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J. GOODMAN

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Mission Santa Inez today. *Photo by Robert W. Blew*

# Mission Santa Inéz and Political Correctness

*by Abraham Hoffman*

The expression "political correctness" has become quite controversial in the 1990s. Critics condemn its supporters as favoring the stifling of academic freedom, of oversensitivity to innocent (or ignorant) remarks concerning ethnicity and race, of creating an atmosphere of intolerance where diverse opinion should be acknowledged. Yet political correctness can serve a positive function. It can certainly be used to stop the perpetuation of historical misperceptions and stereotypes. One such location meriting the attention of political correctness is the Santa Ynez Valley and Mission Santa Inés in particular.

Two hours' drive north of Los Angeles off Highway 101, the Santa Ynez Valley offers lovely vistas of rolling hills and grazing cattle. Five small towns are located there—Buellton, Lompoc, Solvang, Los Olivos, and Santa Ynez. All are connected by Mission Drive, State Highway

*(Continued on page 3)*

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# THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JANUARY 1995 MEETING

Long time Corral member, ABRAHAM HOFFMAN, managed to schedule around his teaching chores to present a little known subject–the wooing of Albert Einstein by the California Institute of Technology. Both parties were interested but consummation was never achieved.

Einstein in his early professional years was somewhat of an academic gypsy; he taught at a variety of institutions in several countries, and because of changing conditions, he was interested in a more permanent position. Both Princeton and Cal Tech wished to utilize his services and went all out to employ him.

November meeting speaker Abraham Hoffman—*Photograph by Frank Q. Newton*

On his visits to Pasadena, Einstein was escorted to all the various social and cultural offerings, presented with all the trappings that stood

*(Continued on page 17)*

*(Continued from page 1)*

246. Buellton's chief claim to fame is as the headquarters for the Anderson Pea Soup operation, including restaurant and gift shop. Recently Buellton acquired municipal status, with an elected city council and city manager. Local newspapers have been full of accounts of the bickering and animosity resulting from this elevation in status for Buellton residents.

Three miles east of Buellton lies the village of Solvang, arguably the most famous of the Santa Ynez Valley communities. Founded in 1911 by Danish educators, Solvang supported a private high school for many years. Up through World War II Solvang had no unique architectural significance. Its homes and buildings pretty much followed Spanish architectural styles with archways and tiled roofs. In the late 1940s, however, with the high school in decline, the village made a conscious decision to review itself as a replication of a Danish Village in America. Thus Solvang became known for its Danish-style buildings, its four (nonfunctioning) windmills, and its tourist attractions of shops and restaurants.

Promotional brochures available in every store extol the valley's cultural diversity—a fascinating combination of Chumash, Hispanic, Danish, German, and Scandinavian peoples—but the Danes dominate. The Book Loft, an excellent bookstore with many surprises for the bibliophile, houses the Hans Christian Anderson Museum. A park is named for the famed storyteller, and another park features a large statue of him. Several reproductions of "The Little Mermaid" statue are spotted around the town. Visitors may purchase any of several editions of *The Little Mermaid,* and they would be surprised to find that Anderson ended his story quite differently from the Disney version.

A horse-drawn streetcar offers a 20-minute tour of Solvang and a brief history of the village and the region. The horses' tails are bobbed, enabling the driver to spot when a horse is about to deposit some road apples on the street. Out comes an oversize pooper scooper; the chamber of commerce is concerned that a tourist might be repulsed by this bit of rural reality. The latest tourist attraction for Solvang, not entirely welcomed by old-line businesses, is the arrival of factory outlet stores offering products ranging from Pfalzgraff dishes to Hanes underwear. Village elders want a limit on the store space allocated for such enterprises, but others argue that these stores bring in more tourists who also patronize other stores and restaurants.

Solvang's immediate neighbor to the east, directly across Aliso Road, is Mission Santa Inés. At first thought one would consider the proximity of Catholic mission and Danish village an odd cultural combination, not unlike the juxtaposition of Frontierland and Tomorrowland in Disneyland. But mission and village resemble each other in one important way: neither is very old, and both were reborn into a new life.

Founded in 1804, Mission Santa Inés was in ruins when the Danish educators came to the valley a century later. What today's tourists see is a modern reconstruction. Half of the mission's 22 arches are long gone, and the outbuildings and landscaping are not more than a quarter-century old. In fact, the only structures dating from the 19th century are the church and part of the quad. Religious services in the church have been conducted since 1817. A gift shop sells mainly religious items, and a guided tour of the museum and church, with recorded narration, costs two dollars.

Both the mission and the Danish village offer a sense of history to the visitor, but most tourists probably don't look beyond the building facades or landscaping. Solvang provides a pleasant outing, but the village doesn't have to account for any relationships with the first Californians in the area, the Chumash. That responsibility lies with Mission Santa Inés, which brings us back to the issue of political correctness.

Several signs on the mission grounds inform visitors of the historical role of Mission Santa Inés. The text of these signs is woefully out of date and, in the context of 1990s sensibilities, is politically incorrect.

Consider the first sign encountered by visitors to the mission. It reads as follows:

"MISSION ERA...1769-1850.

"The missions were the beginning of California. They came into being because there were Indians in California then; 135,000 is the estimated number.

"The Indians had to come to the missions of their own free choice. They came, too, because it was a better life for them than they had ever known. The mission life satisfied the spiritual

hunger in every human heart and at the same time it gave them a temporal security.

"Actually, the missions were church, school, city, farm, ranch and home—all under one roof."

Almost every sentence in this description is either inaccurate or Eurocentrically biased. The mission era in California effectively ended in 1834 with the secularization of the missions, not in 1850, the year California became a state in the United States. To claim that "the missions were the beginning of California" denies the first Californians, the indigenous peoples, their own history, as if they had nothing to do except wait for the arrival of Europeans for their history to begin.

The figure of 135,000 is an extremely low estimate, a number California historians find far from the most generally accepted figure of 300,000. Albert Hurtado, in his book *Indian Survival on the California Frontier* (1988), states, "When Hispanic settlement began in 1769, about 300,000 native people lived within the current boundaries of the state." James J. Rawls, in *Indians of California* (1984), agrees with this figure. "Numbering perhaps 300,000," he writes, "they were divided into more than 100 separate tribes or nations." And in the textbook *California: An Interpretive History* (4th ed., 1983), Walton Bean and James Rawls express a view held by other authors of textbook histories of the state. "The actual number of persons...in California, before the coming of the Spaniards, can never be precisely determined, but a reasonable estimate is that there were at least 300,000 Indians within the present boundaries of the state when the first Spanish settlement was founded in 1769."

Given the generally accepted number of 300,000, why would the text on the mission sign so seriously underestimate the indigenous population? Hurtado provides an important clue: "At the end of Spanish sovereignty in 1821, perhaps 200,000 remained, and that number dropped to about 150,000 by the time gold was discovered in 1848." If the mission's point of view presents a deliberately low figure, then the precipitous drop in numbers of Indians doesn't seem so extreme. Yet it is significant that Hurtado's estimate of 150,000 at the time of the gold rush is still well above the misleading figure given on the Mission Santa Inés sign of 1769.

The second paragraph contains statements that are at least questionable and certainly highly debatable. How "free" was the choice given to Indians, given the lack of a common language between Indian and Spaniard to explain just what was provided in the spiritual contract? Once accepted as neophytes, Indians were not free to leave the mission; if they ran away, soldiers were sent to bring them back. The statement that the Indians came "because it was a better life for them than they had ever known" makes the Eurocentric assumption that Indian culture and society, about which the Franciscan missionaries never troubled to learn, was automatically inferior to whatever the missions offered. Every human heart had its spiritual hunger, but the Indians already had their own religious understanding, one that the missionaries ignored. As for temporal security, the drastic decline in the Indian population due to disease and culture shock makes that claim a dubious one.

Proceeding further onto the mission grounds, visitors encounter a second sign:

"MISSION LIFE..."

"For the purpose of better instruction, the Indian families were divided into three group [sic], and each group housed separately. Thus the married couples with their children lived in the Indian village.

"The marriageable girls were given a section of the mission all their own.

"The young men had their own separate quarters, too.

"This separation of the members of the Indian families was an essential feature of the Mission management.

"Since the padres' aim was not only to Christianize the natives, the Indians of this mission, as at all others, were taught all the trades necessary to the life of the community."

