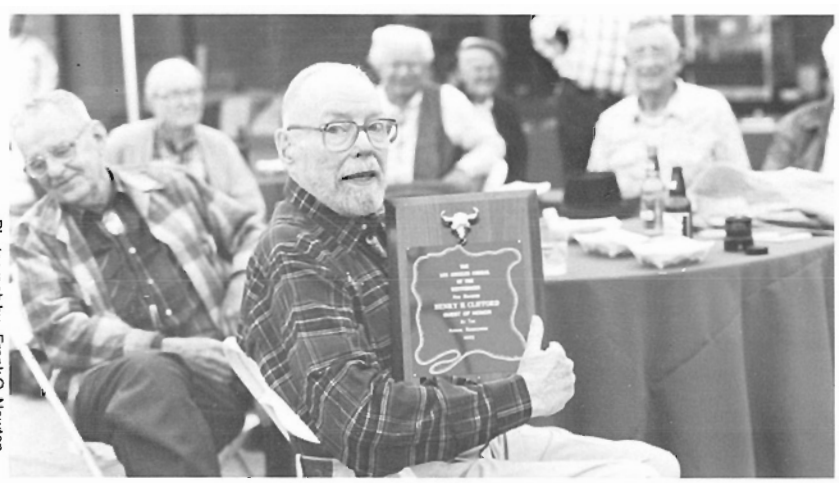
After twenty-six years at the same site, the 1993 Rendezvous was held at a different site. From 1967 through 1992 Al Miller, our deceased friend, offered the use of his ranchito on the banks of the Los Angeles River in the southwest corner of Glendale. This year Registrar of Marks and Brands Tom Bent graciously offered the use of the beautiful grounds of his Sierra Madre home for the 1993 Rendezvous. So for this year the Rendezvous was moved from the banks of the Los Angeles River to the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains. It must have been the nearness of the mountains that put that more than usual happy look on the face of John Robinson, author of many books about most of the mountains of Southern California.

Another happy face, now decorated with a dignified beard, was that of Henry Clifford whose membership spans more than four decades of service to the Corral, including serving as Sheriff in 1960. Henry was surrounded by his well wishing member friends, who heartily endorsed his being the Honored Guest at this year's Rendezvous.

With adjustments, the move to the Bent gardens was arranged with smoothness, and an enjoyable Rendezvous was experienced by the stalwart reliables who attended despite the threatening weather. The unstable weather conditions caused Wrangler Boss Todd Peterson and his crew extra worry and work that they overcame in style. Because of the threat of serious rain—and Saturday morning the area of Arcadia, Sierra Madre, and east Pasadena did have drizzles—a large all-encompassing tent was rented to prevent the

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Cozy, carefree corral members and guests under the special tent.



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Henry Clifford holding special Corral plaque announcing his Honored Guest status.

dampening of spirits not in bottles and cans in the bar. By the time that activity began at 1:00 p.m., the threat of rain had been eliminated almost entirely by the possible intercession of Iron Eyes Cody, who opened the proceedings with his Indian prayer in sign language. It is believed that Iron Eyes threw in a couple of anti-rain gestures among the smooth, graceful hand movements of his prayer.

George Pelonis, of Chris' and Pitts', and his crew adapted to the new site very efficiently and served his delicious—as usual—barbecue steak, beans, baked potato, salad, and apple pie with coffee.

Those who attended the Rendezvous had a very enjoyable time. It must be said, however, that as a fund raiser for money to underwrite the production of Corral publications, this year's Rendezvous was a bit disappointing. The attendance was at least a third less in numbers than in previous years. Because attendance is by advance reservation and payment, the low turnout could not have been because of the weather, the beginning of the World Series, or other short range reasons. Many of the books donated for the auction were not of western or local history subjects, and did not attract worthwhile bidding. Also, with fewer bidders, competition to acquire the good things that had been donated was not there.

It is hoped that for next year's Rendezvous, wherever it may be held, the attendance by the membership will return to the higher numbers of previous years, so that the work of all who make it possible will be worthwhile. It takes a lot of work to put on a Rendezvous. Those who worked on Rendezvous 1993 were Sheriff Ernie Marquez, Deputy Sheriff Mike Nunn, Registrar of Marks and Brands Tom Bent, Keeper of the Chips Bob Blew. Others who gave time and effort were Wrangler Boss Todd Peterson and his crew, consisting of Larry Arnold, Steve Born, Ted Dalton, Mike Galluci, Larry Johnson, Bob Kredel, Ray Peter, Pete Pettler, Bud Runnels, Warren Thomas, Glenn Thornhill, Gary Turner and Jack Weller. And, of course, in constant view and voice were those hard working auctioneers Hugh Tolford and Loren Wendt.

