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Mule Hill Site of The Siege of Kearny's Forces, *author's collection.*

The Conquest of California: The Battle of San Pasqual

by James F. Blodgett

Winner of the 1996 Student Essay Contest

War with Mexico was imminent. During the recent election James K. Polk had campaigned on a platform of national expansion. Although the phrase "Manifest Destiny" had not been coined, the concept was alive and well in the early years of the Polk administration. Now, in the spring of 1846, the desire for expansion laid its claim on the Northern portion of Mexico which included New Mexico, Arizona, parts of Colorado and the biggest prize of all - California. The President, in order to fulfill his campaign promises, sent Ambassador John Slidel on an ill fated mission to purchase California from Mexico for $40 million. Money, Slidel was instructed, would be no object. At the same time, in a somewhat back up plan, Polk sent secret instructions to Thomas O. Larkin, Consul at Monterey, to try to persuade the

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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JANUARY MEETING

Mike Eberts, Associate Professor of Mass Communications at Glendale Community College and author of a recent work on Griffith Park published by the Historical Society of Southern California entertained the Corral with a slide lecture about what he referred to as one of Los Angeles' better kept secrets - its largest municipal park. Many complain of no open spaces in Los Angeles, but in a recent national list of great parks, Griffith Park, which was 100 years old on December 16, 1996, made the list.

Photograph by Frank Q. Newton

January meeting speaker Mike Eberts

According to legend, Colonel Griffith J.

(Continued on page 17)

(*Continued from page 1*)
Californians to secede from Mexico and seek annexation by the United States.

When the Mexican government refused to cooperate, President Polk ordered General Zachary Taylor across the Nueces River into disputed territory between Texas and Mexico. Soon, several Americans were killed in skirmishes with Mexican soldiers. President Polk then asked Congress for a declaration of war declaring that "American blood has been shed on American soil."

Once the United States and Mexico were officially belligerents, Secretary of War William L. Marcy divided the American forces that had been mobilized to prepare for hostilities into three divisions. The "Army of Occupation," under Major General Zachary Taylor, was to proceed from the Rio Grande region and secure Coahuila, New León and Tamaulipas. Next, Marcy organized the "Army of the Centre." Under the command of Brigadier General John E. Wool, the army was ordered to rendezvous at San Antonio de Béxar and move on the state of Chihuahua. Lastly, Secretary Marcy issued orders to Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearny, commanding the "Army of the West." Kearny was to proceed from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas "...across the Rocky Mountains to Upper California, [which for various reasons was deemed important that military possession should be taken,] with what force he could spare, after taking and securing Santa Fe."

Kearny's orders were, in theory, simple: he was to march on Santa Fe, New Mexico, and, after conquest, occupy the city. Next he was to press westward across the arid and rugged southwest to Alta California and "...co-operate with the fleet in conquering and holding that province." Simple orders to be sure, but the completion of the orders would prove to be another matter entirely.

The war with Mexico was a mere six weeks old when Kearny and his Army of the West departed from Fort Leavenworth. He marched along the well worn Santa Fe Trail averaging one hundred miles per week for five weeks. After a short rest at Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, Kearny resumed his march heading southwest. As the host entered Mexican territory, Kearny sent a message to provincial Governor Manuel Armijo. The message read in part:

> *The undersigned enters New Mexico with a large military force, for the purpose of seeking union with, and ameliorating the condition of its inhabitants. This he does under instruction from his government...all who take up arms...will be regarded as enemies, and will be treated accordingly*

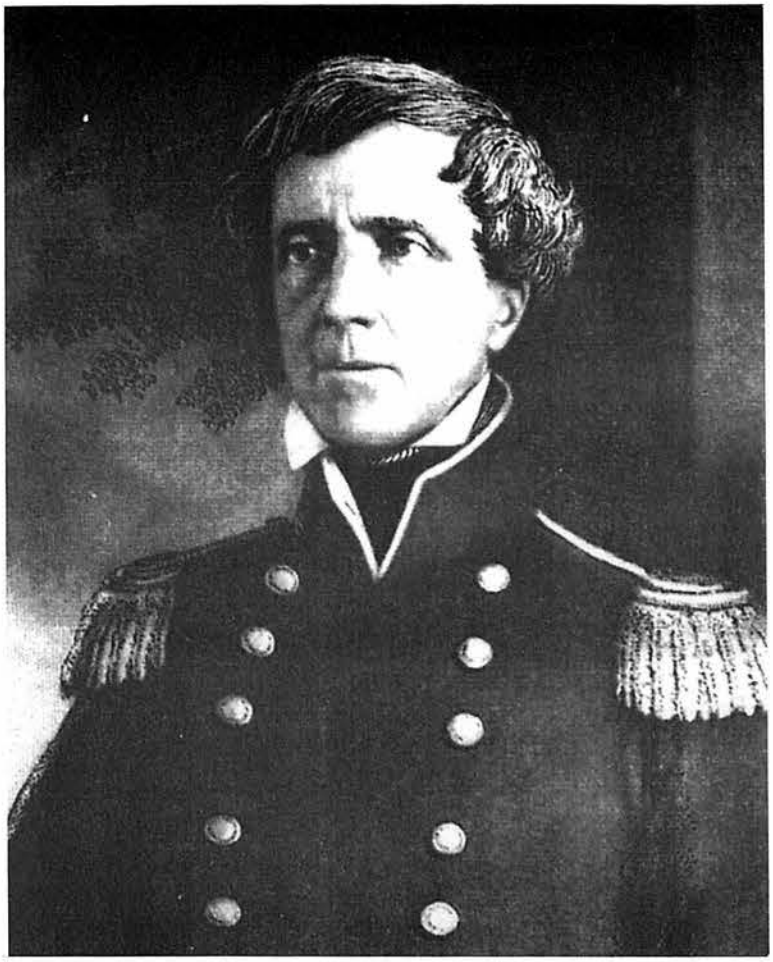
Resistance, the implication was clear, would be futile.

Governor Armijo's answer was swift, if not wholly expected; the Governor had every intention of making Mexican soil very expensive. The American invaders would be made to pay dearly in blood for every inch of ground gained. Without giving Armijo's threats the "slightest consideration" the Army of the West marched on Santa Fe. On August 16 word reached Kearny that the Mexican army had taken up positions at Apache Pass, a "strong position on the road to Santa Fe."

Kearny, however, would not be dissuaded from following his orders, and on the morning of August 17 he advanced on the Capital. To Kearny's great surprise, and to the relief of all, the Army of the West found that Armijo had abruptly abandoned his position. Before the day was warm the Stars and Stripes waved in the breeze that blew across New Mexico. No blood had been shed and not a shot had been fired in anger.

After Kearny took formal possession of the area, he issued a proclamation absolving the inhabitants in the territory of all allegiance to Mexico and claimed them to be citizens of the United States. Perhaps in an effort of conciliation, he further guaranteed to all the "protection of person, property and religion."

The Army of the West sojourned in the Santa Fe region for the next six weeks while Kearny labored to establish a military government. As he set about accomplishing his tasks, he gave his dragoons a much needed



Stephen Watts Kearny during the period of the war with Mexico. From a mezzotint engraved by J.B. Welch for *Graham's Magazine*.

rest. With his efforts completed and his army resupplied, the general made plans to carry out the remaining portion of his orders; the conquest of the richest prize of all - California.

Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearny had entered Mexican territory with an army of 1,658 men with sixteen pieces of ordinance: twelve 6-pounders and four 12-pounders. On September 25, 1846, he left Santa Fe with 300 dragoons and two 12-pound howitzers. The remaining personnel and ordinance were left in New Mexico to complete the assimilation of the region into the United States.

