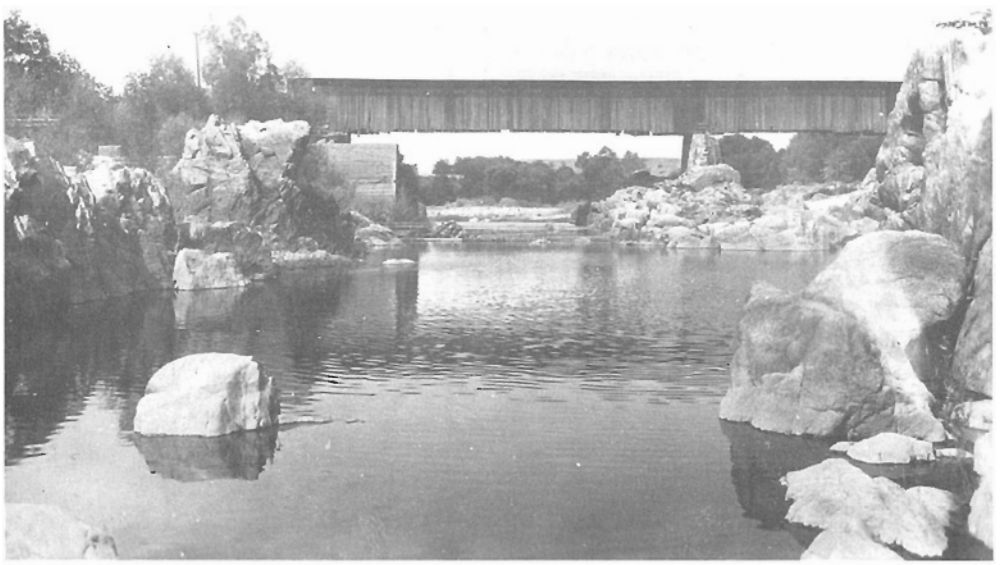
LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

FALL 1994 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 197



Knights Ferry Bridge crossing the Stanislaus River. *Postcard in author's collection.*

California's Covered Bridges

by John Robinson

If you were travelling by horse and buggy in 19th century America, chances are you would, sometime in your journey, cross a waterway via a covered bridge. This chance would become almost a certainty if you were riding through New England. Of the estimated thousand of these protected wooden spans that once traversed rivers and creeks, two-thirds of them were in the northeastern states. The remainder were scattered throughout the Midwest, the Pacific Northwest (particularly Oregon, which boasts 53), and northern California.

The rationale for these unique water-spanning edifices was a matter of both economics and craftsmanship. Lumber was plentiful and easy to obtain, and Americans of that era were well versed in carpentry. Furthermore, there was a very practical reason for erecting covered bridges. The roofing protected the wooden spans, trusses, and flooring from the elements. Keep the underlying structure dry, and the bridge would last decades longer than an open wooden edifice.

One might suppose that many of these bridges

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THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
Published Quarterly in
Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter

Address for Exchanges
and Material Submitted for Publication:

The Publications Editor
Siegfried Demke
731 Fairview #10
Arcadia, CA 91007

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

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JULY 1994 MEETING

Instead of the usual ways to study Chumash Indians—archaeological and direct interview—speaker Dr. John Johnson, curator of anthropology at Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, chose a third method, that of studying all available records, especially those kept by Franciscan missionaries. The advantages of this method are that information is not limited to what can survive at village sites and in the minds of interviewees. Also, this method enables the researcher to go back in time with reliability, in this case 200 years. With the aid of slides, showing mainly maps, Dr. Johnson provided an extensive overview of the Chumash Indians.

July meeting speaker Dr. John Johnson

California has the greatest diversity of Indian languages, and all isolated to this state. Among the Indians, Chumash is not just a tribe but a number of towns, with a chief who sometimes was the head of several towns. Spread over a large area, from

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would be hard to tell apart. On the contrary, variety was the only constant. Each bridge exhibited the unique skills of its builder. The individual workmanship in most of these structures represents a tribute to American ingenuity.

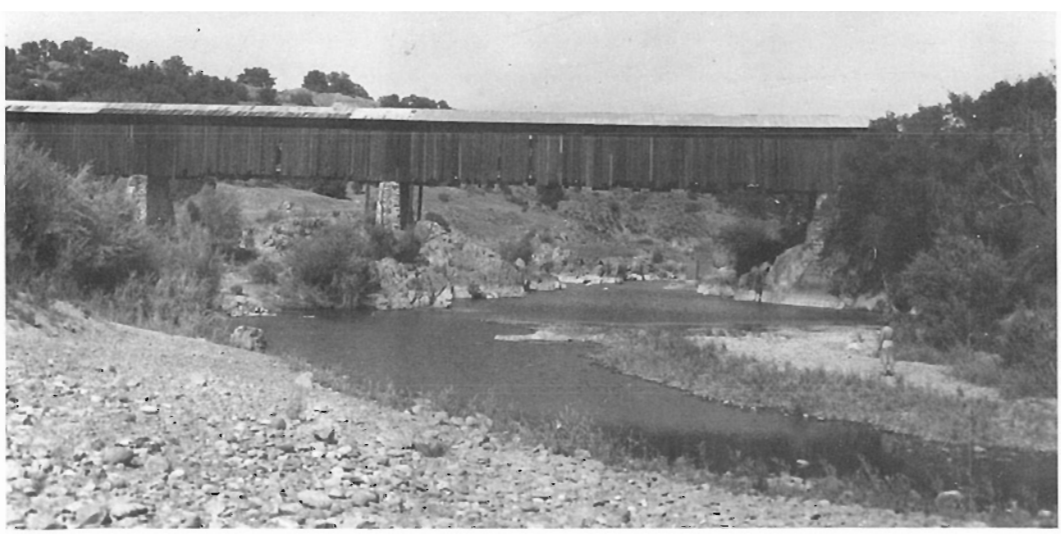
Other than providing easy passage over a river or creek, 19th century covered bridges served a variety of purposes. They were sometimes used for camp meetings, community entertainments, or as a drill area for local militia. They were popular hideaways for young lovers, and for this romantic aspect became known as "kissing bridges." Occasionally, thieves used the bridges to rob unwary travellers.

California, a century ago, boasted around fifty covered bridges, almost all of them concentrated in three separate areas of the state: The Mother Lode country of the Sierra Nevada; Humboldt and Siskiyou counties in California's northwestern corner; and the Santa Cruz area. All three of these regions possessed plentiful forests of pine, fir, and particularly redwood, which could be fashioned into timbers of almost any length and size.

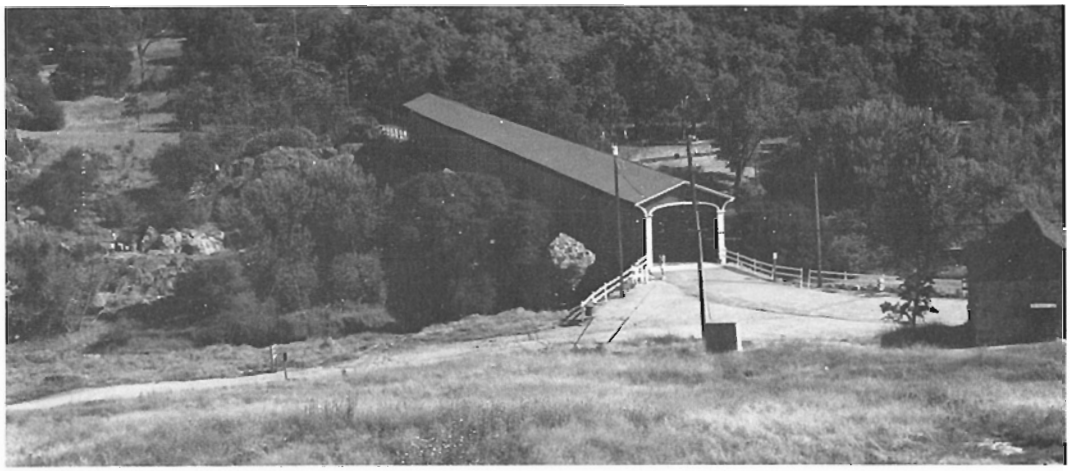
There were thirty covered bridges remaining in the state when S. Griswold Morley wrote *The Covered Bridges of California* in 1938 (Berkeley: U. of California Press). There are fewer than ten today. Morley explained their demise: "When a covered bridge finds itself caught in the coil of a broad paved highway, it is generally doomed. That is but natural, for however solid the planking, however roomy the design judged by horse-and-buggy standards, those tunnels were not intended for the passage, side by side, of two speeding automobiles." In short, covered bridges have become obsolete, relics of a bygone era when horsepower (the real kind) ruled the roadways.

The handful of covered bridges that remain today stand as a tribute to the strenuous efforts of history-minded citizens who care about California's heritage.

Straddling the turbulent Stanislaus River, forty miles southeast of Stockton in Stanislaus County, is the Knight's Ferry Covered Bridge. It measures 330 feet from end to end, making it the longest such structure ever in California. Besides the abutments at each end, the bridge is supported by two stone caissons rising from the riverbed. William Knight started ferry service here as early as 1849, carrying thousands of miners across the dangerous river on the old Sonora Road from Stockton to the Southern Mines of Mariposa County. After Knight's death, the brothers John and Lewis Dent came into possession of the ferry and decided to replace it with a covered bridge. Stanislaus County historians claim that Lieutenant U.S. Grant designed the bridge while visiting his in-laws in 1854. (Grant's wife was Julia Dent, sister of John and Lewis.) If Grant indeed designed the bridge, he blundered in placing it too low to the river. It was swept away in the great flood of 1862. The covered bridge was rebuilt on a higher level in 1864 and stands to this day. It was operated as a toll bridge until 1884, when Stanislaus County bought