The Editor

Photograph by - Frank O. Newton

Honored Guest Henry Clifford and gracious host Tom Bent.

Photograph by - Frank O. Newton

Iron Eyes Cody and the Editor after Iron Eyes reined in the reign of rain.

California History Vignettes

by Msgr. Francis J. Weber

A Woman Recalls Visit to San Fernando

After touring the California missions in 1856, Mrs. E. Williams wrote her reflections for the April 1863 issue of *The Hesperian,* a Columbus, Ohio, monthly magazine first published in 1838. A portion of that memoir is here presented, courtesy of the Huntington Library in San Marino.

"Scattered up and down our rapidly-growing and prosperous state, like monuments of an epoch already past, stand the rudely-built yet picturesque and attractive edifices known as missions. These consist generally of a church substantially built of adobes and plastered, of a peculiar but not ungraceful style of architecture, and various outbuildings, which were to subserve the different purposes of barns, granaries, or dwellings for those attached to the mission, and a greater or lesser extent of land brought into a condition capable of supplying most of the necessities and many of the luxuries of life.

"These missions, from their attractive situations, have often become centres for towns–and, in many cases, the *pueblos* or villages formed by the settlement of the Spanish soldiers attached to the garrison of the mission, who married native women and became permanent residents, have become the germs even of cities.

"Such is, for instance, Los Angeles–in the garden region of our state–the seeds of whose prosperity were sown by the grape culture introduced by the mission fathers, and whose flocks and herds, covering hill and valley and rapidly increasing in that genial and fruitful clime, were mainly due to the enterprize and energy of men who, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, worked not for themselves but for the world–which has inherited their labors and reaped the fruit of the seed that they sowed and the trees that they planted.

"Among all the missions, for picturesque and so to speak tropical beauty, we should indicate that of San Fernando, about twelve miles from Los Angeles, as preeminent. A widely extended valley, with nearly a level surface, bounded by distant ranges of mountains, at first presents itself; these mountains have a peculiarly barren look, but this defect is almost compensated for by the various and beautiful shades of color they assume–blue, brown and purple contrasting finely with the clear, transparent skies, and with the even surface of the valley.

"The road is bordered by a low growth of shrubbery and cactus. On turning the point of a hill, you come suddenly upon the mission buildings, which, with their surrounding gardens, stand seemingly isolated in the midst of a desert plain, and produce a most beautiful effect. The gardens were enclosed by walls, but the graceful palm rose above them, and groves of olive, lemon and orange trees could be seen within.

"Outside the walls, the surface was barren and gravelly, and the fertility within was the result of irrigation. The building presented an imposing appearance, having a long portico formed by a colonnade with twenty arches built of brick or adobe plastered and whitewashed.

"The floor is paved with tiles, and a pleasant promenade in front of the edifice is afforded. In the days of the prosperity of the mission, a large fountain, with a circular basin ten feet or more in diameter, rose directly in front of the main building. This fountain is now in ruins; its beautiful jet no longer refreshes the palm trees, and is blown back upon the flowers.

"A great variety of tropical fruits still exist there, bearing testimony to the skillful horticulture and industry of the community; and, though the forms of the men who reared the colonnade and planted these trees, and sought refreshment and relaxation in these walks from the cares of business, or from the labors of their mission, have long since passed away, their memory still sur-

vives in the breath of the orange blossoms, in the melancholy and sweetness of the palm–the tree of the desert, the tree of the solitary–communing more with the heavens than the earth, disdaining to spread its branches near the soil, but lifting up in the blue air, far above our heads, its flowers and its fruit."

The Legend of Chief Cahuenga

Most dictionaries define legend as a narrative based chiefly or even partly on tradition, hence of dubious veracity. One of California's more fanciful legends deals with "Cahuenga," allegedly an Indian chief for a tribe that inhabited the area now known as Hollywood.

The name itself probably came from a Gabrielino Shoshonean word. Used for three Mexican land grants, it is found repeatedly, with variant spellings, in documents issued since the 1840s.

The name "Cahuenga" gained historical significance when Andres Pico surrendered to Captain John Fremont at Campo de Cahuenga on January 13, 1847. There was at one time an Indian *ranchería* called Cahuenga.

