LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

SUMMER 1994 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 196

In an early version of the Gold Lake hoax, Caleb Greenwood sent dozens of miners on a fruitless search to Truckee (Donner) Lake. — *Author's Collection.*

Gold Lake

by Powell Greenland

The California Gold Rush, from the time of Marshall's discovery at Coloma on the South Fork of the American River until the early summer of 1850, with but few exceptions, was confined to the river bars and streams of the Sierra foothills—effectively circumventing the higher elevations. Not surprisingly the first major strike was located but a few miles from Coloma, on the same fork, at a place initially called Lower Mines or Mormon Diggings but, later, gaining fame as Mormon Island. Beginning on March 2, 1848, this site would earn the distinction of becoming California's first gold camp, setting in motion a frenzy never before witnessed anywhere else in the world.

From that location, an ever increasing stream of Argonauts swarmed along the tributaries of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento rivers establishing, by mid-year, gold camps stretching north to the rich diggings at Bidwell's Bar and south to the auriferous sands of Mariposa Creek.

During the early months the first comers, with

(Continued on Page Three)

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THE WESTERNERS

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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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

APRIL 1994 MEETING

Glen Dawson, the last of the founding members, presented a history of the corral's beginning and the sheriffs who served it through the years.

A force in the formation of the corral was Homer Britzman, an avid collector of Charley Russell art who had purchased Trails End, the home that Russell built but never lived in because of his death just as the house was completed. It was fitting that the founding of The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral took place in the Russell home. The Britzman *nee* Russell home was also the site of the first corral meeting at which J. Gregg Layne was the speaker on "Gunfighters and Lynchings in Early Los Angeles."

From 1948, with Paul Galleher as the first Sheriff, to 1994, with Mike Nunn in that office, there is a total count of 47 who wore the star badge. Dawson enhanced his talk with slides of photographs of some of the sheriffs. Even if there had been a photograph of every past sheriff, it would not have been possible to show all of them in the meeting program time frame.

Twenty-two sheriffs are still living members, and seventeen of them were at the meeting. Three former sheriffs were not present because of living in northern California, Oregon, and Washington; two sheriffs of the local area were committed to attending out of town events. When Dawson asked former sheriffs present to stand, it seemed to some that not many people remained seated.

(Continued on Page Nine)

little or no knowledge of mining, relied on the simple expedient of trial and error, mainly with the gold pan and shovel. These men had even less knowledge of simple geology, learning merely that the gold, because of its weight, had certain patterns of distribution along the stream beds and river bars and seemed to be more concentrated near bedrock.

Often, perhaps around their campfires in the evening, the miners would speculate on the source of all this gold, reasoning there might be a mother lode of solid gold somewhere high in the mountains. This idea gained even more credence when it was noticed that the gold appeared coarser when found in the higher elevations.

Yet in spite of this prevailing inexperience and naiveté, gold was being taken in amazing quantities by these neophytes, which helps explain their ingenuous acceptance of the idea of a golden fountainhead high in the Sierra and the facile success of the greatest and most persistent hoax perpetrated during the California Gold Rush—Gold Lake.

The earliest mention of a Gold Lake was recorded in May 1849, and appeared in an article by Henry DeGroot for the *Overland Monthly,* April 1875, titled "Six Months In '49." DeGroot recorded:

> ...Encamped near the mill [at Coloma] was an old mountaineer and trapper named Greenwood...[who] was prone to relate the adventures of his life...he went on to say he had once camped on the border of a lake in the mountains off to the northeast, the shores of which were covered with gold, offering, if we would fit out his son John in a handsome manner, to direct him to find the spot, and send him to pilot a party thither...After an absence of three or four weeks the expeditionists returned, as ragged and forlorn a set as ever...disgusted beyond measure. They found a lake, and in fact several lakes, but no gold.

John S. Hittell in his *Mining in the Pacific States of North America* gives the story a slightly different spin, beginning his tale a month later in June of 1849. This time Old Greenwood actually gives the lake a name—Truckee Lake (now Donner Lake). This lake, of course, was on the immigrant trail and was known by most everyone who had made the overland crossing to California. So they needed no guide to pilot them to the spot. Old Greenwood, who loved to spin a tall yarn, must have gotten a good chuckle when several hundred men vanished from town not to be seen again for six or seven weeks.

Finally, J.J. Rolfe of Nevada City, writing in the Nevada *Daily Gazette,* related yet another Greenwood version of Gold Lake—actually this time it was a Gold Valley.

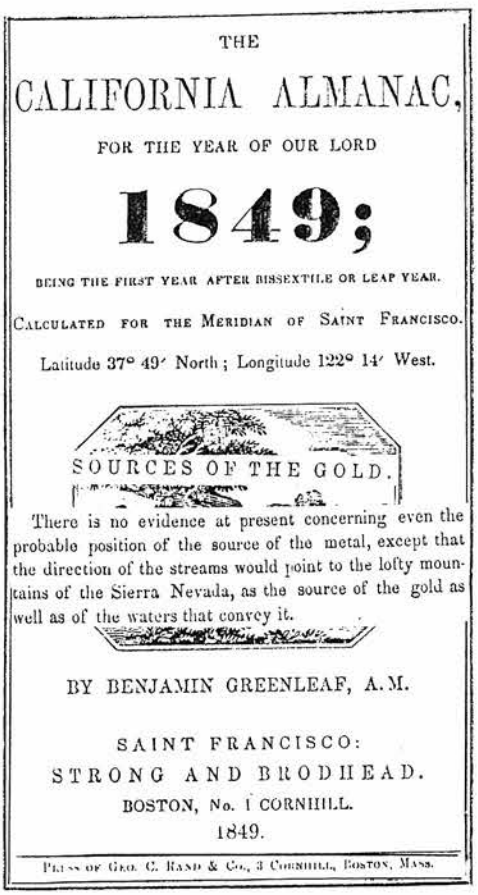
One day in 1849 Old Greenwood visited the new town of Sacramento and feeling a powerful thirst entered a saloon. Standing with his back to the bar in the crowded room he addressed an awestruck audience who listened to his words in rapt attention. He told of being with his sons some years before high in the Sierra and while he hunted for game, his children played about the camp. Having no toys with which to amuse themselves, they gathered great quantities of smooth yellow boulders, of which there seemed to be an abundance in the valley. They were so happy with their new playthings that upon leaving the valley, they took a few of the smallest and smoothest with them. However, after a long tramp and finding the pebbles heavy, the children soon tired of them and threw them away.

Old Greenwood, who loved whiskey as well as spinning a good yarn, suggested they adjourn to a private room to hear the rest of the tale. Furnished with an ample supply of refreshment, he proceeded to describe, as best he could, the location of the secret valley. One of Greenwood's most interested listeners happened to be a Negro waiter who was present pouring drinks. Upon completing his story, Old Greenwood invited anyone who was interested to join him in a search for the gold. It was arranged that they meet at his cabin in Greenwood Valley, near Georgetown, at an appointed time. Upon arriving at his dwelling a short time later, the party was dismayed to find the old man in his bunk in the final act of dying. However, his son John assured the crestfallen crowd that he could guide them to the treasure trove. But after weeks of tramping over the steep and rugged terrain in a vain search, the boy's memory seemed to fail him. The tired and tattered party, in utter disgust, began the weary and disappointed homeward march.

Rolfe ends his story by relating that the Newgro waiter and a friend disappeared soon after Greenwood left the saloon and a month or two later arrived in Marysville with an immense quan-

tity of gold. "...that they were literally loaded down with gold dust. They both disappeared and were never seen in California again."

But even after the death of Old Greenwood, Gold Lake stories persisted. George D. Lyman in his *Saga of the Comstock Lode* repeats the story of a French Canadian named Deloreaux who in 1849 stumbled into a steep canyon where immense stones of gold could be seen shining at the bottom of a lake high in the Sierra. The lake was hidden among inaccessible crags and guarded by savages and wild beasts.



THE

CALIFORNIA ALMANAC,

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1849;

BEING THE FIRST YEAR AFTER BISSEXTILE OR LEAP YEAR.

CALCULATED FOR THE MERIDIAN OF SAINT FRANCISCO.

Latitude 37° 49′ North; Longitude 122° 14′ West.

SOURCES OF THE GOLD.

There is no evidence at present concerning even the probable position of the source of the metal, except that the direction of the streams would point to the lofty mountains of the Sierra Nevada, as the source of the gold as well as of the waters that convey it.

BY BENJAMIN GREENLEAF, A.M.

SAINT FRANCISCO:
STRONG AND BRODHEAD.
BOSTON, No. 1 CORNHILL.
1849.

PRESS OF GEO. C. RAND & CO., 3 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASS.

Even the *California Almanac* of 1849 suggested that the gold was high in the mountains.

An even stranger version is told by Henry Hiram Ellis in his book, *From Kennebec to California.* Ellis landed in San Francisco after a trip around the Horn from Boston, arriving in July 1849. A short time later, while in Sacramento, he heard an incredible story from the mouth of—a woman! She described finding Gold Lake, which she recalled as being rather small, measuring only a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. It was located in the mountains about thirty miles above Steep Hollow, a well known and difficult spot on the Truckee branch of the immigrant trail where wagons were lowered by ropes from a ridge. The woman, with her husband, had become separated from their train and stumbled into a canyon where they found the nugget-filled lake. They loaded their horses and three pack mules with gold which was found in abundance on the shore of the lake. After untold difficulties they arrived at Sutter's Fort, where she remained while her husband went on to San Francisco to organize a party for a return to Gold Lake. Ellis related that the woman freely displayed a significant amount of gold, giving credence to her story. He was so impressed by what he saw and heard he joined a party of thirty others in search of the lake. But after many days of hard traveling and fruitless searching, they finally abandoned the effort.

All of the foregoing accounts took place in 1849 and only serve as a prelude to the *piéce de résistance* that followed from May through September in 1850. The star, who took center stage, in this episode was an eccentric named Thomas Robertson Stoddart.

One of the best sources of the 1850 version of the Gold Lake excitement is found in Fariss & Smith's *History of Plumas, Lassen & Sierra Counties.* Written in 1882, most of their material was derived from primary sources, principally newspaper articles and interviews with actual participants. The following brief sketch of Stoddart's discovery of Gold Lake is a distillation from this rather lengthy account.

Traveling with an overland emigrant party in the fall of 1849, and following the Lassen Cutoff, Stoddard [Stoddart] and a companion, (some accounts relate a party of four) while in the neighborhood of Big Meadows, became separated from their wagon train. They had been hunting for game and lost their way. After wandering about for several days they stumbled upon a lake located high in the mountains surrounded by three mas-

sive crags. On the shore and in the water they found large chunks of pure gold. The next day, while filling their packs with gold they were attacked by Indians and the two became separated. Another version of the story relates that Stoddard was wounded and his partner killed. In any event, Stoddard, under the most trying conditions, worked his way around the mountains until he reached the North Fork of the Yuba River, finally arriving at Downieville. From this point, some stories relate that Stoddard then went to San Francisco in a fruitless search for his separated friend, while others find him arriving in Nevada City where he spent the winter and spring of 1850. Word of his gold discovery appears not to have been circulated until May. At this time Stoddard took a number of people into his confidence and told them about his great find, revealing the wound on his leg and displaying quantities of gold. Those who saw the leg wound remarked how well it had healed in so short a time. Stoddard's story created a sensation in the gold camps, spreading rapidly throughout the region.

According to Fariss & Smith, Stoddard appeared in Nevada City about the last of May 1850, with his story and specimens. At this time he organized a select party of twenty-five participants to go in search of the lake. One of the original members of this group was George E. Brittan, who is the source of the following account.

Leaving Nevada City the party travelled north to the divide between the North Yuba River and the Middle Feather River and followed the ridge to the headwaters of that stream, with a crowd of from five hundred to one thousand searchers following closely behind. At this point Stoddard appears to have lost his sense of direction, aimlessly wandering about. It was the contention of some of the select group that Stoddard was merely putting on act in an attempt to get rid of the uninvited followers. Finally he entered Sierra Valley and eventually Last Chance Valley, so named for the events that followed. His confederates were now convinced he was incapable of leading them to his "wonderful lake."