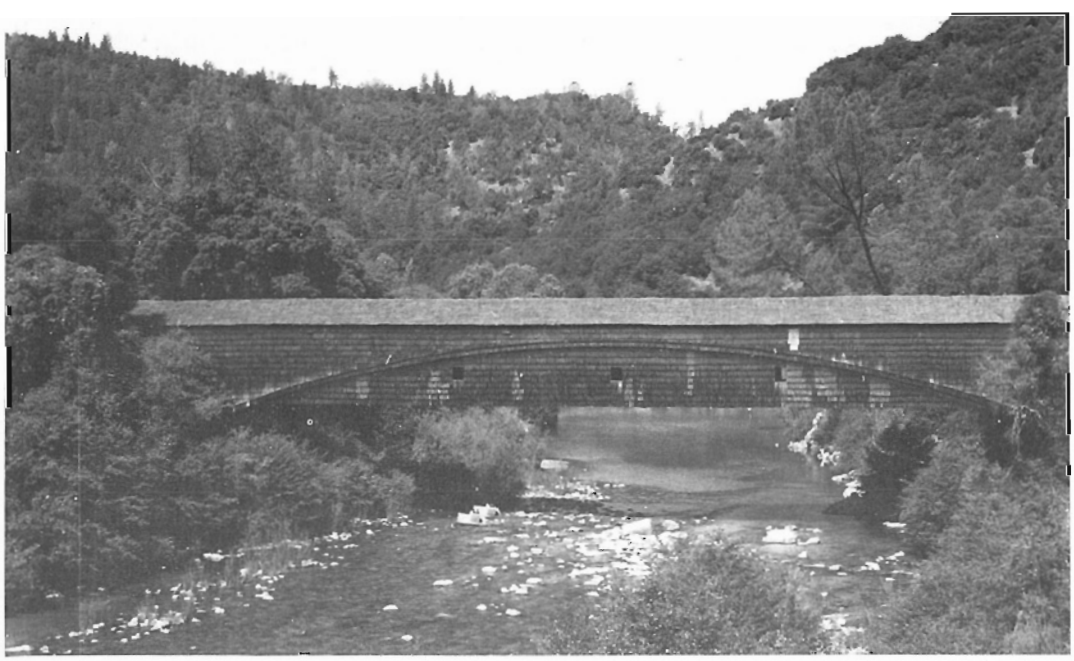
Knights Ferry bridge showing most of its 330 feet length. — *Niles Werner photo in author's collection.*



The new Knights Ferry Bridge. — *Photo by author.*

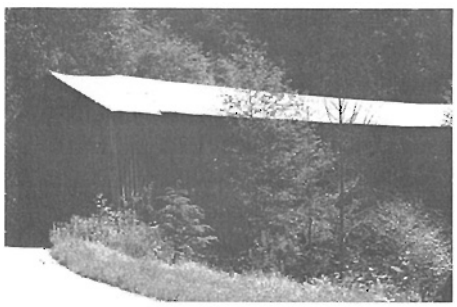
it and allowed free passage. The old bridge was used by wagon and then auto traffic until bypassed by a modern steel and concrete structure in the 1940s. After barely surviving several attempts to tear it down, Knights Ferry Covered Bridge was restored to its former glory in the 1960s and is presently maintained as California Historical Landmark #347. It remains a splendid example of early California craftsmanship.

Spanning the South Fork of the Yuba River in Nevada County is the magnificent Bridgeport Covered Bridge, said to be the longest single span wooden bridge in the nation (230 feet). Its large hand-hewn trusses are supported on both sides by double auxiliary arches extending the length of the structure, making it the sturdiest of all California covered bridges. Its roof and sides are covered with 27,000 split sugar pine shakes. David I. Wood, owner of a local sawmill, constructed the bridge in 1862. For many years it was owned by the Virginia Turnpike Company, who operated the bridge as part of a toll road that provided access to the Mother Lode's Northern Mines as well as Nevada's Comstock Lode. Nevada County historian Clinton



Bridgeport Covered Bridge, the nation's longest single span, showing auxiliary arch. — *Photo by author.*

Lee writes, "We must remember that the Central Pacific Railroad was being built but it would be seven years before the iron horse could replace the freight wagons and the stage coach across the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The passes of Donner via Auburn and Meyers (Echo Summit) via Placerville were a constant stampede of pack trains, riders, men on foot, stages, wagons and teams by the hundreds all driven by men crazed by greed and gold, all fighting time, weather and death. Such was the hectic life in the Mother Lode in 1862 when the need for a new bridge at Bridgeport was created." Today it is maintained as California Historical Landmark #390.



Oregon Creek Covered bridge. — *Photo by author.*

Some ten miles northeast of Bridgeport is the small Oregon Creek Covered Bridge, spanning the creek by that name just above its confluence with the South Fork of the Yuba. This bridge was part of the now abandoned Henness Pass Road, a pioneer wagon route from the Sacramento Valley to the Washoe Mines of Nevada built in 1861. The Oregon Creek Covered Bridge was hand built by one Hugh Thomas in 1871 to replace an earlier structure. It was just under 100 feet long and curved at both ends. In 1883 a dam on the-Yuba River gave way. Debris from the break caused a temporary rise of Oregon Creek, floating the bridge off its abutments and carrying it 150 feet downstream. It was restored in place by using oxen and log rollers, but turned end for end in the process. The Oregon Creek Bridge is the only one left today in the Mother Lode country that still carries auto traffic. A plaque was placed at the site in 1965 by the Columbia Parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West.

The northernmost of the Sierra Nevada covered bridges still standing is the Honey Run Bridge, crossing Butte Creek between Chico and Paradise

The name "Honey Run" supposedly originated because bees nested in the lava rim rock above the road, and in hot weather the honey sometimes flowed downward into the creek. The Honey Run Covered Bridge consists of three wooden spans supported by four huge red caissons filled with boulders and cement. The center span's roof is five feet higher than the two end spans, giving the bridge a unique split-level appearance. The original covered bridge, erected in 1886, washed out in 1894, forcing wagons to ford the creek. This led to

Honey Run Covered Bridge showing split level construction. — *Photo by author.*

tragedy the following year, when three school children trying to cross the flood-swollen waters in a light wagon were swept downstream and drowned. Butte County then constructed a new covered bridge in 1896. The bridge was almost torn down in the 1940s when a speeding car missed a sharp curve and plowed into the side of the structure, doing extensive damage. Interested citizens formed The Honey Run Covered Bridge Association and restored the edifice to its former glory. Today, volunteers from the Association, based in Chico, maintain the bridge.

Near the southern end of Yosemite National Park, spanning the South Fork of the Merced River, is the Wawona Covered Bridge. The deck and truss portion was built by original Yosemite guardian Galen Clark around 1857. Clark established a tourist facility in the locale known as

Wawona Covered Bridge. — *Photo by author.*

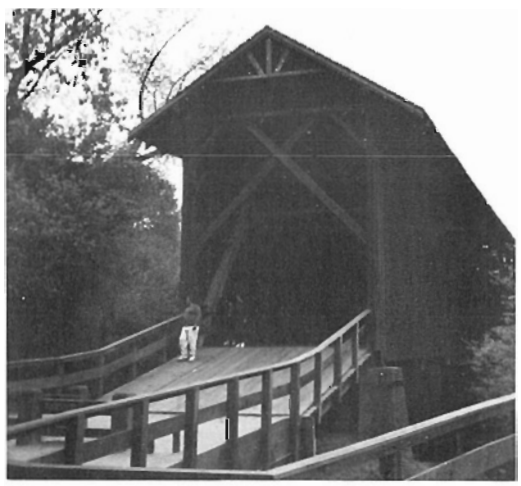
Another view of Wawona Covered Bridge as seen from South Fork Merced River level. — *Photo by author.*

Clark's Station. The wagon road from Yosemite Valley to Wawona and on to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees was opened in 1875, just after the Washburn brothers purchased Clark's holdings. The Washburns built the Wawona Hotel and turned the area into a busy tourist center and a stage stop on the road to Yosemite. Sometime around 1878 the Washburns covered the bridge, using lumber cut locally at the Washburn sawmill. There is disagreement over just why the brothers decided to cover the bridge. Was it for the same reason as other covered bridges—to insure the structure's longevity? A Washburn granddaughter later insisted it was for sentimental reasons—the Washburns were born and raised in Vermont and they figured a covered bridge would remind them of home. A flood in 1955 extensively damaged the bridge. Its restoration was the first step in the creation of the Pioneer Yosemite History Center, maintained by the National Park Service.

In the southern foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains stands the Felton Covered Bridge. This structure served as the main entry into the town of Felton from its erection in 1892-93 until its retirement in 1937. It is said to be the tallest covered bridge in the nation. The bridge fell into disrepair and was saved only through the determined efforts of local citizens, who restored it to its former grandeur in 1987. Currently it is maintained in Felton Community Park, just east of State Highway 9, as California Historical Landmark #583.

Humboldt County is said to have three of its original sixteen covered bridges still standing. (The writer has yet to visit these.) Crossing Elk Creek, a few miles southeast of Eureka, are the Berta's Ranch and Zane's Ranch bridges, both less than 75 feet in length, both constructed in the 1930s. Another small covered bridge spans Jacoby Creek, several miles east of Eureka.

There are at least four metallic covered bridges along the Klamath River in Humboldt and Siskiyou counties, built in the 1920s and '30s. Made with steel trusses and covered with corrugated iron, these structures do not qualify as classic covered bridges in the "wooden" sense of the word.

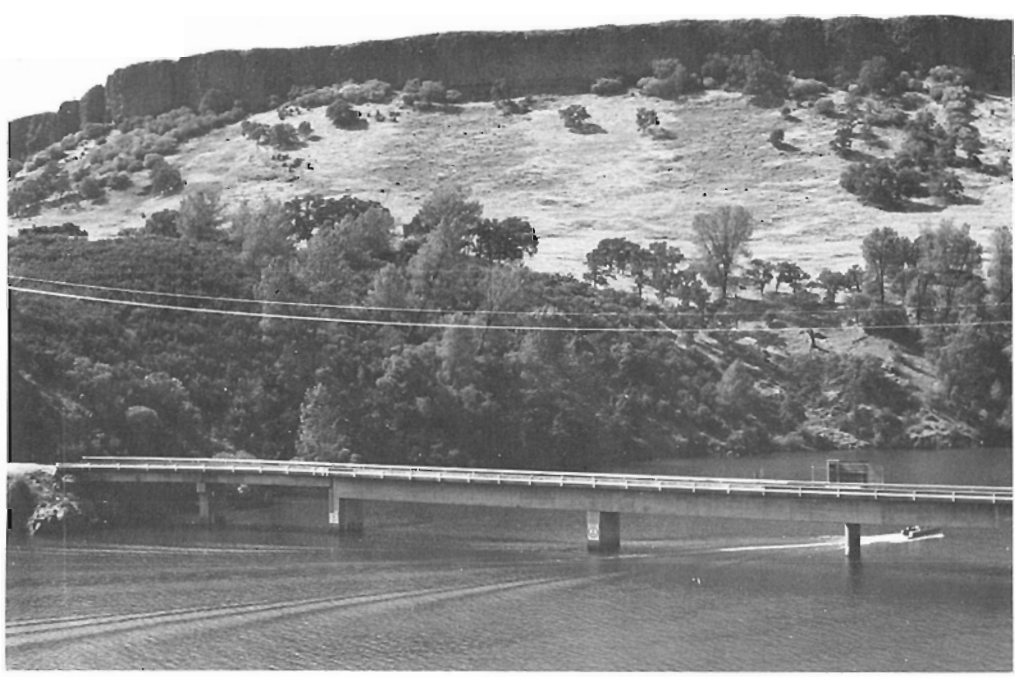


Felton Covered Bridge. — *Photo by author.*

Felton Covered Bridge showing why it is said to be the tallest covered bridge in the nation. — *Photo by author.*