The route that the topographical engineers had recommended directed Kearny's army to proceed up the Rio Grande about 200 miles and then strike across the desert for the Gila River. Kearny would follow the Gila and would have to "cross and recross as often as obstructions in our front rendered necessary." They were then to move across the Colorado and thus enter Alta California en route to San Diego, where he planned to join Commodore Robert F. Stockton in a joint effort to take California. This would be the most arduous part of the journey. Roadless desert waste lands, inhabited by little more than rattlesnakes, scorpions, and rugged mountain ranges stood between Kearny and his destination.

After two weeks of this tortuous travel Kearny unexpectedly met up with celebrated

trapper and sometime army scout, Kit Carson. While it did not seem so at the time, this would prove to be a most unfortunate meeting indeed. Carson, along with sixteen men, "including six Delaware Indians" was on his way to Washington with news of "complete conquest" of California. He informed Kearny "that the American flag... now floated in undisputed sovereignty from every important position...and peace and harmony [were] established among the people."

Upon hearing the good report from Carson, Kearny determined to send two-thirds of his force back to New Mexico. He reasoned that since New Mexico had been secured without a single casualty and according to the latest dispatches, California, too, was secure, the prudent thing to do would be to send the lion's share of his force back to New Mexico where, because of its proximity to Old Mexico, his troopers might be of more value. The General then "persuaded" Carson to guide the remnant of the Army of the West into California to rendezvous with Stockton. Carson later recalled "I was ordered to go to Washington in sixty days, which I would have done if I had not been ordered by General Kearny to join him." Clearly the prospect of calling upon the President and the elite of Washington appealed to Carson, and he was disappointed in Kearny's actions. Captain A.R. Johnson of the First Dragoons (one of the slain at the Battle of San Pasqual) wrote of Carson in his diary: "It requires a brave man to give up his private feelings thus for the public good; but Carson is one such! honor him for it!"

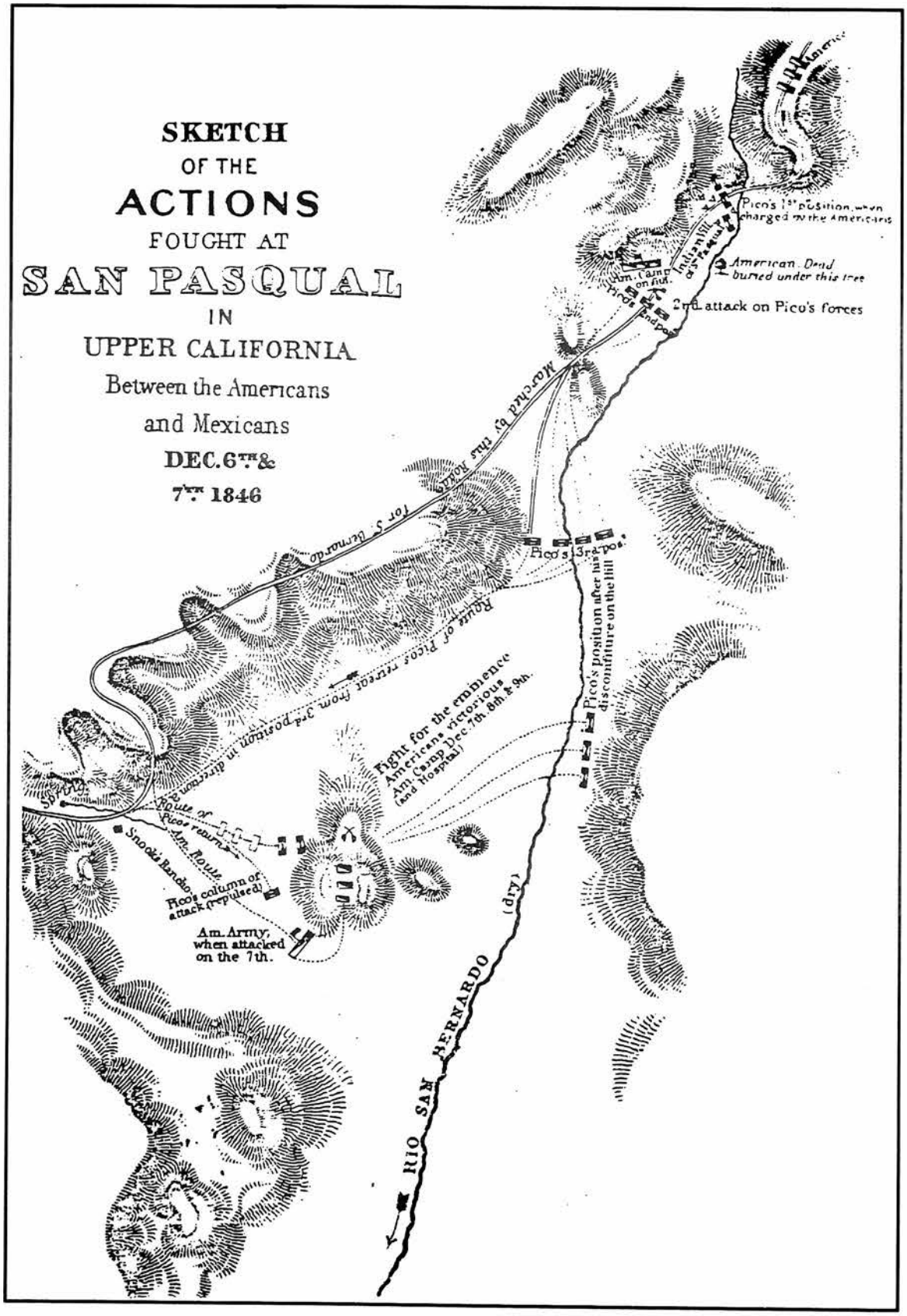
This hearty band of soldiers at last reached California in early December, after having "endured the hardships of a thousand mile march." Upon their arrival they learned that since Carson's departure from California the Californians had revolted and succeeded in disposing their recent conquerors. Kearny could not have arrived in California at a less propitious time. In place of the "cozy garrison duty" that the Army of the West had envisioned after Carson's glowing reports it became clear to all that they were faced with "the prospect of a hard, active campaign." After their journey they were in no condition to engage in a protracted fight.

On December 2 the band of weary soldiers reached Warner's Ranch and there encamped a quarter of a mile west of a warm spring. "While at Warner's, Kearny was informed by Señor Eduardo Stokes that while he was a neutral in this war, he could tell the general that the Californians were in possession of the country between them and San Diego. He went on to say that Commodore Stockton was still in command of the port of San Diego and was able to hold it without any serious trouble. Kearny, realizing his plight, sent a dispatch to Stockton at San Diego. Asking for reinforcements he wrote "If you can send a party to open communication with us on the route to this place, and inform me of the state of affairs in California, I wish you would do so, and as quickly as possible."

Upon receiving Kearny's request on December 3, Stockton immediately asked for volunteers to relieve and reinforce the ragged troops. At 8 p.m. the night of December 3, 1846, Marine Captain Archibald Gillespie left San Diego with a force of 26 volunteers and a Sutter gun to relieve Kearny.

On the next morning the "much abbreviated" Army of the West began the final stage of its long march and left Warner's ranch for San Diego. On the other side of the rugged hills that stood between Kearny and safety lay the Valley of San Pasqual. Because the mules and the few horses that Kearny had left were completely spent, the army was able to cover only thirteen miles the first day. That evening Kearny camped at Ranchería San Isabel. By this time the light rain that had begun earlier in the day had turned into a downpour, and Kearny's men were unable to keep their gun powder dry. When night fell they were a miserable lot to be sure.

