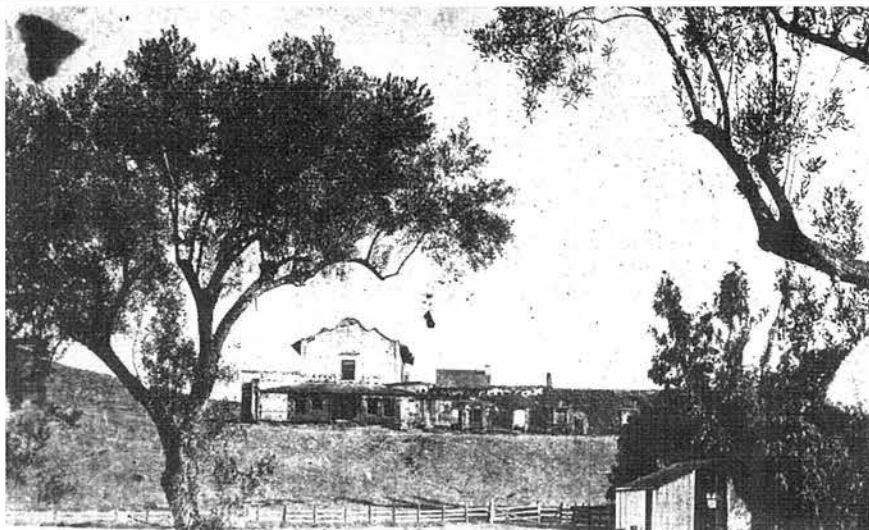




SPRING 2005

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 239



The San Diego Mission (circa 1920's). Courtesy of Mary Narrington Collection, Los Angeles Archdiocese Archival Center.

San Diego Mission, Cradle of Christianity and European Culture

by Rev. Maynard J Geiger, O.F.M.

Edited by Msgr. Francis J. Weber

The placid waters of the South Sea, as the Pacific was known to the Spaniards, were first gazed upon by European eyes, when Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, in 1513, from the mountains of Panama, stumbled upon the world's largest ocean. No longer was the Atlantic to be the only theatre of maritime traffic and colonial adventure. Spanish vessels crept along the coast to the south until Peru and Chile were added to the Spanish domain.

They reconnoitered the coast to the

north, at first falteringly, then with greater boldness, until another navigator, in the service of Hernando Cortés, discovered Baja California in 1533. Six years later Francisco de Ulloa reached the headwaters of the Gulf of California, proving that the land to the west was a peninsula and not an island. If the mysterious land to the north was to be reached by water, future voyages would have to be made along the western shores of Baja California.

(Continued on page 3)

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EDITOR'S CORNER

"Reverence for the past is a noble virtue because it refrains from ascribing all good things to the present." This quote from the article on the San Diego Mission by Rev. Maynard J. Geiger, O.F.M. and edited by Msgr. Francis J. Weber, in our opinion, sums up the point of the two major articles in this issue. The problem is how do we who revere history develop in others the same kind of reverence?

Rev. Geiger describes in detail the rise and fall and rise again of the San Diego Mission. His article could be a metaphor for most of the missions in California, which after secularization in the 1830's gradually fell into ruins. Obviously, the folks who lived in California during the rest of the nineteenth century did not have the reverence for the past that we have referred to. It took almost superhuman efforts by a few people who did, most of them dedicated priests such as Padre Jeremiah O'Keefe of Mission San Luis Rey and promotion by people such as Charles Lummis at the turn of the century, to start the painful process of rebuilding.

Donald Duke's article on William Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum is another case in point. Obviously Parker Lyon had a reverence for the past and a passion for preserving it. However with his death, southern California lost a unique picture of the past collected over many years. Why didn't someone from this area continue the museum and keep it here for future generations so that others could learn to revere the past? I guess we all know the answer.

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The return to Mexico of Cabeza de Vaca after eight years of unbelievable heroism and hardship in the wilderness of Texas and Mexico, revived interest in the northern country. Francisco Coronado was sent north by land while Francisco Alarcón sailed along the coast from Acapulco to the Colorado River. The ambition and desire of the Spaniards was to find a strait connecting the Atlantic and Pacific. The impasse of the isthmus of Panama spurred renewed efforts to find that strait in the north.

In 1542, Juan Rodriguez de Cabrillo, a Portuguese in the Spanish service, was sent north from Navidad, Mexico, to continue the search for a strait. On this memorable voyage, he discovered a magnificent harbor, later to be known as San Diego. He entered it on Thursday evening, September 28, 1542. Cabrillo named the harbor San Miguel in honor of the Saint whose feast fell on the following day. Cabrillo departed on October 3. On the return voyage, Bartolome Ferrello, Cabrillo's pilot, reached the port again. From then until 1602, no white man disturbed the unruffled waters.

In that year Sebastian Vizcaino explored the coast of California and, on Sunday, November 10, 1602, dropped his anchor in San Diego Bay. He described the bay as "the best to be found in the whole South Sea." A tent was pitched on what is today known as Ballast Point and here Mass was said by the Carmelite friar, Fray Antonio de la Asención. On this occasion, the name of the port was changed to San Diego in honor of St. Didacus, the Spanish Franciscan. On November 20, Vizcaino, left the harbor and sailed north.

Despite the fact that San Diego harbor was "the best to be found in the whole South Sea," its waters lay untroubled by Europeans for another 167 years. In 1769, California's occupation by Spain became necessary to ward off the encroachments of the Russians in the north. California, a buffer area, would protect the wealth and civilization of the New Spain of Mexico. Entering Indian territory, Spain employed her benevolent policy of nearly three hundred years,



Campanario (Bell wall) at the San Diego Mission (circa 1931). Courtesy of Marie Harrington Collection, Los Angeles Archdiocese Archival Center.

namely to subdue the natives with as little force and bloodshed as possible, by enlisting the service of the missionaries who would offer the blessings of Christianity and European culture to the aborigines. Franciscan friars were entrusted with the evangelization of Alta California, and the region that had only a place on the map was to find a place in the sun. San Diego became the cradle of Christianity and culture, of a glorious and prosperous state.

On April 11, 1769, the *San Antonio* under Capitan Juan Pérez, bearing two Franciscans, Juan Vizcaino and Francisco Gómez, entered San Diego Harbor and anchored near Ballast Point. On April 29, of the same year, a ship under Captain Vicente Vila, and bearing the Franciscan, Fernando Parrón, likewise entered the bay. On May 14, the first land expedition led by Captain Fernando de Rivera and accompanied by Fray Juan Crespi reached "this excellent port

of San Diego." On June 29, Caspar de Portola, with the second land expedition, reached the port. Fray Junipero Serra, the famous founder of the future California missions, came to the port with the main body on July 1st. On the following day, a solemn high Mass of thanksgiving was sung. On July 3, Serra wrote to Mexico, describing his arrival "at this truly beautiful and justly famed port of San Diego."

From 1542 to 1769 is a long span in human history and during these two centuries the stage was being prepared for the enactment of a drama which even today lives in everlasting memory. Spaniards occupied San Diego. From here was to begin the spiritual conquest of Alta California. San Diego, the first mile-stone of the new *El Camino Real*, became the site of the area's first mission, the initial jewel in a crown of twenty-one.