Sadly, a number of beautiful covered bridges have failed to survive time's ravages and mankind's neglect. One of the prime examples of covered bridge artistry was located at O'Byrne's Ferry in Calaveras County. Built by Irishman Patrick O'Byrne in 1862 to span the Stanislaus

O'Byrne's Ferry Covered Bridge. — *Niles Werner photo in author's collection.*

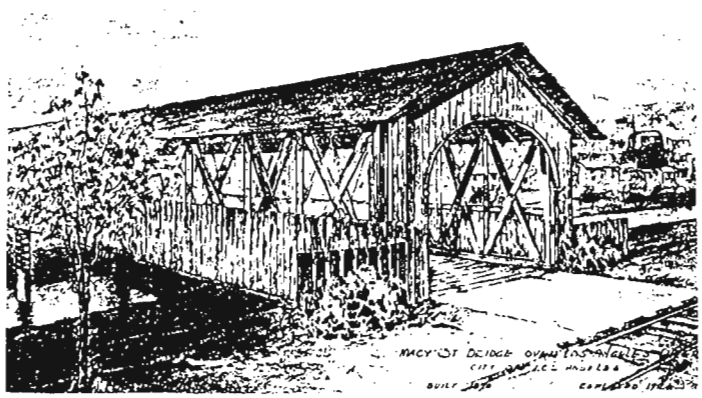


Progress established a steel and concrete bridge crossing Tulloch Reservoir near where O'Byrne's bridge crossed Stanislaus River. — *Photo by author.*

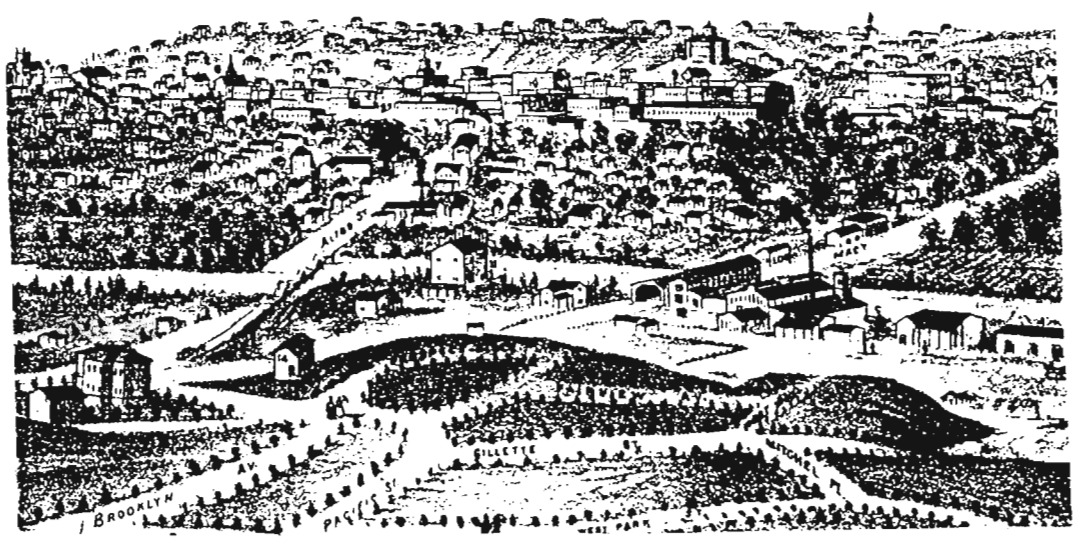
River, ten miles upstream from Knight's Ferry, the bridge survived flood, highway relocation, and neglect for 95 years, only to fall victim to "progress" in the form of Tulloch Dam, constructed in 1957. The little , triangular valley with its quaint covered bridge, said by some to be the location of Bret Harte's Poker Flat, now lies under the waters of Tulloch Reservoir. A modern steel and concrete highway bridge now crosses the upper end of the reservoir. Two hundred yards northwest of the bridge, alongside the highway, the Calaveras County Historical Society has placed a monument to the late Irishman's artistry.

Los Angeles once boasted a covered bridge which was, as far as is known, the only one in the southern half of the state. This was the Macy Street Covered Bridge spanning the Los Angeles River, erected in 1875. The story goes that vineyard owners east of the river called for its construction after some of their grape-filled wagons became mired in the muddy riverbed. Before the wagons could be pulled out, the grapes had spoiled. The Macy Street Covered Bridge lasted until 1904. Later it was replaced by a concrete multi-arch structure.

Buck's Bar, Booth Run, Crapo Creek, Moseley Slough, Sawyer's Bar names that once graced covered wooden bridges in the Golden State are only vanished memories now. The nine that remain stand as magnificent relics of a time when horse and buggy, mule and wagon, horseman and hiker trod the roads. That these few still stand is a tribute to people who treasure California's rich history. ■



The Macy Street Covered Bridge that crossed the Los Angles River. — *From S. Griswold Morley, Covered Bridges of California, 1938.*



The Macy Street Covered Bridge, the only covered bridge in Southern California, is pictured near center, right. — *From S. Griswold Morley, Covered Bridges of California, 1938.*

Josiah W Hudson

J.W. Hudson

The Autobiography of a La Puente Pioneer

Edited by Don Pflueger

In 1911, Josiah Whitcomb Hudson wrote, in longhand and on a lined tablet, a brief autobiography which rendered many insights into Western history during the last half of the 19th century, particularly southern California. His spelling, punctuation, and sentence structure, as well as person, number, and tense, leave much to be desired, but most of these are retained for their flavor with explanatory brackets only when necessary. A brief Epilogue will fill in a few additional details.

I was born in the city of Oswego, New York, February 18, 1843. My father was a cooper and he learned that trade while at home but he never worked at it after leaving home.

In 1860 I went to Iowa a very tall young man, but not thought to be robust, however, the climate of Iowa soon put color in my face and in a short time I felt like a new man. In 1861 I enlisted in the Fifth Iowa Infantry and the next morning after enlisting had my first shake of the old Mississippi Ague.

The chill was frightful, the fever after the chill was worse, but I landed at Camp Burlington, Iowa. The next day feeling fairly good, the Doctor gave us thirty Grams of Quinine a day, well days or sick days; 10 grams at a dose, three times a day. He also allowed us three spoonsful of rice a day, sick days you could not eat it and well days when one could have eaten ten times as much. The Doctor was fairly decent [in that] he allowed us to use a fan on our sick day but as we had to do the work ourselves, it was not a success. We could also use a very little Ice water on our hands and feet if we done it ourselves otherwise burn up; was you not a Soldier? Enlistment one week or he was a dandy. I only know what I said about him myself would not look well in print, so I did not say very much out loud I could have done so, but you see I was a little afraid he might double my dose of Quinine. Doctors know how to torcher better than most men think they do and they enjoy a little cussedness about as well as any laymen. I do not know just how long this lasted, but the Regiment was ordered to Keokuct, Iowa. The sick brought up the rear [and] the Laydees of Fort Madison had sent out feed for the sick boys, or those that could still keep [on] their pins. I believe there was eleven of our bunch. He said we must not eat anything as it might throw us back where we were before. Now I was empty to my toes and I escaped from the watchful care of our Steward, but he was a good fellow and I believed saw me go but did not try to stop me. The amount I eat at that time I do not care to say, but the home made Bread and Butter and tarts and jelly and pie with all the other fixins set me wild and I eat & eat & eat until I was in such pain I hardly knew what to do, but the train was about due to leave and I managed to get back and corral three slices more of Bread and butter and eat that on the train going to Keokuct. I did not go to the hospital but to our Co. quarters and never had another shake of the ague. Moral: Do not be afraid to eat anything when you have the ague on a well day.

I always believed I made a very decent soldier. The guardhouse caught me when it looked like rain and the Co. had no tents. It was easy to get in the guard house and as a rule just as easy to get out of it. I served a little over three years and was discharged in Chicago, lived in Peoria, Ill. part of the next winter and started up the Missouri in the Spring and among the first to leave Atcheson to drive Oxen across the Planes to Montana. When feed was high and good and the Cattle fresh they made long drives and when we got to feed that was short, in fact, none, and the Cattle worn out the drives were short. When they should have been careful at the start they were not; when they should have gone fast they could not—and there you are! Take it all in all however it was a delightful trip. Game of all kinds was abundant and I believe the only ones that did not enjoy it were the Owners of the train and it was mostly their own fault as they had come across the Planes before and knew the ropes or should have known them.

The Bitter Creek route across the Planes was hard at any time, but when your Stock is played out it is simply Hell. We came this way on account of the Indians who were very bad that year although our train had very little trouble with them as most of the drivers were old Soldiers and the train, so to speak, was well armed and the men were used to the noise of the bullets. Well, we arrived in Salt Lake City in due time and were delighted with the City. It sure was a pleasant place after what we had been through, but I did not stop there long, but again drove Bulls to Montana, arriving very late. This was a hard trip as the weather was very cold most of the way. When we arrived at Virginia City, Montana, or old Alder Gulch, where large quantities of gold was taken out and it required gold to make a living there. Bacon $2.50 per lb., Beef, 60 & 75¢ per pound, and little knurly apples half ripe that a pig would hardly eat at home were called good on account of the price, 50¢ apiece, and it appeared to me that I could not get enough of them at that price.

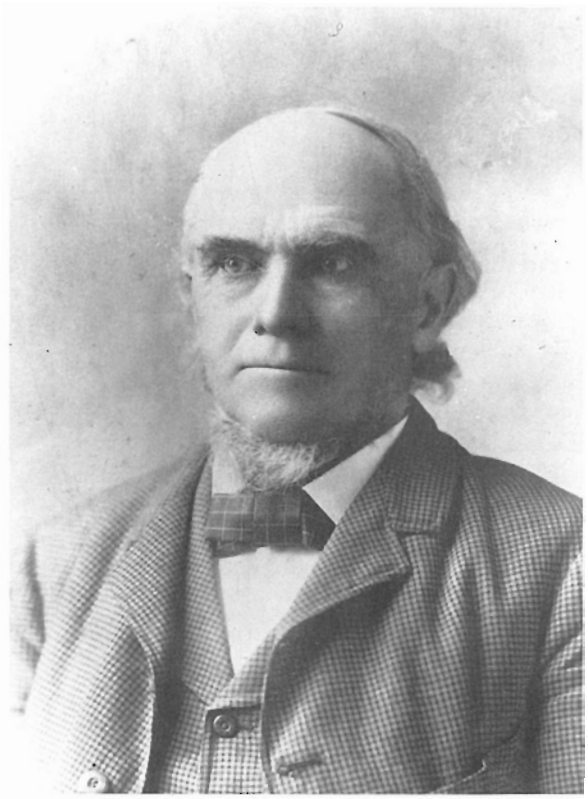
We did not stay long at this place but went to Confederate Gulch or Diamond City. There were some very rich gold bars here but none for us that we could see. The Sun River stampede took place about this time in the dead of winter. I am happy to say that I did not go on that Stampede and I am glad that I did not have the money to buy an outfit, but no doubt I should have gone if I could have got an outfit, but it was not to be and I escaped that danger and went to Galitan Valley and worked through the month of February for my board and done good work too, even if I do say it myself. I started for Helena about the first of March, drove Cattle as usual. Got snow blind about 5 miles from Helena and I think I suffered more as a Snow blind man than I ever suffered in any other way and while lying in an old log cabin suffering the

torchers of the damned I could not help hearing of the wonderful possibilities of Bear Gulch and Reynolds City.