The "legend" of Cahuenga is generally attributed to Seward Cole who wrote about it in an old newspaper printed in the boom days of Hollywood. Then, in mid 1931, when attempts were being made to change the name of Cahuenga Pass and Lankershim Boulevard to Highland Avenue, Seymour Millikan updated the legend for the Los Angeles *Times Sunday Magazine.*

Early in 1771, according to Millikan's version of the legend, a large band of Indians swooped down from the region north of Tehachapi and fell upon Chief Cahuenga's people. After a desperate battle in which many were killed, the northern invaders withdrew, taking with them nearly a hundred captive women and children and leaving behind a number of their own warriors in the hands of Cahuenga's people.

Fray Junípero Serra, who was then at San Gabriel Mission, heard about it and arranged to have a field hospital established to care for the wounded warriors of both sides.

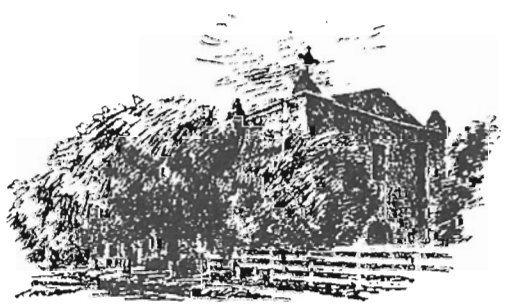
After a day or so, the friar learned that Cahuenga and his people were planning to roast alive their twenty-seven captives. Appalled, he went at once to the chief and pleaded for mercy.

"But that obdurate old heathen only chuckled with glee at the prospect of seeing his enemies writing amid the flames, and the good father soon found that nothing could be done to divert him from his purpose."

When his efforts were rejected, Serra "with his utmost earnestness and well-known tact," proposed an exchange of prisoners, a totally foreign but attractive idea to the chief. The friar offered to personally arrange the exchange if Cahuenga would postpone the holocaust.

After a perilous journey of eight days, Serra reached the blue-wooded Tehachapi Mountains surrounding a great lake of calm and beauty. After some diplomatic wire-pulling, the chieftains agreed to the proposal and released their captives to Serra's care. When they returned to the south, Cahuenga complied with the agreement and set his prisoners free.

The success of Serra's intervention, so novel in its purpose, added greatly to the friar's prestige among the Indians. In succeeding months, many of the tribe, including the chief, became neophytes at nearby San Gabriel Mission.



San Gabriel Mission

Is there any truth to the legend? Maybe yes, maybe no. It is not mentioned in Palou's life of Fray Junípero Serra, nor does the late Father Maynard J. Geiger record the story. But knowing Serra and his love for the Indians, it surely could have happened.

And in the words of John Steven McGroarty, "there is ample room in the California story for legend. In imitation of the Bible, the Golden State surely deserves its apocryhpha."

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

invention of the first photocopying machine.

With so many Watsons clicking camera shutters, their collective pictures are an important record of the southland history, showing triumphs and tragedies. Speaker Delmar Watson, who edited a 1975 book titled "Quick Watson the Camera" that displays the important Watsons works, showed slides of many photographs by him and members of his family, including landing of the dirigible *Graf Zapelin,* and, as stated by our speaker, "Christine Jorgensen, who went abroad and came back a broad."

Celebrity photography was not the only activity of the ubiquitous Watsons. They also became involved in Hollywood motion pictures as special effects producers and actors. Delmar's father created special effects for, and acted in, the movie "Thief of Baghdad" that starred Douglas Fairbanks, Senior.

It is safe to say, when an important southland person or event was photographed in this century, a Watson was holding the camera. ■

New Officers

Other activity at the December meeting was the announcement of the names of the 1994 duly elected officers. It cannot be said to be a surprise that the results of the election are: Michael Nunn, Sheriff; Msgr. Francis J. Weber, Deputy Sheriff; Thomas Bent, Registrar of Marks and Brands; Robert Blew, Keeper of the Chips; Siegfried G. Demke, Publications Editor.