Sunday, July 16, 1769, was selected as the day for the formal establishment of San Diego Mission. Serra, aided by his companions Fray Juan Vizcaino and Fray Fernando Parrón, raised a cross on the site of a future chapel. This according, to the original record, "was within sight of the harbor." A crude building, but better than others, was selected as a place for divine worship, until a better could be built. Thus commenced the Christian era at north San Diego or Old Town in the memorable month of July, 1769.

The first year was so poor in spiritual results and so devoid of material comforts that Governor Portolá decided to abandon San Diego. But under Divine Providence, it was owing to the determined boldness of a Fray Junipero Serra, that San Diego was not abandoned. He decided to wait until March 19, 1770 on which day his patience and prayers were rewarded by the appearance of the relief ship, *San Antonio*. San Diego and California were saved! Popularly expressed, that was the day when San Diego got its second wind.

In April 1773, Fray Luis Jayme wrote to Serra, then in Mexico, stating that: "We were thinking whether this mission could not be moved, while the *presidio* remains here... In

case the *presidio* stays here, however, it is not expedient that it be near the mission, on account of the annoyances of which Your Reverence is aware." Then Jayme continued: "We tell you this that as long as the mission is in present location, it will never have a firm basis. Nor should there be a mission here, on account of the scarcity of water; for we see that this year there are little hopes for wheat." It is evident that San Diego's first mission site at Presidio Hill was a makeshift institution during the incipient days of missionization. Anxious eyes cast about for a site whose permanency would be assured by the presence of water and the fruitful produce of the fields.

The viceroy of Mexico authorized the transfer of the site and in 1774 Fray Junipero Serra was able to write: "It was determined to move the mission within the same *Cañada* (mountain valley) of the port toward the northeast from the *presidio*, at a distance of a little less than two leagues, about four miles. This place is much more suitable for a population, on account of the facility of obtaining the necessary water and because of good land for cultivation. This place is called Nipaguay."

The change from Old Town to Mission Valley was actually effected in August, 1774. By December of the same year, a church of poles, roofed with tules, was constructed, measuring 53 by 17 feet. This, however, was not as yet the beautiful building of a later day.

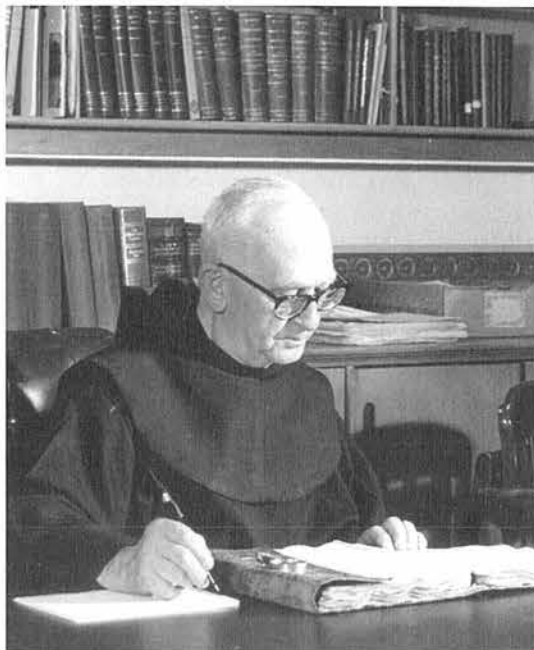
Disaster soon fell on the new establishment. Some rebellious native Americans attacked the mission buildings and savagely murdered Fray Luis Jayme. This occurred on the night of November 4, 1775. On July 11 of the following year Serra arrived at San Diego from Monterey to get a first hand view of the situation. He determined on the restoration of the ruined mission. Meanwhile the old site near the *presidio*, once again was the center of Christianity. On August 22, 1776, work commenced on a new structure in Mission Valley. By October 17, of the same year, a new church and a friary were ready for use. Soon this mission became inadequate and a

more spacious building began to take shape. The exact date of its dedication is not known, but it was sometime prior to December 8, 1781. The building measured 84 by 15 feet. Built of adobe, its walls were three feet thick, with beams of pine and rafters of poplar. The interior was neatly and elegantly done. The final church building which was erected and was to become *the* Mission San Diego, was begun on September 29, 1808. Despite the earthquake of 1812, which destroyed the missions of San Juan Capistrano and Santa Barbara, the unfinished building at San Diego was not affected. Finally it saw completion and its dedication is recorded in the following words: "On November 12, 1813, the day of the glorious St. Didacus, this holy church was blessed with all the appropriate formalities and solemnities." Thus the San Diego Mission of picture and story, with which a whole nation is familiar, became a reality.

From 1813-1834, San Diego Mission prospered. The final Franciscan attached to San Diego was Fray Vicente Oliva who entered the last baptism in his register, June 14, 1846. What sad desolation had come to this center of Christianity in 1849 is best described by Lieutenant E.O.L. Ord.: "I followed this bed of sand through its valley (Mission Valley) amongst low cactus covered clay hills, seven miles, to the mission. There I found the old walls tumbling in and everything going to ruins." With California's entry into the American Union, the mission lands were claimed by Bishop Joseph Sadoc Alemany. On December 18, 1855 The United States Land Commission restored the property to the Catholic Church in virtue of the Spanish laws on the matter. The bishop received exactly 22.21 acres of land surrounding Mission San Diego.

The buildings, however, continued to decline so that Henry Chapman Ford penned his sad picture of San Diego in 1883:

But little is left of the former buildings, except portions of the church and the adjacent dormitories. The chapel is used as a stable; several colonies of wild bees have taken possession of the cavities over



Maynard J. Geiger, D.F.M. Courtesy of Marie Harrington Collection, Los Angeles Archdiocese Archival Center.

the lintels of the doors; and a family of owls startle the visitor with their screams as he intrudes upon their solitude.

San Diego Mission stood a desolate ruin for many years, and the mother mission of the Pacific Coast appeared to be a neglected shrine. In the 1930s the mission was restored to its pristine splendor by patriotic citizens and once again the hollowed shrine became a sign and a symbol to inspire future generations.

Reverence for the past is a noble virtue because it refrains from ascribing all good things to the present. Respecting the drudgery of the pioneers who blazed the paths of civilization, it seeks to tell the heroic story of the past to a modern generation who may listen, wonder and admire, and in turn carry the golden truth down across the span of centuries.

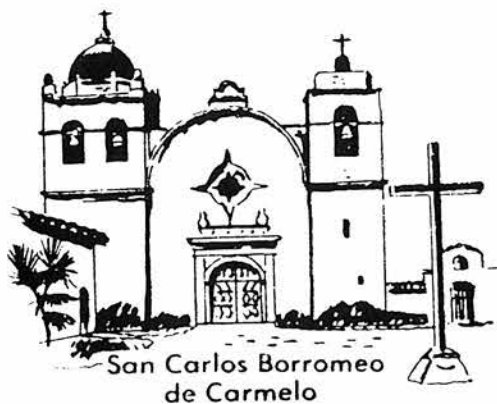
San Diego burgeons forth with history. Every bend of its beautiful harbor and its every hill tells its own story. The interest of its citizens in its history is to be highly commended. Visitors come to San Diego as to a national shrine where they walk in the footprints of mighty heroes. So great a regard for truth should be observed that the visitor should carry away impressions as exact and

as exalting, as if they had obtained them first-hand among the musty tomes of a silent but revealing archive.