I was still blind enough to [be] blindfolded and as soon as I could stand the light with my eyes I of course started for that place walking this time and packing my blankets. Well, I made the trip and for the first time got into a small side gulch and made some gold dust for myself. It was great and I stood it for some time, but somebody suggested Big Horn Mountains as the sure spot for a fortune. In a short time a party of 105 was gotten up in Helena and I took the bait as usual and went. It was a nice crowd and the Indians were bad. As a result we did not see bed rock on the trip. Always something the matter. The country did not look like a gold country or grass was not the correct color. As a result we landed in Salt Lake City with most of the crowd broke, as is usual with such crowds. Some of us started to hunt warm weather; I was with this number. As a result about 6 of us landed in Los Angeles in December of 1866. It was nice to be in the City of the Angels, but it was not nice to be broke there.

I think I had the most capital of anyone of the bunch. I had a $10.00 greenback worth about 55¢ on the dollar, gold. Gold was the money of this country at that time and has always been so, I believe, to date. The Temple block was the center of the city at that time; in fact I may say it was the City. The City was a rough place at that time. Most every door on Main Street was a saloon and in most places a gambling house also. The rough element appeared to run the place. When I arrived in Los Angeles the Pueblo owned 1/2 of the whole City or nearly so. Most of this land was sold by the city officials to whoever would be it from 50¢ per acre, the lowest price to as much as $1.25 per acre, the highest price. Thus the city gave its land away, reserving nothing that I know of. Now, when they want a School lot on a piece of land they sold for, say $1.00, they are obliged to dig up about $80,000 for the piece.

Temple Block, circa 1878. Main Street at left, Spring Street at right, Temple Street crossing in foreground. — *Courtesy CHS/TICOR collection University of Southern California Library.*



Dr. David Burbank, after whom City of Burbank is named and for whom Hudson worked after arriving in Los Angeles. — *Courtesy Burbank Historical Society.*

Los Angeles is the most wonderful City in the World today and they could have been the richest City in the World if they had had some good men at the helm in the early days. A Mexican named Aguilar was Mayor when I arrived in Los Angeles. He was said to be a good man, but did not understand a word of the English language. I think that is enough to say for him for he was quite a sport, and he had for his advisers a whole lot of Sports like himself. A whole lot of these men were much above the average, but not quite the kind for the best interest of Los Angeles.

Our next Mayor was a Mr. Joe Turner. I say Mr. because he liked to be addressed that way before he was elected Mayor. After that it was Hon. Joe Turner. He sure was a dandy Mayor. It was wonderful that even the City of Los Angeles was left after his term of office. He was never heard of after his term of office in or about Los Angeles.

My first work in Los Angeles County was for Dr. Burbank at that time a dentist on Aliso St. He was also owner of a large tract of land where Burbank now stands. He also claimed hundreds of acres more than he had right to but lost that as the country settled up. He was a good man. As I said, I worked for Dr. Burbank and so did Dr. Burbank—he looked out mostly for No. 1. I was with him for six weeks then came back to Los Angeles to try for something better, but could not make it go and went to work for Judge Eaton at Fair Oaks. I worked for Mr. Eaton six weeks and again came back to Los Angeles to look for something better and got a job driving fast Freight from Los Angeles to San Pedro. This was the old Tomlinson Co. Mr. Griffith, since the lumberman, had charge and I think was the owner at that time. I drove for this firm for one month. In that month I drove six full nights. On this account I had a few words with the Boss at San Pedro. It appeared to me that I was doing all the night driving, hence the words. I knew the words meant discharge, for the words were not choice, but to the point so to speak. How-

ever, I unloaded my freight, put up my team and went to the office and called for my time as I preferred to quit than be fired. The general, Chas. Johnson, at that time in charge of the office smiled and said the time was all made out and it did not take us long to settle up. I was lucky this time and went to work nailing laths in the Louis Meamer building, the U.S. Hotel. It was a good job and I made from $3 to $4 per day and gave satisfactory work to the plasterers. I had plenty of work of this kind and it was not long until 20ties [$20 bills] followed 2thies down into my jeans with an effect that was indescribably soft and soothing, in fact, I was a different man. Plasterers came to me to do their work—I did not have to go to them. Quite a change then as too many lathers got into the business, cut prices in the middle and looked for other kind of work. I had worked for Perry and Woodworth on the big 50-foot water wheel that supplied Los Angeles with water for awhile.

I worked for Switzer and Bucanon at carpenter work and believe I gave good satisfaction. I helped to drill one of the first flowing water wells got in Los Angeles County. Then like all young fools that do not know when they are well off I got the mining fever again and struck out for the mines and had various kinds of luck, sometimes good, sometimes bad, and sometimes indifferent. I was gone four years and not a minute of this time but I was dreaming of Los Angeles. Only let my get back to God's Country again and see if I did not stay there. Well I drove in a small wagon with two other men from Del Norte in the Saint Louis Valley, Colorado, to Los Angeles, meeting the S.P.R.R. at Spadra [railroad terminus near Pomona]. I had had a hard trip. Was I glad to get back! Well I should smile. After arriving in Los Angeles I found a good demand for water and good prices were being paid for drilling wells, so I got myself up a good rig for that time and went to work. A well [artesian] that did not flow over the top of the pipe was not thought very much of at that time, as pumping plants had not been heard of. I done well at the business, getting a large number of flowing wells. But well-drilling was getting common—everyone that thought he could make a well got a rig in some way and went into business. Prices were cut in two and sometimes more. I sold out and quit, for while a man could do well at the prices per foot as they were, they could not compete with the Jacklegs, so to speak.

In 1879 I married Victoria Rowland, the Youngest Daughter of the famous pioneer, John Rowland, and half-sister of the Puente Oil King and well known sheriff of Los Angeles County, William Rowland. Victoria Rowland was the daughter of John Rowland by his second marriage.

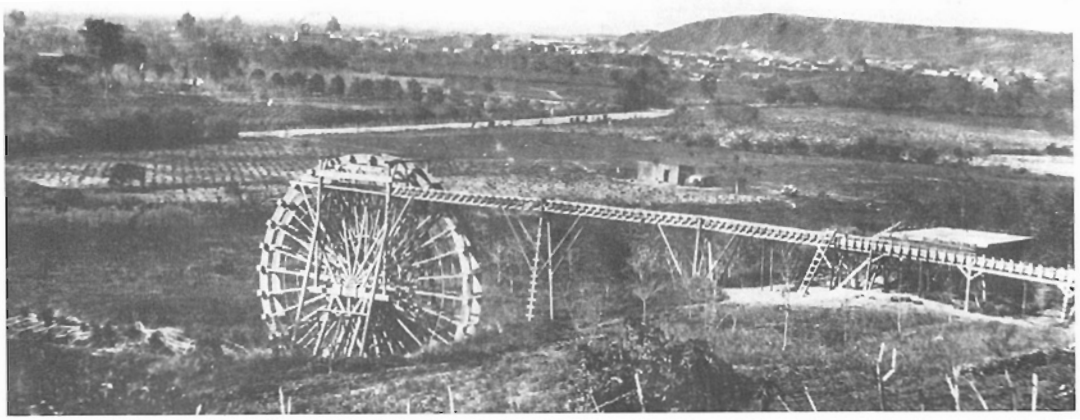
We had in time three children—W.R. Hudson, Lillian Hudson, and J.W. Hudson, Jr. All three were country bred and fine, stout healthy children. And the best of all they are all at home and I believe they would hate to leave this home.

The life of a rancher was not all flowery 20 years ago [circa 1891 when southern California's land boom went bust]. We hardly had any market and what there was served only to make ends meet. It was really a hard life, but what a change! Los Angeles is now a big city and there is a good Market for anything a rancher can grow, and it is a pleasant life. Of course the average rancher has his troubles, but take it all in all it is about the happiest life to live except in tax-paying times he sometimes worries a little then, and the longer we live the more we find out. Still, I love the life and would do much for the pleasure of living in the dear old Puente Valley.

* * *

Epilogue

Hudson first met Victoria Rowland while drilling a well on her father's ranch in the 1870's. Victoria received 1,800 acres of land when her father divided his portion of Rancho La Puente, land which included the still standing brick house built in 1855. With its original furnishings it is a valley showpiece today. Hudson passed away in 1912, his name being honored by the name of the local school district which he helped found. Victoria died two years later in the Rowland home where she was born and married. Their daughter, Lillian Hudson Dibble, continued to live in the old house until her death whereupon the school district inherited the property. Today the lovely old home is maintained by the La Puente Valley Historical Society. ■



The waterwheel of the *zanja madre* (mother ditch), on which Hudson worked for a while, was installed north of Elysian Park where North Broadway Bridge now stands. It raised water 36 feet from the *zanja madre* to flumes that led to the plaza. The wheel had paddles 6 feet wide, each carrying a 15 gallon bucket, and was in operation until 1878, when this photo was taken. — *Courtesy CHS/TICOR University of Southern California Library.*

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

Santa Monica to beyond Santa Barbara, the Chumash lived both inland and on the coast. The coast dwellers learned to built plank boats, for trips to the offshore islands, and developed into a trader class among the Indians, trading inland as far as San Fernando Mission.

Dr. Johnson's research, involving computerizing records information, was somewhat complicated by some Indians practicing polygamy and by the marriage custom of the husband moving to the wife's village.

In studying population changes among the Chumash, Dr. Johnson found a corollary with tree rings; where the rings showed eras of drought, the Chumash population declined. During the mission period, in 1805, an acceleration of deaths occurred from a measles epidemic that spread from San Diego to San Francisco in six months. Other hazards of the white man's world caused the once widely spread Chumash to dwindle to just a few.

AUGUST 1994 MEETING

In his talk, "The African American Officer and Chaplain in the West," speaker Dr. John P. Langellier outlined the careers of several black United States Army Chaplains, including three who were West Point graduates.

August meeting speaker Dr. John P. Langellier.

At first there were only white chaplains, even for the black troops. A high degree of illiteracy, in the 19th century, among American black people

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

The Bloody Divorce of Allie Hill

by John Southworth

Nevada Senator William Sharon. — *Courtesy California State Library.*

Sarah Althea Hill. — *Courtesy San Francisco Examiner.*

Miss Sarah Althea Hill, best known to her many friends as Allie, was a golden haired beauty closely related to some of the best families in this country. A well known figure in the gay life of San Francisco, though not in the better social circles, she loved money and those who possessed it. By 1880 she was established in a fine suite of rooms in the Baldwin, an upper echelon hotel in San Francisco. It was there she met the very rich Senator William Sharon from Nevada and was first attracted to all that Comstock money.