At dawn the next morning the situation had improved somewhat. Gillespie, with his volunteer band of sailors and marines, had arrived, having ridden through the night to


SKETCH
OF THE
ACTIONS
FOUGHT AT
SAN PASQUAL
IN
UPPER CALIFORNIA
Between the Americans
and Mexicans
DEC. 6TH &
7TH 1846
Pico's 1st position when charged by the Americans
American Dead buried under this tree
2nd attack on Pico's forces
Pico's 3rd pos.
Pico's position after his discomfiture on the hill
Fight for the eminence
Americans victorious
Am. Camp Dec 7th 8th & 9th
(and Hospital)
Route of Pico's retreat from 3rd position in direction
Route of Pico's return
Am. Route
Snooks Rancho
Pico's column of attack (repulsed)
Am. Army, when attacked on the 7th.
RIO SAN BERNARDO (dry)

complete the forty mile trek by the morning of the fifth. They were a welcome sight to the army and were treated with great kindness and affection by Kearny and the weary troops. Although Gillespie's presence was welcome indeed, his news was less so. He informed General Kearny that Andrés Pico, commanding an armed force of *Californios*, was waiting in the valley of San Pasqual to intercept them. With that intelligence in mind Kearny ordered the Army of the West to begin the next day's march.

On the evening of the fifth Kearny reached the Rancho Santa Maria but found the area to be unsuitable for a camp site. Impatient, he moved his men forward during the early morning hours of December 6. Reaching the crest of the ridge overlooking the valley below Kearny sent Lieutenant Thomas C. Hammond forward on a reconnaissance mission. Hammond located the *Californios* but was himself discovered and nearly captured in an ambush. The mission was a failure. Hammmond was unable to estimate the strength or exact location of the enemy and worse, the element of surprise had been compromised.

With this in mind Kearny made his fateful decision. At 2 a.m. December 6, 1846, he ordered his men to prepare for battle. Why Kearny chose to engage Pico is unclear for he could easily have skirted around the valley and thus entered San Diego via Rancho El Cajón and the Mission Valley, which was known to be lightly guarded if at all.

The soundness of Kearny's decision notwithstanding, Kearny felt that little advantage could be gained by waiting. Perhaps he remembered that Kit Carson had assured him that the *Californios* would not fight. Possibly the fact that he had taken the city of Santa Fe and the whole of New Mexico without firing a shot clouded his thinking. Whatever the reason, Kearny came to the decision that would lead to the bloodiest battle in California during the Mexican-American War.

As Kearny prepared for the upcoming battle he assigned Captain R.A. Johnson the honor of commanding the vanguard. As he crested the ridge and descended the valley, the weather again affected the troopers. Gillespie later reported that the "moon shone as bright as day almost, but the wind coming from the snow covered mountains, made it so cold, we could scarcely hold our reins." In the cold Pat Halpin, the company bugler, was unable to sound the calls. His chilled lips simply would not function enough to make the trumpet work. As a result, the order to trot was passed along by word of mouth in the critical moments as the army reached the valley floor.

This may very well have lead to a misunderstanding by Johnson for as he reached the valley floor he drew his saber and gave the command to charge while the dragoons were still three-quarters of a mile away from the *Californios'* camp. This was possibly the worst thing that could have happened, as "three quarters of the command were either on top of the hill or feeling their way down the dark slope." The dragoons, John S. Eisenhower argues, were exhibiting more courage than conduct.

Kearny's tactic of a headlong attack was standard procedure that had worked countless times against the Indians, but as Eisenhower correctly points out Andrés Pico was no Indian; he was a first class calvary officer who, instead of fleeing, was leading the American invaders into an ambush. Some of Pico's men fled up the valley and Kearny, by experience and counsel, felt he had victory in sight. What he failed to see in the dark and mist was the remainder of Pico's men lying to the side of the valley.

Suddenly, with the dragoons "strung out and disorganized" the fleeing *Californios*, 160 strong, stopped, whirled around, and charged the scattered army at lance point. The outcome was bloody, and predictable: the dragoons were no match for the well rested and superior *Californio* horsemen. Their gun powder was wet, and the only weapons Kearny could muster were sabers or rifle butts which were no match for the enemies' lances. In fifteen minutes eighteen Americans were killed, and the *Californios* broke off the battle as quickly as they had

Californio troops at Sesquicentennial reenactment of the Battle of San Pasqual. Courtesy of Steve Born.

begun it. The main battle of San Pasqual was over.

Of the eighteen dead, three, Johnson, Hammond and Moore, were key officers. Additionally, thirteen men, including Kearny, were badly wounded. Kearny was forced to turn over his command to Captain Henry Turner. The Army of the West had lost a third of its strength in its first battle. To add insult to injury it had lost one of its two howitzers, last seen in the possession of Pico.

Realizing that they were in a precarious position Kearny's men made their way up the valley to find a better defensive position from which to make a stand against the attack they expected at any time. At the end of a slight dogleg, the valley begins to rise and there they came upon two rocky out croppings that afforded them the high ground from which to defend themselves. These two hillocks later became known as "Mule Hill," a grim reminder of the near starvation conditions that forced the army of the West to begin eating their draft mules.

The Battle of San Pasqual degenerated into a siege. Turner, as commander, assessed the situation and determined to send Alexis Godey and two other men for help. Realizing that at best reinforcements would be a long time coming, Turner next formed a burial detail and proceeded to inter the remains of the eighteen comrades. All he could do then was wait.

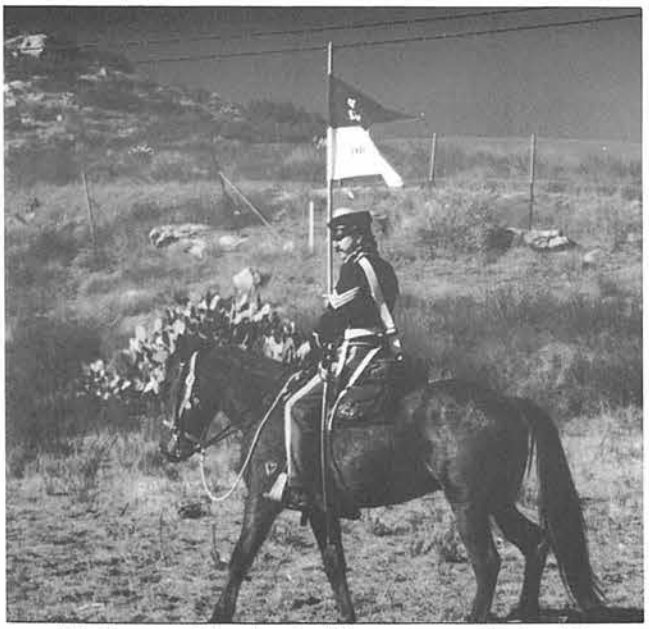
For the next three days Pico and his *Californios* began a tactic of harassment. Always careful to stay out of range of Kearny's dragoons, Pico would amass his men and show his strength in an effort to erode the morale of the hungry soldiers on the top of the hillock.

After Kearny sufficiently recovered from his wounds, he resumed command of the tattered army. After a prisoner exchange with Pico (each side had captured one), Kearny found out that Godey had reached San Diego, but Stockton had not acted on their plea.

Exasperated, Kearny decided to send out another party, this one consisting of Lieutenant Edward F. Beale, USN, Kit Carson and an unnamed Indian. Upon their arrival in San Diego these men learned that Stockton had already sent relief to Kearny.

On December 10, 1846, the column sent by Stockton reached the valley of San Pasqual. Upon seeing the fresh fighting men, Pico vanished and the Battle of San Pasqual was over.