In conclusion San Diego had five mission churches. The first, was a temporary shelter on Presidio Hill, founded in 1769; the second, in Mission Valley, was destroyed in 1775; the third was a warehouse on Presidio Hill, temporarily used as a place of worship; the fourth, in Mission Valley was an adobe structure finished in 1781 and the fifth and last, which became "the" mission, in Mission Valley, was dedicated in 1813. This structure continues in part down to our own day, the old walls being incorporated with the new. Thus for so many years Mission San Diego de Alcalá in Mission Valley has stood as a sentinel over the Mission Valley of San Diego, once a hearth of religion and culture, now a shrine forever dedicated to zealous and hardy pioneers and an inspiration for generations to come.

The corral thanks Monsignor Weber for sharing this item by Father Maynard Geiger. Monsignor came across the article some months ago during a house-cleaning moment.

The essay was written by Father Geiger at the behest of Bishop Charles Francis Buddy. With a few changes in language, the addition of a few surnames and verifying a few dates, the essay is presented as it was type by the great Franciscan historian in 1937.



Three Miles to Abilene!

by Loren Wendt

The stagecoach wheels are a hummin'
And the mail is slow in comin'
The roughest road you've ever seen
And it's three more miles to Abilene

Three passengers in that old coach
One is a lady prim and proper
But she's runnin' away from home
And there's not a soul can stop her

Across from that fancy lady
A young man, a very sullen one
His hands are always movin'
And they move towards his gun

It's a rough and tiring trip
And the driver cracks his whip
He's not tryin' to be mean
And it's two more miles to Abilene

The third person in the coach
Is a mighty fancy lookin' gent
He was told not to take this trip
Now he knew just what they meant

The shotgun guard rides on the top
Tries to keep a wary eye
But the dust is really blindin'
Shotgun guard ? He wonders why

The stagecoach lumbers through the night
With a cargo that's far from clean
Now the town's almost in sight
And it's one more mile to Abilene

They pull up to the freight station
Passengers give thanks the trip is done
Shotgun guard and driver to the Red Dog
One more hour before another run !





Front view of The Pony Express Museum. Courtesy of the author.

William Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum

By Donald Duke

William Parker Lyon is a name that should be well known to most older Westerners. He was the founder and owner of Lyon Van & Storage Company, and established the Pony Express Museum at the back of his San Marino estate in Kewen Canyon. In 1934, Lyon purchased six acres from Anita Baldwin and moved a great deal of his collection of Western memorabilia to Arcadia. It occupied the site where Club 101 and Ramada Inn is today, right across Huntington Drive from the entrance to Santa Anita Race Track.

Lyon's father was a preacher and moved from Fayetteville, New York to San Francisco in 1869. The family was one of the first passengers on the new transcontinental railroad, the Central Pacific-Union Pacific. After graduating from high school, the family moved to Fresno. His father was more or less retired, so young Lyon sold insurance for a while and then opened a used furniture store. He would take his wagon out into the vineyards and purchased all kinds of furni-

ture. Before long, he was making a fortune in used furniture. To supplement his income, young Lyon started a Van & Storage Company that was the Lyon Van & Storage Company. In 1892 he ran for Sheriff of Fresno County and won. In 1907 he ran for mayor of Fresno and won. He served from 1907 to 1909, until he met a young lady and fell in love.

Mildred Edgar was returning from a trip to Yosemite and was staying with a friend in Fresno. They dated and fell in love, but Mildred hated the heat in Fresno and said she would not live there. In 1910 they were married and moved to Los Angeles. He established the Lyon Van & Storage Company in Los Angeles and soon was a millionaire. They bought a huge lot in San Marino, consisting of four acres, and built a large house. The estate fronted on 1161 Virginia Road and ran west down into Kewen Canyon.

Lyon was a collector of stuff from the start. In 1910 he purchased an old safe for



A view of many items on display in The Pony Express Museum. Courtesy of the author.

fifty dollars. It would not open so he had it blown open. Apparently the tumblers had rusted as they would not move. When he looked inside at the contents he got the shock of his life. In the safe was \$2,000 worth of gold coins, a large amount of Pony Express stamps (unused), a large leather sack full of gold dust, and packs of Wells-Fargo covers. It was the contents of this old safe that got Lyon to collecting Western memorabilia. It became a challenge to see what he could find. He took his truck and visited ghost towns, poking into old mines for artifacts, and searched old stuff from small towns. He traveled from Fresno to Mississippi several times, gathering truckloads of stuff. He found several wooden Indians from drug store back rooms, purchased old wagons and stagecoaches.

Ranging far and wide he gathered at a time when memorabilia was available and worthless to most people. Today what he gathered would be worth millions. He left no stone unturned, visiting many out of the way places picking up an old wood bar here, and an old mining locomotive there, and finding stagecoaches in barns. His massive enthusiasm of collecting was due in part to his flamboyant personality. The Lyon Van &

Storage Company seemed to run itself while Lyon was out collecting.

All of his artifacts were moved from Fresno to San Marino in 1925. It took fifty-three truckloads to transport all his memorabilia. Already under construction at his San Marino estate was a large museum building in Kewen Canyon that resembled an old time stage station. It was long and narrow. The wagons, stagecoaches, locomotives, and some mining machinery were kept outside in front of the museum. Inside was a fake saloon, a sort of old bank, sheriff's office, and saddle bags, pistols and shotguns, pictures, gold seals, pictures and prints on the walls. There were all kinds of artifacts from the Pony Express era: a stuffed horse and a dummy rider, among other things. There was a gambling room with all kinds of card tables, wheels, roulette tables and slot machines. There was even a coal-fired fire engine.

In those early days there were no homes down in Kewen Canyon. There was only Alhambra's water reservoir and pumping station and Lyon's Pony Express Museum. A narrow unpaved road ran off the end of Lake Avenue, down into the canyon, past the Alhambra pumping station, past the Pony



Historical train located at Col. Lyon's Museum. Courtesy of the author.

Express Museum, and finally came up to Virginia Road. Even in those days it was a one-way road to cut down on the dust. Once word got around about the museum, people drove down into the canyon to see the sights. Lyon decided to open his museum to the public.

In early 1934, the traffic congestion in Kewen Canyon was beyond belief on Sundays. The San Marino Police Department said they would have to hire an additional officer to control the traffic and handle the parking problem. They would have to charge William Parker Lyon for this service. Also, a land developer found that the canyon was ideal for home sites and began to develop the area raising more congestion. Parker took the bull by the horns.

In late 1934 he purchased six acres of land from Anita Baldwin on the corner of Huntington Drive and Colorado Boulevard. Here, he decided to build a Pony Express Museum that would be open seven days a week. The property was right across the street from the entrance to Santa Anita Race Track and right next to the Pacific Electric tracks. He planned to build a two-story museum with wings on each side, barns for vehicles and loads of parking.