By 1882 Allie Hill had moved to larger quarters at the Grand Hotel and was signing her name Sarah Althea Sharon. She began to charge significant sums to Senator Sharon's accounts, including her substantial rent at the Grand. Questioned, she claimed possession of a legal marriage contract signed by Sharon in 1880.

Senator Sharon could well afford the extra expenses but he would not submit to blackmail. No way would he surrender without a fight. He had not amassed his considerable fortune by capitulating easily. Further, he had no interest or need for a permanent wife. In his early sixties, his wife of many years was already dead and he had two grown and charming daughters, each capable of being court hostess at any of the many gaudy social gatherings he organized at his palatial home at Belmont, some twenty miles south of San Francisco.

The Senator was a millionaire many times over. He was president of the powerful syndicate which reorganized the Bank of California after the apparent, though not proven, suicide death of its founder, William C. Ralston, in 1875. Sharon had, for many years, been in charge of the Virginia City,

Nevada, branch of that bank and had, by various means, created and personally profited from the greatest financial monopoly known in the United States up to that time. He owned a Virginia City newspaper and had served a full six-year term as United States Senator from Nevada, being replaced by James G. Fair in 1881.

Sharon, a physically unimposing man, was hard, tough and energetic, a man of action. He soon tired of Allie Hill's machinations and took her to court. On the third day of October, 1883, Senator Sharon filed suit in the United States circuit Court in San Francisco against Sarah Althea Hill seeking, among other things, a decree adjudging the purported marriage contract to be a forgery.

In reply, Sarah Althea, using the name Sarah Althea Sharon, brought action of divorce against William Sharon in the Superior Court of San Francisco. She sought to have the written declaration of marriage then in her possession declared legal and valid. She further sought to be divorced from William Sharon and to have their common property, purported to be worth at least fifteen millions of dollars, all of it Sharon's, divided equally between them.

Thus began an acrimonious litigation that extended through state and federal courts over a period of at least ten years. The ill tempered controversy aired a scandal of great proportions. There were charges and countercharges; final decrees and appeals thereto; alleged secret agreements involving handwriting experts; physics, fortune tellers, mysterious abracadabra and charges of witchcraft. An array of lawyers came and went, fought verbally and physically. San Francisco loved it all.

In 1884, Superior Court Judge J.F. Sullivan declared Sarah Althea legally married to William Sharon and granted her a divorce. Sharon immediately appealed. Free of Sharon but not yet in control of any of his money, Althea married one of her lawyers, Judge David S. Terry.

Judge Terry was a man of imposing size and violent temper. A lawyer from Kentucky and Texas, he had sat on the supreme court bench in California, being its chief justice in 1857, had killed Senator David C. Broderick of San Francisco in a well publicized duel in 1859, and had fought through the Civil War on the side of the South, being a commander of troops in Texas.

Senator Sharon died on November 13, 1885, never knowing the final outcome of his court case. The ongoing litigation, by now under appeal, was defended for the Sharon estate through Frederick W. Sharon, its executor and son of the senator. As Althea's legal husband, David S. Terry was also included in the new petition.

In this new, expanded form, the suit was brought before the United States Circuit Court, the sitting judges being Field, Sawyer and Sabin. The opinion of the court was read by Justice Stephen J. Field on September 3, 1888. Its determination was for the defendants and against the Terrys.

Many leading citizens and prominent members of the bar were present at the reading of this determination. Police officers had been advised that there might be trouble should the decision go against the Terrys so officers of the law were present in force. Still, no one was prepared for the remarkable instance of contempt of court that ensued.

During the reading of the decision by Judge Field, in the quiet of the courtroom, Mrs. Terry stood up and cried out in a loud voice, "You have been paid for this decision." Judge Field ordered her to keep her seat but she continued her loud tirade. The marshal of the court was told to "remove that woman from the courtroom."

The marshal, a Mr. Franks, moved to carry out the judge's order and Mrs. Terry turned her vocal and physical venom on him. Her husband, always at her side, entered the fray, unbuttoning his coat, presumably for easier access to a large knife he habitually carried, and struck the marshal with his fist, breaking a tooth. Officers and citizens, already closing in on the combatants, pulled Judge Terry to the floor while Mrs. Terry was hustled, kicking, screaming and cursing, from the room. Her personal effects were later returned to her from the courtroom but not before removal of a "self-cocking .41 caliber Colt's pistol with five chambers loaded."

Both Terrys made abusive oral threats against Judge Field and were sentenced to imprisonment for contempt of court in the Alameda county jail, he for six months, she for thirty days. Both served out their full sentence but continued in their threats against Judge Field and other circuit court judges. Judge Terry was quoted in print as saying:

"When I get out of jail I will horsewhip Judge Field. He will not dare to come back to California, but the earth is not big enough to hide him from me."

On a later occasion, on a train from Los Angeles to San Francisco, Judge Sawyer, on the same circuit bench with Judge Field, was assaulted by Mrs. Terry in a hair-pulling melee. This act was witnessed by another judge and reported to the authorities in Washington whereupon an official order was issued instructing United States Marshal John C. Franks, of San Francisco, to provide bodyguards to protect all circuit court judges, particularly Stephen J. Field, during their required trips to the Pacific Coast in the execution of their official duties.

Pursuant to those orders from the attorney general of the United States, Marshal Franks appointed David Neagle, a deputy United States marshal and recently a keeper of the peace in Arizona territory where he rode with the likes of Wyatt Earp and Sheriff John Behan, to the position of bodyguard to Justice Field.

Judge David Terry. — *Courtesy California State Library.*

On the fourteenth of August, 1889, Neagle accompanied Judge Field on the night train from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Even though it was long after midnight, the ever alert Neagle saw Judge and Mrs. Terry board the same train at its Fresno station stop. The Terrys and Judge Field were all going to the same circuit court hearing, a descendant of the original Sharon-Hill divorce case, in San Francisco.

The train made a late breakfast stop at Lathrop junction. Judge Field, with Neagle, his bodyguard, was seated at a table near the middle of a large, noisy dining room crowded with many men, women and children, all anticipating their first food after a long, tiring trip. The Terrys entered and were shown to a table near the rear. Mrs. Terry recognized Judge Field as she passed, then spoke to her husband and made her way out of the room.

The experienced proprietor of the busy station restaurant recognized trouble in the making. He had greeted the two well known judges as they arrived separately. He knew all too well of the bitter feud that existed between the two. And he had heard of Mrs. Terry's .41 caliber Colt revolver. Wanting no bloodshed in his establishment, he posted men at the door to intercept Mrs. Terry should she attempt to return.

But the proprietor had no way to anticipate the next action in the fatal drama so rapidly unfolding withing his dining room. Judge Terry arose from his seat and seemed to follow the precedent set by his wife in leaving the room. As he passed Judge Field's table even the alert David Neagle was unprepared for what followed. From a point immediately behind Judge Field, Terry whirled and solidly struck the judge on both sides of the head, first with one hand and then the other. The judge, totally surprised, turned in his chair to identify his attacker.

Neagle was quick to act. Without rising from his seat, he drew his pistol and fired over the head of Judge Field, the heavy slug crashing into Judge Terry's left temple. Terry fell to the floor, just a bloody corpse that would move no more. Pandemonium erupted in the dining room.

The action had been too fast to allow for any accurate observations by uninvolved witnesses. Conflicting reports were filed. Details became obscured. Two facts remained very clear. Judge

Terry was dead and David Neagle had killed him.

Neagle was arrested and jailed on a warrant issued by a justice of the peace before whom Mrs. Terry filed a complaint charging both Neagle and Judge Field with the murder of her husband. Forewarned, Judge Field filed writs of habeas corpus with co-judges Sawyer and Sabin, so was not arrested or jailed. In a matter of hours the governor of California wrote the following letter to the California attorney general:

Executive Department
State of California
Sacramento
August 21, 1889

Hon. G.A. Johnson
Attorney-General, Sacramento

Dear Sir:

The arrest of the Hon. Stephen J. Field, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the unsupported oath of a woman, who, on the very day the oath was taken, and often before, threatened his life, will be a burning disgrace to the State unless disavowed. I therefore urge upon you the propriety of at once instructing the district attorney of San Joaquin county to dismiss the unwarranted proceedings against him.

The question of the jurisdiction of the State court in the case of the deputy United States marshal, Neagle, is one for argument. The unprecedented indignity on Justice Field does not admit of argument.

Yours truly,
R.W. Waterman
Governor

Neagle remained in jail for some five weeks while court papers were being processed, after which he was unconditionally released. Judge Field's papers were processed without delay or confinement. Before the year 1889 closed out, Judge Field presented David Neagle with a large gold watch, complete with a long and heavy gold chain

The bloody divorce case that pitted the irrepressible Sarah Althea Hill against cold businessman William Sharon was dismissed on August 12, 1892, more from disinterest than by agreement. After twelve years of wrangling, there was just no one left to fight. Senator Sharon and Judge Terry were both dead and Terry's wife, Allie, was in the state insane asylum at Stockton. Allie, the same Allie Hill who had tried so hard to get a large slice of the Sharon fortune, developed mental problems and was adjudged insane by the superior court of San Francisco. She was committed on the tenth day of March, 1892. Her extraordinary litigation had consumed twelve full years of her life and had cost the life of her husband, perhaps her own mind, but had not profited her one cent. ■

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

made it difficult to recruit blacks as chaplains and potential officers. As the number of black military units increased, such units had their own black chaplains.

As early as 1866 there were six segregated black military units. The chaplains and other officers of these units experienced the same segregation problems as the line troopers. Black officers had to perform in an unquestionably outstanding manner to receive recognition outside their own units, in which they did, however, serve as role models for the rank and file soldiers.

Black units usually served in remote parts of the frontier, where the nickname of "buffalo soldier" was used as a label of respect as well as identification. Although the buffalo soldiers proved their prowess, their activities and braveries were only slightly reported to the general public, and then not always accurately. Langellier reported that there were black soldiers who were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the country's highest recognition for military service bravery. But, sadly, most black recipients of this medal died forgotten and in poverty.

SEPTEMBER 1994 MEETING

If all the accomplishments and honors of September meeting speaker Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. were to be listed here, there would be no room left to report on his talk. So, an extremely short list of high points about him is being provided. He received his B.A. from UCLA, his M.S., M.Ed.,

(Continued on Page Twenty-Three)

California History Vignettes

by Msgr. Francis J. Weber

The Archives of the Indies

As long ago as 1917, the eminent California historian, Charles E. Chapman, observed that "the history of Spanish America, so far as the documents are concerned, is preserved almost completely in Spain...The most essential parts of those documents are contained in the Archivo General de Indias of Seville."