The account then continues: "A meeting was called to discuss the situation, and it was decided to hang the author of their woes at once. The sentence of summary execution was suspended for one day...but the condemned man was given one last chance...the next day he would be strung up the limb of a tree." With the aid of some sympathizers, Stoddard was able to steal out of camp that night and make his escape.

Stoddart in his later years at Sonora. His greatest delight was serving as a volunteer fireman. Tuolume County Historical Society photo.

In a later published account titled, *A Journey To California in 1849,* William C.S. Smith, during the spring of 1850, recorded: "There was a constant and increasing excitement created by reports of Diggings high up in the mountains, rich beyond anything before known." Smith observed that early in May, he joined the hordes who followed Stoddart and his select group in a supposedly secret search for Gold Lake. He noted that he passed through Grass Valley, Downieville, Onion Valley and arrived at Nelson Creek in Feather River country. He never found Gold Lake, but was successful mining Nelson Creek.

Charles Ross Parke made the following entry in his diary dated June 18, 1850. "Great excitement prevails along the river regarding the discovery of a certain 'gold lake' on the headwaters of the North Yuba river. Every pan of dirt is said to yield from

$32.00 to $200.00. Six of our company have packed the mules and gone in search of the hidden treasure."

George Baker, on June 23, 1850, Sacramento City, made a similar entry in his diary:

> A great excitement has pervaded this community for the past ten days in relations to "Gold Lake" where it is reported to have been found the richest diggings of the country. All that is to be done there is "to sit down and pick it up!" I regard it all as a magnificent humbug. The lake is said to have an outlet into the North Fork of the Feather River. Some thousands have left for the place. The road is reported lined with the infatuated multitude.

Although, as we have seen, most of the reports were fairly definite about the general location of Gold Lake, i.e., near the North Fork of the Yuba River or near the North Fork of the Feather River, it is interesting to note the search was hardly confined to this area alone. While traveling in Nevada, after crossing the 40 Mile Desert following the Carson River near present day Dayton, Margaret A. Fink, on August 22, 1850, noted in her diary, "Mr. Fink had a short interview with some Californians who had come over on this side to prospect for gold. They were looking for a hidden lake in the mountains called 'Gold Lake,' where the gold is said to exist in great quantities."

One of the most reliable accounts of the search for Gold Lake was recorded by L.M. Shaeffer in a boot titled, *Sketches of Travels.* Shaeffer was one of the thousand or so miners who followed Stoddart an his select group out of Nevada City, leaving on June 7, 1850. Shaeffer's party made the journey on foot while the lead party, with Stoddart as their guide, was mounted on mules. The first night on the trail was spent in the gold camp of Washington on the South Fork of the Yuba River. The following day the march became much more difficult as the eager searchers made their way through thick brush and steep tree-covered slopes. After crossing the Middle Fork of the Yuba, they again made camp for the night. The third day's tramp was even more difficult as the mountains became steeper and the forests thicker. After reaching the North Fork of the Yuba, the weary company soon arrived at Downieville just at nightfall.

Proceeding on, the following day, more and more parties joined in the march as they made their way higher into the mountains. Soon they found themselves in a region completely covered with snow. At this point, having lost the trail of the advance party, they began to fear they had lost their way. However, upon reaching the foot of the towering Sierra Buttes, the followers found new hope when they discovered mule tracks and knew they were not far from Stoddart and his fellow prospectors. The following day as they made their way through the deepening snow, Shaeffer recorded he became aware of groups of men straggling back along the trail and was told it was utterly impossible to proceed farther. Soon an unhappy group arrived, with Stoddart within their midst, accompanied by loud grumbling and cursing and even threats of hanging the rascal. At this point Shaeffer along with the disappointed hordes of searchers began the difficult task of retracing their steps.

Without question the most widely read account of the search for Gold Lake is found in the journal of J. Goldsborough Bruff. Beginning with his stay at Lassen's ranch and later during the weeks of a fruitless wide-ranging search, Bruff kept an accurate record of this rather bewildering episode. Bruff's first reference to the search was July 14, 1850, where he noted: "Lassen, with a large company, beef cattle, indians [sic] and squaws, pack horses, mules, etc. started at 10:a.m. on the Gold Lake hunt..." Four days later Bruff, with five companions, also departed to join the search, reaching the North Fork of the Feather River by July 23 (probably in the vicinity of present day Lake Almanor). The following day, moving downstream, they joined up with Peter Lassen. It is puzzling to historians why Lassen and Bruff's parties headed downriver in their search when the so-called Gold Lake was in the other direction, supposedly at the head of the North Fork of the Feather River. However, they persisted in a long, difficult, circuitous excursion. By September, although his companions were still excited about their golden prospects, it is evident Bruff felt they were getting nowhere. On the 10th he made the following comment in his journal: "They all firmly believe in the existence of this 'Gold Lake' where each person can soon get his mule load; and they have explored around so that there is but small circuit of country left to explore for it." By October 1 they had arrived at Snowstorm Canyon northeast of present Susanville, not far from the Nevada bor-

der. Here Bruff amused himself by drawing some very interesting Indian petroglyphs, recording in his journal: "Entered a very remarkable Defile...What renders it most remarkable is the fact of the entire right hand wall being marked over, on every space and size of a hat, with strange and ancient Heirgogeyphical Symbols."

Photo of Bruff's "Pyremedul rock" taken by the author in 1992.

Although Bruff does not credit Stoddart, but someone else, with the discovery of Gold Lake, the story he relates is so similar and the time frame identical, it is difficult to believe it is mere coincidence. Bruff's account of the discovery is as follows:

> A young fellow named Gibbs, wearing earings, from Boston—nephew to a Surveyor employed by the government, accompanied his Uncle out,—up sacrament valley, across Pitt-river, and continuing E. came to a deeply embosomed [sic] fresh water lake, about 5 miles long, on whose marginal mountains stood 3 buttes—and that said lake basin was so full of gold, that he picked up pieces from the size of marbles to that of walnuts, along the edge of the stream, and washed them with his handkerchief. He thus procured, in a couple of hours, at ease, about $5000 worth. That the neighboring indians [sic] were hostile, and wounded some of their men.

Although Bruff, in company with Peter Lassen and his entourage, continued a wide ranging search for gold well into the fall, no more mention was made of Gold Lake. It is evident even the most optimistic of the company had lost hope of finding a treasure trove.

Respite during the search for Gold Lake. Bruff smokes his pipe while Peter Lassen lies asleep. From Bruff's *Gold Rush.*

William Downie's book, *Hunting for Gold* contains a good deal of Gold Lake and Stoddart material, however, Downie's ghost writer, Chris M. Waage, is considered by many historians unreliable and because the account dealing with Stoddart is self serving and adds nothing for our use, it has been omitted as a reference.

Thomas Robertson Stoddart was hardly a mythical character and, although eccentric, lived out his life in the Mother Lode town of Sonora as a rather respected citizen. Edna Bryan Buckbee in her *Saga of Old Tuolumne* summed up his life in this manner.

> Thomas R. Stoddard [most accounts misspell his name] was a former resident of Pennsylvania, who died in Sonora at the age of 67 on September 6, 1878. At the close of the Mexican War, Captain Stoddard came to California, and in '49 to Campo do Sonora. A man of intelligence and education he was unsuccessful as a miner. As a newspaper correspondent, however, he had few equals. His articles signed "Cosmorama" in the local newspapers, entitled him to a high standing among writers.

Incredibly, Edna Buckbee appears unaware of Stoddart's participation in the Gold Lake hoax. She is also misinformed about the date he arrived in Sonora, which was actually in late 1857. She can't be blamed, however, for mistakenly thinking he served as a captain during the Mexican War. Stoddart told so many falsehoods about his early life, before coming to California, it is difficult to know what to believe.

Stoddart did write a series of articles about the early history of Tuolumne County which has been republished in a book by the Tuolumne County Historical Society, titled *Annals of Tuolumne County.* It is edited and annotated by Carlo M. De Ferrari, who also wrote a fine introduction which is probably the best biographical sketch of Stoddart available.

Stoddart's grave is located in the Sonora cemetery and the stone marking the site unhappily has his name misspelled, as it was most of his life.

Gold Lake has a legacy. Although the golden fountainhead was never found, it took the miners from the streams and river bars of the Sierra foothills and led them into the high reaches of the mountains, particularly in northern Sierra and Plumas counties. Many rich diggings were discovered in places that would someday be fabled in the annals of the Gold Rush Country as the Sierra Buttes, Onion Valley, Poorman Creek, Slate Creek, Nelson Creek and Rich Bar. It is true these rich mining districts would have eventually been discovered—but Gold Lake, certainly, hastened the day. ■

Stoddart's grave in the Sonora cemetery. — *Author's Collection.*

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Fortunately, Daguerreotype Wrangler Frank Newton had a wide angle lens for his camera in order to take his usual photograph of the meeting speaker, and this time with the speaker surrounded by some of his subjects. In Newton's photograph, above, the as-usual traditionally dressed Iron Eyes Cody was asked to stand in—although not a past sheriff—to add color to the graying group.

MAY 1994 MEETING

Ron Woolsey, history teacher at Bishop Amat Memorial High School and Citrus Community College, titled his talk, "Juan Flores—Outlaw or Outcast? Social Banditry and Frontier California," in which he presented information on why a murderer type of criminal was considered by some people as a possible revolutionary.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

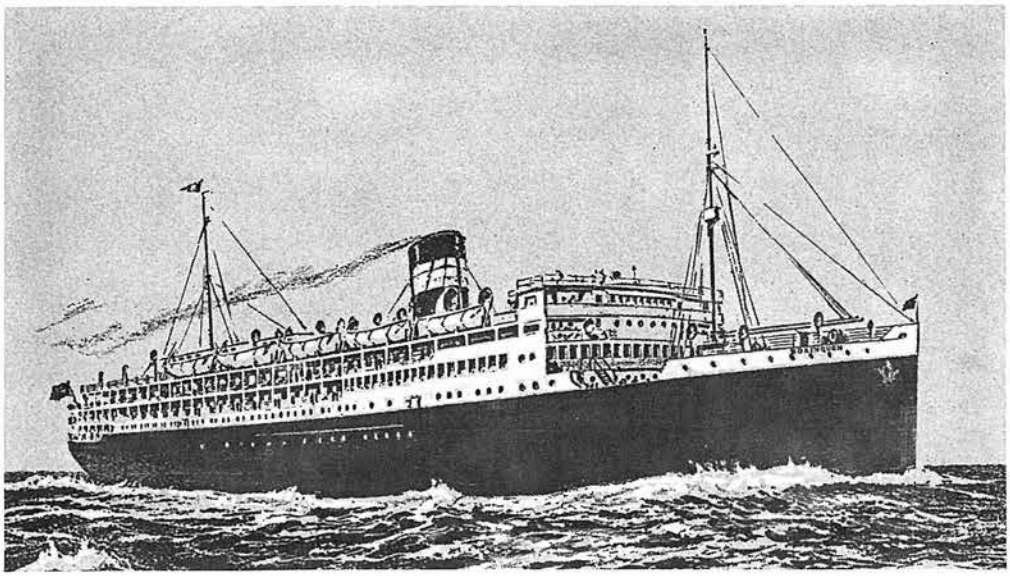
May meeting speaker Ron Woolsey

In 1857 the Juan Flores and Pancho Daniel bandidos killed a storekeeper in San Juan Capistrano and ambushed and killed the Los Angeles County Sheriff and two deputies of a five-man posse that rode after them.

The boldness of the bandidos and the racial tensions of the times gave rise to the revolutionary idea. Hispanics, whether well-to-do rancheros or peons, were being treated as second class citizens despite the fact that they vastly outnumbered the anglos in Southern California. In such a situation a revolutionary savior/champion was an easy wish to form. As the outnumbered ethnic group, now in possession of an area wrested from a foreign power not many years before, the anglos had reason to fear an uprising.

On the other hand, the brutality of the bandidos' action and the fact that all the members of the gang had criminal pasts worked against the idea that these were revolutionaries who would bring about better conditions for the poor and justice for the rancheros in their court battles against "gringos" trying to take their lands from them.

Speedy capture of the group members and lynchings, or equally speedy trials followed by speedy punishment, ended the hopes and fears of a general hispanic uprising. Now, the only official records tell of an unusual crime wave that was brought under control. ■



The 12500 ton liner S.S. *Borinquen* on her maiden voyage, 1931. — Drawing by author.