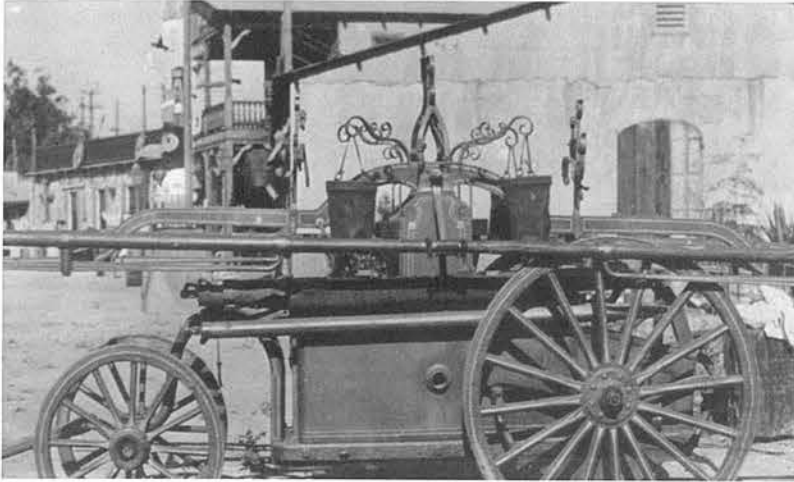
On Sunday, November 23, 1935, the formal opening of William Parker Lyon's Pony Express Museum was held with Barney Oldfield, old-time automobile racer, and

Louise Fazenda, noted stage actress, christened the site. Oldfield appeared at the museum in his "cockpit" Oldsmobile car in which he established a record of twelve mile-an-hour record years ago. He donated the car to the museum.

The museum consisted of a two-story structure with a balcony with long wings on each side. There were fake storefronts, old-time streets behind the main building, saloons, dry good stores, banks, and other assorted items. There was a long wagon and auto ham for wagon, stagecoaches, mud wagons, and old-time fire equipment.

William Parker Lyon was not the only one collecting things. His wife collected porcelain chamber pots. She had assembled them from American Presidents, kings and queens of Europe. They were beautifully decorated with paintings of scenes, and some even had fur around the lip.

Parker wanted a locomotive and cars to place in the front portion of the museum to attract attention. In 1938, he purchased a narrow-gauge train from the recently abandoned Palisades Railroad of Nevada. It consisted of a 2-6-2 locomotive, No. 7, a baggage car and a coach. A. T. Mercer, president of the Southern Pacific donated the Arcadia Depot to the museum. Parker had to move it to the museum at night. The depot was taken apart in pieces and put back together at the museum.



Old Hand Pumper Fire Engine used by Will Rogers in "Judge Preist." Courtesy of the author.

The Pony Express Museum had a fantastic collection of Wells-Fargo material. There was a complete express office, all kinds of gold boxes that were carried on the stages, all kinds of pouches, signs, framed prints, gold washers, pans, nozzles, stock certificates. There were just too many things to describe here.

One portion of the museum contained an old saloon. It had a fancy bar, brass rails, plus all kinds of card tables, roulette wheels, swinging doors, signs, and the like. There were gaboons (brass spittoons), a hanging rope, all types of old whiskey bottles, wooden Indians.

There was a whole building devoted to fire arms. He had "Billy the Kid's" pistol and rifle, there were guns all over the place on the walls, so many you could not count them all. He even had "Black Barts" shotgun of which had held up many a stage in Northern California.

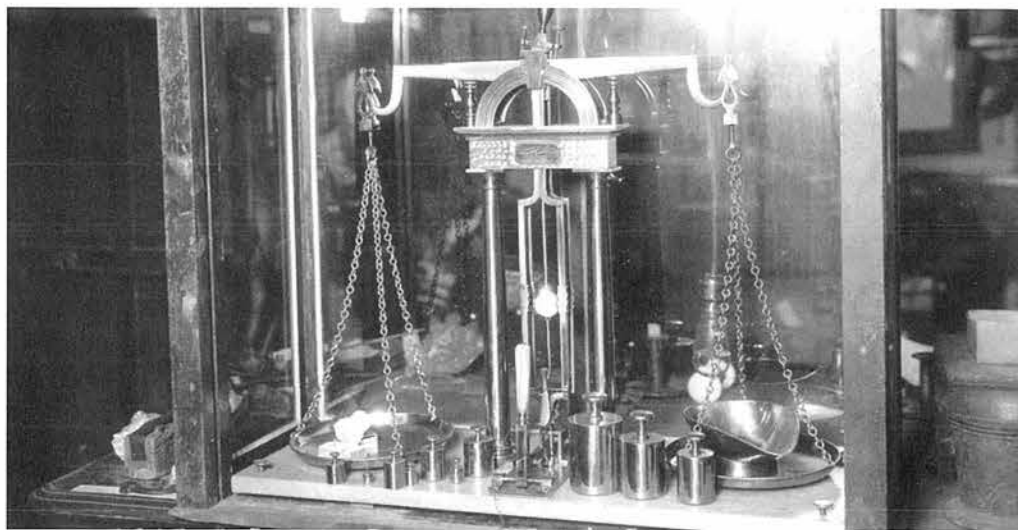
The tack room had thousands of saddles used by famous cowboys. There were also bridles, bits, ropes, chaps, and more. There were three stuffed horses used by photographers to shoot pictures in days gone by. There were tons of Indian baskets which rivaled the Southwest Museum. Also, inside the museum building was an old-time country store with cracker and pickle barrels, and all kinds of garments for the ladies, includ-

ing hats, girdles, corsets, and dresses. There was a room full of porcelain dolls which young girls used to dress up. There was an old coffee grinder, keys, badges, and buttons. There were more things than you can imagine.

The vehicle barn had a full collection of stagecoaches, mud wagons, surreys, horse drawn fire engines, wagons, early automobiles, covered wagons, and models made years ago.

The Pony Express Museum came to an end on December 16, 1949, upon the death of its founder William Parker Lyon. At age eighty-nine he was having a problem getting his breath. An ambulance was called, and he died in the ambulance on the way to the Huntington Hospital. At the time he was immortalized in a book by Ed Ainsworth (wife Katherine was a Los Angeles Corral member) entitled *Pot Luck*. The book is now a collector's piece. Parker's wife tried to run the museum for a couple of years, but it was too much for her.

The whole museum was purchased by Bill Harrah in 1955 and all the material was moved to Reno and Sparks, Nevada, where Harrah set up a Pony Express Museum. The museum was quite a bit smaller than the Arcadia Museum and most of the materials were placed in storage. Harrah gave up on the Pony Express Museum in 1986, and all



Gold Scales used at Comstock Mines on display in The Pony Express Museum. Courtesy of the author.



Pony Express Museum, Arcadia California. Courtesy of the author.

the contents were auctioned off. The material is now spread out to the far winds.

One might question as to why William Parker Lyon named his museum the Pony Express Museum? Only a small portion of the museum was devoted to the Pony Express and its riders. Maybe a better name

for his museum might have been The Museum of the American West?

Believe it or not there is a real museum dedicated to the Pony Express, its route and riders, called the Pony Express National Museum, 914 Penn Street, Saint Joseph, Missouri.

E.I. Edwards (1897-1984), Desert Philosopher—As I Knew Him

by Earl F. Nation

To me, E.I. Edward was more a poet and philosopher than a "Desert Rat," as the majority of his writings might seem to categorize him. At times he himself used this by-line. His first two books and his final appearance before the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners seem to bear out my contention. It is time now to write down some reflections on E. I. Edwards, on this, the centenary of his birth.