Here again, the issue is one of the Eurocentric "civilizing" of barbaric people. The Franciscans paid no attention to the social arrangements of the Chumash or how important those arrangements were to the Chumash culture. Instead, the padres followed their own agenda. Young men and women lived in separate quarters and were isolated from their parents. This was done "for the purpose of better instruction" and was considered "an essential feature of the Mission management." The sign gives no cal-

culation of the cost of the dislocation of native families.

The sign also assumes that Chumash traditional work was unimportant. For the missionaries, bringing the Christian faith to indigenous people was only part of the challenge; the natives were also expected to learn "trades necessary to the life of the community of the original inhabitants of the Santa Ynez Valley, but the community that came to control their lives.

Off to the side of the mission compound the visitor finds another sign:

"SITE OF MISSION INDIAN VILLAGE"

"In 1812, 80 little tile-roofed adobe houses were built here for the Indian couples and their children. The group of buildings measured from east to west 200 ft. And north to south 240 ft. Four streets, 31 feet wide, ran from east to west. Each house had a door and a window on the side to the street. On the walls cupboards and shelves provided [sic] for the use of the family. The furniture would consist of a bed and another for the children, a table and benches.

"Greatest number of Indians at this Mission...768 in 1816. In 1855 the Indians were forced to vacate this village. Only Coleta, an old Indian woman, 90 years of age, refused to leave, and was accordingly allowed to remain till she died."

According to the figures given on this sign, the Indian village covered an area of 48,000 square feet. Four streets, 31 feet wide and 200 feet long, took up 24,800 square feet, leaving 23,200. Dividing that by 80 homes yields 290 square feet per home, or a room approximately 15 x 20 feet in size for each family. The actual size was probably smaller, since the above calculations do not take into account the thickness of the walls between each room. Into these rooms were placed at least two beds, a table, benches, cupboards, and shelves. The Chumash proved to be an adaptable people, and the friars praised their skills as artisans. The sign suggests, however, that the houses were built "for the Indian couples." In actuality the Chumash themselves did the labor of constructing the village, church, and outbuildings.

Little remains of the Indian village except for the stone foundation of the fourth row of dwellings, indicated by another sign. Nearby, another sign identifies the *lavendería,* or reservoir. The sign states:

"LAVENDERÍA"

"At many of the Missions, Lavenderías were built for the benefit of the Indians. This Lavendería was conveniently placed right here by the Indian village.

"The large reservoir was used for bathing and the washing of clothes. Note the channels on the top sides to take off the sudsy water.

"The upper portion was used to provide the water for drinking and household purposes.

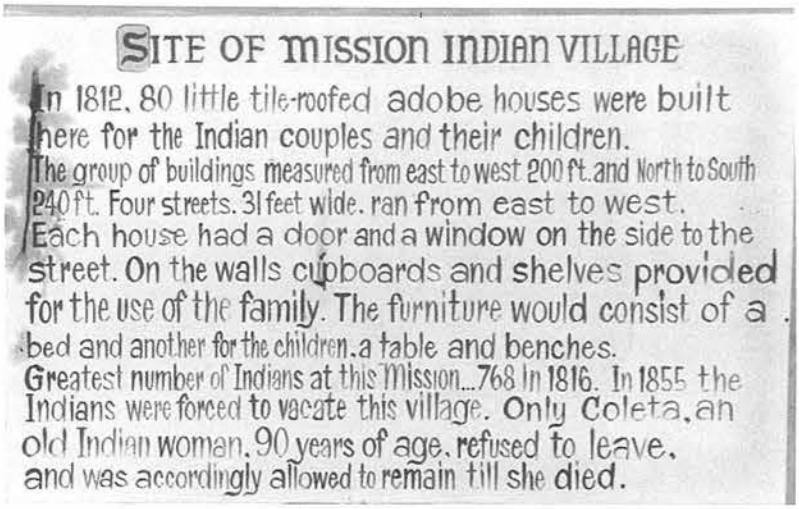
"You will notice that the water from the main reservoir in front of the Mission was conducted here by means of clay pipes."

Again, passive voice implies that the reservoir was built "for" the Indians. Historians credit construction of the reservoir and water system to Indian workmen around 1808.

On December 21, 1812, eight years after the founding of the mission, a major earthquake damaged the church and the Indian village homes. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, in his book *Mission Santa Inés,* made no mention of death or injury due to the earthquake. Indian worshippers at Mission San Juan Capistrano, however, were less fortunate. The same series of earthquakes and aftershocks caused the roof of the mission to collapse, killing a number of the Indians inside.

The overall impression of the signs, and the orientation of the self-guided tour through the church and mission grounds, is that the Franciscan friars brought civilization, religion, and knowledge to the savage, heathen, and ignorant Indians. Almost no mention is made, not in the brochures, signs, or tour, however, of Indian discontent. Such discontent did surface in 1824. Albert Hurtado describes the incident: "On February 21 the Santa Ynez neophytes, angry because a presidio soldier had flogged one of them, attacked the garrison and burned most of the mission buildings." They directed their hostility not at the padres but to the garrison of soldiers who had mistreated them. The revolt spread to Mission Santa Barbara and lasted for some two weeks before the neophytes fled to the San Joaquin Valley. One brochure does list the revolt on a calendar of dates and events, placing the cause of the incident on ill treatment by the soldiers.

The sign at the site of the Indian village puts another problem in passive voice, namely, how they left the mission compound. "In 1855 the




Sign mentioned in article. *Photography by Robert W. Blew*

Indians were forced to vacate this village...Only Coleta...refused to leave, and was accordingly allowed to remain..." No Indication is given as to who forced the Indians out or who allowed Coleta to remain. Since the episode occurred two decades after secularization, it would be interesting to reveal who was behind the expulsion. But the mission signs offer no explanation.

The Mission Santa Inés brochures tell visitors about the founding, the village ruins, the chapel, the museum and tour, the artwork, the bells, the gardens. Matter-of-factly, one brochure briefly describes the cemetery next to the church. "Set out in 1804, the Mission cemetery has 1,700 unmarked Indian graves. Early settlers of European descent—some 75 of them—do have engraved headstones." Despite a tragic population decline, the Chumash did not die away, though some scholars consider them an "extinct" tribe. Several miles east of Solvang on Highway 246, the Chumash Indian Reservation testifies to their endurance. In 1994 the reservation offered its own contribution to the economy of the Santa Ynez Valley in the form of the Santa Ynez Indian Casino.

Evaluation of the impact and effect of the missionary efforts among the Indians of California has sparked considerable controversy among historians in recent years. James Sandos, Rupert Costo, and others have severely criticized the mission system for its arrogance in shoving aside native culture and religion and imposing the Catholic faith. Other historians have responded by noting that much of the current criticism lacks historical context, and that the work of the padres must be evaluated in terms of what people knew and believed two centuries ago, not what is known now. Whichever position people may take in this historiographical debate, a reappraisal of the mission system that deals with the Indian as well as the Spanish side of the story is clearly called for.

Unfortunately, if the signs and brochures at Mission Santa Inés are any indication, the story lags far behind current views. The information is not only politically incorrect, in many instances it is factually incorrect, Eurocentrically biased, and badly in need of updating and revision. Tourists who visit the Santa Ynez Valley are misled enough by the nonfunctioning windmills. It's time to put up new signs at the mission and face history squarely and honestly.

## New Evidence About Indian Death Rate

*by Msgr. Francis J. Weber*

The story of the past is forever being updated and re-interpreted. History will never stay written

as long as scholars are unearthing fresh evidence and re-evaluating the old.

An example at hand is the traditional explanation given for the accelerated death rate among Native Americans in the years after European penetration. Not alone have statistics been misused and exaggerated, but discoveries in medical science are providing wholly new and convincing theories.

Historians have long realized that European diseases took a heavy toll on American Indians. But now, recent studies demonstrate how at least one mid-western tribe, the Omahas, were ravaged by a totally different source.

Karl Reinhard, an anthropologist at the University of Nebraska, has examined the chemical contents of skeletons exhumed forty years ago from Omaha tribal graves. More than half were found to be heavily laced with lead, a substance known to have decimated ancient Romans.

Unlike such other tribes as the Sioux and Pawnee, the Omahas had more extensive contacts with Europeans from whom they obtained lead in trade for a variety of uses.