La Jenelle
The Ship of Five Names

by Richard W. Cunningham

It has long been held in the lore of the sea, that changing the name of a ship equates with bad luck. And in the case of the *La Jenelle,* known at other times as *Bahama Star, Arosa Star, Porto Rico, Borinquen,* the record suggests credence in the speculation.

On September 24, 1930, in the early days of the great depression, a 12,500 ton general purpose steamship was launched at the Bethlehem Shipyards, Quincy, Massachusetts. She was christened *Borinquen,* a colloquial Spanish word meaning a native of Puerto Rico.

Owned by the New York and Puerto Rico Steamship Company, the new liner was a state of the art vessel; a steel hull, with superstructure of wood construction above the promenade deck. She measured 465.9 feet overall length, 59.5 feet in the beam, and drew 24.2 feet of water. *Borinquen* was driven by twin turbines geared to a single shaft rated at 6000 horsepower.

Fitting out was completed in 1931 at which time she was placed in service to work east coast ports between New York and Miami, as well as calls throughout the Caribbean and South America. Typical of her class, she carried passengers, mail, freight, all kinds. These were the days, before cruise ships, when vessels earned their keep in the general ocean trade on the world's seas, tourists included.

Comatose is likely the word that best describes the state of ocean commerce in the 1930s. The U.S. Merchant Marine that comprised an aggregate 14,700,000 gross tons in 1922 dwindled to 9,300,000 tons by 1939, of which 3,300,000 tons was laid up. Further, during that era, labor afloat and ashore was in a state of chaos as owners and unions tangled in "Pier 6" brawls over wages and conditions. These ingredients, stirred into the seething pot of a worldwide depression, suggest the owners of the profitable *Borinquen* were to be envied.

September 1, 1939 marked the end of surplus ships and crews, and the beginning of a period of six years and one day of blood letting as German Panzers rumbled into Poland and WWII.

Each day after Hitler's attack on Poland the U.S., legally neutral, became more deeply involved until Japan's attack at Pearl Harbor, December 7,

1941. During the two uncommitted years President Roosevelt's advisors fortuitously listened to veteran planners and organizers, trained in the arts of mobilization and production in WWI.

Merchant ships, all kinds, and trained officers and crews were priority mobilization concerns, first, to provide a tenuous lifeline to support friendly European powers, and, later, to serve as the sea bridges for the delivery of the hundreds of millions of tons of cargo, and the millions of U.S. service personnel required to win a global war. Immediately after America's declaration of war, Federal agencies commenced commandeering U.S. flag vessels to serve in the war effort, and the *Borinquen* was in the van. In January 1942 the *S.S. Borinquen,* formerly of Agwilines Inc., was painted haze gray, stripped of her civilian amenities and allocated to the War Department by the War Shipping Administration to transport Army Engineers to various destinations to construct overseas bases.

The WSA rated *Borinquen* differently than had her owners. On the WSA list of ships she was shown as a transport for 7114 gross tons with a cruising radius of 7,000 miles at a speed of sixteen knots carrying 1280 passengers and 35,700 cubic feet of cargo.

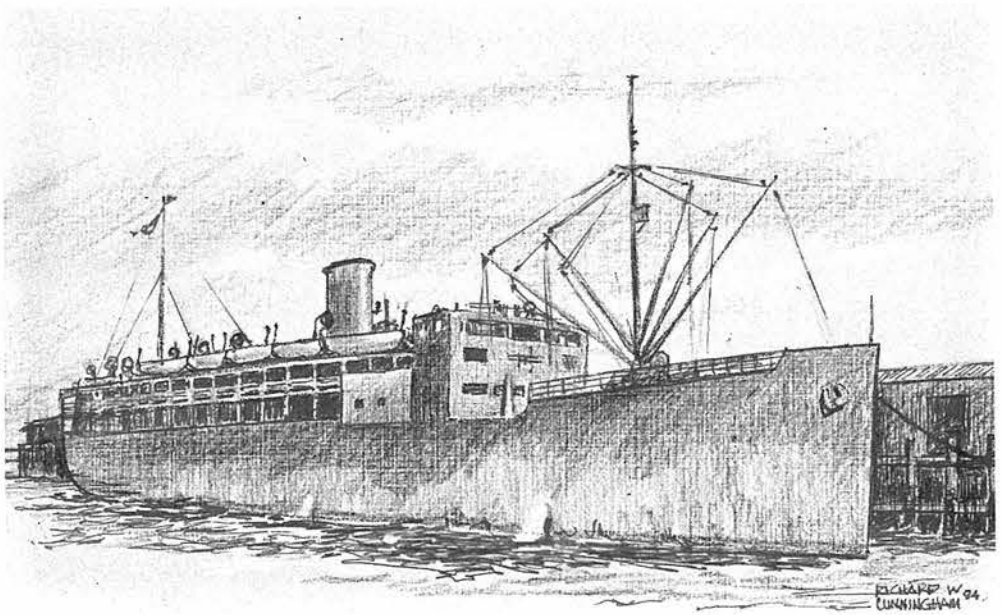
Her first trip in February 1942 was a run to Iceland. This was followed in April by a voyage to Iceland, England, and then on to Durban, Capetown, and Freetown, South Africa, before her return to New York in August. After reprovisioning, refueling, and reloading, *Borinquen* steamed to Oran, Algeria, and Casablanca, Morocco, via England and returned to New York in December.

In January 1943 *Borinquen* commenced sailing between New York and Oran, and returned from the last of those trips in August 1943. In September she began another series of voyages from New York and Boston to Belfast, returning home from the last round trip in April 1944.

In May 1944, *Borinquen* was bareboat chartered to the Transportation Corps for use as a troopship. After several trips to Belfast, she worked between Southhampton and Le Havre from January to August 1945. Following this duty she was at Livorno and Marseilles. Then she made three trips from New York to Marseilles and one to Le Havre before returning to New York in late January 1946.

In February 1946 *Borinquen* was delivered to the War Shipping Administration at New York as surplus to the needs of the Army. She was then returned to Agwilines, Inc. by the War Shipping Administration.

In 1949 the Bull Steamship Company pur-



S.S. *Borinquen* commandeered by War Shipping Administration for service as an Army transport loads at New York, 1942. — *Drawing by author.*

chased *Borinquen* and renamed her *Porto Rico,* under which name she continued to serve the ports of call between New York and South America, as she had before the war.

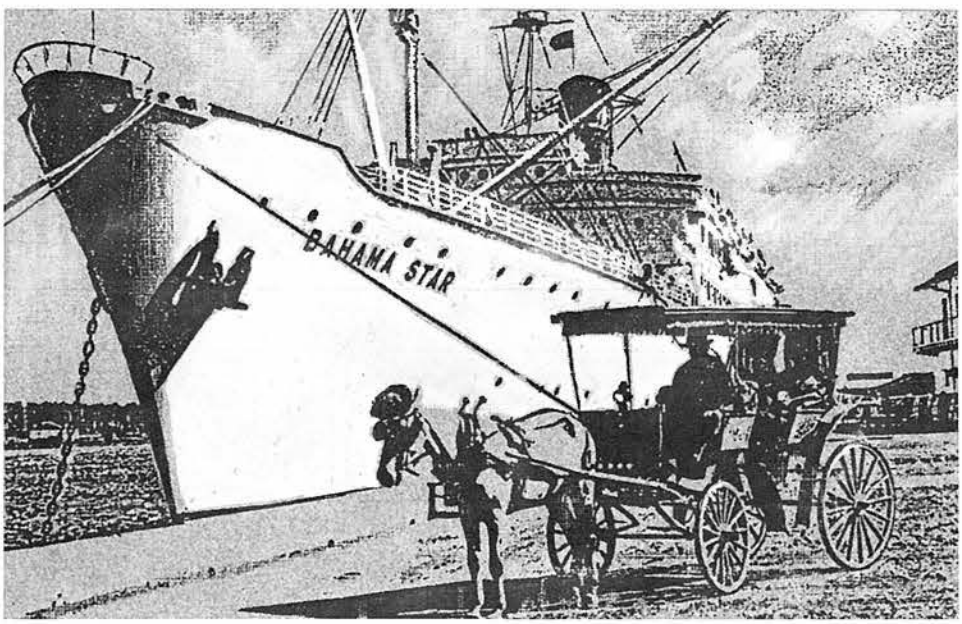
By 1954, when she was purchased by the Arosa Steamship Company, general service vessels were diminished in numbers, while two new breeds—specialty freighters and cruise ships—were gaining popularity. Cruise liners evolved as a class of vessels outfitted to cater exclusively to tourists destined for exotic ports of call at which freight and the like was purely secondary.

During her conversion to cruise liner configuration, the newly renamed *Arosa Star* underwent a major cosmetic alteration popular with other stars—a nose job. The vessel's bow at her 1930 launching was plumb, a vertical, knife edge design that in 1954 bespoke her advancing years. Thus, to improve her look in the eyes of fun bent passengers, her mainmast and cargo gear aft was removed before the addition of a fashionable stem and a streamlined funnel raked back—according to before and after photos—about twenty degrees.

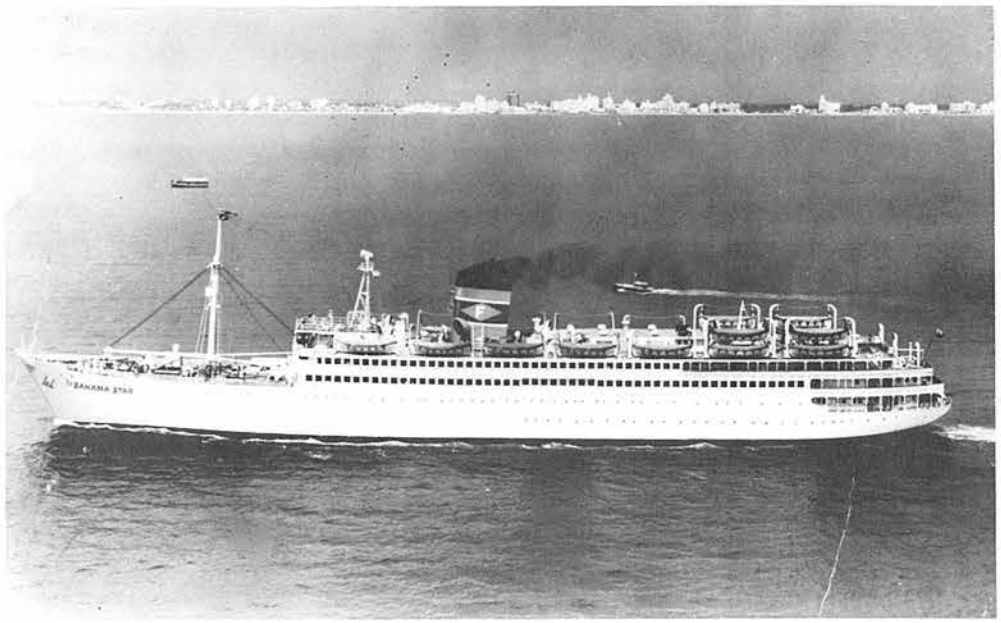
Following her 1954 yard overhaul and conversion, *Arosa Star* served the tourist trade working Caribbean ports out of Miami, Florida. After six years on the Carib run, the old girl was sold off to the Eastern Shipping Corporation in 1960, removed from Caribbean service, and reassigned to the Bahamas. And by the way, she was renamed *Bahama Star,* her fourth name in twenty-nine years. *Bahama Star's* cruises were three- and five-day "milk runs," Miami-Nassau and return, until her fifth year, when she made international headlines.

November 13, 1965, *Yarmouth Castle,* a cruise liner of the same vintage as *Bahama Star,* caught fire off Miami, where she was consumed by the inferno and went to the bottom in just four hours. Fortunately, *Bahama Star* and the *S.S. Finnpulp* were in the vicinity and took off 329 of *Yarmouth's* 486 passengers and crew. A total of 157 souls perished as the Castle liner, devoid of life jackets in the cabins or life rings on deck, took the hapless tourists to the great deeps. And though *Bahama Star* enjoyed a moment of glory, the disaster would return to haunt her.