Retiring Sheriff Ernie Marquez was given a gift of a Bill Bender oil painting, and new Sheriff Nunn became the custodian, pro tem, of the Percy Bonebrake belly-gun and the oil painting of the shady lady sheriff. ■

Corral Chips

by Donald Duke

Martin Ridge, the retired Senior Research Historian at the Huntington Library should be congratulated. He is the new president of the Southern California Historical Society. The Los Angeles Corral of Westerners appears to have a hold on the office of President. *Powell Greenland,* a former Sheriff is the outgoing President. Since his retirement Brother Ridge appears to be busier than a one armed paper hanger. Wonder how he ever had time to work. The only one busier and on more boards of directors is past Sheriff *Jerome Selmer.*

Norman Neuerberg is another busy retired person. As an art history professor he missed his calling. He should have been an architect or a house painter. Since he retired he rebuilds Missions, adobe houses and is currently working on the restoration of Casa de la Guerra, a Santa Barbara adobe. Only one Mission got away from Neuerberg. That was the San Gabriel Mission and a state fund paid for some of the restoration. They plaster coated the outside so that it looks like the Mission Garage instead of making it restored old looking. Neuerberg sent letters, but it all fell on deaf ears.

Abraham Hoffman is the current recipient of the *Donald H. Pflueger* award for a local history item. It is issued by the Southern California Historical Society. He is one of five authors to receive this pfine Pflueger award for non-pfiction history. A ceremony was held at the Department of Water & Power in their auditorium on Sunday, October 23, 1993. His book's name was ***Vision or Villainy.*** Sounds like a title of a tome written by Midge Sherwood-Volume X. A Department of Water & Power employee tells the writer that Hoffman will not drink anything but aqueduct water. He taps the pipe and brings it home in a tank truck. He even fills his hot water bottle with the magic waters!

John W. Robinson had a two page feature about himself and his books in the Los Angeles *Times* on October 17, 1993. He claims he began as a hiker and turned historian. Could it be the other way around? He has just published a new book entitled *The San Jacintos: A History of the San Jacinto and Santa Rosa Mountains.* The article states his most popular book is a hiking guide of some 100 trains in the San Gabriel mountains.

C.M. *Richard Dillon* was so impressed with Ramon Adams' book, *Western Words* that he has decided to do a hybrid history of history and language. His new title will be an examination of the contributions of regional "lingo" to the vocabulary of American English, including words and phrases from trans-Mississippi cowboys, lumbermen, sailors, etc. that have enriched our lexicon. Don't forget the railroaders Mister Dillon. they had a language all their own and I have tons of stuff—see me!

Dick Logan claims he is getting old and tired. Apparently he has not taken his *Hadicol* lately. At least his mind is still active. His wife squirts him with WD-40 every morning to take the tarnish off and to lubricate the gears. You are only as old as you want to be. He says he had an EKG the other day and guess what came out on the strip—Route 66! He says he spends a lot of time in bed these days. He did not state with whom.

Jerome Selmer has joined another board. I always thought that Frank Sinatra was "Chairman of the Board." He can't hold a candle to Selmer. He is now on the Board of the San Dimas Festival of Western Arts. Was not aware that Selmer painted anything other than barns?

Chauffeur Selmer and his good wife Doris, who checks the maps to be sure Jerome docs not head for Jerome, Arizona, finished a 15-state driving tour looking for Indian rugs for son John. Enroute east they stopped in on the Miniature Book Society Conclave held in Chicago and picked up several boxes of "Big-Little" books to fill their library shelf. Other Westerners in attendance were His Grace, Msgr. *Francis J. Weber, Glenn Dawson* and C.M. *Jim Lorson.*

Francis J. Weber spoke to the Los Angeles Breakfast Club on October 12, 1993. His topic was his years as Director of the San Fernando Mission. Years ago I remember a show produced on radio from the Breakfast Club, but was not aware they still made coffee there. Apparently so; the historic Shrine of Fellowship located on Riverside Drive has outlived the Brown Derby.

It will not be necessary to call either *Raymond Wood* or *Doyce Nunis* "Sir" until March. The beatification will not take place until Spring. Apparently they had to send to China for the gold cloth for their robes.

C.M. *Robert Kredel* has been elected to another term as Chairman of the Southern California Chapter of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society. *Todd Peterson* was elected a director—at large.

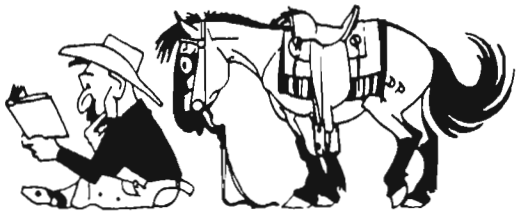
Uncle *Walt Wheelock* has not retired either. He has turned out another publication. His latest is *Eureka & Saline Valley—OHV Guide and Map.* I hear Walt is making up some miniature books on desert trails in competition with Msgr. W. and his Mission Press.