In 1918, when he was only twenty-one years old, "Eddie" Edwards published his first book. He called it *The Finished Product and Other Selections*. The author's name on the title page is "Elza Ivan Edwards." My copy is signed (in his youth) "E. Ivan Edwards." His script has a youthful flow, with sweeping, extended strokes up and down. This attractive handwriting persisted to the end. There are ten essays, and the title of the lead essay gives the book its name. Some other essays are "Self-Assurance," "On Foolishness," and "The Bigger Things." The introduction, called "Unseen Powers," gives one a sense of the young Edwards' deep philosophical and mystical bent. The eighty-one page book ends with a section labeled "Poems." There are five, including a very sentimental one entitled, "To My Wife."

Edwards' next book was *Mountain Memories*. He spent his youth and early manhood in mountainous northern Idaho. *Mountain Memories* was published by George E. Bigler (the location is not indicated) and was copyrighted by Elza Ivan Edwards in 1921. In the sixty-five pages there are twenty-six sentimental poems relating to nature, to the mountains, and to friends and family members. I have two copies of this little red book, bound in limp covers. One is inscribed with the author's full name. The other is inscribed the same way my copy of *The Finished Product* is: E. Ivan Edwards. *Mountain Memories* opens with the poem to

his wife which had appeared in the first book.

Ever since I became acquainted with "Eddie" Edwards and with these early poetic and philosophical writings. I have wondered if the "Elza Ivan" might not fit him better than the E. I., or "Eddie," as most people later knew him. His poetic and philosophical nature is abundantly clear in his later bibliographies and other compositions, as he turned from the mountains to the desert for inspiration.

Eddie Edwards (as Westerners knew him) gave his last talk before the Los Angeles Corral in the summer of 1975. He was invited to make the 150-mile trip from Yucca Valley, where he then lived, to give this talk. Fellow members of the San Bernardino Corral of Westerners accompanied him. He chose his topic with considerable misgivings. He called it, "A Sentimental Journey." The three episodes he recounted to a rapt audience related to his return visit a few years before to his youthful Idaho haunts. It harked back to his youthful writing and was some of his most poignant prose.

These three essays, with another related one, were then arranged for publication by his friend—who was to become his "literary executor"—Dennis G. Casebier. A soft-cover seventy-two page volume was published by the Tales of the Mojave Road Publishing Company, in Norco, California, in 1976, under the title, *A Sentimental Venture*. Edwards dedicated it to the Westerner Staff, Everett G. Hager. Titles of the four essays are, "The Old Home Town," "The Lonely Ghost," "Miraculous Lake Louise," and "A Peculiar Pilgrimage." Many Westerners have copies of *A Sentimental Venture*.

Casebier appended to the essays a definitive twenty-four page bibliography of the writings of E. I. Edwards. Twenty-two books, including *Brand Book 10*, which

Edwards edited, are briefly annotated. Seven of these are Edwards' desert bibliographies. The nineteen magazine articles include his three contributions to the *Branding Iron*. Numerous newspaper articles also were written by Edwards and are listed. In fact, his first appearance in print was a three column short story, published in 1912, when he was fifteen, a freshman in high school. This appeared in the Payette, Idaho, *Independent or Enterprise*, a weekly newspaper. The title was, "The Man Who Loved Him." He had many weekly newspaper columns in later life in several separate series. Some of these were over the by-line, "The Desert Rat." Casebier also includes in his bibliography of Edwards' writings fifty-nine book reviews. Most of these appeared in the *Pasadena Star-News*. Several were in the *Branding Iron*. Forewords to at least three books by other authors were written by E. I. Edwards and are included in the bibliography.

My first acquaintance with Edwards was a business one. In 1948 my partners and I became suspicious that our bookkeeper was embezzling from us. We had employed no regular office management service to audit our books. Edwards at the time ran such a service for physicians and dentists; he called it the Southern California Business Service. We consulted him about our problem. He had a couple of accountants come in for a few nights to go through our books. They soon picked up on the scheme the girl was using. They gathered all of the evidence necessary to persuade this very attractive young lady to give me a signed confession and to resign, with the understanding that we would not press charges (on Edwards' advice). From that time until he sold his business and retired in 1964, Edwards and the Southern California Business Service handled our office business. During that period our friendship and shared interests grew.

Edwards was not an accountant. His first degree was from the University of California, where he had specialized in business administration. Later in Los Angeles,

he took a law degree. In the interim he had done industrial relations and personnel work in San Francisco, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in Illinois. Finally, he accepted an executive industrial relations position with the American Potash and Chemical Company and moved to Trona, California, considered by many to be "the jumping off place." He remained there from 1935 to 1937. This was where Edwards got his real introduction to Death Valley and other nearby parts of the desert.

In 1937 he returned to Los Angeles and organized the Southern California Business Service. He had offices in Los Angeles and Arcadia. It was while thus busily employed that his serious book collecting and desert writing took place.

E.I. Edwards' first book relating to the California deserts was *The Valley Whose Name is Death*, published by the San Pasqual Press in 1940. It was limited to 500 copies, according to Edwards' despite the statement in the book that 1000 copies were printed. Pages 11 to 70 are devoted to The Great Migration of 1849. Eighteen migrant party accounts are included. The bibliography of Death Valley items from Edwards' personal collection, follows between pages 71 and 104. A checklist of scientific, technical, and miscellaneous items on Death Valley, covering twelve pages (approximately 600 items), concludes the book. Edwards credits Charles Yale, a Pasadena antiquarian bookseller, for supplying this previously unpublished list. Edwards stated that Yale had not examined all items himself so was not certain they all related specifically to Death Valley.

Edwards' first "monumental" bibliography, *Desert Voices*, was published in an edition of 500 copies by the Westernlore Press in 1958. It was another Rounce and Coffin Club Award winner and was sold out on publication. It was illustrated by Edwards' friend, Harold O. Weight, who also wrote the foreword. Edwards' introduction, which he titled "Desert literature: an interpretation," is special in itself. Approximately 1500 items concerning the California deserts are listed and described in an interesting, definitive,

and very personal manner. The book was reprinted in a less impressive format for public consumption in 1973 by Greenwood Press, Westport, Connecticut. Edwards had referred to the writing of *Desert Voices* in his Acknowledgements as a "thankless task." However, like everything else he had ever written relating to the California deserts, he had done it, I am sure, as an earlier writer once said, for "Mine own selfe to gratife."

I received my first long, handwritten letter from Eddie Edwards on May 10, 1959, in response to a book I had sent him. This was *Of Men and Books*, a collection of William Osler's essays which Grant Dahlstrom had privately printed for me at the Castle Press. Eddie wrote: "I have twice read 'Men and Books,' and each time with great pleasure." This was reward enough for me.

In 1961, Westernlore Press did two more books for E. I. Edwards. The first, an attractively designed book, is a sort of supplement to *Desert Voices*. It is titled *Lost Oases Along the Carizzo*. The foreword and illustrations are again by Edwards' friend Harold O. Weight, who writes, "Mr. Edwards is an enthusiastic man with strong opinions and a keen sense of the dramatic." Harold and Lucile Weight had introduced Edwards to the Carizzo area of the Anza Desert, one of the most desolated sections of the entire Colorado Desert. The story of Edwards' search for the fabled two lost oases along this trail to California from the Colorado River crossing is a fascinating one. The first fifty-two pages are taken up with this account. A descriptive bibliography of the Colorado Desert follows. The entries contained in these fifty-two pages are arranged according to groups, places and events. The book concludes with a thorough index. The printing was limited to 500 copies.