That famed collection, in which this writer had the privilege of working on two occasions, was set up at the behest of King Charles III in 1785, with the aim of bringing together all the records about America which until then were scattered in Simancas, Cadiz and other places.

The project was instigated by Jose de Galvez and put into practice by the historian and academic, Juan Bautista Muñoz, the renowned *Cosmografo Mayor de Indias.*

Jose de Galvez

The archives were brought together in a splendid building called the *Casa Lonja,* which had been constructed during the reign of Philip II. That edifice continues to house the Archives of the Indies to this day.

The materials filed there are of exception interest for the historical study of Spain's activities in Latin America, concerned as they are with the vast area from the south of the United States to Tierra del Fuego, as well as the Philippines.

The documents were mostly issued by the various administrative organizations involved in the Spanish presence in Latin America–and they include the *Virreinatos, Audiencias, gobernadores, capitanes generales, corregimientos,* etc.

Divided into fifteen sections, according to the origin of the documents, the archives of the Indies also contain maps and drawings sent by the earliest colonizers to illustrate and explain their reports.

Materials are grouped in bundles, around 43,000 in all, averaging a thousand sheets in each, most of them crammed with information on both sides of the page. The drawings and maps comprise about 7,000 items and there are an estimated nine kilometers of shelving in the Archives of the Indies.

The contents of the bundles are indexed in a variety of guides, inventories and catalogues, none of them complete and many inadequate. There are several alphabetical indices (of names, topographical materials and subjects) available to researchers.

But those finding devices, prepared as they were over many decades by a host of different people, reflect a remarkably different depth and range of information. The most successful researchers are those who learn the mindset of earlier cataloguers.

Even with all its complexities, the Archives of the Indies is a fascinating and challenging treasure trove which scholars approach with excited anticipation. Each year, researchers from all over the world scramble to occupy the seventy available seats in the reading room and there are rarely any empty chairs.

In 1987, to cite one set of statistics, 72,368 requests were processed by the staff. Almost 5,000 of those inquiries were concerned with maps and drawings and an equal number for books in the auxiliary library. In that year, 874 researchers visited the Archives of the Indies, 62% of them were Spanish, 29% American and 8% European.

Until a scholar in the field has worked at Seville's Archives of the Indies, he remains an historical neophyte. And once there, that same scholar is humbled and edified by the recorded accomplishments in Latin America.

The "California Archive"

Though most scholars doing research in the field of Western Americana are familiar with the historical materials on file in the Santa Barbara Mission Archives, few are aware of the nearby Karpeles Manuscript Library whose "California Archive" is without peer among private holdings in the United States and abroad.

Founded in 1978 by David Karpeles, the archive is part of a larger collection which now has branches in New York, Tacoma and Jacksonville. According to a printed finding-device, there are fifty-five manuscript pages of Jose de Galvez and twenty-one of Fray Junipero Serra in the "California Archive."

Fray Junipero Serra

Serra and his biographer, Fray Francisco Palou, are well represented with no fewer than 130 manuscript pages. The Palou diary is generally regarded as one of the greatest treasures from the provincial period.

The letters of Galvez to Serra and Palou spell out the plans, locations, base camps, personnel, supplies and schedules of that momentous undertaking of 1769-1770.

Perhaps the most poignant of these documents is the "Christening of California," a letter from the Visitator General to Serra wherein the contemplated missions are named for the first time.

The proto chapter in the history of Alta California's colonization closes with the drawing of the priceless "Founding Map of California," an appropriate commemoration to the success of the expedition.

Another treasure is a silver-encased illuminated manuscript awarded by King Charles III to Galvez, presenting the Visitator General with the title of "Marques de Sonora" for his success of the Sacred Expedition. It was given to Galvez shortly after his return to Spain in 1771.

Among the materials of local interest are descriptions of foundings at Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and Santa Ines as related by the founding father of each of the establishments.

The destruction by Indians of the first mission at San Diego in November of 1775, a tragic setback to the achievements of the first years, is related in one of the documents. And there are founding maps of Northern California and Alaska which were made on the expeditions to complete the uncharted coasts of the New World.

The first years of the Mission Period are documented by reports and letters of Fray Junipero Serra and succeeding *presidentes.* Included therein are materials from Palou (130 manuscript pages), Fermin Lousen (43), Estevan Tapis (9), Mariano Payeras (29), Narciso Duran (113) and Jose Bernardo Sanchez (3), as well as administrative letters from Teodoro de Croix, Antonio Bucarelo, Juan Vicente, Revilla-Gigedo, and Miguel Branoforte.

The more important topics mentioned in these and other documents include the founding and construction of San Francisco Mission, the announcement of the successful opening of the overland trail to California by Juan Bautista de Anza, the planning and naming of each new mission, as well as reports on the "Council for the Development of California."

The "California Archives" at the Karpeles Manuscript Library is indeed among the richest storehouses of Western Americana.

Richard F. Logan
1914-1994

Richard F. Logan, a long-time active member of this corral, passed away on August 26th in Santa Monica.

Dick Logan was born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts on June 1, 1914, and received his B.A. and M.A. at Clark University, and later his Ph.D. from Harvard.

His entire career was spent in teaching and research in geography, with special emphasis on arid lands. From 1948 to 1974 he served as a Professor of Geography at UCLA. UCLA informed me that there are three books by Dick Logan in their library.

Dick also taught at the University of Alaska, Hebrew University in Jerusalem and the Sudan. Dick and his family spent his first sabbatical living in Southwest Africa for a year where he continued his studies of arid lands.

The Logan family moved from New England to California in 1948 in order for him to accept a professorship at UCLA. Dick and his wife, Estelle, and their two daughters were so enchanted with California that they attended the first Death Valley Encampment in 1949 which attracted over 50,000 people.

Estelle Logan told me that they took sleeping bags and food and slept on the ground since they couldn't afford the hotel accommodations. She commented that they loved the music and entertainment in the bowl where Ferde Grofe's "Death Valley Suite" was performed for the first time. I reminded her that Ferde Grofe spent most of the time drinking in the lower lounge of the Furnace Creek Inn while an arranger completed his "Death Valley Suite" in time for the initial performance.

Estelle also told me that she met Dick on his birthday, June 1, 1939, and had an engagement ring ten days later. Friends warned her that it would never work out...that you don't know him well enough...she added, we didn't have enough for a divorce. She says that his Ph.D. at Harvard was earned together by them because she was a "cheap" typist for his thesis.

Dick Logan was known to all his friends and students as a very caring person. When he was at UCLA the door to his office was always open to all of his students. About a year ago, at a Westerners meeting, he learned that I was having some problems with arthritis. Two days later he showed up at our home in Sherman Oaks with a bottle of his special Norwegian cod liver oil which he insisted would make me feel better.

Hugh C. Tolford

Monthly Roundup (continued). . .

M.A., and Ph.D. from USC. He taught history at USC beginning in 1951 as Teaching Assistant and retiring as full Professor in 1989. He has authored more than fifty books, has been editor of the Historical Society of Southern California Quarterly for thirty-four years, was made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory by Pope John Paul II, received a thank you letter, with photograph of him and the Queen of Great Britain, for having shown and explained the holdings of the Santa Barbara Mission Archives to Elizabeth II when she and Prince Phillip visited California a number of years ago.

September meeting speaker

Dr. Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.

In his usual professional way, Nunis told of *"The Life and Times of Edward Gould Buffum."* Although Buffum's life was short (his estimated age at time of death was forty-five) it was filled with action: soldiering, traveling, reporting, writing, editing, running for public office. Of all his activities, his fame comes from his books chronicling the California gold rush.

The son of the first President of the Anti-slavery Society, he was no pacifist, and in 1846 enlisted in the 7th Regiment of New York Volunteers for service in the war against Mexico. His military service as First Lieutenant—part of the time in Baja California—involved being charged with "conduct unbecoming to an office" and arrested for playing cards.

Following discharge of all volunteers at the end of the war, by October 1848, Buffum began his travels all over the California central diggings. By June 20, 1849, the first dispatches of "Our California Correspondent" appeared in a New York newspaper. But it was for the *Alta California* newspaper in San Francisco, beginning on January 4, 1849, that he reported of life in the gold diggings, which later became a book that Buffum dedicated to John Charles Fremont.

With California statehood in 1850, Buffum was elected to serve in the Assembly. For a while his base was in Los Angeles, where he started that city's first newspaper, *The Los Angeles Star & Pioneer,* in 1850. but by 1855 he rejoined the *Alta California,* and became its editor in 1856, in time to be the chief source of information about the activity of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee that year.

By November 5, 1857 Buffum left San Francisco for New York, where in 1858 he was hired by the *New York Herald* editor/publisher James Gordon Bennett I, and sent to Paris. In addition to his regular correspondence for the *Herald,* Buffum wrote *Pocket Guides for Americans Going to Europe.* His wanderings and writings ended with his death in December 1867. ■

Corral Chips

by Donald Duke

Konrad Schreier has an article entitled "Sixty Years of Military Dodges" in the September/October issue of American Truck Historical Society newsletter called *The Express*. Your roving reporter spotted this; surprise, Konrad!

Artist *Ben Abril* was featured in the September 19, 1994 issue of the *Los Angeles Downtown News* newspaper that describes and illustrates his downtown artworks. The feature, running several pages, was entitled "The Framing of the City: Painter Ben Abril's Work Has Captured Downtown Through All Its Phases." A full page cover illustrates the Union Bank building rising out of old-time Bunker Hill.

At long last the "Buckskin Bulletin"—the newsletter of Westerners International—recognized the existence of the Los Angeles Corral. Under a column entitled "Corral Publishing," it recognized *Branding Iron* No. 195, the feature article on Mt. Washington, its hotel and cable railway.

C.M. Willis Osborne is completing his second year as Sheriff of the San Dimas Corral. He recently retired from Glendora High School after 44 years of teaching. This is the all-time record for the Glendora Unified School District.

Happy Birthday to *C.M. Dr. Al Shumate.* He is only 90 years young. We should all live so long. It just goes to prove the myth that "An apple a day will keep the Doctor away!"

Herr *Abe Hoffman* served as commentator in the "Water and the West" session at the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Branch of the American Historical Association held August 12, 1994.

C.M. Will Jacobs, a scholar at the Huntington Library, has just published a new book entitled *On Turner's Trail: 100 years of Writing Western History.* This book, published by the University of Kansas Press, analyzes the growth and development of Turner's ideas and the details of the battle for possession of Turner's legacy between Ray Allen Billington and Frederick Marks.

Associate Bill Miller was written up in the California Blacksmith Association newsletter in an article entitled "Leaning on the Anvil." The article was authored by Bill Miller, the blacksmith!

Always on the go *Ray Wood,* spent a month slaying dragons in the land of his birth, with short stays in such places as Canterbury, Tumbridge Wells, Norwich (ancestral home), and at his birthplace Twickenham. He visited Folkestone (the Chunnel), the Malvern Hills, and the Lake District. He also tried to pull the sword out of the stone, but failed!