A year before the calamity the Geneva Convention of 1964 outlawed wood construction of the sort employed in the *Yarmouth Castle* and *Bahama Star.* Thus the Castle tragedy stirred insurance underwriters and overseers of public



S.S. *Bahama Star* docked at Nassau in her third calling as a cruise ship, 1960. — *Drawing by author.*



S.S. *Bahama Star* after the face lift to new cruise ship configuration. — *Author's Collection.*

safety to come down hard on owners of suspect vessels.

The cost of the massive modification required to bring *Bahama Star* into conformance with the new regulations prompted Eastern Shipping Corporation, doing business as the Evangeline Steamship Company, to sell the *Bahama Star* to Sorenson and Bayles, doing business as the Western Steamship Company, S.A., a Panamanian Corporation, and—for the fifth time—the old girl's name was changed. Steaming deadhead out of Jacksonville, Florida, as *La Jenelle*, named after the wife of one of the corporation's principals, the aging liner looked more like a tramp than an out of work cruise liner when she put into the Port of Hueneme, California in September 1969.

This era of the late '60s marked the beginning of a new craze; theme restaurants. One couldn't eat a meal unless the decor conformed to some bizarre design ethic, and old ships were sure fire (no pun intended).

Down south of Hueneme, two superannuated Canadian Pacific liners, the *Princess Alexandra* at Redondo Beach and the *Princess Louise* at San Pedro, had opened as restaurants that attracted eager throngs. And at Long Beach the venerable *R.M.S. Queen Mary* had just undergone a $66,000,000 modification to serve as a hotel/convention center/museum, with numerous shops and restaurants. In this heady atmosphere the Western Steamship Company, San Diego, and Ensign Yachts Sales, Newport, California, naively offered *La Jenelle* as a restaurant/convention center to be moored at either Ventura Harbor or Channel Islands Harbor. Both harbors catered to pleasure boaters and both were posting phenomenal tennancy increases.

The general state of the vessel was such that it was no surprise when she cleared Hueneme, before a month passed, to anchor offshore to save wharfage fees. And it is likely that it was about this time that the sellers realized that towing the 12,500-ton vessel into either local pleasure craft harbor would have put her hard aground, thereby effectively blocking access to either port.

Prior to *Bahama Star's* sale in 1969 the Evangeline Steamship Company hired a surveyor to appraise the aging liner. The results of the inspection: replacement value $2,500,000, worth $1.9 million as is, and scrapped out, $400,000. No figures were published at the ship's sale, but it is certain that Western Steamship was on the line for a considerable sum. And though removal of the vessel from the Port of Hueneme effected a savings, as each idle month passed the investors' outlay continued to mount.

Given the tenuous financial situation, the owners and the Ensign Yacht Sales scrambled to find

another west coast theme restaurant site or some alternative use, as *La Jenelle* swung around the anchor in care of the two shipkeepers, Ray Chestnut and Les Ellis.

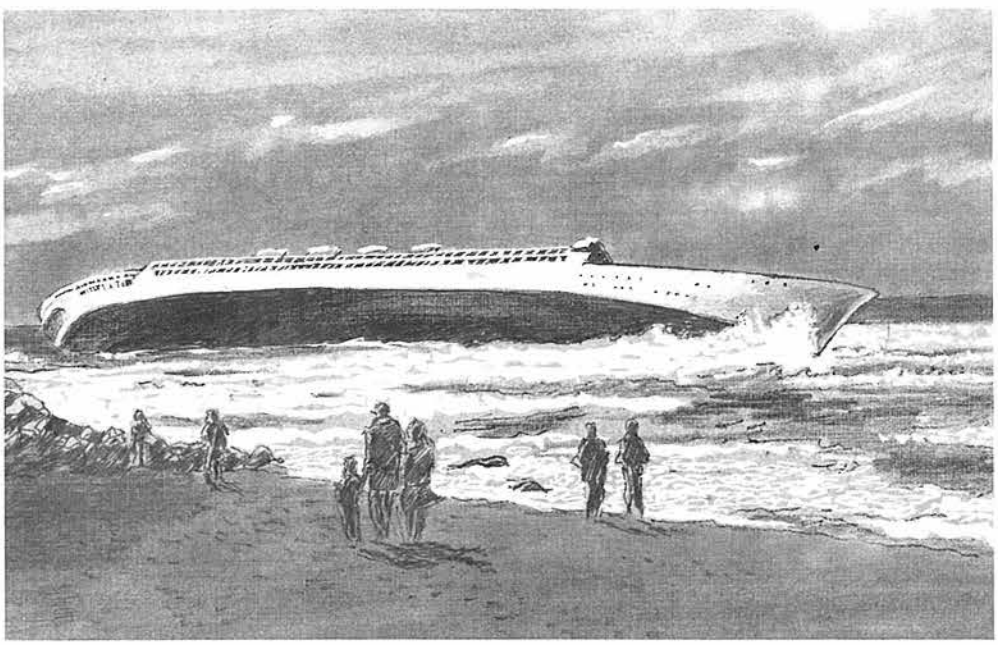
As time passed, *La Jenelle* became a fixture on the channel seascape and a frequent subject of conjectural conversation that developed into a body of local folklore difficult to verify twenty years after the fact. One newspaper account mentioned the possibility of Nigerian buyers, and old-timers frequently claimed Western Steamship was considering conversion of the liner to a gambling ship. Neither claim can be verified in known sources.

As to the gambling ship conjecture, reality suggests the tale is a tale. The staggering cost of maintaining a 12,500-ton ship in compliance with all of the safety regulations and modifications to meet safety standards, plus operational costs, and the power of "Vegas" interests, casts doubt on a gambling venue.

Then there is the allegation that in view of her spotless record, the crew and her military passengers dubbed *Borinquen* the "Lucky Star." This is likely a bit of spindrift contrived by virtue of knowledge of her prior name, *Bahama Star,* and a modicum of Bushmills neat. The word star was not connected with the ship's name until nine years after WWII. Having served in the fleet of that period, it is difficult for me to believe a seasick Dogface would have anything pleasant to say about a transport, and the likelihood of a crew of merchant seamen tempting the God of fate by referring to their rust bucket as lucky anything sounds like the contrivance of a romantic landlubber. And as evidence of this conjecture, I submit the case of the pre-war Navy transport *Chaumont.* Plying the Pacific on regular calls to distant stations, *Chaumont* was characterized by passengers as standing for "Christ Help All Unfortunate Marines On Navy Transport."

One bit of financial lore reported in the *Ventura Star Free Press* and *Oxnard Press Courier* is real. By March 1970 Western Steamship Company was in serious negotiations with Indonesian interests. The prospective buyers planned on acquiring *La Jenelle* for general service in southeast Asian waters. By the week of April 5, 1970, the Indonesians advised the owners that they would place $1,000,000 in escrow the following week.

Monday (not Friday), April 13th, a northwester struck the Channel coast. By 1 PM the storm reached force 11, and the sixty miles per hour winds and thirty-five foot high seas caused the 465-



S.S. *La Jenelle* on her beam ends off entry to Port Hueneme, 1970. — *Drawing by author.*

foot liner, pitching and rolling a mile and a half at sea, to drag her anchor. By 3:30 PM *La Jenelle* pounded hard aground at her beam ends at Silver Strand Beach as her two helpless shipkeepers were taken off in a courageous rescue, in a Sikorsky Seahorse helicopter by Lieutenant Commander Dick Shaw out of Pt. Mugu. The disaster, reported in the local press, was barely mentioned outside the area, because April 13th was the day the Aquarius module of the Apollo 13 mission to the moon developed a life threatening glitch. Who cares about a beached hulk when you have astronauts in trouble on the moon?

By storm's end the Indonesian escrow was cancelled and hopes of dislodging the brute were dashed. The violent action of the wind and seas had built up such a massive barrier of sand that no tug, or flotilla of tugs, could have gotten the cripple off.

Naturally the hulk attracted crowds of curious as well as numerous scavengers who picked her bones of anything portable, while the distraught owners searched for a solution. According to *Shipwrecks of Southern California,* the drowning of a scavenger prompted the owners to depart for parts unknown.

April 26 the Oxnard City Council registered its displeasure with the situation and its concern for the public safety. This was the same day the Oxnard Chief of Police received a letter from a Taiwanese scrap dealer seeking the names and addresses of the owners. April 26 a final survey recommended scrapping her out.

Fortunately, the hull was beached adjacent to the north breakwater of the entry channel at the Port of Hueneme. This good luck obviated cutting up the vessel in its entirety.

Salvors commenced removing modular sections of the superstructure which were hoisted over to a barge with jury rigged booms and a crane. Upon final removal of the wreck's upper works, the barge was towed out about three and a half miles to the twenty fathoms curve and the wreckage was sunk to provide fish habitats on the sandy bottom.

With the main deck clear stem to stern, loads of riprap were heaped upon the hull. When complete,

(Continued on Page Twenty-One)

Deck plate and bit of *La Jenelle* still visible on south face of harbor entry jetty. — *Author's Collection*

Physicians in Hispanic California

by Robert J. Moes, M.D.

Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, commanding Spain's first exploring expedition to Alta California, fell in October 1542 on an island off the California coast, probably Catalina, and sustained a fractured arm. The fracture was likely compound and resulted in sepsis (blood poisoning) that caused or contributed to his death, it appears on San Miguel Island on 3 January 1545. There is no record of the nature of his care, but it is highly unlikely that the ship carried a trained medical person and much more probable that this function was filled by the ship's cook or one of the officers.

It is a matter of record that a surgeon accompanied the expedition of Sir Francis Drake who explored the California coast in 1579. Substantiating record is not available, but it seems certain that a surgeon accompanied Sebastian Vizcaino in his extensive exploration of the California coast in 1602-1603.

More than 160 years elapsed following Vizcaino's voyage before any attempt was made to colonize Alta California. Then in 1769 an expedition was formed by the Spanish *visitador general,* Jose de Galvez, to establish presidios at San Diego and Monterey and, with the assistance of Fray Junípero Serra, to develop missions for conversion of the heathen population.

Jose de Galvez

The expedition was divided into four parts, two proceeding by land and two by sea. Gaspar de Portolá, the military governor, and Father Serra traveled by land. The larger vessel on the sea voyage was the *San Carlos,* also called the *Golden Fleece.* Aboard was a medical officer, a captain in the Spanish Army, Don Pedro Prat, who was to become the first surgeon-general at Monterey. Prat was a Catalan, perhaps of French origin, and had received a formal medical education at the University of Barcelona, although it did not appear that he had a doctor of medicine degree.

The *San Carlos* met with many vicissitudes based upon scurvy, storms, and navigational difficulty and was at sea from 9 January 1769 until the 29th of April of that year, then reaching San Diego harbor almost by chance. There was loss of life on the voyage but disease and death continued unabated after reaching shore. Most of the illness appears to have been produced by scurvy although one wonders that more of these patients did not respond inasmuch as edible vegetation and wild fruits should now have been available.

In any event, the sick were cared for by Surgeon Prat with the assistance, so we are told, of two friars. The patients were housed in makeshift tents and shelters of sail cloth. This was, in a sense, the first hospital in California. The death toll was so appalling that the site was named *Punta de Los Muertos,* or Dead Man's Point.

Prat determined who were sufficiently invalided to be returned to Mexico as well as those, even not fully recovered, who could go on to Monterey by land or by ship. He himself continued to Monterey on the *San Carlos* with Governor Portolá and took up his duties as California's first Royal Spanish Provincial Surgeon General.

Unhappily, Dr. Prat became insane not long after reaching Monterey, a situation usually related to the rigorous voyage and the stress of his care of the sick. He was returned to Guadalajara, Mexico, in 1771 and died there.