By the early 19th century, the Omahas had become the first gunsmiths of the Plains. They avidly exchanged for lead with which to make musket balls. Artifacts found at the grave sites also suggest that traders supplied the Indians with such items as wine bottles and food tins sealed with lead solder. Additionally, some skeletal remains showed signs of lead-based paint on their faces.

Once ingested, lead is absorbed into the bones and does not readily dissipate. Depending on the quantities and the age of those exposed, lead can cause retardation, developmental problems and even death.

In the case of the Omaha skeletons, twenty-two of the remains exhibited lead in dangerous to lethal quantities ranging from eighty to 400 parts per million. The skeleton of one child measured 1,000 parts per million.

The skeletons in question were buried between 1780 and 1820 in northwestern Nebraska. During that time frame, the population of the Omahas began to dwindle from about 1,700 until it leveled out at about 300.

Previously, tribal historians had blamed the decline on epidemics spread by white traders and settlers, a fate that is known to have befallen most other tribes in the New World. But, according to Reinhard's studies, the chemical analysis conducted with mass spectrometers and other high-tech gear, showed surprisingly little evidence of infectious diseases on the Omaha skeletons.

Whether lead poisoning affected other tribes of the period is unknown and probably would not have been discovered in the case of the Omahas had it not been for an unusual resolution of a long custody fight for the skeletal remains.

What happened to the Omahas could have happened elsewhere. In their case, history has now spoken through science. Reinhard said that "the findings have implications for the broader population as well...Here we have a culture that almost went extinct because of the toxic elements they were coming into contact with."

Could something like that have occurred in California? Surely such a discovery would keep a whole new generation of historians off the streets.

# Rosedale Cemetery

*by Msgr. Francis J. Weber*

According to a description of Rosedale Cemetery written by Benjamin Cummings Truman in 1910, the area's "broad expanse, dedicated to sacred purposes, makes a show spot in a land of beauty.

"Necessarily a place visited with solemnity, this God's Acre has been so garnished with supernatural gifts that the sting of sorrow is soothed and softened by its restful repose. Velvety lawns carpet its gently-sloping surface, while the fragrance from nature's sweetest blooms breathes incense everywhere, and a floral rainbow of softly blending colors claims the eye and evokes an unspoken acknowledgment of God's prodigality."

One of the last cemeteries established in Los Angeles during the 19th century, Rosedale comprises sixty-five acres of land facing Washington Boulevard between Normandie Avenue and Walton and Catalina Streets.

Incorporated on June 9, 1884, by the Rosedale Cemetery Association, the original stockholders were William Vickrey, F.C. Howes, Hiram Sinsabaugh, M.G. McKoon, George R. Crow, E.E. Hall and Mrs. A. F. Thompson.

In a feature story on "The Opening of a New Cemetery in This City," appearing in the November 20, 1884, issue of the *Los Angeles Times,* a journalist reported "that the work is so far completed that the grounds are open for the use of the public, the cemetery is now in use, and there have been already twelve interments." The article praises the proprietors for providing the city with additional burial facilities.

In his book on *The Early Cemeteries of The City of Los Angeles,* Edwin Carpenter notes that in its early years, Rosedale received many transfers from the moribund city cemetery. It was the first of the southland's burial places available to peoples of all races and creeds, as well as the first to adopt the concept of "memorial park" whose grounds were enhanced with decorative trees, shrubs, flowers, natural scenery and works of art.

Favored with ample financial resources, the cemetery was administered by progressive yet conservative people whose executive efforts were supplemented by the best of scientific and mechanical skills.

In his description of Rosedale Cemetery, Truman observed that "the sunshine was utilized, the soil was turned, water was supplied and expert people were employed to transform a waste spot into a garden. That their work was well done is evidenced by visible results."

Many early visitors to Los Angeles made their way to Rosedale, if not to visit the graves of loved ones, to enjoy the beauties of the memorial park. One enthusiastic writer said that "its fame has traveled by word of mouth from one tourist to another, until its name is synonymous with Los Angeles."

In the general scheme of landscaping at Rosedale, the property plan was scrupulously followed. Lots were divided by walks without fence or side rail, each with its individual lawn. The feasibility and attractiveness of this concept was readily welcomed by the cemetery's patrons and contributed mightily to the beauty of its grounds.

The directors of Rosedale Cemetery were among the first to develop the Endowment Plan whose purpose was to provide perpetual care for the maintenance of the grounds.

It was in 1887, according to Harris Newmark, that "the second crematory in the United States" was opened at Rosedale Cemetery. The initial cremation occurred in June, when the wife of Dr. O.B. Bird was incinerated. By 1913, there had been 2,392 cremations at Rosedale.

In 1907, when the city council refused to allow Rosedale to expand onto property north of 16th Street, that parcel of land was sold to the Society of Jesus, who eventually opened Loyola High School.

A non-denominational chapel was erected in the early years of this century, as well as a columbarium built after the design of a Greek temple. A marvel of architectural beauty, it is at once massive and imposing, yet so perfect are the lines that its bigness is not apparent in its simplicity. In 1939, the crematorium and chapel were awarded a "Certificate of Merit" by the American Institute of Architects.

For many years, provisions existed for a mortuary car on the local streetcar line that made its way along 16th Street, later Venice Boulevard. The outline of the tracks can still be seen at the northernmost end of the cemetery. That service was discontinued after the entrance was moved to Washington Boulevard.

In addition to 450 veterans from the Grand Army of the Republic, many prominent figures are interred at Rosedale, including Robert Widney, Jessie Benton Fremont, Remi Nadeau, Phineas Banning, Hattie McDaniels, John Bradbury, James Slauson, Frederick Rindge, C.I.D. Moore, Thomas Stimson and Caroline Severance.

The cemetery made national headlines on September 30, 1958, when fire ignited and destroyed twenty-nine palm trees and blackened dozens of tombstones at Rosedale. Fortunately no structures were affected in the spectacular blaze.

In 1940, Rosedale was referred to by one local newspaper as a place "where nature lends a pleasant touch to sad occasions." Indeed, it remains an enclave of the city, known for its lavish natural beauty even in these final years of the 20th century.

# Clocks at the Old Missions

The invention and development of the first mechanical clocks dates back to 1300, with the first such timepieces being used to regulate the ***horarium*** or schedule of daily activities in monasteries.

The initial mechanical clocks used a rope wound around a cylinder. A weight on the free end of the rope was allowed to slowly fall, using the force of gravity to unwind. As it fell, it rotated the dial of the clock past a stationary hand which registered the hour.

Later the dial was fixed in position and the hand rotated. Since those early, crudely-made clocks were five or ten minutes off each day, they were reset every morning in reference to a sundial.

The monks of England developed a high degree of expertise in clock making. Automatic alarms were added to warn the bell ringer to toll the curfew each night and alert the friars to other special events.

In 1320, Fray Richard of Wallingford started assembling a complex astronomical clock that took thirty years to complete. Two centuries later, the clock was still running quite accurately.

In Italy, the birthplace of the Renaissance, history's first public, mechanical, bell-striking clock was installed in the Catholic church of San Gottardo, Milan, in 1335. This innovation was subsequently adopted by hundreds of churches throughout Europe.

In the latter part of the 15th century, the mechanical clock played a pivotal role in Jesuit efforts to convert the Chinese. In 1601, Father Matteo Ricci gave the emperor two mechanical clocks, explaining that they were products of Catholic ingenuity. His Majesty was immensely impressed.

In 1504, Peter Henlein developed the spring-wound clock, a revolutionary invention that allowed clocks to become portable. Between 1550 and 1650, thousands of clocks were made in the German-speaking parts of the Holy Roman Empire.

In 1657, Christian Huygens, a Dutch mathematician, invented the pendulum clock and once again revolutionized clock-making. The pendulum kept time by using the natural swing of a weight attached to the end of a rod swinging in a fixed arc.

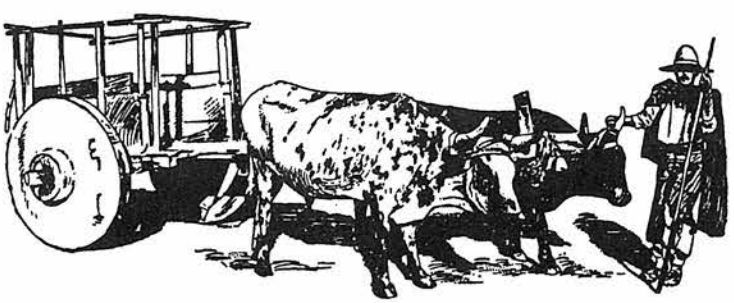
It seems certain that each of the California missions had at least one timepiece, in addition to the traditional sundial. Aside from the need of an accurate timepiece to regulate the activities of the local community, the friars themselves needed a means for fulfilling their Franciscan Rule.