Congratulations are in order to Sir *Francis J. Weber.* As archivist for the Archdiocese of Los Angeles and in recognition of his many books and miniature books, plus articles about the Spanish heritage of California, he has been handed the scepter by King Juan Carlos of Spain. Did you get a free trip to Spain to receive this award? As the result of the Corral election, what do we call you now? Msgr. Sheriff Francis J. Weber, or Your Grace—the Sheriff of the Corral, or just plain Deputy Fuzz?

Robert Kern has reached the top of the mountain! Which mountain is anyone's guess, but in any case he was made a Grand Noble Humbug of the Platrix Chapter of E CLAMPUS VITUS. The Los Angeles chapter has had any number of Grand Dragons of ECV. Sir *Donald Pflueger, Paul Bailey, Sid Platford,* Meglan Kiddie *Bill Newbro, Don snyder,* to name but a few.

Sheriff *Mike Nunn* who is quite active in the Death Valley 49'ers was made the first vice-president for 1994 of that august group. The whole thing was started by member Ed Ainsworth years ago as a sort of lark. He wrote about it in the paper and expected a couple hundred people to show up and, as I understand it, some 10,000 people arrived for the first gathering.

The *Death Valley News* which was handed to me by *Ray Wood* indicated that Associate *John Southworth's* book *Death Valley in 1849* is now in its fourth printing. It sells for $7.95 and is available from Chalfant Press, P.O. Box 787, Bishop, Ca., 93515. ■



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

BISBEE: *Urban Outpost on the Frontier,* by Charles A. Schwantes. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1992. 147 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Notes, Suggestions for Further Reading, Index. Cloth, $40.00; paper, 1995. Order from University of Arizona Press, 1230 North Park Avenue, Tucson, AZ 85719.

I strongly recommend this book.

The boom of Bisbee is chronicled from its beginning in 1880 to the 1920s and beyond in this excellent presentation. What was begun as an exhibit catalog for the Bisbee Mining and Historical Museum has grown to be a free standing exposition of the history of an isolated urban community with multiple complex ties to the greater world distant from its locale.

The editor, Carlos A. Schwantes, with the Project Director of Bisbee Mining and Historical Museum, Larry B. Tanner, present this overview in the preface and acknowledgements. One hundred carefully selected photographs dovetail with the text and superlatively supplement the excellent writing of the book. The panoramic cover photograph, taken in 1914, shows Bisbee where Brewery Gulch and Tombstone Canyon intersect.

The introduction, "Bisbee and the Copper Kingdom," is by Carlos A. Schwantes, the editor. Six provocative essays complete the publication. These include "Copper Star of the Arizona Firmament" by Charles S. Sargent which explores the evolution of the community and its relation to other cities of Arizona; "The Queen and Her Court," by Richard W. Graeme, describing the industrial history of the Warren Mining District, from the rabbit's warren of adjoining copper claims to the Sacramento Pit, developed in 1917 and the Lavender Pit, named for Harrison Lavender, general manager of Phelps Dodge in operation from 1951 to 1974.

Tom Vaughn presents "Everyday Life in a Copper Camp," and Don L. Hofsommer describes the interplay between mining and railroads in "Making Connections, Bisbee and the Railroads of the Southwest." Clark C. Spence presents "The Finest Mine on Earth–Western Mine Promotion and Investment."

As a finale, Carlos A. Schwantes reflects upon and describes "Rhythms of Work Life," in which the interrelationship of labor and management is presented with clarity. This includes the unrest and discord of July 12, 1917, when 1,186 men, rounded up by vigilantes, were herded into 23 cattle and box-cars to be be dumped near Columbus, New Mexico. Schwantes states, "During the years between 1880 and 1920, Bisbee evolved from mining camp to aspiring Arizona metropolis. For nearly a century it remained a major center of copper production in the United States. Bisbee's remarkable built environment now preserves that era of American history better than any of its peer communities."

Robert Stragnell, M.D.

RIVERS IN THE DESERT: WILLIAM MULHOLLAND AND THE INVENTING OF LOS ANGELES, by Margaret Leslie Davis. New York: Harper Collins, 1993. 303 pp., illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, $24.00.