The second book published by the Westernlore Press in 1961 is titled *The Whipple Report*. This is an extract from the official report of Lt. A.W. Whipple, of the United States Topographical Engineers, which had never before been published. Whipple's journal covered a survey expedition from San Diego to the Colorado River,

from September 11 to December 11, 1849. The purpose was to make a boundary survey in the vicinity of the confluence of the Gila and Colorado Rivers. Lt. Cave Johnson Coutts was in charge of the defense of the surveyors. Much of Edwards' fascination has to do with the antagonism between these two very different men. (The Zamorano Club published *The Journal and Maps of Cave J. Coutts* in 1933.) The foreword and extract from the report cover eighty-nine pages, followed by a bibliography annotating sixteen publications having to do with journals and information about the many gold seekers who traversed this hazardous southern route to California. The 100-page book concludes with a comprehensive index. 900 copies were printed; 800 for sale.

In 1963, E.I. Edwards served as Editor of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners' *Brand Book* 10. This book was dedicated to Clarence Ellsworth (1885-1961).

About fifty members of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners were pleased to receive as 1964 Christmas keepsakes from Eddie Edwards a copy of his forty-seven page booklet which he called *Freeman's—A Stage Stop on the Mojave*. It was printed by La Siesta Press in Glendale and dedicated to Harvey S. Johnson, M.D. Sheriff of the Westerners in 1964. In this book Edwards tells the story of the stage stop operated by Freeman Raymond at Coyote Holes. The infamous raid by Tiburcio Vasquez and his gang on the station, when he robbed five or six, sixteen to twenty mule teams, on February 25, 1874, is an important part of the story. The historic photographs and Eddie's directions for finding the site near the junction of Highways 14, 178, and the Walker Pass Road are also valuable parts of this book.

In 1964, Eddie Edwards sold his business and moved to Yucca Valley. On October 13 he wrote, "We have had nothing but beautiful weather out here this summer...manage to keep TOO busy." Concerning the Westerners he added, "By the looks of things, I suppose I'll be kicked ahead to the office of Sheriff next year...you can help me preside over the wild bunch."

In 1965, Edwards served as Deputy Sheriff and program chairman for the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. In 1966, he became Sheriff. That year, he himself authored the Westerners' keepsake #40, titled *Twelve Great Books*. This forty-six page book, issued in both soft and hard covers, is a guide to the authors and subject matter of the first twelve *Brand Books*.

Also in 1965, Edwards and his friend Homer H. Boelter combined talents to produce a gorgeous eighteen page Christmas greeting called *Desert Sanctuary*. Edwards provided the poetic text; Boelter did the illustrations, and his lithograph company produced it.

Edwards' last great descriptive desert bibliography appeared in 1969. *The Enduring Desert* is probably the most beautiful and the most useful of them all. It is an extension of *Desert Voices*. This 306-page book was designed by Ward Ritchie and printed by Anderson, Ritchie and Simon. It was Edwards' fourth Rounce and Coffin Club Award winner. The preface is as eloquent an expression of Edwards' devotion to the California deserts as anything he ever wrote. Russ Leadabrand supplied the foreword. On November 17, 1969, Edwards wrote: "Celebrated (?) my seventy-second birthday last week. Don't you think 'tis time I ceased perpetrating these bibliographical atrocities upon an unsuspecting world?"

A couple of Edwards' contributions to the *Brand Books* were published as separate booklets. *Death Valley's Neglected Hero*, from *Brand Book 12*, was considered by Dennis Casebier to be one of Edwards' most important contributions. John H. Rogers, called by Edwards "Manly's account, is presented by Edwards as the hero. Edwards' article from *Brand Book 11*, "The Mystery of Death Valley's Lost Wagon Train," was reprinted in a soft cover edition of 200 copies in 1964. It ends with four-and-one-half pages of bibliography.

In June 1966, Sheriff Edwards arranged, through program chairman Arthur H. Clark, Jr. for me to address the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners for the first time. I told them of

my experiences in Peru in 1963 with Project Hope and illustrated the talk with slides. Soon after this lecture I was made a member of the Westerners.

By 1974, Edwards and his wife had moved to Sun City, California. He wrote on July 22, "Friends ask me how I ever could leave the desert; the desert left me." He referred to the rapid growth in Yucca Valley and the destructive vandalism which was so prevalent. He was keeping busy in Sun City with editing other writers' books and lecturing.

Within the next year he had assisted at least a dozen young authors with their work and written forewords for several of their books. In his letter to me on July 28, 1975, he repeated a quote: "I was glad to help them stand on my shoulders so they could see farther than I had ever seen." He had not written a line himself, he said. Eddie pointed out that he was getting old. He recalled having been president of the Van Nuys chapter of Kiwanis Club in 1925! He had also recently received his 50 year gold Masonic pin. In this letter he also mentioned his forthcoming talk in August before the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners: the "Sentimental Journey" referred to previously. Friends were driving him in because glaucoma was ruining his distant vision.

On December 18, 1975, he wrote of a recent hospitalization at Loma Linda, only the second time in his life he had been a hospital patient. He was having upper abdominal distress related to duodenal obstruction. He also began to have difficulty with what proved to be recurrence of a kidney stone problem. In addition, he was planning to have eye surgery for cataracts and glaucoma in Pasadena for the first part of 1976. Time was taking its toll.

I next had word from Eddie on August 20, 1976. He wrote warmly about some of my literary efforts. He said he was having the most fun ever putting together the "Sentimental Journey" tales for publication. However, he added, "I just can't seem to snap out of this surgery thing. The complications are troublesome... My entire way of life

has been changed."

A long hand-written letter, in his usual lovely script, despite the inability to use one eye, was written on November 9, 1980. There was little mention of his physical problems in this letter. After a brief reference to his condition he added: "But, as the poet says, Wot the 'ell, wot the 'ell! In less than a week from now—if I live that long—I shall run head first into my eighty-third birthday" [November 14].

His condition worsened rapidly after he fractured a hip December 16, 1983. He remained in a convalescent hospital until his death, except for a brief return to the hospital for infected decubiti. He often wished he could be taken after his wife, Beryl, who died earlier in the year. He mercifully died June 8, 1984, at the Christian Hospital in Perris, California. He was eighty-seven years old. He joined his wife Beryl in the Forest Lawn Mausoleum in Glendale.

A special thanks goes to The Zamorano Club for an edited reprint of this entry first published in the *The Hoja Volante*.



Bend or break

By J.J. Seibert

Bendin and breakin can be part of the recourse

Any time that you climb on top of a horse
And faultin and blamin don't seem to matter too much

When yer gettin around town by wheelchair or crutch

I've received a different perspective, lying there on the ground

Figurin he's got me by about 800 pounds
He's jumpin and dancin and tearin along
And I'm left there a wonderin....now, jess what went wrong

And as the dust settles I tries to get up
But I'm as weak and as frail now as a new-born pup

I looks myself over to assess all the damages
And wonder how much time I'll be spendin in bandages

And slowly but surely I loads into the car
And we make way down the road to the local E.R.