Thereafter there was usually a surgeon-general in residence at Monterey, although the post was occasionally vacant for a year or more. The position was not a desirable one; the incumbent had only limited facilities, no intercourse with col-

leagues, and but little contact with other educated people. Nevertheless, several of these men were dedicated in their administrative duties and in the management of health problems on the frontier. A few of them will warrant further consideration. In total they were:

Pedro Prat	1769-1771
Pedro Castran	1773-1774
José Davila	1774-1783
Pedro Carbajal	1785-1787
Pablo Soler	1791-1800
Juande Dios Morelos	1801-1802
Manuel Torres	1802-1803
José María Benites	1803-1807
Manuel Quijano	1807-1824

and during the Mexican period—

J. Evan Pérez de Léon	1829
Manuel Crespo	1832
Manuel de Alva	1833-1840
Edward Bale	1840-1843
Foustino Moro	1844

Pablo Soler, the fifth surgeon-general, graduated from the University of Barcelona in 1773, the year of Pedro Prat's death and served as medical officer in the Royal Spanish Navy prior to receiving the appointment as Provincial Surgeon-General. He was competent, exceedingly well thought of, traveled considerable distance on his rounds and performed difficult surgery; on one occasion he saved the life of an Indian who had been gored by a bull and whose intestines were protruding. However, Dr. Soler was never happy in his situation, and particularly in the lack of opportunity to study and further his medical abilities. Ultimately his petition to return to Spain was granted.

José María Benites is best remembered for his report of 1 January 1805 to the Viceroy concerning the high mortality rate of the mission Indians as well as the causes of death among both soldiers and Indians. He listed the chief causes as dysentery, fevers, pleurisy, pneumonia, and venereal disease and stated that:

> The causes of the first named are: impure water which they (the Mexican soldiers) use in the preparation of their food; want of cleanliness in their habitations and lack of inclination to cleanliness; want of care and prudence in eating when ill; lack of vegetables and aversion for them; the continued exposure to the dampness, fogs and rains in the season, when they are in the habit of letting the clothing dry on their bodies, which results in eruptions. The causes of venereal and kindred diseases among the Indians are impure intercourse, filthy habits, sleeping huddled together, the sick with the others, the interchange of clothing, passing the nights in dancing and gambling on which occasions they shout and exert themselves exceedingly; finally the unreasonable use of the temescal or sweat house from which, perspiring freely, they jump into cold water. Despite the zeal of the Fathers who for sake of charity took me to the rancherias in order to apply some remedies, the rudeness of the Indians reached such a degree that they declared the missionaries wanted to kill them. The sick would refuse medical aid. They would wash their sores and wounds, and would scarify themselves with a flint, even the eyelids. I omit other barbarous customs.

Benites also reported that Fray Luis Martinez at Mission San Luis Obispo had about thirty patients in the hospital for his neophytes. The greater part of these patients were women, and Benites found most of them suffering from tuberculosis or syphilis. Obviously the "hospital" bore no resemblance to today's institutions and but little to hospitals in more developed areas of the day. It had dirt floors, inadequate ventilation, pallets for beds and completely lacked sanitary facilities, but it did represent a desire to help the sick and particularly to isolate them from the uninfected.

In this regard it should be noted that the Californians displayed a considerable early knowledge of contagion as well as the value of isolation and quarantine. There are instances of the clothing and personal property of tuberculosis patients being burned after death; in one case even incineration of the roof, doors and windows of a house as well as removal of the floor bricks and scraping of the walls. Obviously, however, it was far too early for sound judgement in what should or should not be isolated, and quarantine was at times carried to ludicrous extremes. In 1797 thirty-four patients with scurvy, arriving on the frigate *Princess,* were isolated, and scurvy is, of course, a deficiency disease and not a contagious one.

Manuel Quijano, the last of the Spanish surgeon-generals, served for seventeen years, far longer than any of his colleagues. Quijano graduat-

ed from the Royal Medical College of Madrid in 1796 and was commissioned in the Royal Spanish Navy. He continued nominally as surgeon-general for a short time under the Mexican domination and then briefly practiced medicine in Monterey prior to his death in 1825.

Correspondence still on record confirms the fact that Quijano, and no doubt other surgeon-generals, did not confine their services to Monterey and the adjacent missions but traveled far afield. Letters to Governor Pablo Solá, preserved in the Santa Barbara Mission Archive Library, show that in addition to his local duties Quijano visited six missions in less than a year, including San Fernando, approximately 500 miles by horseback from the presidio of Monterey.

The surgeon-generals of the Mexican period served during a time in which the charm of Hispanic California and its position as a political entity were waning. Manuel de Alva, a Mexican surgeon, came to California with newly appointed Governor Jose Figueroa in 1835. He became involved politically and was arrested following participation in a revolt against Governor Alvarado. On escaping,. he joined other dissidents and was again arrested, being released on his promise of no further involvement in politics. Illness caused him to return to Mexico in 1840 when he was fifty-three years of age.

Edward Turner Bale, a young English surgeon, landed at Monterey in 1837 and became the first Anglo-Saxon physician to be resident there. Not long after his arrival he married Maria Ignacia Soberanes, a niece of General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, and the general appointed him surgeon of the California forces in 1840. He became a Mexican citizen in 1841 and, among other activities, operated a liquor shop which he had started as a drug store.

General Vallejo presented him with four leagues of fine land in the Napa Valley where he lived after leaving Monterey in 1843. He was still a young man when he died on his ranch at St. Helena in 1849.

Manuel Crespo, shown as surgeon-general in 1832, held a number of positions under the Mexican regime but medically was a phlebotomist, or bloodletter. Drawing a pint or more of blood from the patient, and often doing so repeatedly, was a standard treatment at the time but does appear to have been more widely used in Hispanic California than elsewhere. Jose Castillo was employed as phlebotomist at Monterey from 1792 until 1828, and no doubt there were bloodletters at other presidios. All of these people served a paramedical function and did dressing and routine things other than bloodletting.

The widespread abuse of bleeding in California at that time is very evident in the fact that Governor Diego de Borica in 1799 issued a decree against its use by barbers. Nevertheless, it was noted by a visitor as the favorite form of treatment at San Francisco in 1816.

Often not even a phlebotomist was available, and the assistance of the friars was inadequate. Helpfully, on occasion a ship carrying a physician was in port or, lacking a physician, had aboard some other person with experience in medical treatment. One of the best known of the latter was Stephen Anderson, a Scotch trader who was supercargo on ships trading on the California coast between 1828 and 1832. The Californians sought his advice whenever possible. On one occasion, 6 February 1830, he prepared a statement certifying the condition of health of Fr. José Uriá who subsequently died at Santa Barbara. The phrasing of the statement does suggest that Anderson may have had some medical education.

Through the Hispanic years a number of scientific expeditions,. Spanish, English, French, and Russian, visited the California coast. Physicians usually accompanied these voyages, often as nonmedical scientists, but with a notable exception did not provide any medical care on shore. Among these men one should mention the Frenchman Rollin, chief surgeon of the la Perouse expedition, who was in Monterey for ten days in September 1786 and who reported on the physical qualities and health problems of the Indians.

Russian ships were not infrequently on the California coast, and most of the non-resident physicians of historical interest were involved in their voyages. Often these men were German inasmuch as there was no adequate medical education in Russia at the time. The Russians who were, of course, involved in supplying and maintaining their settlements in Alaska and northern California, were also feeling out the possibility of further expansion and were engaged in trade.

Dr. Frederick Eschscholtz was a physician with the Kotzebue expedition in 1816 and spent a month in the San Francisco area. He visited Cali-

fornia again with Kotzebue in 1824. The California poppy, *Eschscholzia Californica,* is named after him.

Dr. George Heinrich von Langsdorff, a medical graduate of Göttingen, left Russia on the Krusenstern expedition in 1803 and in Kamchatka joined the Rezanov voyage to California. They remained in the San Francisco region for six weeks in 1806. Langsdorff reported on syphilis being widespread among both Spanish and Indian residents. Also he noted epidemics of measles among the Indians with a high mortality and with abortions resulting in almost all of the pregnant women affected—a situation which mercifully still holds inasmuch as, if born alive, the child is seldom normal.

Langsdorff also told the story of the first great historical romance of Spanish California. Rezanov and Concepción Arguello, the sixteen-year-old sister of the commandant at San Francisco, fell in love, and the suitor was to return to California to claim his bride. This happy outcome was prevented by Rezanov's death while returning overland from Kamchatka to St. Petersburg.

Nikolai Petrovich Resanov

The *Kutuzov,* on the fourth Russian round-the-world expedition, was at San Francisco in 1817. The ship brought smallpox vaccine, and vaccination was performed, probably the first immunization carried out in California. There is no record of the doctor involved.

A later voyage was made, and the *Kutuzov* was at Monterey in July, August, and September of 1821. Again we do not know the identity of the physician, but there is much evidence of his medical activity. Fr. Juan Bautista Sancho at Mission San Antonio wrote Governor Pablo Solá on 18 July 1821, reported his illness, and expressed his willingness to go to Monterey if the ship brought a good doctor. During the time that the *Kutuzov* was in port there were similar request to the governor from Missions Soledad and San Juan Bautista.

Jose Estrada, *habilitado* (paymaster) at Monterey wrote a letter under the date of 28 August 1821 to his friend Don Jose de la Guerra y Noriega, presidial commandant at Santa Barbara, in which a postscript stated: "The Russian surgeon has brought vaccine and today vaccinated 54 persons, I being the first" Obviously, the medical stores of the *Kutuzov* again contained smallpox vaccine intended for use in Russian Alaska but willingly shared at Monterey.

A number of questionable practitioners of medicine appeared and were active in California in the 1820s and 1830s. The first of these was James W. Burrough who arrived in Santa Barbara, obviously by ship, in 1823 when he was twenty-two years of age. There is no record of Burrough's education, but he might have had some credential or ability, as he signed a contract on 1 July 1823 with Captain de la Guerra, the commandant, to provide medical services for the presidio soldiers and their families. Burrough died in Santa Barbara in 1854 and apparently was still practicing medicine in 1850 because his occupation was shown as physician in the census of that year.

James Ohio Pattie was a young trapper, one of a party of eight that included his father, and who reached California in 1828. The anti-foreign fears of the Mexicans caused the party to be jailed in San Diego and the father died there. There was smallpox in northern California at the time, and it was feared that it would spread. Pattie, who had a supply of vaccine brought by his father from New

Mexico, was released from jail on his agreeing to vaccinate the populace.

He began this work in January 1829 by vaccinating everyone at the presidio and mission in San Diego, and then progressing northward and reaching San Francisco in June. He claimed to have vaccinated 2,500 at Los Angeles and 2.600 in Santa Barbara, patently impossible inasmuch as there were only 1,060 people in the entire Los Angeles district and no more than 1,500 at Santa Barbara in 1829. One wonders, too, if his vaccine could have been active after a period of time in the Southwest and further period in jail in San Diego. Nevertheless, it may have been, and its meager quantity may have been stretched out by arm to arm vaccination along the way. Pattie returned to his birthplace in Kentucky in 1830 but came back to California at the time of the gold rush. Nothing further is known about him.

John Marsh, whose name was spelled Juan Marchet by the Californians, was an educated man with a Bachelor of Arts degree from Harvard but very probably without any formal medical education. He arrived in Los Angeles in January 1836 after many vicissitudes on the frontier and in the Southwest and including being held prisoner by Indians. In Los Angeles he applied to the *ayuntamiento* (town council) for permission to remain in the community and practice medicine.

The illustrious but unlearned *ayuntamiento* asked for documentation of his medical background, and he presented his Harvard diploma. They could not read Latin (there is some question if most of them could read Spanish) and consequently asked Marsh to have the document translated into Spanish. This proved impractical, and the diploma was given to the Reverend Jean Augustin Alexis Bachelot, the first resident priest at the Plaza Church, for his authentication. Fr. Alexis found it in order, and Marsh was given permission to practice, becoming Dr. John Marsh and the first licensed practitioner of healing arts in California, after he went to Monterey and the governor duly approved a license.

Nevertheless, Marsh practiced only for about a year, during which time he was paid chiefly in hides. Obtaining cash for these, he went north, acquired a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley and prospered. He is described as having been a man who was strong both physically and mentally and who was almost uniformly disliked. He was murdered by three of his ranch hands in 1856 following a dispute over wages.

Nicholas Augustus Den, an Irishman born in 1812, studied medicine at the University of Dublin but did not complete the course. He came to California on the american bark *Kent,* landing at Monterey in December 1836 and going on to Santa Barbara. When there he did not devote his time to medical practice and did not call himself doctor. Undoubtedly, however, he was often called on for advice.

Den was naturalized in 1841 and in 1843 married a daughter of Daniel Antonio Hill (who came to Santa Barbara in 1823) and Rafaela Ortega. Nicholas Den became a man of wealth and substance and when he died in 1862 his four ranches totaled 70,000 acres.