The friars would never have come to such a distant area without the necessary means for counting the passage of the hours. And, with the reports of early explorers before them, they would have known that the California weather was not all sunshine.

Fray Junîpero Serra had an alarm clock at San Carlos Borromeo Mission in 1774. And it is known that the friars at Santa Clara had a wooden clock with little bells or chimes for striking the hours.

An *informe* of 1777 stated that "the new Christians regulate themselves by the clock of the mission; for timing their rest, meals and work, they sound the bell."

Inventories at the missions of San Francisco Solano, Santa Barbara and Santa Cruz all list *"un relox de sala"* (a parlor clock). In the museum at Santa Barbara Mission are the works of an old wooden clock which, in all probability, is all that remains of the one mentioned above.



Carreta drawn by two oxen. *Courtesy New York Public Library*


Will Thrall at Kelly's Camp with Mount Baldy in background. -- *Courtesy the Huntington Library*

# The San Gabriel Mountains in 1934

*by Willis Osborne*

From the first issue, Winter 1934, to the final issue, Spring 1939, *Trails* magazine, edited by historian and mountain lover Will Thrall, was a quarterly bible for Southern Californians interested in the San Gabriel Mountains. The magazine printed information about the history of the range, served as a hiker's trail guide, presented articles about conserving the beauties of the mountains, and offered news of club outings.

The magazine, which folded with the first issue of volume 6, when Los Angeles County withdrew funding, is an outstanding source of historical information for its articles on the San Gabriel's early history and for its accounts of contemporary events during those Great Depression years. Research libraries may have complete sets; the California Room in the Rosemead County Library contains the county collection, for example. Some private collectors may own all twenty-one issues, but fortunate is the collector who has a copy of the very scarce volume 1, number 1.

Reading the premier issue, Winter 1934, provides an interesting look backwards sixty-two years when few roads penetrated into the mountains. The Angeles Crest Highway did not exist and the Great Hiking Era was coming to a close. Our look backwards through *Trails* is by way of articles and advertisements in Thrall's neat little magazine's first issue.

In the article "Magnificent Panoramas," Thrall pointed out four specific viewpoints of most unusual beauty that he found in our mountains. First was the view from the divide between Eaton Canyon and the west fork of the San Gabriel River. He wrote, "it is a magnificent vista of canyon's ridges, towering peaks that will never be forgotten, and without doubt, takes its place with the best." This spot may be reached by auto on the narrow, twisting road to Mount Wilson. What has man-made smog done to this vista? Today, the ridges and peaks are often lost in air pollution.

Secondly, he wrote of the view from the extreme eastern end of Blue Ridge, a few miles southeast of Big Pines. Here he wrote of the spectacle encompassing views of San Antonio, San Gorgonio, Cucamonga Peak, Cajon Pass, and the desert. Thrall was probably at or near the bump known today as Wright Mountain. It can be reached by a long drive on the good dirt road that traverses Blue Ridge from the Angeles Crest Highway.

Although *Trails* was basically about the San Gabriels, Thrall's article listed two other magnificent panoramas not in the San Gabriels. From Tahquitz Peak, near Idylwild, he could see Mexico and "a beautiful region of mountains and valleys, lakes and streams almost uninhabited except for a few small Indian tribes." Only by foot may one reach this spot today.

Finally, from Palomar Mountain, Thrall wrote that the "air was so clear and crisp it fairly sparkled." He saw Mexico's Ensenada, Ventura and the Channel Islands. May one see this today? Maybe on a clear November day.

Advertisements in the premier issue also tell us of other times. Camp Baldy's ad called itself a year-round resort; the ad stated "cabins by the stream, hotel or housekeeping; dancing Saturday nights in winter; trails to the top of Old Baldy, Mount Ontario, Sunset Peak and Telegraph Peak. Mrs. Foster Curry, Mgr." Mrs. Curry, daughter-in-law of the Yosemite Camp Curry owners, made use of the famous name. Following Foster Curry's death from leukemia in 1932, Ruth Curry married actor Edmund Burns in 1934. They continued to advertise their resort as Curry's Camp Baldy. Most of Camp Baldy was wiped out in the 1938 flood-of-the-century. Included in the remains today are the present Buckhorn Lodge and a few cabins near it.

Snow Crest camp, at 6,300 feet elevation, advertised itself as "an ideal spot for rest and recreation. Mr. and Mrs. A.R. Collins, proprietors." The camp, the oldest in San Antonio Canyon, still exists. It is owned and operated by Jean Adams and her son Gary, who provide cabin rentals, a lovely bar and dining room, and a large swimming pool which is also a reservoir for the fire department. According to employee Richard Tuncas, the bar's fireplace in the world's tallest working wood burning fireplace.

Eleven Oaks Mountain Resort, a quarter mile

below Camp Baldy, bragged of "Klean, Kozy, House-keeping cabins with good coil springs." Eleven Oaks was located just across from the Bear Canyon Resort. Like so many of the old canyon-bottom camps, the flood of 1938 destroyed it. The fire station occupies the former entrance to Eleven Oaks according to long-time area ranger, Ruth Hamlin.

Other advertisers in Thrall's first issue included Ice House Canyon Resort, which burned in 1988. The remains can be seen at the head of the Ice House Canyon spur road above Baldy Village. Two long-gone San Gabriel Canyon resorts were also advertised in 1934, the Luckey's Camp Rincon, which bragged of 100 acres for picnic grounds, and Bob Hills' lovely Coldbrook Camp. Again, both were destroyed by the 1938 flood. Today, Highway 39 passes by the Camp Rincon site at the entrance and parking lot for off-road vehicles, just above the East Fork Bridge. Coldbrook Camp is now a public campground. Another early advertiser was Newman's El Encanto, still a popular area restaurant, but no longer Newman's.

Switzer-Land offered Sunday services at the beautiful Switzerland Chapel. The site of Switzer-Land is a public campground and the unique chapel was destroyed in the 1940s. Opid's Camp, now a girl's camp, advertised hospitality and "cozy cabins." One of the most popular 1934 destinations was Swarthout Valley Lodge at Big Pines promoting dancing on weekends. Today, the beautiful forested area houses a ranger station, parts of the old main building and rest rooms across the street.

Area clubs were given space in *Trails.* Four clubs took advantage of this service in the first issue. The Sierra Club boasted of four chapters: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Riverside and San Jose (today there are sixty-one nationwide). The club's article informed readers of its two fine clubhouses in Southern California's mountains: Muir Lodge in Big Santa Anita Canyon and Harwood Lodge, four miles above Camp Baldy. The beautiful Muir Lodge was destroyed by the great 1938 flood, while Sierra Clubbers still enjoy Harwood Lodge. Vice-President Ernest Dawson, also owner of the well-known antiquarian book shop, wrote that every Friday night between 100 and 200 persons attended the club's dinner meeting at Clifton's Cafeteria.

The Roamer Hiking Club scheduled a fourteen-mile round trip hike to Monrovia Peak, Sunday, January 28, 1934. The Trojan Outdoor Club told readers its cabin in Little Santa Anita Canyon is "generously used." The San Antonio Club, Will H. Thrall, President, was for men only. Its main headquarters was Big Spruce Cabin in Bear Canyon. Established November 11, 1919, the club existed "to make men better physically, mentally, morally."

The back cover of *Trails'* first issue featured an ad of the historic Mount Lowe Tavern. Four trams each day carried passengers to the idyllic hotel. Round trip tickets from Los Angeles and Pasadena cost $1.25. All expense overnight rates including dinner and breakfast, were $5 for one, $8.50 for two persons.

Thrall wrote in the final issue of *Trails,* Volume 6, number 1–Spring 1939, "Good bye friends. On Dec. 1 this important public service was order discontinued by the county's Chief Administrative Office." He continued," We had hoped that the order would be rescinded."

It was not.

Those interested in the history of Angeles National Forest owe Will Thrall much. Many articles dealing with the forest's history were published in the few years of the magazine's existence. Interviews with pioneers, trail descriptions and updates, and articles of the forest's rich history appeared in each issue during *Trails'* lifetime.