Brigadier General Stephen Watts Kearny had led his Army of the West on a two thou-



U.S. Dragoon at Sesquicentennial reenactment of Battle of San Pasqual. Courtesy of Steve Born.

sand mile odyssey through "hardships, dangers and privations" in order to engage in the bloodiest battle fought in the California campaign. This was a supreme test of both individual and collective courage and determination by Kearny's eclectic force of dragoons, sailors, marines and civilians. The battle itself is listed in the annals of military history as an American victory, and Kearny himself claimed victory because he held the field when the battle was over. But many more such "victories" and the Army of the West would cease to exist.

After analyzing the combined march and battle two questions immediately come to mind. Why did Kearny attack Pico when he knew that Pico's command was larger and well rested, and what value in the capture of California and the prosecution of the war did the battle have?

The answer to the first question must take the form of speculation since Kearny never explained the "why's" of his actions, only the results. As mentioned earlier the recent past almost certainly had much to do with his decisions. He had captured the whole of New Mexico without firing a shot; the Mexican government had capitulated when they saw Kearny's determination to complete his mission. Would it not be reasonable to assume that the authorities in California would act similarly? He had also received orders from Stockton, via Gillespie, to eliminate one of the larger enemy forces operating in California. In addition to this, the poor counsel from both Kit Carson and Gillispie lead Kearny to believe that the *Californios* would not fight if attacked.

One could also make the argument that Kearny, after marching over two thousand miles, was spoiling for a fight to justify his place in history. As Civil War hero Joshua Chamberlain would later say "there is nothing so much like God on earth as a general in the field." There was simply no way that Stephen Kearny was going to travel all that way and endure all of the hardships and not receive the glory that others were receiving in other theaters of the war.

Kearny's valor notwithstanding, just what did this battle accomplish? In truth very little. The Battle of San Pasqual appears to be little more that a footnote in the annals of military history. In researching the battle

one finds the principal secondary source to be *The Lances at San Pascual* by Arthur Woodward, a fine if short volume exclusively on the battle. Other than that all of the secondary sources are only chapters in larger volumes of the war, and in Ray Allen Billington's *Western Expansion* the entire campaign is explained in little more than a page.

In truth the entire campaign did not amount to very much. There were "only" eighteen casualties in the battle, and there was little doubt that California would fall when Mexico was defeated.

The Battle of San Pasqual then is a classic example of poor communication, bad advice and worse decisions. These combined to cause the ill fated Army of the West to participate in a battle that should never have taken place, that meant little to the outcome of either the war or the final disposition of California and cost the lives of eighteen men.

SUGGESTED READINGS

Bauer, Jack K. *The Mexican War, 1846-1848.*

Brooks, N. C. *A Complete History of the Mexican War: Its Causes, Conduct and Consequences: Comprising an Account of the Various Military and Naval Operations From its Commencement to the Treaty of Peace.*

Clarke, Dwight L. *Stephen Watts Kearny: Soldier of the West.*

Eisenhower, John S. D. *So Far From God: The U.S. War with Mexico.*

Quaife, Milo, ed. *Kit Carson's Autobiography.*

Woodward, Arthur. *Lances at San Pascual.*

Charge of *Californio* troops at Sesquicentennial reenactment of the Batttle of San Pasqual. Courtesy of Steve Born.

Joaquin Miller

The Many Passions of Joaquin Miller

by John Southworth

Although he labored mightily, the Poet of the Sierras (with the then acceptable final "s") never attained what he so diligently sought, critical recognition as a truly great poet. That disappointment, however, could not stop him from shining as a unique personality, a most interesting man, one well worth knowing.

Joaquin Miller's published poems ran to thousands of pages (his collected works require six volumes), yet all are largely forgotten today except, perhaps, for "Columbus," a simple commemorative poem written in the Columbian year of 1892. Its rousing first stanza has since been memorized and repeated by countless school children.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

Many of those same school children who might still remember "Columbus", perhaps even remember who wrote it, surely never knew, nor did their teachers know, that the Arbor Day they often celebrated by planting trees (and thereby missing a few classes) was originally promoted by poet Joaquin Miller. It was a family passion to plant trees and when Joaquin learned of a movement to celebrate an Arbor Day in California, he devoted his extensive energies to furthering that idea. By 1886, his San Francisco newspaper friends, enthusiastic over his efforts, were providing columns of publicity.

On November 27, 1886, more than three thousand men, women, and children, including many celebrities, arrived on Goat Island (the solid ground now anchoring the midpoint of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge), each to plant his or her own personal tree. (In following years, other thousands did likewise in the Presidio.)

The civic excitement was so great, and Joaquin Miller's name so conspicuous in the newspapers, that a great movement erupted to change the name of Goat Island to Joaquin Miller Island, an honor he most uncharacteristically declined, suggesting instead that it be called Yerba Buena, its original and present title.

Arbor Day is still observed these hundred years later but today lacks the contagious enthusiasm of the likes of Joaquin Miller, who personally planted trees all his life, literally by the thousands, until he was physically unequal to his self-assigned task. Many if not most of the old stand of cypress, acacia, pine and eucalyptus trees that at one time covered the Oakland Hills were planted by Joaquin Miller, 75,000 of them by his own hands on his own property, now a city park.

Joaquin Miller was capable of prodigious feats of action, both physical and mental. Diligent, dedicated, disciplined, he was blessed with boundless energy which seemed to rub off to his advantage on all who knew him. At home in his later years, barring outside distractions, he maintained a comfortable daily schedule dedicated to four or more of his passions.

In the morning, propped up in his bed, he wrote poetry, his one true love, followed, if time permitted, by letters and newspaper articles. At noon, but no sooner, he broke out his ever ready jug of high-proof moonshine whiskey. His afternoons were dedicated to hard physical labor improving his Oakland Hills property known to all as The Hights (which was at once an aerie and an excellent example of Miller spelling). His always strenuous physical labor was followed by a substantial meal best designed for a ravenous appetite. He dined as a gentleman with one or more guests and at night there were women, a seemingly endless presence of uncoerced women.

To better understand Joaquin's innate attraction to women, the following excerpts from the reminiscences of Lilly Langtry, printed in 1925, are reproduced (Judge Roy Bean of Langtry, Texas, eat your heart out):

As far asunder as the poles and the antithesis of Oscar Wilde was the next poet to dedicate a verse to me. He was Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, a child of nature and perhaps the most picturesque personality of the literary world. It was at Lord Houghton's house in Arlington Street, London, that I happened to meet the famous Californian.

After dinner, there was the usual reception, and presently [Lord Foughton] led up to me a very tall, lean man, with a pale intellectual face, yellow hair so long that it lay in curls about his shoulders, a closely cropped beard and a dreamy expression in his light eyes. I don't remember what he wore, except that it was unconventional. He was so new and strange, that his apparel, whatever it was, seemed to complete the pic-

ture. After a while he disappeared from the group surrounding me, and at the end of the evening he returned and read me from a torn sheet of paper the following verse:

To the Jersey Lily:
If all God's world a garden were
And women were but flowers,
If men were bees that busied there
Through endless summer hours,
O! I would hum God's garden through
For honey till I came to you.

When he had finished it, he added with a dramatic gesture: 'Let this verse stand; it's the only one I ever wrote to a living woman.' (This was probably another Miller exaggeration but it impressed the Jersey Lily so much that she saved that scrap of paper for over fifty years.)

Two or three evenings later I went to a concert at Lady Brassey's, who had not long returned from a world's tour with Lord Brassey in the Sunbeam, *and at the foot of the broad staircase of the house stood Joaquin Miller. He seemed to be waiting for me, and, as I walked upstairs to greet my hostess, he backed before me, scattering rose leaves, which he had concealed in his broad sombrero, upon the white marble steps, and saying with fervor: 'Thus be your path in life!'*

Often after this we met. He became a lion of the literary world; his poems were on every table. Rossetti, Swinburne, Tennyson, were among his admirers.