Dr. Richard Somerset Den, the younger brother of Nicholas, was the first foreign physician in California who has a medical degree. He was born in 1821 and completed his medical education at the University of Dublin in 1842, then taking a post as ship's surgeon on the *Glenswilly* of Glasgow and ultimately reaching Mazatlan in July 1843. There he learned that his brother Nicholas lived in Santa Barbara and was overjoyed by this as he had heard nothing of the brother for years. Consequently, he resigned his position and transhipped to the bark *Clarita,* reaching San Pedro and going on to Santa Barbara where he arrived on 1 September 1843. Following a stay with his brother, he set up practice in Los Angeles in 1844.

Richard Den served as chief surgeon to the Mexican forces opposed to the American Army and Navy in southern California in 1846 and early 1847. Also in 1846 he purchased the Mission Santa Barbara for 7,500 *pesos.* (Nicholas Den and his father-in-law Daniel Hill were lessees of the mission.) Like many others, Richard Den was caught up in the excitement of the gold rush and spent two years in the gold country, more often as doctor than as a miner. Thereafter he returned to Los Angeles for a few years and then turned rancher with his brother in Santa Barbara. In 1866 he again came back to Los Angeles and remained in practice there until his death in 1895. During this time he was affectionately known as Don Ricardo.

* * *

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

the new stone and concrete work that projected around 150 yards offshore became an extension of the original stonework at the north entry of the Port's main channel.

Today, the north side of the jetty appears to be an ordinary riprap finger, but its south face still reveals some of the rusty remains—in particular, a large section of deck plate with a cockeyed bit that serves as a reminder of the ship of five names.

The only other public reminder of the event is a small sandspit, backed by a masonry wall, and a bronze plaque. The area is called La Jenelle Park. The wall, once decorated with murals depicting the event, has become a favored target for the spray can element engaged in graphodysentary.

The text of the La Jenelle park plaque reads:

> Buried beneath this beach is the 467-foot hull of the *La Jenelle.* The luxury liner was driven aground at this site during a coastal storm on April 13, 1970. The State Lands Commission coordinated a joint Federal, State, and local governmental effort to convert the remains of the derelict ship from a safety hazard to this recreational area for public benefit. The beach side park and fishing area, constructed with State funds, is maintained by the County of Ventura.

Pax vobiscum!

References and authorities:

[1]Bill Olsen, Curator, L.A. Maritime Museum, extracts from *Lloyd's Registry* 1969-1970.

[2]*Shipwrecks of Southern California,* Bonnie Cardone and Patrick Smith, Menasha Ridge Press, 1989.

[3]Naval Historical Center, Washington, D.C., *Troopships of World War II,* Roland W. Charles, Army Transportation Corps.

[4]*Oxnard Press Courier,* 1970 issues.

[5]*Ventura Star Free Press,* 1970 issues.

[6]Oxnard Harbor District, Port of Hueneme, Warfingers' Log.

[7]*Westways,* December 1992, The Battle of Santa Monica Bay, Bruce Henstell, background on offshore gambling. ■

Corral Chips

by Donald Duke

Norman Neuerburg was elected into the Arabella and Henry Huntington Heritage Society at a special luncheon on Tuesday the 24th of May. Current Corral members who belong are *Donald Duke, William Escherich,* and the late *John Kemble.*

The Corral's "Square Rigger," *Robert Schwemmer,* has just had an article published in the June 1994 issue of *Sea Classics* entitled "At Sea on the Brig Lady Washington." This sailing vessel, a replica of the first American vessel to explore the west coast of America, was a tall ship with standing rigging amounting to nine miles of lineal rope and 4,400 square feet of canvas. "Lady Washington" came into Los Angeles Harbor last February with 42 passengers aboard.

In a surprise celebration *C.M. Mike Harrison* was honored by the friends of the University of California (Davis) library last November. Mike and his wife Margaret have been long time supporters of the library. They have assisted the library in preserving valuable books and manuscripts.

Several Corral members were in attendance at the *Al Miller/Hank Clifford* auction. Those in attendance with fat checkbooks in their pockets were: *Steve Born, Arthur Clark, Robert Clark, Andrew Dagosta, Glen Dawson, Tony Kroll, Ernest Marquez, Tired Eyes Newton, Conrad Norby, Mike Nunn, Larry Robinson, Jerome Selmer, Paul Showalter, Elmer Taylor, Huge Tolford,* and *Monsignor Weber.* Last, but not least, *Jerry Zorthian* the

(Continued on Page Twenty-Seven)

California History Vignettes

by Msgr. Francis J. Weber

Wells Fargo at San Fernando Mission

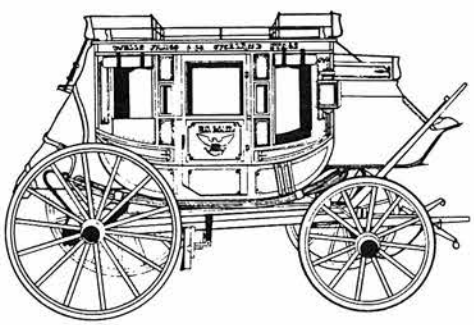
Among the more popular exhibits at San Fernando Mission is a half-size stagecoach model bearing the traditional markings of the Wells Fargo & Company which provided mail and passenger service from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast for over half a century.

Wells Fargo used stagecoaches from its earliest days until 1918. At first it contracted with independent companies to carry its mail, express, and treasure shipments throughout California. Later, Wells Fargo financially backed the development of the first transcontinental stagecoach venture, the Overland Mail Company.

By 1866, Wells Fargo operated the largest staging enterprise in the west. Its stagecoaches ran between Cisco, California and North Platte, Nebraska, the railheads of the transcontinental railroad.

The coaches used by Wells Fargo were built by the Abbot-Downing Company of Concord, New Hampshire, and were the finest vehicles available. They were constructed of the very best wood, leather, and metal, and could transport nine passengers inside and some more on the roof.

The scale stagecoach on exhibit at San Fernando Mission was hand-carved in balsa wood by Oscar Joe Montagno, Jr. It faithfully illustrates the details of a Concord Stage, including the leather straps suspension system, called thoroughbraces, which gave the coach its unique ride.



The westernmost rooms of the convento at San Fernando Mission, cut off from the rest of the building, originally served as a hospice or inn for travellers along *El Camino Real.* Later the area became a station on the Butterfield line between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

John Butterfield, the guiding force for the Overland Mail Company, also served as Vice President of the American Express Company which was founded in 1850 by Henry Wells and William G. Fargo.

Wells Fargo and American Express controlled the Overland Mail Company and acted for Butterfield in California. In later years, the interests of Butterfield and Wells Fargo were consolidated in many areas of the west.

Not much is known about the station at San Fernando Mission. One of the few insights into its operation was provided by Waterman L. Ormsby (1834-1908) who kept a diary of a trip he made by the stage during the final months of 1858.

Arriving at San Fernando Mission on October 8th of that year, he wrote the following description as part of an essay that appeared in the New York *Herald* for November 19, 1858.

"Our first change was nine miles from Los Angeles. Fifteen miles further, we changed at the old Spanish mission of San Fernando, which is marked on Colton's map. It was built for the Indians and consists of a number of low ranches; the remains indicate that it was once a fine adobe building, with large pillars in front and a fine belfry and fountain.

"A niche in the centre of the building contains a fine piece of old statuary. Part of the building is now used as a stable for the company's horses; and the only inhabitants we saw were a few Indian women, washing in a little brook which gurgles by, who giggled in high glee as we passed with our beautiful team of six white horses—two more than our usual allowance, in consideration of a heavy canon and pass which lay in our route." ■

The Overland Monthly

Foremost among the bibliographic treasures in the library of the Archival Center at Mission Hills is a complete set of the *Overland Monthly,* one of the few extant sets bound in the original publisher's cloth.

The magazine was founded in July of 1868 by Bret Harte, the most famous short story writer of the early west, and Anton Roman, then the leading publisher on the Pacific Slope.

Associated in the editorial work of the magazine in the early years were such notable writers as Charles Warren Stoddard, Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller, Jack London and Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain).

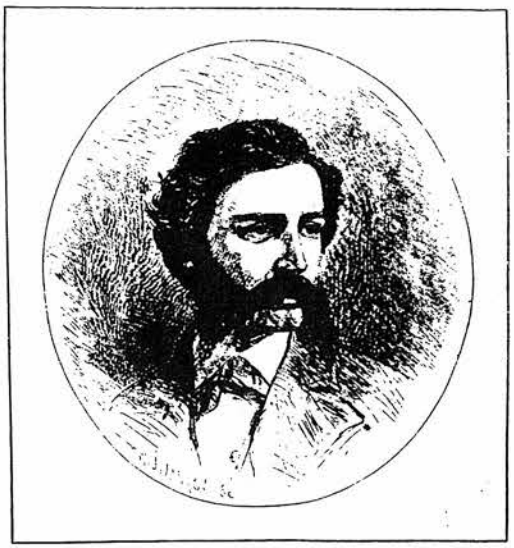
During the following quarter century, the *Overland Monthly* mirrored the thrilling romance of the west. It was the first publication to reflect the area's distinct literary culture. Most critics agree that with the founding of the *Overland Monthly* coincided the beginning of the artistic and literary life of Western America.

Publication of the *Overland Monthly* revealed an understanding of human nature that brought him recognition as the century's greatest humorist and its gentlest, kindliest and noblest delineator of character.

Today the *Overland Monthly* is regarded as much a part of the west as the lofty snow-capped Sierras. Behind the *Overland Monthly* lies the tradition and the spirit of California magic. The journal encompassed in its pages the romance of the past, the prosperity of the present and the amazing promise of the future–all portrayed in fact and fiction.

The provenance of the forty-three volumes at Mission Hills can be traced back to June of 1831, when Ernest Dawson offered the set to Carrie Estelle Doheny. It was, to the best of his recollection, "the first entirely complete run" which he had ever handled.

In a note tipped into the initial volume, Dawson traced the history of the journal, noting that the "first series" was issued between 1868 and 1875, under the editorship of Bret Harte. From 1880 to 1882, it appeared as *The Californian.*



Bret Harte

BRET HARTE IN 1871

Then, in 1883, its name reverted to the *Overland Monthly.* Appearing for another twenty-two volumes until 1893, the journal reached "the highest point of literary excellence." Dawson noted that the many poems, articles and stories appeared in the *Overland Monthly* "for the first time in print."

The Los Angeles bookseller told Mrs. Doheny that it was safe "to say that no magazine was ever published in the west containing so much of real literary excellence as was contained in this set. To locate it all complete and in the original publisher's cloth, and in fine condition, will always be difficult."

According to a small, rectangular bookplate in certain of the volumes, the set of the *Overland Monthly* now at the Archival Center belonged to Ira P. Rankin prior to its purchase by Dawson. Dawson's cost of the set was $300. Guestimates of its present value soar into the thousands.

The *Overland Monthly* was the premier magazine in its time and one of the few that made any valid pretensions to literary merit. It was rightly advertised as "the grandest magazine in its field in the world." ■

FANDANGO 1994

The green lawns and shading trees of the San Fernando Mission grounds were made available again by Monsignor Francis Weber, the corral's Deputy Sheriff, as the site of this year's Fandango. It is a site much appreciated, and considered an important factor to bring about an enjoyment of the event, an opinion strongly held by members from the San Gabriel Valley who came to the San Fernando Valley by a lengthy circuitous route to avoid World Cup Soccer traffic funneling to the Rose Bowl.

Msgr. Weber was resplendent in his black western hat which, with his regular black clothes, makes him the only one we know who can wear the traditional bad guy black hat and still look like a good guy.

One change in the setting from last year was that there were fewer peacocks around to startle the guests with hair-raising shrieks. Another change was that George Pelonis of Chris' and Pitts' catered the event. His open barbecue racks added to the western look of the event, and when he placed the steaks on the hot grill the sizzle and aroma was welcome notice that George's usual good food was ready.