The world has changed significantly since the final issue of *Trails,* but the beautiful mountains looking down on the Los Angeles basin are still there. Mount San Antonio still sparkles in the alpenglow of a January afternoon. Many of the camps are gone. Some of the old trails are overgrown with chaparral, but others remain. High speed roads lead visitors to areas seldom visited in 1934. Today's problems of graffiti, trash, and overuse were hardly considered then.

Will Thrall constantly educated his readers of the importance of preserving our mountains. Today, more than ever, visitors to our forest need to be educated about conserving the beauties of Southern California's mountains, but will the millions who visit the forests be willing to listen and follow through?

# Fate and Three Men: The Death of Mangas

*by John Southworth*

Joe Walker was probably the most successful of all nineteenth century frontiersmen, although he was never the one to mention that important honor. He died where and when he chose to, a well-to-do retired gentleman in California.

Jack Swilling was a typical western desperado, gunslinger and murderer, although he did his best to confine his murdering to Indians, Mexicans and Chinese–all of whom he felt deserved his deep and undivided attention. He died in Yuma Prison, reportedly from the strenuous effects of his forced withdrawal from a heavy drug addiction.

Mangas Coloradas was a great chief of the Membreño Apaches. A giant Indian any way you measured him, Mangas died within hours after he first met Walker and Swilling. Many questions concerning his untimely passing will forever remain unanswered.

By the time the Civil War began in 1861, all Americans who read books or newspapers felt intimately acquainted with Joseph Walker through continuing reports of his exploits and adventures from the Rocky Mountains to the still mysterious Pacific Coast.

Washington Irving, of Sleepy Hollow fame,

"An Old-Time Mountain Man With His Ponies." Pen and ink by Frederic Remington.
*Clarence P. Hornung Collection*

took Walker to task in his 1837 best-selling book, *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U.S.A.* In that book, Irving falsely claimed that the failure of Bonneville as a fur trader was due entirely to the capricious nature of his guide, Joe Walker, who seemed to have wandered off to Monterey, California, with most of Bonneville's men and equipment. For whatever reason that trip to Monterey was made, Walker, with Bonneville's men, discovered Yosemite Valley and what is still know as Walker Pass through the Tehachapi Mountains. Washington Irving's book made Captain Benjamin Bonneville and Joseph Walker equally famous. At this time, he was just Joseph Walker. The better known name, Joseph Reddeford Walker, was bestowed upon him in error by a writer about the time of his death.

The title of Captain came easily to Joe Walker for he was a take-charge man in any company he joined. He regularly controlled, manipulated, and benefitted from the extraordinary talents of recalcitrant men such as Jack Swilling. He had no formal military service to legitimize the title he wore so honorably for years, although as a teenager militiaman he fought under Andrew Jackson and Sam Houston, the Battle of Horsebend which ended the Appalachian Indian wars. Even his family called him Captain Uncle Jo.

Captain Joseph Walker was a burly member of a frontier family–large in both size and numbers. At least six feet four inches and well over two hundred pounds, his younger brother was called Big John, and his extended family, by birth and marriage, of more than two hundred individuals included Ewing Young and a host of lesser known frontiersmen. His older brother, Joel, took his pregnant wife, Mary, and his unmarried sister-in-law, Martha Young, by wagon to Oregon in 1840, the very first wagon over what would soon become the Oregon Trail. This family would later move to California to establish Manzanita Ranch on the lower slopes of Mount Diablo in Contra Costa County, which became home and headquarters for their wandering Captain Uncle Jo.

Joseph Walker was married for at least fifteen years to a Snake Indian woman, He maintained a permanent tepee for her at Fort Bridger in what would become Wyoming. Although he had several children by her, nothing is known of any of them–not even the name of the mother. The Indian wife and children just disappeared from view; it is thought they were wiped out by disease, probably cholera, in 1846 or 1847. Their quiet husband and father mentioned his great loss to no one, silently bore his grief, and then returned to the wandering life he loved.

A very private man, Joe Walker carried reticence to an extreme. Though well educated for his time and place, and extreme curious of all natural laws and phenomena, he wrote few letters and kept no personal records. For any sort of documentation regarding his many adventures, we must rely entirely on outside sources: the journals, diaries and reports kept by individuals–like Zenas Leonard, who recorded the discovery of Yosemite–who knew Walker, traveled with him, or met him on the trail and cared enough to write it down.

In 1861, although well over sixty years old and semi-retired to his brother Joel's Manzanita Ranch, Walker agreed to guide a group of miners assembled by George Lount of Canada to investigate a rumor of gold on the Little Colorado River, a district known to Walker but to few others. Finding the rumor unsubstantiated, the prospectors continued east to join the last gasp of the Cherry Creek gold excitement near Denver, where they stayed until late in the summer of 1862.

With Civil War animosities intensifying, Walker and his miners determined to return to California by way of southern New Mexico and Arizona hoping to prospect in the still unexplored districts between present Phoenix and Flagstaff.

Moving south out of Denver, the group, now joined by several other individuals seeking safety in numbers and all desirous, for various personal reasons, to reach California, found the passage over the Raton Pass and well beyond present Albuquerque fairly routine. The trouble started when the thirty-seven well armed men tried to turn west through Apache country where the awesome Mangas Coloradas reigned unopposed.

Prior to 1850, Mangas was little interested in occasional white travelers through the land he controlled. The stubborn settlers arrived. Those settlers provided many closer targets for that wild Apache's taking ways. Being closer, they saved him those long desert trips to established

Spanish and Mexican towns. When units of the United States Army were assigned to establish forts and protect the continually harassed American settlers, open warfare erupted.

Naturally, Mangas considered his long battle with the Army totally won when most military units were withdrawn from his land to fight in the far more important Civil War in the east. With help from Cochise and other Apache chieftains, Mangas drove or wiped out the remaining, totally unprotected settlers and vowed not to let them return. When Walker and his men arrived, Mangas was ready. This new threat to his land would be continually harassed and not allowed to proceed westward.

The first suggestions of impending difficulties came home to Walker's westering group when telltale wisps of smoke began to rise on both flanks. Walker, who recognized the importance of such signals, alerted his men, continued on to investigate the smoke in the thick brush just off the forward trail. There he found, strung up by their ankles from a single branch of a pinyon tree in such a manner that their heads just cleared the ground were three very dead white men, stripped naked and twisting in what little breeze there was. The smoke came from three little fires, one close under each head, positioned in such a manner that three ghastly skulls cooked slowly, the drippings continually fueling the smoky flames.

Mangas had made his point and it was very clear to all. In forty years of wilderness experience, Walker had lost only one man to Indian attack. He did not propose to jeopardize that record. He turned back to try a different trail.

For three solid months Joe Walker and Mangas fought a battle of wits, a high-stake chess game if you will, in which no substantial contact was made but in which Walker and his party, outnumbered several times over, were continually maneuvered out of any westward advance.

As winter was near and there seemed no opportunity to breach Mangas' defenses, Walker moved his party to the site of deserted Fort McLane near present Silver City, New Mexico. Fort McLane was one of many frontier posts abandoned at the start of the Civil War. Still standing corrals and buildings made it a good place for man and beast to rest and recruit.

Daniel Conner, the diarist for this last of Joe Walker's frontier trips, gives absolutely no clarification as to how succeeding events, as he recorded them, could conceivably have developed or how Captain Walker could possibly think that such an affair might be pulled off successfully. Yet it happened! Whatever the background, and however unlikely the plan, the following incident took place and the final outcome is recorded, not accurately perhaps, but authenticated none the less in existing military records.

Somehow, Captain Walker learned that Mangas and his wild crew of warriors, plus all their women and children, were also in winter camp at Pinos Altos, some twenty miles to the north. Pinos Altos, like Fort McLane, was an abandoned camp, but for a different reason. When the military garrison was pulled out of Fort McLane, the old mining camp of Pinos Altos, left without protection from the marauding Apache, had to be abandoned.

Joe Walker proposed to just walk into the Apache camp at Pinos Altos and take the feared Mangas Coloradas prisoner. It has been logically suggested by researcher Bil Gilbert that the only way such an outrageous scheme could be successful would to have a strong bargaining chip, perhaps a captive wife or child, someone near and dear to Mangas. Conner did not say. He probably did not know; we certainly do not.