Their friendship endured for half a century. Lilly Langtry, the Jersey Lily, went out of her way to visit Joaquin Miller at The Hights in 1913, during his final illness.

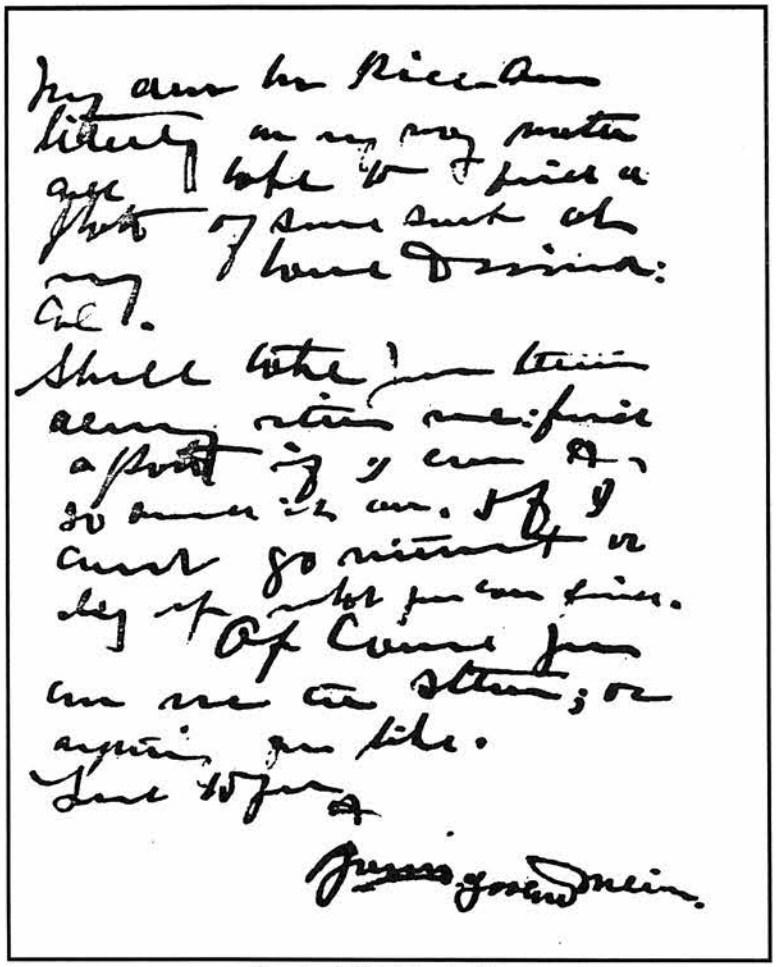
A product of frontier times, quick of mind and temper, Joaquin Miller was at once crude yet gentlemanly and cheerful, poorly educated yet a master of words and phrases, self-centered yet amiable and obliging. He was born in a cabin on the American frontier, though he unfailingly claimed to have been born in a covered wagon headed west. His education was minimal, mostly by his father, a local school teacher. His spelling remained atrocious all his life and his handwriting, at first quite decent, deteriorated into complete illegibility as he grew older. Between the poor spelling and the illegibility, his typesetters to a man hated him.

His early years were spent on the family farm in Oregon. According to his published autobiographies, which he insisted in print were "the truth but not all the truth," he left home at about age fifteen to mine for gold in the Mount Shasta area of California, did well, sent money home to his almost destitute family, fought in the Modoc Indian Wars on both sides, was severely injured in two different incidents (a broken arm and an arrow through the neck which affected his mind for almost a year), married a Modoc Indian maiden, and tried to form a Utopian confederation of Indian tribes centered on Mount Shasta.

According to a diary he kept (and tried to suppress) he was closer to twenty when he left home, nearly starved in the severe Mount Shasta winters, fought against the Indians, was never wounded, married a Digger Indian maiden and had nothing to do with any Utopian confederation of Indian tribes.

For those and later glaring errors of fact, his literary friend Ambrose Bierce, in print, labeled him an outright liar. Confronted, Joaquin's reply to reporters was straightforward "I am not a liar. I simply exaggerate the truth." Satisfied, the newspapers reported "Joaquin Miller tells the truth as he sees it." Bierce fumed helplessly.

Modern records show that Joaquin was valedictorian of his class when he graduated with a law degree after but three months of study at Columbia College in Eugene, Oregon, a school which opened in December of 1858 and closed the following March. The more amazing part of this story is that Joaquin had attended but a few elementary school grades and never a high school. Now



Sample of Miller's handwriting

he was a college graduate with a law degree, no less!

According to Joaquin, he spent the next few months after graduation vacationing in Mexico. Actually he was in a California jail on a charge of horse stealing before he escaped, was pursued, shot a sheriff in the knee, and disappeared back into Oregon.

After a bitter winter riding an Idaho express mail route on horseback, Joaquin used his considerable earnings to pay off a family mortgage and to buy an interest in a seditionist newspaper in Eugene, Oregon, probably as much to print his own poetry as anything else.

Besides his poetry, his newspaper published the poetry of others, including that of a young lady then living with her family in Port Orford, Oregon. On impulse, Joaquin rode horseback to Port Orford, reportedly drove off the young lady's suitor at gunpoint, married the girl on the third day, and took his new bride back to Eugene.

After political problems with the Eugene newspaper, the young couple moved eastward to Canyon City. Oregon, where Joaquin was soon appointed Justice of the Peace. More interested in socializing and bar hopping, Joaquin paid little attention to his new bride, especially in the area of providing day to day necessities, though the marriage did produce three children.

Now Joaquin had four children, one by his Indian maiden, all of whom he totally ignored. In disgust, his wife of three years left him just as he was preparing to run for

the elective office of Oregon Supreme Court Judge!

Abandoning his wife, his children, and politics. Joaquin Miller went south to San Francisco whence, within but a few months and at the suggestion of the likes of Bret Harte and Ina Coolbrith, he continued on to England where he arrived substantially penniless in 1870. It is a measure of the man that within a year this poet of no profound merit obtained substantial success in the very midst of great Victorian poets.

A social animal at heart, Joaquin's amazing success overseas was due mostly to his friendly nature, his strut and glitter, his affectation of preposterous Western garb, and his tall but interesting tales, many of which were put into print and which with good critical reviews by his friends in high places, sold well.

A decade later, Buffalo Bill Cody would enjoy similar success in Europe by employing much the same mode of conduct.

Joaquin Miller returned to the United States in 1871, a comparatively rich man.

American critics were not as kind to Joaquin as were those in England. He tried Italy, France, even Brazil with little success. He wrote novels and plays and spent several years seeking critical recognition in his own country. Recognition, if it ever came, was decidedly muted.

Tired of eastern critics, Joaquin Miller answered a telegram offering him a position as associate editor of *The Golden Era* by showing up in that newspaper's San Francisco offices in 1886. His worldwide wanderings were over. Never again would he stray for long from the West he loved.

For a permanent home to be built with his own hands, Miller purchased a plot suitable for a poet high on the rocky hills back of Oakland. The ground commanded a broad westward vista of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate. The terrain was precipitous but with much hard physical labor he made it habitable.

Before he was done, Joaquin had built several small cabin-like dwellings on his new property. There were separate houses for writing, sleeping, cooking, and guests, of which there were many regulars. Water from sources miles away was piped in. Soon there were many vines and young trees. At peace with the world, Joaquin wrote poetry, prose, gave public lectures, and became a local character worthy of public view and visit.