More has been written on Los Angeles's appropriation of Owens Valley water than any other episode in the city's history. Breaking first ground with a serious, overall effort was Remi Nadeau's *The Water Seekers* (1950). Brilliant scholarly studies of the controversy were undertaken by our own L.A. Corral's Abe Hoffman with *Vision or Villainy: Origins of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles Water Controversy* (1981), and William Kahrl's *Water and Power: The Conflict Over Los Angeles' Water Supply in the Owens Valley* (1982). Doyce Nunis ably edited Dr. Raymond Taylor's *Men, Medicine, and Water: The Building of the Los Angeles Aqueduct, 1908-1913* (1982). W.A. Chalfant gave the Owens Valley side of the controversy in *The Story of Inyo* (1922, rev. 1933). Charles Outland's *Man-made*

Disaster: The Story of the Saint Francis Dam (1963, rev. 1977) covers in detail the greatest tragedy in aqueduct history. And there are other books and countless articles that touch on the water war.

Margaret Leslie Davis now adds to our knowledge of the mammoth water project with her *Rivers in the Desert.* She borrows heavily from those mentioned above and adds a good deal of fresh material only lightly covered in previous studies.

Her story begins in September 1904, with William Mulholland and Fred Eaton journeying across the desert to Owens Valley, looking for water to nourish L.A.'s future growth. Both men immediately realize the enormous potential involved here, if water flowing from the eastern Sierra can be harnessed and brought 200 miles south to the city. But here also the two men part company: Mulholland, honest public servant that he was, envisioned a project to bring benefit to the people of Los Angeles; Eaton, a former mayor of Los Angeles, sought personal gain. The differences between the two men sets the tone for the book. To borrow Abe Hoffman's words, there are both vision and villainy here.

Mulholland and Eaton returned to Los Angeles and convinced the city fathers to adopt the scheme. The city decided to keep the initial phase of the project secret, ostensibly to prevent unsuspecting Owens Valley ranchers from raising the price of their lands. However, this secrecy allowed the Los Angeles business oligarchy—men like Harrison Gray Otis of the *Times,* Edwin Earl of the *Express,* trolley magnate Henry E. Huntington, banker Joseph Sartori, trust officer Leslie Brand, and L.A. water commissioner Moses Sherman—to form the San Fernando Mission Land Company and buy up cheap valley land that would multiply in value once the aqueduct was completed. Today we would call this insider trading.

Engineer Joseph Lippincott, whom Davis calls "a man who could change loyalties like a chameleon changes color," fooled Owens Valley citizens by making a preliminary survey for the U.S. Reclamation Service. Valley residents were led to believe that a federal reclamation project was in the offing. They were indignant when Lippincott took his newly-gained knowledge, switched his allegiance to the Los Angeles Water Department and became Mulholland's assistant in building the aqueduct. Today this would be considered conflict of interest.

Davis is at her best in describing the construction of the aqueduct. Under Mulholland's direction, an army of 5,000 laborers went to work in the desert. It required a major effort to provide housing, food, and medical care for this horde, and to bring in equipment and supplies. A cement plant was erected in Tehachapi in record time. Most dramatic was the boring of the Elizabeth Tunnel, with competing crews at both ends racing to reach midpoint first. After five years of effort, on November 4, 1913, the valves were opened and water poured down into a hastily-built reservoir at the northern edge of the San Fernando Valley. An enthusiastic crowd of 40,000 were present to hear Mulholland's brief oration: "There it is. Take it!"

Contrary to what Kevin Starr writes on the dust jacket, this is not a biography of William Mulholland. (Catherine Mulholland is working on that.) But it does detail his central part in bringing abundant water to Los Angeles. And Davis superbly describes Mulholland's fall from grace, both professionally and personally, in his later years. His beloved wife Lillie died from cancer in 1915. One of his daughters caused him pain and embarrassment by a series of unfortunate romantic liaisons.

The greatest tragedy of his life occurred on the night of March 12, 1928, with the collapse of the St. Francis Dam. A wall of water churned down the Santa Clara River valley to the sea, taking at least 400 lives and causing over $20 million in property loss. Mulholland was condemned for the disaster and, honest as he was, he seemed to blame himself. He was a broken man when he died in 1935.

William Mulholland emerges from these pages as a tarnished hero. He lived by a code of personal honesty and was truly dedicated to serving the interests of Los Angeles, but he was also stubborn, opinionated, and unable to see that the people of Owens Valley had some legitimate complaints. And he used questionable judgment in building St. Francis Dam, although Davis points out that geologists of the 1920s did not have the know-how to discover the dangerous fault pattern on the east abutment that apparently caused the break.