In any event, Captain Walker sent a dozen men, including Conner, led by Jack Swilling, directly to Pinos Altos with orders to bring Mangas back alive. Against all odds, that is exactly what the twelve proceeded to do. Swilling was a good choice to lead such an enterprise. Who but a dedicated desperado would even attempt such a maneuver?

Somehow Swilling located the Apache camp and marched in alone, leaving all his men concealed in the nearby underbrush. He called loudly for Mangas to come out. Mangas, with a lesser chief on each side and many well armed Apache warriors trailing to the rear, came.

The six foot Swilling walked straight up to the much taller Mangas and spoke to him in Spanish. Swilling reached high and placed his hand on Mangas' shoulder, a signal to his men, who then rose from the brush and trained their weapons on the Chief. Swilling told Mangas to come with him or they would all be dead.

Surprisingly, Mangas complied, walking away from his warriors saying, "Tell my people to look for me when they see me." This entire unbelievable encounter was recorded by Daniel Conner in detail.

According to Conner, Mangas was told that he would be released when the Walker party was safely through the Mimbreño territory. It did not work out that way.

Conditions had, unpredictably and permanently, changed at the base camp at Fort McLane while Mangas was being captured and brought in. A detachment of California Volunteers under the command of one Colonel West had arrived. When Mangas arrived, Colonel West immediately demanded that the hated Indian chieftain be turned over to him. Outnumbered and probably relieved, Joe Walker complied. Under military guard, Mangas Coloradas did not survive his second night in captivity. Colonel West's much later official military report and Daniel Conner's on-the-spot civilian account of the circumstances surrounding the death of Mangas Coloradas are poles apart. In great detail, Conner describes how Mangas was shot by military guards, about midnight while he was sleeping on the ground. The official military report states he was shot while attempting to escape.

Mangas was about seventy years old when he died. His waist-length hair made a good trophy; so he was scalped by one of the soldiers. His outsized skull seemed to demand scientific study. His head was removed by the military medical officer and shipped east probably in a keg of frontier whiskey. What remained of Mangas ended up in a gully covered with a few inches of dirt. Such was the ignominious end of perhaps the greatest of all the nineteenth century Apache war chiefs.

Soon after the death of Mangas, Colonel West sent troops to Pinos Altos where they killed some twenty Apaches and demoralized those who escaped.

Jack Swilling went on to become a prominent Arizona settler, but his recalcitrant nature would not allow him to live at peace with his fellow men. His short lifetime of conflict brought him many serious wounds. Those wounds continued to plague him. They caused him unrelenting pain, which in turn led to the drug addiction which finally killed him in 1878, while in prison awaiting trial for a stage holdup.

Joe Walker made the most of this brief opportunity of calm in the region to move his men safely west to Tucson and then north up the Hassayampa River to find gold in the previously unexplored region surrounding present Prescott, Arizona.

Captain Walker was not then, nor had he ever been, interested in gold. He was a successful frontier horse trader, a true entrepreneur. He had been absent from his California operations for more than two years. He was sixty years old. His sight was failing. He had successfully led expeditions through the majority of the American West for more than forty years. He deserved a rest. Yet before returning home for good, he made one last detour, this time up to the south rim of the Grand Canyon, to see if he could determine a way to explore the length of the Colorado River by boat. The Colorado was the key to the whole of the last great unexplored district west of the Rockies. If someone had suggested such a River expedition, Captain Joseph Walker, explorer, would have stirred his old bones and signed on.

*(Monthly Roundup, continued from page 2)*

for the California good life, including two cases of oranges, and offered a very high salary by one of the institution's backers. Einstein indicated that $3,000 per annum would be a sufficient salary, but Mrs. Einstein indicated that $15,000 would be more acceptable. Princeton countered with an offer of a salary of $15,000 and the permanent directorship of the Institute for Advanced Studies.

In the end, because their financial backer had lost his fortune, Cal Tech had to withdraw from the competition, and Einstein, faced with the fact that he had no future in Germany, accepted the Princeton offer, where he served from 1933 to 1945. Because of a hatred for the Nazi regime and the confiscation of his property in 1934, he never again returned to Germany, nor did he ever return to Pasadena.

## FEBRUARY 1995 MEETING

JAMES THORPE, former director of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery and now Senior Research Associate there, presented insights and background of an extremely complex and interesting individual, Henry Edwards Huntington. Huntington, the nephew of Collis P. Huntington, who came to California at the behest of his uncle in 1892, spent his first night in the state at the San Marino Ranch which he purchased later for his home and library. For the next three years, he was primarily situated in San Francisco and traveled throughout the state. When he decided to reestablish, he chose to settle in Southern California which he considered was "a good place to be born in, to live in, and to die."

Huntington was an extremely complicated person. Not only was he an astute businessman, but one dedicated to improving the community. In addition to his business acumen he was a dedicated, knowledgeable and discriminating collector of literature and art. Unlike many early businessmen, he did not collect to amass items but to develop a comprehensive collection useful to scholars and researchers.

In addition to his business and art, Huntington became fascinated with aviation and, as the president to the California Aviation Society, he was instrumental in bringing the first

February meeting speaker James Thorpe--
*Photograph by Frank Q. Newton*

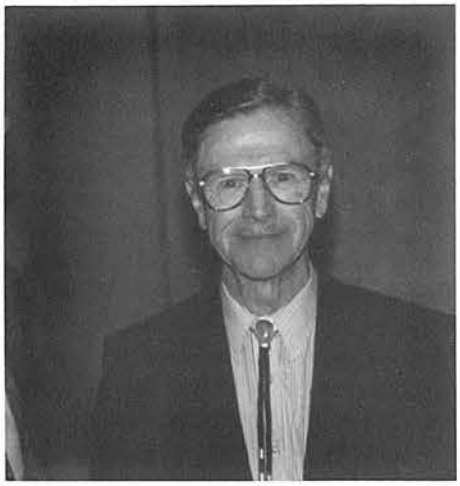
international Aviation Meeting to Los Angeles in January 1910. He helped organize the meeting, contributed money for prizes and took active part in the show.

He was a religious, thoughtful and considerate man who met his last few years of poor health with courage and a stoicism. In 1927, he died in Philadelphia after an unsuccessful prostate operation, suffering a long, debilitating illness. As the *Los Angeles Examiner* stated, "there will be a heavy sense of personal loss in the community over the death of Henry E. Huntington," and on the day of his funeral expressed the feeling that "It was a fitting end to the life that had accomplished all its aims: first that of accumulating the means, then of wisely directing those means to a gift to all humanity that must fructify during the centuries to come into result that will forward the highest hopes of mankind."

## MARCH 1995 MEETING

According to information presented by Prescott Corral member, RANDALL CLARK, neither side in the Lincoln County War deserved much sympathy nor represented good attempting to overcome evil. Both leaders, Lawrence G. Murphy and John H. Tunstall, represented the type of nineteenth century entrepreneur who was attempting to maximize profits and power by establishing a commercial monopoly.

Murphy, with his chief supporters John H.



March meeting speaker Randall Clark -- *Photograph by Frank Q. Newton*

Riley and James J. Dolan, had run headlong into the ambitions of John Chisum, who supported Tunstall and his, albeit reluctant, ally, attorney Alexander McSween. Other elements of conflict were the Irish versus English-Scot, and the Democrats versus Republicans.

The five and one-half month war phase of the competition started with the murder of Tunstall on February 18, 1878, while he and some hands were moving a small band of horses. Before it was over most of the area was involved, many of the leaders died, Murphy was a hopeless alcoholic, the United States Army, to its lack of credit, played a completely unneutral role, and the governor of the New Mexico Territory, Lew Wallace, had finished his novel, *Ben Hur.*

For five months the battle raged over a wide range. Murder, shootouts, cattle rustling, and other forms of violence and intimidation were freely used by both sides. Surprisingly few deaths occurred until the final minutes. Both sides used their loyal peace officers to harrass the other, and both used their own judges to get indictments and court orders. The Murphy forces managed to acquire a court order to confiscate Tunstall's herds to satisfy a dubious debt. Finally, McSween, possibly urged on by his wife, Sue–an apparently totally dislikable lady but one who had more ambition, drive, intelligence and nerve than most of the men–decided to make a final showdown.