Yet adventure remained ingrained in the Miller spirit. In 1895 he was in Honolulu, promoting public interest in the Islands, quietly pressing for annexation. In 1897 he was in the Klondike reporting for the *San Francisco Examiner*, a Hearst newspaper, and in 1900 he was covering the Boxer Rebellion in China for the same paper. However, his China adventure was dispiriting and he retired to The Hights to become a poet patriarch.

Besides being a carpenter, stonemason, plumber and planter of forests, Joaquin Miller had in one lifetime been a poet, a novelist, a biographer, a playwright, an historian, a short story writer, a lecturer, a journalist, a columnist and an editor, not to mention a *raconteur extraordinaire*. He remained at The Hights to continue many of these achievements, any one of which would have been a life's work for a lesser man.

Joaquin Miller died at The Hights on February 17, 1913. He was not quite seventy four years of age. His mind remained alert to the end, but his body, which had answered unfailingly to his extraordinary demands upon it for so many years, fell totally exhausted. He was one of the few men of this world who could honestly say he had lived all his dreams.

Raymond F. Zeman

1911-1997

While not active recently, Ray Zeman had a long history with the Corral. He wrote several articles for the *Branding Iron* and was a very active wrangler at the Rendezvous.

Born in Bruno, Nebraska, Ray attended school in California. He received a BA from USC and studied law for one year.

After college, Ray went to work for the *Los Angeles Examiner* for a year and a half; he then transferred to the *Los Angeles Times*, where he was employed for nearly forty years. During his time with the *Times*, he was the aviation editor for two years, assistant city editor for six and a half years, bureau chief in Sacramento during the administrations of "Pat" Brown and Ronald Reagan. After his stint in Sacramento he returned to Los Angeles to become the Los Angeles County bureau chief. He held this position until he retired in 1976.

During his career at the *Times*, Ray won many awards. He won the Matrix Table Award from Theta Sigma Phi five times for the best news writing in Los Angeles. In addition he won the Greater Los Angeles Press Club annual award and on two occasions the Los Angeles County Employees Association gave him bronze trophies "for upholding the highest traditions of his profession in his perceptive and conscientious reporting of public affairs." His rarest award was an apology from County Supervisor Kenny Hahn which "left the press agog" and as one of Ray's colleagues stated, "This is history."

He was active in other organizations. He was the founder and first secretary of the Long Beach Stamp Club in which he held a life membership, he served on the Los Angeles Library Association board, and was on the board of directors of the Long Beach Kiwanis Club. Other organizations to which he belonged included the Historical Society of Long Beach, Second Monday Air Mail Club, the Los Angeles Historical Society and the Historical Society of Southern California.

We will all miss Ray and his efforts for the Corral.

Monthly Roundup continued from page 2
Griffith donated this 3,761 acre tract (it is the largest municipal park in the State) in Los Feliz District to the city to purchase support in his trial over shooting his wife. This story is false, he did not shoot her until seven years later. In reality, he was probably trying to influence political support, but for other activities. Probably he donated the property since he had been unable to sell it and this seemed the easiest way to dispose of it. The city accepted it to acquire the water rights to the Los Angeles River which is one its boundaries. At first, it appeared that the city would do nothing with the park. It was outside of the city limits and could not be patrolled. It seemed that the park was going to be exploited by private parties, especially for wood cutting.

Around the 1910 period, more interest was shown in developing the park lands. Soon a zoo was built and the modern park was under way. Many groups worked on the zoo especially during the depression when the WPA made many improvements. The old zoo was closed in 1965 and the animals transferred to a new area which previously had been the Roosevelt Golf Course.

In 1935, one of the park's main attractions was added - the merry-go-round. At first the operators charged five cents a ride or six rides for a quarter. These prices no longer apply.

Griffith had always dreamed of a theater in the park. Finally, the Greek Theater was built which became one of Los Angeles' cultural centers. The theater is best known for its more popular attractions, but everything appears there. A typical season can offer everything from ballet to the latest musical group or person.

As early as 1930 plans were under way for the Observatory. From the first, it was obvious that the observatory would have little or no value as a place to study the skies due to the light saturation from the city. Today, it is considered one of the better centers for teaching and popularizing astronomy.

Over the years areas have been added that were not part of the original grant. One of the most popular areas is Ferndale. This area is considered by many to be the most attractive part of the park.

Like any area, Griffith Park has seen its share of tragedy. Murders have occurred there, hikers have been injured, accidents are common. One of the worst disasters to occur in the park was the fire of 1933. A group of fire fighters were sent into a canyon to fight a fire without water. Before the fire was extinguished 29 persons died. This is the deadliest fire in the city's history.

Over the years the park has been put to many uses other than traditional park-like activities. During the depression, it was the site of a WPA camp. During World War II, in addition to being the home of anti-aircraft artillery, areas of the park were used to house German prisoners-of-war. After the war, the famed Roger Young Village veterans' housing was constructed on the site of a former National Guard airfield. Today, of course, in addition to the older activities such as the Observatory, Zoo, Ferndale, the miniature railroad and the merry-go-round, it is the home of the Autry Museum of Western Heritage and the shuttle parking lot for the Glendale Galleria during the holiday season.

Well chosen slides nicely complimented the talk. Many of the contemporary photos clearly show the growth of the city as well as the park. The lively question and answer period after the lecture clearly indicated that all had their favorite Griffith Park memory and tale.

Photograph by Frank Q. Newton

February meeting speaker Will Bagley

FEBRUARY MEETING

Will Bagley, a director of the Oregon-California Trails Association, author and editor of several books, including *Frontiersman: Abner Blackburn's Narrative*, which won the 1991 Evans Manuscript prize given by the Utah State University, is a leading Mormon historian. Another of his works is the recently published T*he Pioneer Camp of the Saints, The 1846 and 1847 Journals of Thomas Bullock*, which is the first volume of the new Arthur H. Clark series, KINGDOM OF THE WEST: THE MORMONS AND THE AMERICAN FRONTIER.

On September 11, 1857, a band of over landers consisting of 40 men and 80 women was wiped out by a group of Mormon militia and Paiute Indians. That much is easy to establish, but the why, who ordered the attack and the involvement of the church heads is much more difficult to determine.

The Mormon Archives are a treasure trove of documents, but many of the documents add to the muddle rather than clarifying the issues. The major question still remains how much did Brigham Young know and when did he know it. Also in doubt was what did he order and what was misconstrued from his words.

The original cause of the massacre seemed to be when an Unitarian minister killed Pawley Pratt. Both the Mormons and the non-Mormons had different views of whether it was murder or self-defense. Later when the group is moving west, this becomes a major issue. After they entered Utah, the emigrants felt the Mormons were very hostile, refusing to sell them food and poisoning the water wells. Conversely the Mormons felt the travelers were overly aggressive. They challenged all charges for supplies, destroyed feed areas and deliberately drove their cattle through fields. Especially one group, "The Missouri Wildcats," were a trial to the Mormons. These men claimed to have participated in the assassination of Joseph and Hyram Smith and swore, when the United States troops arrived to install a new governor, they would help the Army drive out all Mormons and help hang Brigham Young.

While tensions were high on both sides, a group of travelers under Alexander Thatcher went into camp and soon a band of Mormons camped nearby. Many felt the travelers were decent people, but several events occurred. At least one ox was poisoned, and the Mormons accused the migrants of poisoning meal to give to the Indians. Since the Mormons had been poisoning the Indians for years, this may have been "a case of blaming others for your own worst sins."

One group was attacked by a small band of Indians who were driven off by the Mormons; this group eventually reached California. A second group escorted to Mountain Meadows were attacked by a band of Mormons led by John D. Lee. Of this group, all except 17 children, were killed. Although Lee was later executed for his role in the massacre, the question still remains whether he acted on his own, misconstrued directions from Brigham Young, or was definitely ordered to carry out the mission. One thing is certain, Young was involved in the later cover up.