If Mulholland comes out as slightly flawed in some of his judgments, others involved in the aqueduct story emerge as greedy, if not downright villainous. Personal enrichment, sometimes at the public expense, appeared to be their main motivation. Fred Eaton quietly bought the Rickey Ranch

in Long Valley (site of today's Lake Crowley), then demanded Los Angeles pay him one million dollars to use it as a reservoir site. Mulholland refused to pay Eaton's "ransom," and was obliged to build a series of holding reservoirs down the line. (Davis speculated that L.A.'s failure to acquire the Long Valley reservoir site led directly to the St. Francis Dam disaster.) Joseph Lippincott's deception of Owens Valley ranchers continues to evoke controversy. And an oligarchy of Los Angeles businessmen used inside information to buy up cheap San Fernando Valley lands and become very, very rich.

Los Angeles used deceptive tactics, subterfuge, chicanery, and outright lies to get the water it wanted. A desert valley was environmentally raped to provide for the present and future needs of the City of Angels. In the words of Marc Reisner, author of *Cadillac Desert*, "if all this was legal, then something was the matter with the law."

All this could not happen today. An Environmental Impact Report would be required, and no way would the courts allow Owens Valley lands to be milked bone dry. This new environmental awareness has been reflected in recent court decisions that limit DWP well-drilling in Owens Valley and provide protection for Mono Lake.

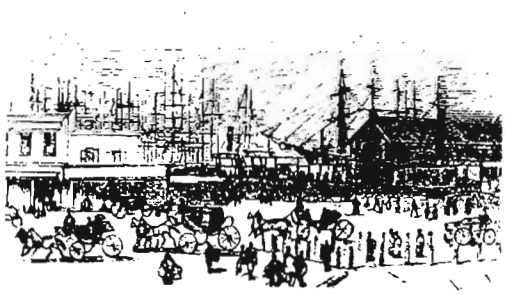
John Robinson

THE SAN FRANCISCO STAGE: *From Golden Spike to Great Earthquake, 1869-1906.* by Misha Berson. San Francisco: Performing Arts Library & Museum, 1992. 148 pp. Illustrations, Index. Paper, $15.00 plus $3.00 p/h. Order from SF PALM, 399 Grove Street, San Francisco, CA 91402.

This excellent book belongs on the shelf of everyone who is interested in either cultural, artistic or theatrical history of the far west and San Francisco. The book is the second in a three-part series tracing the history of the theater in one of the most colorful and fascinating cities of the West. The book discusses how San Francisco became the major hub for dance, drama, opera and vaudeville troupes on the West Coast circuit from the years of the golden spike to the 1906 fire and earthquake. The discussion concentrates mainly on the life and careers of various actors and actresses, who started in San Francisco or passed through many times during their lives. Sarah Bernhardt, Maude Adams, and Lillie Langtry are mentioned among others. Almost one complete chapter is devoted to Isadora Duncan. The story of David Belasco of New York and Broadway fame is related. A chapter this reviewer enjoyed was a history of the Bohemian Club and Grove in northern California, as his grandfather was a member at the turn of the century. The book also discusses the history of each of the many legitimate theaters, the Opera Houses and the Vaudeville Houses in San Francisco.

The writer and publisher have done an excellent job in writing and printing this book. There are many very good illustrations, on almost each page of the text. We await future volumes in the series and hope that they are as good. At present, the reviewer has asked PALM to send him a list of available publications in order to obtain the past and future volumes in the series. There is no bibliography in this book, only a section listing "notes" for each chapter. The author states in her foreword that the next volume in the series will contain the complete bibliography. Perhaps someone will prepare a similar series for Los Angeles theaters someday.

John S. Ferguson, Jr.



MALASPINA AND GALIANO: *Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast, 1791 and 1792,* by Donald C. Cutter. Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1991. 160 pp. Map, Illustrations, Notes, Sources, Bibliography. Cloth, $34.95. Order from University of Washington Press, P.O. Box 50096, Seattle, WA 98145-5096.

Though descended from noble blood of all four grandparental sides, Alejandro Malaspina (1754-1810) ultimately suffered the cruelest of fates, that of dying in total obscurity. He lost his military rank, his reputation and his freedom.

Malaspina was born in Mulazzo, in the Duchy of Parma, a city in modern Italy which was then under the protection of the Spanish crown. On November 18, 1774, he entered military service and was assigned to the Naval Department at Cadiz, where he rapidly rose to prominence.

By the time of his visit to the far west, Malaspina had a distinguished record as a naval officer. He had taken part in several naval engagements against the British during the war for American independence.