Dinner time was a period that might also be called Andrew Dagosta time. The original art work of Andy Dagosta's design for the Fandango invitation had been beautifully matted and framed and was presented to host Msgr. Weber. Then the raffle of a Dagosta watercolor and a Dagosta colored sketch took place. The watercolor, titled "Winter Storm," became the prized possession of Mrs. Ken Pauley, and *CM* Eric Nelson became the lucky owner of the sketch titled "King Ranch."

The after dinner entertainment was provided by Steve Valentine, billed as The Magician of Great Britain, a very clever young man who was entertaining both for his astonishing magician mastery and for a rapid-fire sophisticated line of patter.

As it took a lot of volunteer work by wranglers in support of Sheriff Mike Nunn, Deputy Sheriff Msgr. Weber, and Registrar Tom Bent to bring about a successful Fandango, we want to list the members of Wrangler Boss Todd Peterson's crew. They were Lawrence Arnold, Reese Benson, Perry Deters, Michael A. Gallucci, Raymond J. Peter, Bud Runnels, Warren Thomas, Glenn H. Thornhill, Steve Warren, and Ron Wright.

The Editor.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Some of the happy Fandango guests.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Steve Valentine, The Magician of Great Britain.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Wrangler Boss Todd Peterson and Deputy Sheriff Msgr. Weber are not at a revival meeting. Peterson is thanking the Fandango Wrangler volunteers.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Registrar of Marks and Brands Tom Bent and Sheriff Mike Nunn conducting raffle of Andy Dagosta art.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Glen Dawson, with Sheriff Nunn's approval, hangs special railroad pin on Donald Duke, publisher and author of many railroad books. That is caterer George Pelonis in the left background preparing food.

Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

DAN L. THRAPP
1913-1994

Dan L. Thrapp, author of biographies and historical works, an expert on the history of the American West, and friend to many, died April 29, 1994, in Tucson, Arizona.

One of the world's foremost authorities on the Apache wars of Arizona and New Mexico, he wrote six books on the subject, including *The Conquest of Apacheria* and *Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts.* Both were published by the University of Oklahoma Press. They are considered standard texts in the field of southwestern history. In all, he published fourteen books, numerous articles and countless reviews. But it was with one unique publication that I first became closely associated with Dan.

In 1984 Dan phoned and said he had put together a collection of biographies of frontier personalities over the years—would we be interested in taking a look? This was classic Thrapp, understated and self-deprecating. Some time later he stopped into our offices in Glendale and asked if he could borrow a handcart to bring in some stuff. When he returned, it was with three cartons, each twelve inches deep, filled with manuscript copy! I eventually discovered that this manuscript was the culmination of all his years of meticulous and diligent research in the frontier history arena. Every time he had run across an individual in his historical studies, he recorded the data and source, and filed it away. After several decades, the quantity of material was daunting. From these notes he prepared individual entries on thousands of frontier characters, and the result was the *Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography* (3 volumes) which we published in 1988. From reader comments and reviews, Dan went back to work and prepared a supplemental volume, published in 1984.

Dan's life was filled with adventure and a daring that would surprise many of his casual acquaintances. In the summer of 1929, at the age of 16, he began hitch-hiking west from Chicago. With $30.00, he traveled by foot across the South Dakota Badlands, fought forest fires in Washington State, hopped a freight train to San Diego, and hiked from the south rim to the north rim of the Grand Canyon.

After a short college stint, wanderlust overtook him again and he worked on a sheep ranch near Big Sandy, Montana, and on a cattle ranch near Lordsburg, New Mexico. Hired by the American

Museum of Natural History in New York in vertebrate paleontology, he spent five months in Wyoming on a fossil collecting expedition at Big Horn Basin. In 1935, with a couple of pack horses, he struck out into the Dark Canyon area of Utah. In his own account, he related that he "went down between the Grand and Green rivers, swam the Grand, and worked down between the San Juan and Colorado rivers trying to cross the San Juan to get to Kayenta, Arizona, but quicksand was too bad and gave it up, but in that day that was real wild country..."

Graduating from the University of Missouri in 1938, he went to work for United Press, first in Chicago, then was sent to Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1940. Upon hearing of the attack at Pearl Harbor, he returned to the U.S. and enlisted in the Army. He became a mule pack specialist and served with the Mars Task Force in China and Burma, and with the Chinese Combat Command, emerging a captain of Infantry with four battle stars and a Chinese decoration.

He worked for U.P. after the war, serving in London, Greece, and Italy. He then freelanced in Africa, traveling up the Nile to Uganda, through Kenya, Ethiopia and Tanganyika.

He returned to the U.S. and, after serving in several journalist positions, landed a job with the Los Angeles *Times* in 1951. He served as Religion Editor for all but a brief period as Assistant City Editor until his retirement.

Dan was married to Margaret S. Sproat, also of Chicago, in 1952. He raised her two children, then 7 and 8 years, as his own. She died in 1965. In 1971, after a friendship of several years, he married Janice A Fisk. They moved to Tucson in 1975 after his retirement from the *Times*.Following her death in 1991, his time was spent in research and writing.

He was a member and supporter of many historical, literary and environmental groups and organizations including The Wilderness Society, Sierra Club, The Arizona Historical Society, The Westerners, Sigma Delta Chi, The Nature Conservancy, Defenders of Wildlife, and many others. He was honored with numerous awards and tributes during his life for his journalism and writing. Most notably, he received an Honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters from Chapman College in Orange, California, in 1969.

We will miss Dan and his soft-spoken manner. The West has lost a fine historian. Our thanks for his labors will long continue.

Bob Clark

Corral Chips (continued). . .

Mayor of North Lake Street. Oops, almost forgot "Mister San Diego"—*Dick Yale.*

C.M. Denis F. Quinn reports that *C.M. Albert Shumate* was honored by the San Francisco Historical Society at their Spring Awards Dinner at the San Francisco City Club. He was presented with "The Father Francisco Palou Award."

April came and went, and with it the 18th Annual American Indian and Cowboy Artists (AICA) exhibit and art sale held at San Dimas. Our East Prussian editor was in attendance at the opening night performance. The Corral was also represented by resident artist and painter *Andrew S. Dagosta* (a founder of the AICA). One of his entries, a watercolor, was selected for consideration as one of the best watercolors in the show. Dagosta won the bronze medal for his entry.

Two serious art collectors from the Corral were selected as judges. They were *Don Franklin* and *Larry Robinson. Jerome Selmer,* former director of the Southwest Museum, is on the Board of Directors of the AICA. *C.M. Loren Wendt* worked as auctioneer of the special awards night.

Sprawled on the office sofa with a bottle of good Prussian pilsener in hand, our *Branding Iron* editor reported that he had not seen any other Corral members at the event, save for *C.M. Jeanette Davis,* a collector of Indian art and Ed Borein drawings. Between chug-a-lugs from his bottle of pilsener he is quoted as having said, "Why in hell don't we see more Corral members at this show? Isn't anyone interested in art?"

Anyone ever hear from our college student *Mike Torgeson?* Is he still among the living? Maybe he is mining at Quartz Hill?

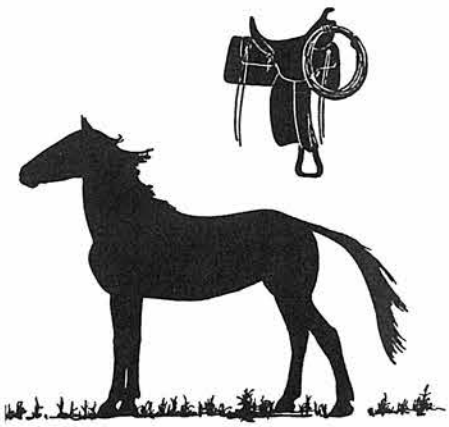
Our illustrious Deputy Sheriff, Msgr. *Francis Weber,* is in need of a publicity agent to handle all his many "Corral Chips." Apparently he is the only one doing any writing, speaking, or grinding gravestones these days. If it weren't for the Msgr. we would not have much of a "Chip" column.

All the Los Angeles newspapers picked up on an article about the Msgr. and his headstone at Holy Cross Cemetery in Culver City. The Cardinal called the Mission to find out when Msgr. had passed on! In any case, the Msgr. wanted the wording on his stone to be to his liking so we would never forget him. As I understand it the headstone reads:

Here lies old Monsignor Francis J. Weber
He roams the countryside looking for miniature books
and searching for wayward peacocks in mission yard nooks.
He wrote his own grave marker, hardly a wonder,
afraid that someone would not remember him
while he resides six feet under.

King Juan Carlos of Spain awarded the Grand Cross of Isabella la Catolica to *Weber* in recognition of his many books and articles about the Spanish heritage in California. The honor was conferred by the Honorable Victor Ibanez-Martin, the Consul General for Spain in Los Angeles. No wonder there was an earthquake in the San Fernando Valley. The walls of the mission were so cluttered with the Msgr's awards, plaques, and scrolls, that it shook down the walls of the mission.

Msgr. *Francis J. Weber's* essay on "Carrie Estelle Doheny" is included in Volume 140 of the *Dictionary of Literary Biography.* If this is not enough, our venerable Deputy Sheriff has written an article on Santa Ysabel Asistencia for the next San Diego "Brand Book." What, there is more? Yes! How about a story about a horse and saddle? No, not a dog and pony show. In October of last year he was received into the Equestrian Order of the Holy Sepulchre. It provides the winner with a horse and saddle. The good father donated them to the Gene Autry Museum and they may be seen parked out in front daily!

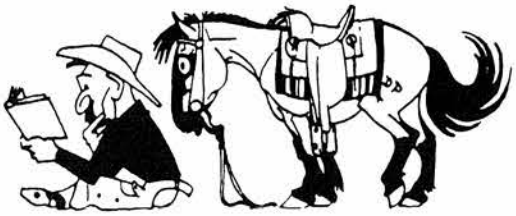


What has happened to *Doyce Nunis?* Apparently he did find some poppies in Turkey and is confined in one of their bastilles! Should have smelled the roses instead! ■

Information Requested

CM Troy S. Tuggle, 56 River Drive, King City, CA 93930, (408) 385-3526, is researching the disappearance/kidnapping of Aimee Semple McPherson during May 18 to June 25, 1926, and asks if any Westerners have any information, lead, or whatever about this event.

Note: Members seeking history information are welcome to use *The Branding Iron* to announce this fact. The Editor.



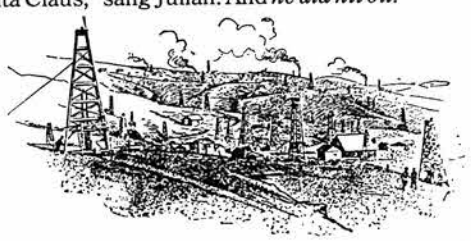
DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

THE GREAT LOS ANGELES SWINDLE by Jules Tygiel. Oxford University Press, 1994. 398 pp. Illustrations, bibliography, index. $25.00.

Thanks to C.C. Julian, the "roaring twenties" took on a distinctive flavor in Los Angeles. For decades afterward, people remembered his informal newspaper ads and, far worse, the long-lived scandals associated with the oil company that bore his name.

The Great Los Angeles Swindle by Jules Tygiel, professor of history at San Francisco State University, is an admirable re-telling of this complicated, multi-part story. Tygiel has not uncovered new material but he presents a clear, cohesive account of a difficult, confusing series of events.

The early wild oil boom days in Santa Fe Springs are effectively described, setting the stage for the arrival of Courtney Chauncy Julian, promoter extraordinaire. In the spring of 1922, Julian obtained a lease at Santa Fe Springs, but he found it impossible to get bank financing to drill. He took out newspaper ads asking the "folks" to join him on "The Ground Floor and No One in the Basement." He offered a shared interest in the production of his wells, and the public subscribed over $600,000 in less than one month! "Let Me Be Your Santa Claus," sang Julian. And *he did hit oil!*



In less than a year he collected two and one-half million dollars from investors. A full page montage of Julian's ads, reproduced in the book, still makes us smile (even though my particular favorite, "Come on in, folks! The water's fine!" is not included).

Buoyed by his success in money-raising and luck in drilling producing wells, C.C. Julian went on to dream of an integrated company that would own wells, pipelines, a refinery, and gasoline stations. The Julian Petroleum Corporation, soon known as "Julian Pete," was created.