Photograph by Frank Q. Newton

March meeting speaker Catherine Mulholland

MARCH MEETING

Catherine Mulholland, granddaughter of the famed engineer and water pioneer, author and local historian of note, presented an overview of her famed ancestor and his role in history. Ms. Mulholland has recently completed an as yet unpublished biography of the controversial and colorful engineer of the Owens River Aqueduct and the general manager of the the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power.

Mulholland's controversial history seems almost a generational attitude. Originally, he was almost venerated for his role in bringing water to the city. Later he was reviled as one of the worst villains in history. He has either been vilified or deified through the years; there seems to be no middle ground - either hatred or praise.

Ms. Mulholland has found trying to establish the complete truth is extremely difficult. God has denied the power to change the past, but historians have kept the power to edit it. Even if the participants could return, they probably would not have the complete story; they were too busy doing what needed to be done. Several answers will probably be discovered, but there has been no guilty party or smoking gun.

There has been much suspicion of new water systems during the 20th Century. Many will agree with Wallace Stegner, who said that "every dam is a sign of original sin." While she was in high school, she heard her grandfather attacked as a partner in a sinister plot. This feeling continued while she was in college.

More recently views have appeared in *Time*. In an article about Los Angeles, Harrison Gray Otis and Harry Chandler were depicted as the great benefactors of the city. Little was said about Mulholland. The one bright spot of the article was that it did not mention Fred Eaton. As later Joan Didion, the delegated authority on Los Angeles, states "the extent that Los Angeles literally was created by the *Times* and the Chandler family remains hard for the rest of the country to understand."

In 1991, the *New York Times* in a lead article about the city water system saw it as the outstanding example of grabbing off outside water supplies. And the current PBS series on water is an equal disaster worthy of the title "Chinatown II."

Why was the opposition so bitter? Part was due to opposition to municipal ownership. Private utility firms did not wish to have the city own the water and power sources and used any means to combat it. Developers who were intending to use rights to the Los Angeles River to aid their developments were angered at Los Angeles claiming all rights. Personal animosities between E. T. Earl and Harry Chandler contributed to the bitterness. Even major historians interested in the environmental repercussions have added fuel to the controversy.

The battle will continue. Many will continue to see Mulholland as an ogre who personally led the assault to destroy the Owens Valley. Others will see him as the savior of the city. Meanwhile, she will see him as a good man and engineer who was interested in bringing water to his city.

Corral Chips

MICHAEL HARRISON, a Corresponding member of the Corral since its early years has received several awards. He received the Oscar Lewis Award in 1995. In 1996, he was awarded the Sir Thomas More Medal from the Gleeson Library Associates, University of San Francisco, and this year, he become the first recipient of the recently established Hubert Howe Bancroft Award from the Friends of the Bancroft Library.

Another Corresponding member, **RICHARD DILLON** was honored this year by the Book Club of California for his contributions to Western History with the annual Oscar Lewis Award. He was also presented with an Award of Merit by the San Francisco History Society for his books about that city.

Members have been attending the California Sesquicentennial observations and conferences. **JOHN ROBINSON** went to Sonoma for the 150th anniversary of the Bear Flag Republic. **STEVE BORN** traveled to the Donner Memorial Park and Reno to attend a four day conference on the Donner Party. He even attended the Donner Party Reunion with over 100 descendants of the Donner party survivors. Later, he went to San Pasqual for a reenactment of the battle.

JEANETTE DAVIS recently spoke to the Monrovia Old House Preservation Group, the San Gabriel Historical Association and the Historical Society of the upper Mojave Desert. Both she and her husband, **WILLIAM**, attended a three day class on Hopi Art and Culture at Idyllwild Arts.

DIRECTORY CHANGES

New Members

Tim Heflin
12237 NW Markuson Dr.
Prineville, OR 97754

Glacier Gallery
Scenic Old Hwy, 2 East
P.O. Box 1054
Kalispell, MT 59901

Tad Lonergan, MD
11600 Palm Drive
Desert Hot Springs, CA 92240

John D. Peck
989 Hillside Terrace
Pasadena, CA 91105

A. K. Smiley
125 West Vine Street
Redlands, CA 92373

Tumbleweed
Elementary School
1100 E. Avenue R 4
Palmdale, CA 93550
Fred Strasburg, Principal

ADDRESS CHANGES

Willis Blenkinsop
565 N 300 W
Kaysville, UT 84037

Michael Duchemin
2560 Prospect Avenue
La Crescenta, CA 91214

Tom Knapp
P. O. Box 430144
Laredo, TX 78043

Gloria Lothrop
1480 Poppy Peak Drive
Pasadena, CA 91105

A. F. Schliecker
801 W. Commonwealth, #3
Alhambra, CA 91801

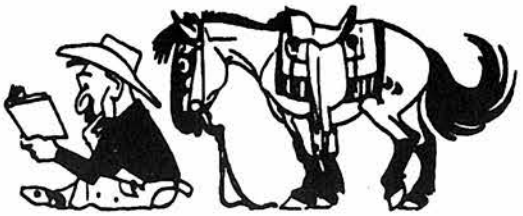
Troy Tuggle
3101 S. Fontana Street
Visalia, CA 93277

ERRATA

Photograph on page 26, *Branding Iron #206* identified as Homer E. Boelter is not Homer, but his son Gordon. A photograph of Homer Boelter will be published in the next issue.

The gentleman(second from the left) identified as unidentified in the photograph on page 40, *Branding Iron #206* is Charles N. Rudkin, the honorary Sheriff.

E. A. Brininstool



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading. -- Logan Pearsall Smith

THE MARCH TO MONTERREY: *The Diary of Lt. Rankin Dilworth* edited by Lawrence R. Clayton and Joseph E. Chance. El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1996, 119 pp, Southwestern Studies No. 102. Maps, Notes, Bibliography, Paper., $12.50; Order from Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, El Paso, TX 79968-0633. (800) 488-3789.

The subtitle of this book is more descriptive and is as follows: *A Narrative of Troop Movements and Observations on Daily Life with General Zachary Taylor's Army During the Invasion of Mexico, From April 28, 1846 to September 19, 1846.*

This diary documents the sights and sounds of the beginning of the Mexican War, as observed by young Rankin Dilworth, an officer recently graduated from West Point. His first entry of April 28, 1846, is at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and his last entry of September 19, 1846, is at Monterrey, Mexico. Dilworth led his company in an attack on the heavily fortified east side of Monterrey on September 23, 1846, and was mortally wounded by a cannonball and died four days later.

Lt. Dilworth is an intelligent and sensitive observer and writes very well. His descriptions of the people of Matamoros, Reynosa, Camargo, and Cerralvo and how they appeared in 1846 are very good. He was a lover of beauty in all forms, especially female beauty. He describes one señorita as "by far the handsomest female that I had seen

since I parted with E.M.M. She was very beautiful and walked like a queen..." and possessed "a pair of lips that could not be surpassed."

In addition to the diary itself, the editors have assembled a valuable historical work. The Introduction provides a short background of Rankin Dilworth; but in addition it describes West Point in 1841-1844 and points out that many of Dilworth's classmates went on to fight in not only the Mexican War, but became military leaders for both sides during the Civil War. Ulysses S. Grant was attending West Point at the same time as Dilworth. In addition the Introduction describes the political issues in the United States that led directly to the Mexican War and gives an overview of the war which led to the attack on Monterrey.

However, I found the Notes at the end to be the most fascinating part of the book. The editors expand on every part of the Diary, giving the reader additional information on everything from Taylor's overall strategy, Winfield Scott's solution to the lawless rabble called Volunteers, excerpts from other diaries, descriptions of towns, and biographical information many of the soldiers who fought in the Mexican War who went on to fight in the Civil War. Many of these names will be familiar to students of that war.