Where they'll fix me right up jess like times before

And then them well wishin doctors will send me right out fer more

But as surely as time passes, this ole body of mine will keep on mendin

And hopefully next time, instead of breakin/I'll try bending





Frank Quitterfield Newton 1921-2004

Frank Newton was born August 25th, 1921, at Newton Station (now Glen Ellyn), Illinois, and was the great grandson of the town's founder. As a teen, he and his family moved to Los Angeles in 1939 and settled in Monrovia.

During WWII, Frank served as a civilian L.A. County Sheriff Volunteer Deputy in radio communications and as an internationally renowned ham radio operator W6SYG. Frank claimed that he was too valuable to be held in the military, and it is true that only after a month in the Army, he got out to work on communications development for law enforcement.

Frank was known as a brilliant and largely self-taught aircraft electrical engineer working on highly sensitive military projects including the making and installing of instruments to test the airframe of the B-29 for the atom bomb missions.

Noted as a historian, fire arms collector, cover collector and researcher at the Huntington Library, he was best known as the leading authority on Concord stage coaches and the early years of the Wells Fargo Company and their stage coaches. He

became a member of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners in 1976 and later served as the Daguerreotype Wrangler (photographer) for about 20 years. Frank also was a member of the Western Cover Society, Pasadena Radio Club, San Gabriel Arms Collectors and the NRA, among others.

Frank was preceded in death by his wife Elizabeth (Betty) Newton in 1979 and his elder brother LeRoy Newton in the late 1980's. His younger brother William Newton and numerous friends of many years survive him.

After a brief bout with metastasized lung cancer, Frank died at home in Arcadia on November 8, 2004.

Memorial Services were held at Church of Our Saviour, 535 W. Roses Road, San Gabriel, on Thursday, November 18 at 3pm. A gathering of family and friends immediately followed. Internment is in Glen Ellyn, Illinois at the family plot.

The Westerners will be happy to learn that all the negatives and photos that pertain to the organization will be donated to the Westerners for future generations to enjoy.

—Michael Patris



Courtesy of Bob Clark

Arthur H. Clark 1912-2005

Arthur Clark, Jr., long-time publisher of source material in the field of the American West and member of the L.A. Corral since 1948, died Easter Sunday, March 27, at his residence in Spokane, Washington, after a brief illness. His ninety-two years encompassed a rich life filled with family, friends, service, and professional accomplishments. His wife, Ruth, deeply mourns his passing after almost sixty-nine years of marriage. He is survived, in addition, by his sister, Mary Clark Gash of Walnut Creek, California; and sons Thomas and wife Jean, and Robert and wife Sheila. Seven grandchildren, three great-grandchildren, and a host of relatives and friends will miss his ever-present good humor and conviviality.

Born in Bedford, Ohio, Art's father had founded the company that bears their name some ten years earlier. Following Art's graduation from high school in 1930, his father moved the business from Cleveland to Glendale, California, and Art and a friend drove across the country in a 1926 Chevrolet. After arriving in southern California, he enrolled at Occidental College. In his sophomore year he met freshman Ruth Evans, and they began a four-year courtship culminating in their marriage May 29, 1936, in Pasadena.

Art went to work with his father and his future partner, Paul Galleher, following his graduation from Occidental in June 1934. His career in the bookselling and publishing world included the acquisition and cata-

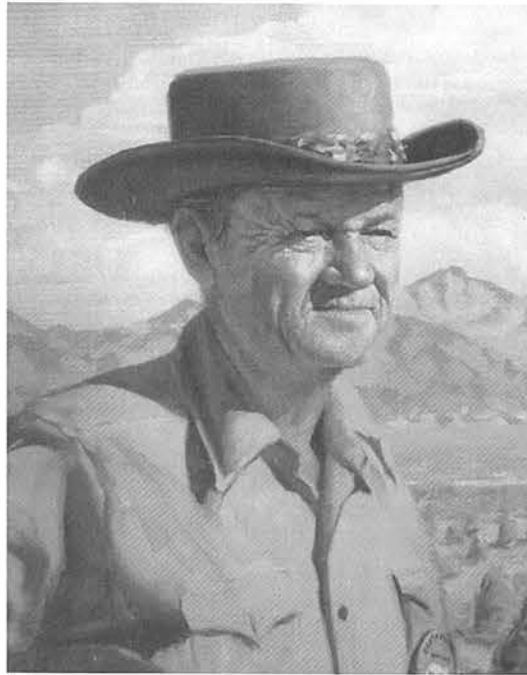
logging of major collections of books and materials in American history. He developed a card database system for the company in the late 30s and early 40s. In the late 40s he began to assume responsibility for the publications department. Following his father's death in 1951, he and Paul Galleher shared ownership of the business.

As editor, designer, and publisher of several hundred books over a sixty-year career, he worked with many of the top historians of the American West in developing and producing major contributions to our Western legacy. He joined the Western History Association at the time of its founding, and was awarded a life membership in 1991 by President David J. Weber. He was an active member of the Historical Society of Southern California.

He had great affection for the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, serving as Sheriff in 1953, and in many other capacities through the years. He continued to be active in its affairs until he relocated to Spokane, Washington, in 2000.

Throughout his life he was dedicated to community service through a variety of local agencies and clubs, and he devoted innumerable hours of volunteer work to the betterment of his fellow man. A gentle man imbued with modesty and grace, he will be dearly missed by those whose pleasure it was to share in his life.

—Bob Clark



William Hall Newbro, Jr. 1921-2004

William H. Newbro, Jr., known by many who loved him as "Uncle Bill", and a wonderful friend to everyone he met, passed away on November 15th, 2004, in Burbank, from a heart condition. He is survived by his loving wife, Joan; two half sisters, Suzanne Koski (Wayne) and Billie-Dale Glozer (Ray); a son Thomas (Judi); grandsons Jon (Alice) and Danny; granddaughter Deborah Brownlee; great-granddaughters Camille and Madison; special grand-niece Jennifer Jordan (Mark); as well as many other nieces, nephews and their children. He was preceded in death by his daughter, Nancy Ryan; his two sisters, and his brother. Bill was 83 years old.

Bill enlisted in the Naval Cadet Program in 1941 and was a PBY flight instructor until his discharge in 1945. He then joined the inactive reserve and retired in 1981 as a Lt. Commander and became involved in several Navy organizations including the Military Officers Association of America, Verdugo Hills Chapter. He received his degree in Marketing from USC and enjoyed a 46-year

career with the Automobile Club of Southern California, retiring in 1986.

Bill loved the city of Burbank and was heavily involved in the community. He served on many committees and boards, including the Advisory Board of the Water and Power Department and the Salvation Army, Burbank Corps. He was an active member of the First Lutheran Church of Burbank, the Burbank Civitan Club, the Burbank Chamber of Commerce, and the Elks Lodge #1497.

His love of the old West also involved him in several Western historical organizations. He was Past President and 53-year member of the Death Valley '49ers; Past Sheriff of The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral; Past Humbug of E Clampus Vitus, Platrix Chapter; Docent at the Autry Museum, and a member of the Friends of the Autry.

A memorial service was held Saturday, December 4th, at 11:00 AM, at the First Lutheran Church, 1001 S. Glenoaks Blvd., Burbank, CA 91502.