On July 30, 1789, Malaspina left Cadiz as commander of a scientific expedition of exploration and discovery, the last of its kind under the aegis of Carlos III, who had died the previous year.

After protracted months in northern waters, Malaspina sailed south aboard the *Descubierta* and *Atrevida* to California, stopping at Monterey on September 12, 1791, for rest and relaxation.

Malaspina and his crew visited San Carlos Borromeo Mission where, his biographer states, "they took delight in learned conversation with these soldiers of Christ." Members of the expedition portrayed Fray Fermin Francisco de Lasuen as enthusiastic about their collections of natural history. The friar dispatched neophytes to gather appropriate botanical specimens, collect Indian artifacts and provide information on a variety of subjects of interest to the visitors.

The officers praised Lasuen as a man of intelligence, exemplary in conduct and doctrine, with uncommonly good manners. He was described as affable, humble and "religiously abundant" in his hospitality.

Alejandro Malaspina vigorously defended the mission system, arguing that certain foreign authors had confused the system with its abuses and ignored its primary objectives, thereby painting it as horrible and oppressive.

He pointed out that the Spaniards, without the slightest shedding of blood, had brought an end to a thousand local wars that were destroying the Indians and had provided them with the beginnings of a sound social life. They had taught them a pure and holy religion, provided them with safe and healthful food and fostered in them such respect that the friars could traverse, all alone and without a guard, the forty to fifty leagues inhabited by neighboring nations. The fact that unconverted Indians came daily to the missions and presidios in search of work and food was looked upon by Malaspina as a tribute to the Spanish method.

After returning to Spain, Malaspina fell victim to a sinister political conspiracy. He was tried, convicted and sent to jail in 1796, where he lived until 1802 when he was released and banished from the empire. Officially, Malaspina had become a nonperson and the fruit of his scientific labors were nearly lost completely.

In 1924, a portion of his journal was discovered and printed in the *California Historical Society Quarterly* and, in 1960, the monumental tome on *Malaspina in California* by Donald C. Cutter was published by John Howell Books. Finally, after almost two centuries of oblivion, Alejandro Malaspina was restored to his rightful place in California annals.

This latest book by Donald C. Cutter, distinguished Professor Emeritus at the University of New Mexico, was commissioned to commemorate the 200th anniversary of Malaspina's visit to California. Based on freshly-translated excerpts from the records of the Malaspina and Galiano expeditions, it concentrates on the visit to the Pacific Northwest Coast of North America.

Msgr. Francis J. Weber

FRONTIER DEFENSE IN THE CIVIL WAR: *Texas Rangers and Rebels*, by David Paul Smith. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1992. 238 pp. Maps, Appendices, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, $39.50. Order from Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354.

This fine book fills a major gap of knowledge about the Texas Rangers and the problems of domestic violence in Texas amid the cataclysm of the Civil War. The problems facing Texas were grave. Indians seemed to have a free hand. Outlaws plagued communities and the roads. Draft dodgers lurked in brush. Further, the governments of the Confederacy and of Texas could not agree on how to handle the situation. David Paul Smith skillfully describes how these problems found solutions and how a degree of order arrived in frontier Texas.

Confederate and Texas government officials were in conflict over what should constitute a frontier defense. How much should be spent? Who would pay the bills? Who could control the troops? Would there be conscription? Unfortunately for the victims of crime and Indian raids, these questions, often put in states' rights contexts, made frontier defense ineffective until 1863. Despite the fact that the Texas legislature created the Frontier Regiment in 1861, the debate made operations impossible.

By 1863 the objections of President Jefferson Davis were satisfied, unified command obtained, and a military organization established. But now the Frontier Regiment had its attention turned to catching draft dodgers and deserters. The great Indian raid of December, 1863 altered this attention to Civil War related matters. The Comanche wiped out one settlement after another with a force of three hundred. The Frontier Organization rangers turned to meet the Indian threat, but were hampered by poor equipment.

With equipment and leadership the tide turned in 1864-65 with both deserters and Indians under control. The only blemish on this record was the disaster on January 8, 1865 at the Battle of Dove Creek. Poor reconnaissance spelled bloody and humiliating defeat at the hands of the Kickapoo. Combined Confederate and state forces lost twenty-six dead and twenty-three wounded, the heaviest losses in the entire conflict with the Indians.

This is a well-written and skillfully edited book about a little known aspect of Texas history. The book is further enhanced with excellent maps produced by Don Bufkin. Persons interested in Texas must have this book in their library.

Gordon Morris Bakken