On July 15, when Dad Peppins' posse arrived with warrants to arrest most of the McSween supporters, the McSween forces felt secure. They had greater numbers and an excellent defensive position; plus, they were justified to resist since they had warrants for most of the posse. Emboldened by the arrival of a military force under the command of Colonel Nathan Dudley, the posse stepped up the action. After failing once, the posse managed to set the McSween house on fire. Mrs. McSween was allowed to leave at five o'clock, and later the men decided to break out. When the shooting was over, McSween and those with him were dead while those who had gone the opposite direction escaped. On the whole, the entire affair resembled an unmanaged rather than a poorly managed one. Continuing their display of neutrality, the Army withdrew the next day.


# Corral Chips

Two Corral members, *Robert W. Blew* and *Michael A. Gallucci,* have joined the Board of Directors of the Friends of the San Fernando Mission Archives.

Speaking of the archives, our Sheriff, *Msgr. Francis J. Weber,* received an Archivist Award of Excellence from the California State Archives Foundation in recognition of exceptional archival performance and accomplishment establishing and organizing the Los Angeles Archdiocese Archives.

Former Sheriff, *William J. Warren,* now serving as the Southern California Vice President of the California Map Society, organized the Society conference in January entitled "From Ancient Cartographers to Radar Mapping." In addition to organizing the UCLA meeting, he also gave a talk about the rivalry between two French mapmakers in the 1770s and some curious maps

they produced. *AM Reese Benson* spoke to the gathering on the "Confessions of a Guide Book Junkie."

Another former Sheriff, *Robert Clark* of Spokane, Washington, serves as a board member of the Washington State Historical Society. The historical society is building a new 50-million dollar museum in Tacoma and Bob co-chairs the committee that is overseeing the construction.

*Abe Hoffman* announced the recent publication of his textbook, *California: Then and Now.* The book published by AMSCO School Publications, Inc. will be used in high school and community college classes. CM *Gloria Lothrop* has two articles on the experiences of Italian enemy aliens during World War II to soon appear in *The Journal of the West and California History.*

Our recent TV star (Huell Howser feature on lighter than aircraft during WWII), *Hugh Tolford,* admits that before going with the HSSC to see "Ramona," he had managed to miss the play for 51 years. He reported *Robert Blew, Sig Demke, Jeanette Davidson, Robert Ebinger, Powell Greenland, Martin Ridge* and *Walt Wheelock* also in the audience.

CM *Mary Gormly* was a delegate to the California American Legion Convention in Pasadena, June 22-25, 1995. She also serves as the current president of the Co-Mar WAVES Council of the Navy League of the United States. This unique council's members are all women veterans of the Sea Service.

CM *Jim Shuttleworth* recently completed a driving tour of the coasts of England visiting many ancient ports such as Whitby and Whitehaven as well as several modern ones such as Liverpool and Newcastle on Tyne.

Members, as you can tell from the above, we are short information about the activities of our members. If you have been recognized in any way, done something, or some group with whom you are connected has been recognized in some manner please send the information to: Robert W. Blew, 12436 Landale Street, Studio City, CA 91604. The other option, if I do not receive notices, will be to make up my own and publish them.

We also need articles for the *Branding Iron.* The articles should be around 2,500 words and apply to any phase of history of the Old West (more or less that area west of the Mississippi after 1800). If you have illustrations, please include them or provide information about possible sources for illustrations. Formal end notes are not needed, but information about your sources should be included in the body of the text.

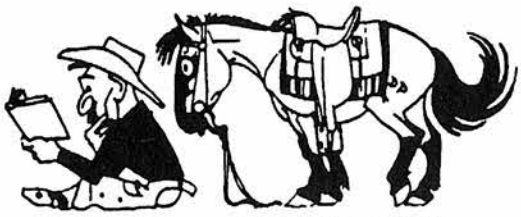
## In Memoriam
# Raymond E. Lindgren

FEBRUARY 10, 1913 - APRIL 13, 1995

Beloved father of Karen S. Lindgren, John Eric Lindgren (wife, Elba) and Diane Wheeler (husband Jerry), grandfather of Glenn and Gregg Wheeler.

Professor of History, Emeritus, Cal. State, Long Beach; former academic vice-president, Cal. State Long Beach; professor of history, Occidental College, University of Wisconsin, Vanderbilt University, University of Minnesota; author of numerous books and articles; officer and director in American Scandinavian Foundation, St. Erik's Swedish Seaman's Church, International Community Council; active in Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, Immanuel Lutheran Church.

He has been a Gustav V fellow of the American Scandinavian Foundation, a NATO visiting professor at Oslo University, a scholar at the Rockefeller Study Center at Villa Serbelloni in Italy, and a grantee of the Social Science Research Council and the American Philosophical Society. He has been knighted by the King of Sweden (Order of the North Star), given the Scandinavian of the Year Award by the American Scandinavian Foundation of Los Angeles, and received the distinguished Gustav II Adolf medal from Uppsala University in 1980 for contributions in international education, among other honors.



# DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

KACHINAS: *Spirit Beings of the Hopi,* art by Neil David, Sr., descriptions by J. Brent Ricks and Alexander E. Anthony, Jr. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994. 195 pp. Illustrations, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, $50. Order from University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Blvd. NE, Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591.

The exquisite cover jacket satellite photograph of the three Hopi Mesas in northeastern Arizona, emblazoned with a nine-inch view of a Buffalo Maiden Kachina at once gives the reader a high class, symbolic look at the land of the Hopi: Spirits looking down and intermingling with all aspects of their daily lives and holding together the Hopi people with religious beliefs, social structure and moral values. Kachinas are benevolent spirits and transmit a peaceful attitude, and so it is with the Kachina representations by award winning Hopi artist and Kachina doll carver Neil David, Sr. The seventy-nine Kachina paintings of rare and unusual Kachinas show the entire costume, both the front and the back, of each Kachina. David, a Hopi-Tewa from First Mesa, knows the Hopi people, their traditions and history. When asked to depict Kachinas found in the early texts of Jesse Walter Fewkes, *Hopi Kachinas As Drawn By Native Artists,* and later works of Harold Colton, Barton Wright and Cliff Bahnimptewa, David enthusiastically accepted. His grandfather, White Bear, produced many of the drawings for the Fewkes' work.

The descriptions of each Kachina compiled by Ricks and Anthony required much research from each mesa and input from many Hopi people. Each illustrated plate contains the English and Hopi name, a description of the Kachina, the history of the Kachina, its function, the time and place it appears in the ceremony, incidental information and a catalogued bibliography citing where the Kachinas may have been mentioned, pictured or shown as a doll carving.

These rare Kachinas are reproduced with style and care. The descriptions are well researched and well written. The Billy Goat Kachina (Kapicha) appears in the fast parade. He is rarely carved as a Kachina doll and rarely appears in plaza dances. He is a comic and clown Kachina and is easily recognizable with large testicles that appear beneath his loincloth. He is one of the copulation Kachinas (Kokopelli Kachina, Kuwaan Kokopelli, are also depicted in the book) and is interested in copulating with everything in sight.

The Stone Eater (Owangozozo) is an ogre-whipper Kachina who is seen during the fast parade and who appears at the beginning of the Kachina season in February and/or March. He attacks mud heads and is so ill tempered that he eats rocks as a result of his angry temperament and basic frustration.

Unusual animal Kachinas depicted are: Dog Kachina (Poko), White Ewe (Kanalo Mana), Sand Snake (Tu watcu ah), Tadpole (Pavatava), Coyote Clan (Isauu), Cat (Mosa), Fish (Pakiokwik) and many more.

The Half Clown and Half Corn Kachina (Nah Took Vooken) was formed when two separate Kachinas were fooling around with each other and were struck by lightning, thereby joining them. The Navajo Kachina (Teuk or Tasap) is either a Zuni man or a Hopi version of a Zuni Navajo Kachina. An interesting tale of this Kachina shows the interaction of the pueblo tribes and the Navajo people from centuries past.

*Kachinas: Spirit Beings of the Hopi* is a fine book for anyone interested in Hopi life, Kachina dolls and excellent Kachina art. It is a book for those just beginning to collect dolls, the experienced collector looking for the rare and unusual doll, the serious student or the scholarly

writer/historian. The reproduction of the Neil David, Sr. paintings is terrific. The color plates and the old black-and-white photos of pueblo life and the Kachina cult are outstanding. The only negative aspect this author could find is in the introduction, where it stated the original paintings on which the book is based are now in the collection of Dr. Yasutada Kashiwagi, Founder of the Kashiwagi Museum in Japan. Great Native American art should remain in this country!