Julian's ambitions outran his ability to raise money, and he had little patience with California securities laws. So, when he ran into difficulties, Julian sold out. He sold his interest in Julian Pete to S.C. Lewis, a smooth-talking Texas con man who would manage to involve just about the whole Los Angeles financial community in a web of illegal stock issues, bribery, blackmail, and corruption. Unfortunately for Julian, the company retained the name of Julian Pete.

Tygiel takes pains to distinguish the story of Julian's oil promotion from the story of Julian Pete in the hands of the stock-kiters who ruined the company. He also treats separately the story of Julian's later shady promotions of Leadfield, in Arizona, and in Oklahoma. Other chapters cover court cases and political repercussions that followed the downfall of Julian Pete.

There are a fair number of illustrations and many of Julian's memorable ads are quoted or reproduced. Across the years, these ads still carry the flavor of brash, infectious optimism that persuaded thousands of "folks" to part with their money.

Members of the Westerns Los Angeles Corral have a special connection with C.C. Julian's battles with the California Commissioner of Corporations. In 1926, late member Earl Adams was the Deputy Commissioner at a three-week hearing into the matter of Western Lead (Leadfield), which revealed the nature of the Western Lead swindle as well as some naughty stock brokerage practices current in Los Angeles at the time.

Tygiel does not consider the Julian Pete scandal as being a regional phenomenon. He feels that in the reckless, gambling, free-wheeling 20's, it was typical of the country as a whole. Westerners might disagree. With the emphasis on oil and mining promotions, surely, there is flavor that evokes a deeper response on this coast. In any event, he has done an excellent job of sorting out and clarifying a complicated story of swindles and scandals whose long shadows are a part of California history.

Nancy B. Schreier

THE ARTHUR CLARK COMPANY, *a Bibliography and History 1902-1992* by Robert A. Clark and Patrick J. Brunet. The Arthur H. Clark Company 1993. 244 pp. Photographs, appendices, index. Cloth, $125.00. P.O. Box 14707, Spokane, WA 99214.

Writing a review of this book is somewhat like saying, "We had an important event in our town last week. Too bad you missed it." The reason for the use of such a metaphor is that the book was sold out as it went to the printer—and this occurred despite its hefty price. Obviously, there are many admirers of the Arthur H. Clark Company publishing activities (including this reviewer) who quickly placed an order to obtain a copy of this book as soon as news came out about this important project. At this writing the news is that (alas, for those who failed to order a copy) there will not be a second edition.

The forty-five pages, in the front of the book, of history of The Arthur H. Clark Company, tell us how three generations of Clarks, with later years partner Paul Galleher, have been, and Robert Clark still is, dedicated to producing important and lasting books of western history. Over the span of ninety years the company has published 530 books and periodicals, and many of the earlier books are now collectors items demanding high prices from dealers. Many awards were received, including the Pulitzer prize of 1929 for *Organization and Administration of the Union Army 1861-1862* by Kansas State history professor Fred A. Shannon, whose manuscript was turned down by thirteen other publishers before it was offered to the Clark company.

In addition to publishing their own books, the Clark company produced the publications of historical societies, and is still rendering that service to the Historical Society of Southern California.

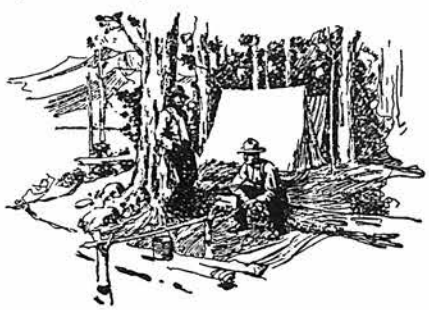
A sincere love of western history brought Paul Galleher, Arthur H. Clark, Jr., and Robert Clark into active participation with The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral. Galleher was one of the founding members, Arthur Clark, Jr. joined the corral the next year after its founding, and Robert Clark followed in their footsteps in later years. All three served as sheriff and as other officers. The corral benefited from this relationship in many ways, including the production and distribution of the corral's publications until 1989, when the Clark company moved from Glendale, California to Spokane, Washington.

In design, this book follows the distinctive style of all Clark company books, made to last over many years of use. Typesetting and printing was performed by another Los Angeles Corral member, *CM* Dan Cronkhite, whose Sagebrush Press is known for high quality work. Robert Clark and Dan Cronkhite collaborated on designing the book, using easy to read type faces and sizes for the three different sections of each book entry: title and author, description of the book's makeup, and brief explanation of the subject covered.

Siegfried G. Demke

CAMPING OUT IN THE YELLOWSTONE, 1882, by Mary Bradshaw Richards. Edited by William W. Slaughter. University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1994. 108 pp. Illustrations, notes. Paper, $10.95.

This is a well written story of how a New York family (it is the wife who tells the tale) camped out in Yellowstone in 1882. However, the book rather spoils the publisher's blurb on the back cover, that this was "a time when the Park was undeveloped and untouristed," because by 1882, as Mrs. Richards reports, the Park already showed much evidence of littering and vandalism. She writes of the Elk Fork area, that "blackened logs, tin cans, and bits of pasteboard told the tale of former and recent campers." Even so, the Richards were very early visitors, and the narration of their two-week adventures over primitive roads and trails is interesting. Her reactions to such wonders as Mammoth Hot Springs, the Falls of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, and of course Old Faithful, are pretty much what the average visitor of today experiences, and perhaps also records in letters home, as did Mary Richards.



From an historical point of view, the most valuable part of the book is the collection of twenty-eight contemporary photographs, mostly dating between 1882 and 1884, inserted at appropriate places by editor Slaughter, who is Photo Archivist for the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City. Unfortunately he did not print a table of these illustrations; nor is there any index to the book; nor are the chapter headings of any help—some chapters are vaguely headed "Making Rapid Progress," or "Wonders of the Park." There is a small, half-page map of the Park, following page xxxi, but its existence is not indicated anywhere, and it is easy to miss. A full-page map, printed on a recto page, or even a fold-out, would have made the book more useful.

On the other hand, there are many informative footnotes, often citing authorities in full. Unfortunately, there is no bibliography or list of references at the end, so that to run down a second, abbreviated reference to an author or agency, it is necessary to peruse all footnotes for previous pages until the first citation is found.

However, the soft-bound book is economically priced, and will be enjoyed by those who want to relive their own, perhaps more recent, memories of Yellowstone Park, comparing them with what it was like in the 1880's, over a hundred years ago.

Raymund F. Wood

THE WATER SEEKERS, by Remi Nadeau. Crest Publications, 1994. 280 pp. Illustrations, maps. Paper, $14.95. Order from Crest Publications, P.O. Box 22614, Santa Barbara, CA 93121-2614.

Water is so easy to come by these days, we seldom stop and think how necessary it is for man, animal, or plant. Next to the air we breathe, water is probably the most important item in our lives. Without it, we would all die, and the plants would shrivel up and turn to dust.

William Mulholland, while employed by the independent Los Angeles Water Company, became concerned in 1886 that Los Angeles would run out of water with its growing population. At times Los Angeles received as little as six inches of annual rainfall, and during the wet years most of the volume of water ran as waste down ditches into rivers and out to sea. Mulholland believed that if Los Angeles was to grow, a fresh supply of water was necessary.

More has been written about the search for water to serve Los Angeles than the building of the Panama Canal. Not long ago a friend got a copy of Margaret Leslie Davis's book *Rivers in the Desert: William Mulholland and the Inventing of Los Angeles,* and shared it with me. I enjoyed it, but the title is questionable. I don't think Mulholland invented Los Angeles. It was a city before he arrived! I found her book more or less a novel-like approach to the building of the aqueduct, especially her discussion of Mulholland and his family life. I certainly question lots of her statements. She passes over the railroad built to bring in the supplies, the electric shovels that dug the canal, the first use of Caterpillars, her descriptions of tunneling as if one was digging a hole in the sand, and the statement that once the Owens Valley mob started to dynamite the canal they strung electric lights along its length from Los Angeles to near Bishop.

I had hardly worked my way into *Rivers in the Desert* when Remi Nadeau sent me a presentation copy of his third edition of *The Water Seekers.* Once I finished *Rivers* I began to read Nadeau's *Seekers.* It was like turning the lights on. Nadeau looks at the whole aqueduct operations and presented his case as to why it was built, how it was built, and what it accomplished in its time. His in-depth research and reasoning were sound as if an engineer has written *The Water Seekers.* He also makes comment on things that were done with which he does not agree, but tells you why. I could not put the volume down. I even had to take it along to the laundromat to continue my digestion of this epic.

Obviously Mulholland was a man of vision, a man way ahead of his time. It is astonishing how he was able to convince the good citizens of Los Angeles to tackle such a project. However, he did have help from Colonel Otis, and San Fernando land owners and developers. But for a small town such as Los Angeles to support a huge civil project, hundreds of miles long, in order to obtain water from the Owens River is a miracle. Obviously Nadeau had a great deal of respect for Mulholland and his reasoning. I think he held him in awe.

This is the third edition of this great work. It has been updated to current date including the second barrel (conduit) completed in 1969 and the construction of the Long Valley Dam. Had this

dam been built in the first place there would never have been the St. Francis Dam disaster.

This is really two books and two stories under one lid. Where can you get two books for the price of one these days? Part One covers the Owens Valley project and Part Two the Colorado River Project.

Years ago I read Dr. Taylor's *Men, Medicine, and Water: The Building of the Los Angeles Aqueduct.* Taylor's book is from an entirely different perspective. He tells how he doctored the 5,000 men working on the project. How he pulled them from the saloons of Mojave, and his tales of driving his big car to the various outposts is almost unbelievable. I enjoyed his drive through the various tunnels before they were cement lined.

Having never read Abraham Hoffman's *Vision or Villainy: Origins of the Owens Valley-Los Angeles Water Controversy,* published in 1981, I have no idea whose side Abe was on. I probably should read his work to become completely familiar with Los Angeles and its water pains.

The Los Angeles Aqueduct was the largest civil engineering undertaking of its time; but it was built. Something that never seems to happen today. Nadeau describes the break-up between Fred Eaton and Mulholland over the fight for Longs Valley, but the two remained friends (sort of) and had respect for each other (assumed). He described the men who built the aqueduct as coming from all parts of the country. He tells of the building of the tunnels, the syphons, and the water war Owens Valley residents conducted against the project. According to Owens Valley residents the men who worked the project were brigands and thugs, while in reality they were just working people. Actually the DWP purchased the land, paid a premium for certain parcels and attempted to treat Owens Valley residents fairly. But if I had lived up in the Owens Valley and they turned off my water and sucked it to Los Angeles, I might have been a Willie Chalfant, who said, "Los Angeles turned an oasis into a desert."

The Water Seekers is just as good a read today as it was when first published in 1950. It is also up to date. This book is truly a bargain at $14.95. I can guarantee you will not be able to put the book down until you reach page 274. I believe *The Water Seekers* is Nadeau's crowning achievement.

Donald Duke

FROM SLAVE TO STATESMAN; *The Legacy of Joshua Houston, Servant to Sam Houston,* by Patricia Smith Prather and Jane Clements Monday. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 1993. 276 pp. Notes, appendix, bibliography, index. Cloth, $32.50. Order from University Distribution, P.O. Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354.

This book chronicles the life and legacy of Joshua, servant to Margaret Lea, the wife of Sam Houston. Born in Alabama in 1822, Joshua served his masters as a blacksmith, carpenter, builder, wheelwright, and carriage driver. He could read and write, earned money he retained, and gained freedom at Sam Houston's hand in 1862. His family, including Samuel Walker Houston, built up the black community in Huntsville, Texas. The most important and lasting contribution in Huntsville was in churches and educational institutions. The Houston family was very much a part of building churches and schools, including the Sam Houston Industrial and Training School, later the Sam Houston Institute. In the black community, religion and education were central to advancing every generation.

The authors of this book are very honest in reconstructing Joshua's life and their work reminds us of the difficulty of black history told from white sources. Joshua's voice is silent, but his agency is apparent in the ink of white pens. Joshua's experience must be reconstructed from surrounding circumstances and educated contextual premises rather than letters and diaries. The authors were forced, as a result, to the extensive use of words indicating the experience rather than Joshua's words.

For students of the black experience in the American West, this book will further contextualize the lives of others and put Joshua Houston and his family firmly in Texas history.

Gordon Morris Bakken