Thomas R. Tefft

CHRONOLOGY OF CALIFORNIA'S TRANSITION: *Highlighting California State Parks and Events Leading to the Gold Discovery and Statehood*, by Interpretation Section, Park Services Division, California State Parks, 1996. 75 pp. Paper, $7.50. Order from the California State Park Store, 1416-9th Street, Room 118, Sacramento, CA 95814. (916) 653-4000.

Commemorating the California Sesquicentennial, the California State Parks has published an indispensable resource for anyone interested in the transition of California from the Mexican period to statehood. This chronology covers the period from Texas independence in 1836 to California's admission to the Union in 1850, focusing on events of the Mexican War and the beginnings of the Gold Rush. The Interpretive Division staff has done an excellent job of compiling a chronology from a variety of standard references on California history; this inexpensive little book is filled with a wealth of detail about the period.

Unfortunately, this chronology is not comprehensive, nor is it footnoted. Being a publication of the California State Parks, it focuses primarily on events associated with specific state park sites. This results in interesting gaps. For instance, since Death Valley National Monument is a federal operation, there is no mention of the Death Valley parties! Despite its limited focus, this is a reference book which belongs on the shelves of all interested in California history.

Steven Born

FATHER PETER JOHN DE SMET: *Jesuit in the West*, by Robert C. Carriker. Norman: University Oklahoma Press, 1995. 266 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, $24.95. Order from University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue., Norman, OK 73019. (405) 325-5111.

In this book Robert Carriker, a professor of history at Gonzaga University, presents cogent evidence to support his view that Father Pierre-Jean DeSmet (1803-1873) was "the best known and most indispensable Catholic missionary in America."

In 1821, DeSmet left his native Belgium, journeyed to America and became both a soldier and a great traveler. To everyone's surprise, he chose to become a black-robed Jesuit missionary armed with only a crucifix. DeSmet spent the majority of his life, from 1847 to 1873, managing accounts for the Society of Jesus in Saint Louis. During those years, there were many DeSmets - priest, pio-

neer, Jesuit, missionary, fund raiser, recruiter, author, publicist, advisor to Indians, governmental envoy, frontier scientist and administrator. Always there was time to journey among Indian tribes in the Oregon country and the upper Mississippi.

His correspondence and articles appeared in Catholic magazines where it enjoyed great popularity. The best of his writings, gathered into four volumes, established his reputation as an amateur botanist, frontier geographer and recorder of Indian customs, but it was as a Catholic priest that DeSmet is best remembered today. He baptized thousands of Flatheads, Coeur d'Alenes, Kalispels, Blackfeet and Sioux and it was his dedication to Christianizing, civilizing and educating native Americans that won for him an enviable place in pioneer annals.

Everywhere Indians honored him and even today his memory lives on in place names, oral history and religious ritual. DeSmet was once introduced to Abraham Lincoln with these words: "No white man knows the Indians as Father DeSmet does, nor has any man their confidence in the same degree."

DeSmet came to America for the wrong reasons and stayed for the right ones. He spent five decades attempting to convert every Indian he met - even whole tribes - to Christianity, and he was amazingly successful in that work, but it never occurred to DeSmet that in bringing Euro-American civilization to the Indians, he tacitly furthered the disintegration of Indian culture.

For over a half century of travel in America, DeSmet never lost his zest for blazing new trails, locating the source of rivers or crossing the crest of mountains. He made nineteen trips across the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and, in his lifetime, traveled nearly 200,000 miles, an incredible distance in those days. He recruited eighty Jesuit priests and brothers from Europe, along with six religious women. He possessed a rare talent for promoting himself and the Jesuit missions of the American frontier. This fine book, Volume IX in *The Oklahoma Western Biographies*, allows readers to follow, year by year, crisis by crisis, the central parts of the role played by the Belgian priest in mid-19th century northern west.

When DeSmet died, the Missouri *Republican* saluted him as one of the "world's most enterprising missionaries of Christian civilization." Early biographers agreed that DeSmet was indeed "a saint but a saint according to his own way."

Msgr. Francis J. Weber

LOS ANGELES A TO Z: *An Encyclopedia of the City and County*, by Leonard Pitt and Dale Pitt. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997. 606 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Tables, Appendixes. Cloth, $34.95, Order from University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94720. (510) 642-4562.

Some of the best reference works are labors of love, the product of years of effort by one or two dedicated individuals who compile those essential nuggets we suddenly need to learn. The nuggets add up to a treasure trove of information that can fascinate both researchers and browsers. Such works as James Hart's *A Companion to California*, Doyce Nunis' *Los Angeles: A Bibliography of a Metropolis*, and Hynda Rudd's recent update of Nunis' work, *Los Angeles and Its Environs in the Twentieth Century*, are excellent examples. To this list we may add Leonard and Dale Pitt's *Los Angeles A to Z*.

Best known for his seminal study *The Decline of the Californios*, Leonard Pitt taught at Cal State Northridge for almost three decades. Retirement is just another word to him, for he is lending his teaching talents to UCLA as a visiting professor. His wife Dale is an editor, indexer, and playwright. I guess their three children are grown and gone, for the Pitts have filled their available time by creating this reference work, 600 pages long, weighing three pounds, and containing some 2,000 entries in encyclopedic format.

The Pitts conceptualized their work in three categories. General topics include such broad entries as "Fiction About Los Angeles to 1950," and "World War II." Most entries are "briefer and more specific" and run from "Adobe" to "Zuma County Beach." The third category is biography, and there are hundreds of them. In thumbing through the entries it soon becomes obvious that the line dividing "general" and "specific" topics is rather blurry, but no matter. "Los Angeles City Mayor" runs 39 lines plus a list of all mayors since 1850. The mayors, even the obscure ones, also get biographical sketches.

This is one of those reference books that is fun to use, meaning that if you look something up, half an hour later you realize you've also looked up fifteen other entries as names of people, places, and events catch your eye. Sharp-eyed readers will spot gremlins in the text. Harry Chandler, whose date of death in 1944 is correctly listed in the biographical entry on p. 84, rises from the grave to close down the Los Angeles *Mirror* in 1962 on p. 297. In some cases you have to poke around to find what you're looking for. "School Districts" offer only nine lines; "Los Angeles Unified School District," on the other hand, has a generous fifty lines. And don't forget "Education, History of," which runs three columns; "Education, Bilingual;" and "Education, Higher (see Colleges and Universities)." There are no cross-references within the entries, though the "See" guides help point you from "Mayor" and "Los Angeles Mayor" to the source of information, "Los Angeles *City* Mayor."

Encyclopedias aren't usually read straight through (what does "aardvark" have in common with "airplane?"), but with Los Angeles as a common denominator, anyone can spend numerous hours experiencing the diversity of life, history, and politics of Los Angeles - city *and* county.

Abraham Hoffman

Addendum To:

"A Bibliography of Writings
by John Haskell Kemble"

(As published in *The Branding Iron*, Whole Number 223, quarterly of the The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral.)

"Harvard and Yale," *Steamboat Bill*, Whole No. 7 (April 1942): 100-102.

"The Alaska Steamship Company," *Steamboat Bill*, Whole No. 53 (March 1955): 5-7.

(Ed.), [Andrew Wilson] "A British Reaction to Civil War America, 1861," *Claremont Quarterly* 9 (No. 1, Autumn 1961): 21-30. The last two of seven letters written by Andrew Wilson. The first five were published in 1953 in the *California Historical Society Quarterly;* listed in the original publication of this bibliography.

Henry P. Silka