Gary D. Turner

APRON FULL OF GOLD: *The Letters of Mary Jane Megquier from San Francisco, 1849-1856,* edited by Polly Welts Kaufman. Second Edition. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1994. 172 pp. Illustrations, Index. Paper, $14.95. Order from University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Blvd. N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591.

"In about a year you will see your Mother come trudging home with an apron full (of gold)." So wrote Mary Jane Megquier optimistically to her daughter from Panama in May 1849. She and

her doctor husband, Thomas Megquier, were on the first of her three journeys from their Maine home to California.

Most men lured by the tales of gold were to leave their families behind. Mary Jane was given a choice. She chose to come West in her mid thirties with a husband 12 years her senior. The harder choice was leaving her three children, ages 17, 15 and 9, in Maine, where they were farmed out to live with relatives and friends.

Mary Jane felt anguish, but the promise of reward for hard work helped justify her decision. This is a collection of letters, mostly written to her teenage daughter Angie in whom she vested the role of mother to the younger boys. Vivid descriptions of the horrors of crossing Panama and Nicaragua are interspersed with bitter tears at the lack of communication from home. Anyone who has had teenage children can understand her plight in trying to extract frequent letters from them.

Mary Jane found herself in San Francisco, a world of dust, strange men, and incessant work. Her doctor husband proved, sadly, to have a lack of business acumen. His partner died, leaving a complex real estate mess. While money was abundant, high prices ate it quickly. Mary Jane's hope for few months turned into years of managing a boarding house as an adjunct to her husband's practice. She eventually became a very self sufficient woman, making the best of a trying situation. Through it all, her letters provide an interesting, if sometimes disjointed, journal of this fascinating time.

This Second Edition is an expansion of Robert Glass Cleland's 1949 Huntington Library work. Ms. Kaufman is a teacher at the University of Massachusetts, Boston. She has preserved Cleland's notes but included much personal material which he chose to ignore. This allows the development of Mary Jane Megquier's character over these six years to play an interesting counterpoint to a lively description of life in San Francisco during this hectic period. If there is a fault it is in the preservation of 19th century grammar. Changing many of the commas to periods would have made this a more readable book without sacrificing any scholarly content.

Bill Warren

THE ILLUSTRATED LIFE AND TIMES OF BILLY THE KID, by Bob Boze Bell. Cave Creek, Arizona: Boze Books, 1992. 120 pp. Illustrations. Paper, $19.95. Order from Suzanne Brown Galleries, 7160 Main Street, Scottsdale, AZ 85251.

The title "The Illustrated Life and Times of Billy the Kid" sends a clear message to the reader for what is to follow and sets the stage for the author to meander an interesting and very artistic course of Southwest history, in particular Lincoln County, New Mexico, in the late 1800s. As a historian Bob Boze Bell is a better artist–an outstanding artist, whose drawings often appear in Arizona Highways. He interprets historical events and the many local characters of the time with a sardonic grin and a "I'll tell it the way I want to tell it" self assurance that is not found in many (any?) history texts:

June 19, 1867 "Sick to death of Europeans, locos in Mexico City shoot Maximillian in the face. He doesn't bother them anymore."

Henry McCarty arrived in New Mexico from Denver, Colorado, in February 1873 with his mother and soon to be stepfather, William H. Antrim. William Antrim worked odd jobs but spent most of his time in the hills looking for his fortune, leaving his new bride, Catherine, a jolly Irish lady, to work around the house and raise her two children Josie and Henry, also known as Billy. According to his teacher, Henry was "...a scrawny little fellow with delicate hands and an artistic nature, always willing to help with the chores around the school house." Henry also hangs out with the local boys and throws rocks at drunk miners on Saturday night. Catherine McCarty died in Silver City, September 1874, and "the Kid" is left to his own resources as a busboy and dishwasher at the Star Hotel (he never steals any silverware). A year later Billy, as he is now known, is caught stealing clothes and saddles. He talks the sheriff into not locking him up and skins out for Arizona. He is 15 years old.

Bell gives the readers nice old pictures and great drawings of all the players of the Lincoln County War: L.G. Murphy, John Chisum, Richard Brewer, John Tunstall, Jimmy Dolan, Alexander and Susan McSween and the rest of the "Micks" that make up an interesting cast of characters. When not writing about the Kid, Bell fills the pages with historical vignettes (John Tunstall left his home in England to make money off land in California but was too late and went to New Mexico).

The book includes frontier slang and sayings and Billy's favorite Spanish quotes, and their translation. Some samples are:

*Spunk up:* Get courage, as in "Why don't you spunk up and ask the girl to dance?"

*Corn:* With gusto, as in "The question of surrender was discussed and vetoed by the Kid with corn."

*Deadhead Ticket:* To be dead, as in "Another outlaw received a deadhead ticket to the happy hunting grounds."

"An Irish homosexual is a man who prefers women to drink."

"The man who sees a saddled horse often decides he need to take a trip."

"The brave man lives only as long as the coward allows him."

Bell also tells the reader what things cost: pair of levis $1.46; quart of beer: .15; box of shells .50; Colt .45 $12.00.

In 1877, Henry Antrim alias "Kid" killed F.B. Cahill in an argument. He fled Arizona, never to return. In New Mexico, "Kid" Antrim becomes William H. Bonney. Bell describes the Tunstall ambush, Bill and Regulators, the killings (Sheriff Brady, Tom O'Folliard, Alexander McSween, Charlie Bowdre, et al.) and much more, with outstanding pen/ink sketches and watercolors.

Bell paints and writes a sympathetic picture of Billy and gives the reader much that can be used in a game of Billy the Kid trivia, i.e.:

a. Billy was about 5'7", 125 lbs.

b. Billy was a good dancer.

c. The only known photo of Billy had a reversed image and led to the erroneous assumption that Billy the Kid was left handed.

d. Billy had many girlfriends. "In every placita in the Pecos some little senorita was proud to be known as his querida."

e. Billy had buck teeth.

f. Billy did not kill his first man at age 12 or cut notches in his gun.

g. Billy did not kill 21 men; his actual tally is closer to four.

Bell details Pat Garrett's chase of Billy, his capture, his escape, the reason why he didn't head for Old Mexico–it was a girl, of course–and the final shooting of Billy the Kid (two versions).

The author's closing pages are about the winners, those who lived in the Lincoln County War; the losers were those who died. Jimmy Dolan never spent a second in jail and ended up with Tunstall's store and his ranch. Susan McSween became the "Cattle Queen of New Mexico" after

her husband was gunned down. She lived into her eighties. A feisty gal until her death in 1931, Susan objected to "being made out middle aged when she was much younger" in the movie *Billy the Kid* starring Johnny Mack Brown.

The book has appeal for all age groups and is easily read. The old pictures and the drawings are excellent. This is not the definitive book on Billy the Kid but has much appeal in the pictures, artwork, and old sayings. For the easygoing armchair Billy-the-Kid buffs, or school administrators with time on their hands, this book is a must!

Gary D. Turner

MAVERICK WRITERS:*Candid Comments by Fifty-Two of the Best,* edited by S. Jean Mead. Caldwell: Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1989. 271 pp. Illustrated. Paper, $14.95. Available from Caxton Printers Ltd., 312 Main Street, Caldwell, ID 83605.

In the foreword of her book, S. Jean Mead describes the maverick writer as "...a free thinker, a person who walks or rides his own trail;...but is fair game for the first branding iron." She explains that, in the past, the Western writer has been branded as a writer of third rate literature and was often scorned by the literary community.

*Maverick Writers* is a collection of candid interviews with fifty-two Western writers, including A.B. Guthrie,Jr., Louis L'Amour, Will Henry, Dee Brown, and Janet Dailey. Some of the interviews are of the question and answer type, while others are written in biographical form. A picture of each writer accompanies each profile.

The book offers the apprentice writer insight into the marketing problems connected with writing, the condition of writer's block, a variety of working routines and character development. Several different cures for writer's block are extolled in both serious and humorous ways.

For the reader and/or student of the Western novel, the book could offer a way of studying the field by studying the writers of the field, the method which is known as intellectual history. Considerably more detailed information about the authors is offered than is contained in dust jacket profiles.

John H. Heflin

**Los Angeles Corral of Westerners**

hereby publicly acknowledges

*Siegfried G. Demke*

for his outstanding editorship of

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