Wagonmaster *Todd I. Berens* attended the 26th Annual Meeting of the Lewis & Clark Trail Heritage Foundation at Missoula, Montana, this summer. While in the region he attended the 12th Annual Convention of the Oregon-California Trail Association at Salt Lake City, and found *Powell Greenland* was also attending this roundup.

Retired old salt *Captain Robert Schwemmer* has hired a publicity agent and is flooding the "Corral Chips" post office box with tales of his adventures under water. (His wife says he won't even change the water in their waterbed, but dives all over the Channel Islands looking for treasure?) The Ventura County edition of the *Los Angeles Times* is

loaded with photographs of sunken ships taken by young *Captain Abab Schwemmer.* At least the water is clear up there, and also in his waterbed.

Donald Duke, Todd Peterson, and *Associate Larry Arnold* attended the Lexington Group meeting September 21-25, at Kansas City, Kansas. The Lexington Group was formed by Richard Overton in 1942 at a gathering of the Association of American Historians. He found several interested in railroads, and railroad history, and thus formed the group of scholars, historian, artists and railroad executives. Duke delivered an address entitled "The Railfan" and kept the audience in stitches for one-hour and forty-five minutes.

The sun was shining brightly, and all the planets of the universe were in alignment, as 170 members of the Southern California Historical Society gathered at the Double Tree Hotel in Pasadena to honor, Honorary Member *Doyce Blackman Nunis, Jr.* at high-noon of Saturday, October 1st. The luncheon was a tribute to Doyce in the year of his 70th birthday and his 34 years of service to the Society as editor of the *Southern California Quarterly.* The Los Angeles Corral of Westerners was conspicuous by its participation. *Thomas F. Andrews,* the Society executive director, gave words of welcome. *Martin Ridge,* president of the Society, acted as Master of Ceremonies, Glen Dawson told of Doyce's participation as a Westerner and book collector, while Hugh Tolford described his part in the Zamarano Club. Of the Westerners in attendance, Honorary Members were *Arthur Clark, Glen Dawson, Donald Duke, Dutch Holland* and *Hugh Tolford.* Active Members were *Tom Andrews, Robert Blew, Siegfried Demke, Don Franklin, Powell Greenland, Earl Nation, Norman Neuerberg, Ed Parker,* and *Martin Ridge.* Associate Members were *Larry Arnold, Mike Gallucci,* and *Ron Woolsey.* Corresponding Members were *Warren Thomas* and *Larry Burgess.*

Jerome Selmer and his companion, Doris, left our shores and traveled to Scandinavia and St. Petersburg, Russia. His grandfather came from Norway to the New World 105 years ago. In Oslo, Jerome found the name Selmer as common as Smith and Jones. He noted that the country's largest construction company bore the family name. Wait till Rush Limbaugh hears about that! The Selmer's last visited to "The Evil Empire" was in 1985 when St. Petersburg was known as Leningrad. Find any Indian jewelry over there Jerry?

Country Doctor *Robert Stragnell,* has completed his research on William David Bradshaw and presented a paper, with slides, to the Prescott Corral of Westerners. He is currently involved with Herman Ehrenberg and his life. He is in the process of translating "Der Freiheitskamp im Texas im Jahre 1836" into Arizonese.

Send up a rocket, the bad boy of Sherman Oaks (now Gold Hill, Oregon), a.k.a. *Michael Torguson* has graduated from Captain Willie Whizbang University. He received a diploma which said he earned a B.S. in history/political science and plans to run against Katherine Brown if she ever makes it to the governor's chair. At graduation ceremony he received one of two scholarships from the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, was elected to Phi Kappa Phi, a national honor society of E. Clampus Vitus, and was one of 24 accepted to the "fifth year" secondary teacher-training program at S.O.S.C. What did I say in this column two years ago? *Michael Torguson* will still be in attendance at college when Grand Noble Humburg *Donald Torguson* is governor of Oregon.

In a fit of desperation the Ancient and Honorable Order of E. Clampus Vitus initiated the following Corral members into membership in a ceremony held at the "Slightly Bent Adobe." Hooded with a black potato sack, and all chained together, Moses Kern said the word "Satisfactory" to *Robert Blew, Glen Dawson, Donald Duke, Earl Nation, Norman Neuerberg, Doyce Nunis, Martin Ridge,* and last but not least, *Msgr. Francis J. Weber.* ■

Two car Pacific Electric train on Huntington Drive going through San Marino. — *Courtesy Pasadena Historical Museum.*

The Underside of Street Railways

by Sidney K. Gally

We look back with nostalgia at the red and yellow cars which for so long interlaced the Southland with their rail lines. Yet for some, such as pipeline operators, life is easier without the street cars. Pipelines were often damaged by stray currents from electric railways, a process known as "electrolysis."

Corrosion of metals in soil is an electrochemical process. Small "batteries" form on the surface of the metal and at the "anodes" where the current leaves the metal and flows into the soil, metal is dissolved. Stray electric current from outside sources can corrode metal in soil rapidly. One ampere of direct current (dc) can remove about 20 lbs. of metal in a year from a steel pipeline.

Electric motors propelling street cars were powered by direct current. The current flowed from the substation via the trolley wires (supplemented often by parallel feeder cables) and was intended to complete the circuit back to the substation through the rails. Each of the frequent joints between rails was "bonded" with a short piece of cable bolted to each rail section to make the return current flow easier, and sometimes this was assisted by overhead cables in parallel with the rails.

In theory, then, the current should stay in this metallic path and not affect anything below. In practice, roadbeds beneath the rails were not perfect insulators. As electric currents are wont to do, some of the current would select a parallel path and flow back to the substation through the earth and through any convenient buried pipeline. Where the electric current left the pipeline to return to the station through the soil, damage was likely to occur.

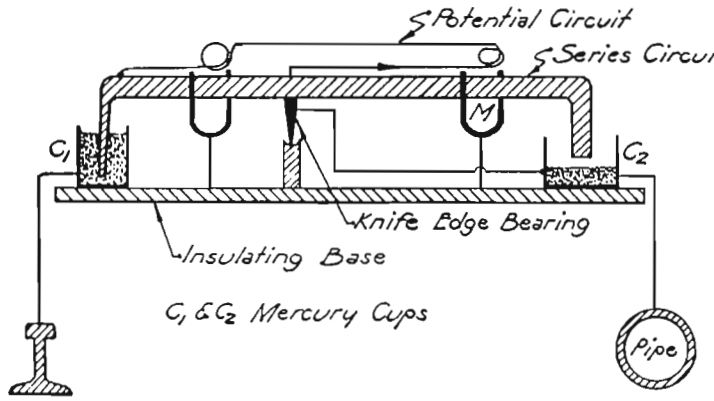
In the Los Angeles area, stray current corrosion problems for the gas utility increased with the advent of welded steel pipelines They offered less resistance to electric current flow than did cast iron pipelines with their many caulked or mechanical joints. Protective coatings on the steel attempted to insulate the steel from the soil but these were seldom perfect and could concentrate the corrosion at breaks in the coating.

The solution usually was to install "drainage

bond," cable connections between the pipeline and the substation negative bus* so the current would flow through a metallic path, not through the soil. These had to be monitored. Meters recording on a smoked chart made a record of the current flow for analysis.

magnetic force raised the bar out of the mercury and opened the circuit; when voltage across the gap showed things had returned to normal, the bar dipped into the mercury again and drainage resumed.

All this required trained people to take voltage

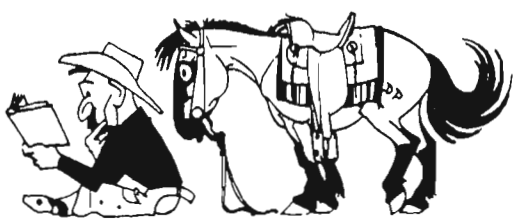


Pacific Electric Electrolyis Switch. — *Courtesy Pacific Coast Gas Association.*

Sometimes, as the cars moved around the railway network, it would be found that current flowed the wrong way in the drainage bond, "flooding" the pipeline with current.

In the days before solid state devices, a mechanical switch was devised to open the circuit when flow reversed. It looked like a praying mantis, being a bent copper bar on a pivot dipping into a cup of mercury. When the current reversed, and current readings and adjust things to minimize damage. After the street cars were retired, it was realized that there had been a net benefit to the pipelines. At the "cathodes", the areas on the pipeline where current was picked up iron the soil, the pipelines were being protected from corrosion!

*A conducting bar that carries heavy currents to supply several electric circuits. ■



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

INDIANS AND INTRUDERS IN CENTRAL CALIFORNIA, 1769-1849 by George Harwood Phillips. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1993. 223 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth $24.95.

George Harwood Phillips has emerged as one of the leading ethnologists of the California Native American. His earliest works concentrate on the southern California tribes, building upon the evidence and theories of Sherburn Cook, Robert F. Heizer and other leading anthropologists and historians. In his scholarship, Phillips challenges the narrow view of the Native American as a helpless victim, recognizing the need to bring balance to our understanding of the tribal lifestyle within the context of exploration and conquest.

Indians and Intruders concerns the story to the interior tribes of the San Joaquin Valley, an engrossing study of the impact of exploration and settlement on the Central California aborigines. For the Chumash, Yokuts, Tulare and other tribes, it was a struggle to remain independent against foreign exploitation. Phillips traces the plight of

the interior natives through three periods -Spanish, Mexican and early Anglo settlement. The underlying theme behind each cultural contact centered on native resistance. The author dismisses the idea these were docile tribes quietly exploited by foreign economic interests and dominated by superior political and military institutions.

Indians and Intruders profiles the aborigine as an embattled group which maintained a degree of political autonomy. The interior tribes arbitrated with their enemies and divided their adversaries by exploiting their competing interests. Stock raiding made good economic sense, providing a commercial link between Hispanic and Anglo traders. The author validates Sherburn Cook's classic observations on mission life, identifying the runaway and the steady decline of the mission populace as evidence of Indian resistance. Yet secularization did not render the Native American helpless in the face of adversity. Interior migration benefited the aborigine populace as assimilation brought new horticultural techniques from mission life and reinforced an aggressive stance against further intrusion into the interior regions. The era of trappers and traders also brought offensive resistance against Anglo intrusion. Miwok and Tulare raiders descended on miners, hunters, trappers and interior military encampments in the southern Tulare Valley, the Kings River, and along the foothills of the Sierra Nevada.

Phillips has synthesized long established theories while introducing fresh ideas about conquest and cultural conflict. Perhaps the most intriguing notion concerns the impact of Native American culture on foreign settlement. Spanish, Mexican, and Anglo exploration and settlement altered political policy, formulated military responses, and amended economic goals based on the presence of the Native American. Cultural adaptation thus proved a two-way street between aborigine and foreigner alike.

Indians and Intruders contains several detailed maps and artful illustrations. The lengthy bibliography and end notes are important to the serious scholar, while the crisp narrative and sharp focus of the study will hold the interest of a general readership. Indeed, George Harwood Phillips has contributed an important study in defining the nuances of conquest and the legacy of the vanquished.

Ronald C. Woolsey

MAX BRAND, by William A. Bloodworth, Jr. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1993. 193 pp. Notes and references, selected bibliography, index. Cloth, $22.95. Order from Twayne Publishers, 866 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

Frederick Schiller Faust, also known as Max Brand, Evan Evans, and at least sixteen other pen names, dominated American popular writing for most of the first half of the 20th century. He wrote more than 500 stories, mainly novels, between 1917 and 1944. His total output ran into the tens of millions of words. Although he has been dead for half a century, some of his work still endures, most notably *Destry Rides Again* and his series of Dr. Kildare novels.

William A. Bloodworth has written a literary biography of Faust, tracing Faust's career from his college days at the University of California to his death on a World War II battlefield. Faust was uniquely prepared for a writing career, having immersed himself in mythology and legends, particularly Arthurian tales. But his chosen profession played a cruel trick on him: Faust wanted to establish himself as a serious poet, but little of his poetry was much understood, appreciated, or published. Popular stories were written for money, and while he made a lot of it, he always needed more.

When barely out of college, Faust began writing stories for *All-Story Weekly, Western Story Magazine,* and other pulp fiction magazines. The timing was excellent, for he began his writing career in the great era of the pulps, publications with stories long on plot and action that asked for little editing or rewriting. Faust seldom wrote short stories. His stories were first serialized and then published in book form. Many magazine

issues carried several stories by Faust under various pen names; sometimes an entire issue consisted of Faust stories.

When the pulp market finally faded, Faust put a little more care into his work and graduated to the "slicks," publishing stories in *Collier's Saturday Evening Post,* and *McCall's,* among others. Most of his stories were formula westerns, but he also wrote detective stories, romances, and historical adventures. In the 1930s Hollywood brought him latter-day success with his Dr. Kildare stories.

As a literary biographer, Bloodworth assesses Faust's prodigious output, summarizing the plots of key novels and evaluating them as serious literature. Such evaluations are of interest, given Faust's great talents as a storyteller, but ultimately the question arises as to the enduring value of Faust's writing. Most of it was melodramatic, written to satisfy the momentary whims of a fickle popular audience. Troubled by a weak heart, a problem with alcohol, unfaithful to his wife, and disappointed at the failure of his "serious" writing, Faust did not look for future literary appraisal of his work. Perhaps the best verdict at this time comes from an audience that still buys his books: fifty years after his death, his novels are still reissued and reprinted, sometimes under different titles or with a change in pseudonym. Like his most famous character, Destry, Max Brand rides again, and again...

Abe Hoffman

HOKAHEY! *A Good Day to Die!* by Richard G. Hardorff. Arthur H. Clark Company, Spokane. 176 pp. Maps, illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index, $27.50, plus shipping. Order from Arthur H. Clark Co., P.O. Box 14707, Spokane, WA 99214.

Amazingly, there are still many people vitally interested in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Even though this was a relatively minor skirmish in the long history of U.S. Army engagements, it seems to still fascinate, all out of proportion to its real importance. This book deals with a rather esoteric aspect of the battle, namely, the body count on the Indian side. It is *not* a book for those new to the subject. I would recommend it only to those who already have a good knowledge of the campaign, and then probably only as a footnote to the events of that day.

Without attempting to recount the episode in detail, suffice it to say that Lt. Colonel G.A. Custer, in command of the 7th U.S. Cavalry, set out to engage certain non-reservation Indians in a punitive expedition. Custer's intelligence was faulty, and what he perceived as a small band of renegades who could be easily wiped out, turned out to be a massive Indian army of skilled warriors. Custer and his troops rode into this famous engagement without realizing that they were coming up against a superior force. The author of this book recounts these events in an apparent attempt to point out the admitted skill of the Indian warriors. The conclusion is that of the many hundreds of warriors committed to battle, a relatively few were killed by the white troopers. Richard Hardorff has researched and written extensively about the Custer episode. His credentials are excellent. However, one must question the need for such laborious detail in establishing the body count of Indian dead. It seems to this reviewer that the descriptions of each death and the sources

from which the information and conclusions were extracted are excessively verbose. His effort has been painstaking however, and surely is commendable to anyone interested in every possible detail of the battle.

I am tempted to say this book will hopefully be "the last word" on the Custer campaign, but I fear this will not be the case. The battle itself came just prior to a planned frenzy of celebration honoring our nation's centennial of independence, and the fact that these "savages" annihilated the "glorious" 7th Cavalry led by a Civil War hero (and self-styled presidential candidate), spoiled the party. To this day, many have never forgive the Indians for winning. Even though the Army had its revenge later in 1890 at Wounded Knee by killing over 300 Indian children, women and a few unarmed old men, it has not been enough to erase the memory of the "Custer Massacre." (It is interesting to note that when Indians killed whites it was always a "massacre," but when whites killed Indians, it was always a "battle.")

Recommended for Little Big Horn specialists only.

Jerry Selmer

CREATING CARMEL: *The Enduring Vision,* by Harold & Ann Gilliam. Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith Books, 1992. Illustrations, Bibliography, Index. Paper, $14.95. Order from Peregrine Smith Books, P.O. Box 667, Layton, UT 84041.

Carmel-by-the-Sea has played a significant role in the lives of so many literary and artistic Californians—a coldly alphabetical list of the most prominent would stretch from Adams to Weston—that it is welcome to have a readable, contemporary account of the place itself. The authors have tackled their task in a chronologically comprehensive way, beginning in the distant geological past and ending with late 20th century politics. They have recounted this history, especially that of the last one hundred years, with an abundance of detail supported by numerous photographs and an excellent map.

It is an engaging story—a spectacular natural setting with romantic historical associations, a struggling real estate development whose far-seeing manager cultivated the literary and artistic bohemians who gathered there, the theatrical and artistic endeavors that simultaneously united and divided the community, the careful keeping of the civic flame, and the recent political imbroglios that have ensued in the attempt to stem the tourist and development pressures brought on by the success of setting and cultural image. This is very good local history—filled with depth of detail and love of place. It could have been even better with minor editing to mute occasional overly enthusiastic passages and to rework an initial section on natural history. This introduction is well intentioned and informative, but is sometimes amateurish, and in the case of the geology of the offshore canyons, bizarre.

Ironically, the significance of Carmel for the general reader lies outside the scope of local history altogether. For Carmel, contrary to the implications in this book, is hardly unique. Indeed it may be seen as an archetype of the civic and cultural self-consciousness that characterizes, and has always characterized, many American communities. Although the authors certainly intended their subtitle to refer to a continuity in the life of this one California coastal community, it applies equally well to an enduring American vision of which Carmel is a shining, though not unusual, example.

Warren M. Thomas

ANTIGUA CALIFORNIA *Mission and Colony on the Peninsular Frontier, 1697-1768,* by Harry Crosby. Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1994. 551 pages, cloth, $37.50.

This volume is truly on "Antique California," as it covers only the Jesuit period, and ends with a single paragraph on Fr. Junipero Serra.

While Crosby has written a number of excellent books on Baja, this is definitely a scholarly work, probably being too much for the casual reader (though quite readable). For example, he outdoes Bancroft, with 93 pages of notes! These would be worth reading in themselves. Included are twenty remarkable full-page photographs, each taken by Crosby; followed by twenty full-page maps. These are only part of the tools that he provides.

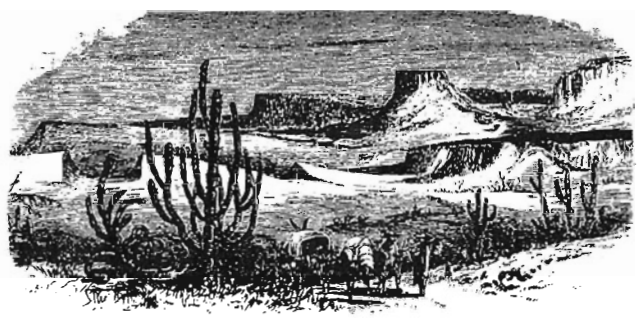
For a personal note, several years ago, I did a paper on "Manuel Ocio, Baja's first Tycoon," in six typed pages. Here we find twenty printed pages on Ocio. Chapter Headings are "Colonial California's First Half Century," "The Organization of Jesuit California," and "The Decline and Fall of Jesuit California."

While Crosby has undoubtedly done more scholarly research of Baja California than most academicians, he has been tracing—almost as a longtime hobby—the descendants of early Baja Californians in the isolated backcountry reaches.

Never before has the story of *Antigua California* been presented in intimate detail and eloquent narrative. Here, in detail, are the stories of Native Americans, Jesuits, soldiers, servants, and the few who were able to break free from the strictures of the Jesuits and become independent citizens of Baja California.

This book has been produced in an elegant format, as well as being an almost indispensable tool for all Baja students. P.S.: available at Dawson's.

Walter W. Wheelock



ON THE TRAIL IN LOWER CALIFORNIA
Browne's sketch from *Harper's Magazine*, October 1868.

THE CHURCH AND TOWN OF SAN ANTONIO, LOWER CALIFORNIA
From *Harper's Magazine*, November 1868.

A Two-Way Remembrance

Wade E. Kittell, who died December 6, 1992 after many years of Active Membership that included holding office and giving talks, is remembered by all of us and especially by Ray Nicholson who wrote the memorium of Wade for the Spring 1993 issue of *The Branding Iron.*

At the September meeting Ray, who is the executor of Wade's estate, reported how Wade remembered the Corral in a special way. In his will, Wade made a bequest to the Corral, and Ray turned over to the Corral a check for $77,710.94 from Wade's estate.

A special committee, knowledgeable about investments, has been appointed by the Trail Bosses with instructions to invest the money in such a way that the principal will remain mostly intact, and that the interest may be used for publications activities, including *The Branding Iron,* a Corral feature of special interest to Wade.

The Editor

Raymond J. Nicholson, Magic Lantern Wrangler, handing to Sheriff Michael Nunn the check for $77,710.94 from the Wade Kittell estate.

Gracias Y Adios

After three and a half years of editing *The Branding Iron,* I feel it is time to pass the job to someone else. The Winter issue, the issue after this one, will be my last.

It has been work, but also a lot of fun. Of all the jobs held for the Corral—four years as Librarian (1983-1986), eight years as Tallyman and editor of four Membership Directories (1984, 1986, 1988, 1990), two years as Registrar of Marks and Brands (1987, 1988), Deputy Sheriff (1989), Sheriff (1990)—I enjoyed the Publications Editor years (July 1991-December 1994) the most.

That it was possible for me to produce some interesting *Branding Iron* issues was directly due to the fine articles many of you submitted to me. I thank you for your help and participation.

Siegfried G. Demke
The Editor