Corral Chips

A special salute goes to **DOYCE NUNIS**. Professor Nunis recently retired after forty-three years as editor of the *Southern California Quarterly*, one of the most celebrated publications in California. Professor Nunis edited over 685 articles and 1,235 book reviews during his tenure. He changed the title of the *Quarterly*, promoted the publication of several young scholars, and consistently published a top level of scholarship on local and regional history. Of course, Doyce will remain active in historical society affairs, not to mention his continued involvement with many other historical societies, including the Los Angeles Westerners. Congratulations Doyce, on a career of invaluable service to our historical community.

TOM ANDREWS and **MICHELE CLARK** have been very active in connecting the Historical Society with K-12 Schools in Los Angeles. Under their direction and other members of the historical society, the "Keeping History Alive" program has exposed students to the life of Charles Lummis and his contributions to Los Angeles, along with life at El Alisal and the rich cultural heritage of the Arroyo Seco. The "Keeping History Alive" program is an important effort to reach the classroom, provide field trips, and offer professional development to our students and teachers.

The most recent entry of the *Buckskin Bulletin* (Issue 1 2005) has a wonderful article on the October Rendezvous. The Los Angeles Corral received the prestigious "Heads Up" award from the Westerners International. Mary and Fred Marvel, members of the Chisholm Trail Corral, represent-

ed the Westerners International at the October gala. The Marvels were treated as special guests during the festivities, and they were impressed with the book auction, dinner, and overall goodwill that permeated the event. "We want to thank them for the warm reception they gave us—hospitality deluxe!", wrote Mary.

Congratulations to **GLORIA LOTHROP**. Gloria delivered the keynote address at the 150th anniversary of the arrival in Los Angeles of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. The event, attended by international representatives, was held in the Plaza Church, not far from where the Sisters originally settled.

Gloria has been named editor of *Hoja Volante*, the quarterly publication of the Zamorano Club



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP JANUARY MEETING

Ken and Carol Pauley provided the corral with a colorful presentation of the rich history of San Fernando Rey de España. During the last three decades, they have photographed and documented the visual history of this historic place. Their twenty-seven year odyssey included collecting prints, photographs, maps, drawings, sketches and artistic representations of the San Fernando Mission.

With the assistance of Monsignor Francis Weber, they were able to draw upon the resources of the Archival Center at San Fernando Mission. They extensively utilized the repositories at the Bancroft Library,



Photograph by Froy Tiscareño.

January Meeting Speakers Ken & Carol Pauley



Photograph by Froy Tiscareño.

February Meeting Speaker Eric Nelson

Southwest Museum, and the Huntington Library. Included in their research was unique 1856 artwork by William Blake and Henry Miller. Their research also unearthed a rare 1875 view of the mission's church interior, which they found in the special collections at UCLA.

Years ago, Ken and Carol were influenced by Ansel Adams' photography and an essay by Susan Sontag, who noted that "to collect photographs is to collect the world." Today, the world of Mission San Fernando includes a vibrant parish that services the surrounding Catholic community in both prayer and social service. Ken and Carol's passion to visually document the 200+ year mission has produced a richly illustrated history of Mission San Fernando, which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue.

FEBRUARY MEETING

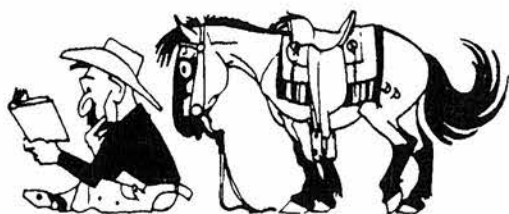
Eric Nelson gave an animated presentation on the life and times of American composer Louis Moreau Gottschalk. Gottschalk was a pianist-virtuoso of international fame, and his Creole melodies were widely accepted among European circles. Born in 1829 at New Orleans, the young musician was exposed to the bold

sounds of Caribbean folk music and, as a young pianist, gave a concert attended by Chopin. Gottschalk adapted Stephen Foster's music to the banjo and wrote sentimental and patriotic tunes during the 1850s and 1860s. In 1862, Gottschalk gave a concert for Abraham Lincoln and several of his cabinet members.

Although his music was widely accepted, Gottschalk never realized substantial financial success, partly because he was the provider for seven family dependents, including his mother, brothers and sisters. Gottschalk never married, but was romantically involved in several trysts, which included fostering an illegitimate child.

In the 1860s, Gottschalk kept a frenetic schedule of tours and concerts, and during the middle part of the decade he centered much of his efforts in San Francisco. He conducted a unique concert of fourteen pianos and later toured the old gold rush communities in Grass Valley and Nevada City. His travels took him to Europe on several occasions and Latin America, where he contracted malaria in Brazil and died in 1869.

Eric included a rich slide presentation to complement his discussion of this romantic figure of the mid-nineteenth century.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

EL PUEBLO: *The Historic Heart of Los Angeles, Los Angeles: The Getty Conservation Institute Museum, 2002. 132 pages, illustrations, map, bibliography, index. Softcover, \$24.95. Available at bookstores.*

There have been more than enough books about Los Angeles to fill a good-sized bookcase. But only a few of them reach the exalted status of "classic", which Lawrence Clark Powell defines as a book that stands the test of time, written with style, vision, and mastery of subject. Jean Bruce Poole's magnificent new work approaches this lofty category and is destined, in this reviewer's opinion to be near the head of the list of Los Angeles' classics. Simply stated, it is one of the dozen or so best books on the city's history.

Jean Bruce Poole is well qualified to write of old Los Angeles. She was senior curator and then historic museum director of El Pueblo de Los Angeles Historical Monument from 1977 until her retirement last year. Tevvy Ball is a senior editor for the Getty Publications.

The book begins with the founding, by order of Carlos III, King of Spain, of *El Pueblo de la Reina de Los Angeles, sobre el Rio de la Porciuncula*—The Town of the Queen of Angeles, on the River Porciuncula - by forty-eight *pobladores* from Sinaloa and Sonora in 1781. The story of the growing community is richly detailed, from a small adobe pueblo to a dusty cow town after the coming of the *norteamericanos*, to a city of several thousand in which lumber and brick was fast surpassing adobe, and finally into the leading metropolis south of San Francisco. Los

Angeles became a multi-cultural community with a Spanish-speaking majority joined by a growing number of Anglo-Americans, Frenchmen, Blacks, and Chinese, who did not live always in harmony. Lynchings were a common occurrence, and the "Chinese Massacre" of 1871 represents one of the darkest episodes in the city's history.

The authors describe the buildings, some restored, others in the process of restoration, that make up this historic center of old Los Angeles. The Avila Adobe on Olvera Street, the oldest surviving structure in the city, and *La Iglesia de Nuestra Senora La Reina de Los Angeles*, The Church of Our Lady the Queen of Angeles, represent the Mexican Californio era. The Pico House, the city's first grand hotel, the Merced Theater, the Masonic Hall date from the 1860s and early '70s. Firehouse #1, the city's first fire station dating to 1884, has been restored as a museum. The Garnier Block, built by Frenchman Philippe Garnier in 1890, will someday house a Chinese-American cultural center. A more recent addition to the historic district in the Biscailuz Building, constructed in 1925-26, which now houses *Instituto Cultural Mexicano*. Across Alameda Street is Union Station, built in the years 1933 to 1939 and designed in a unique combination of Streamline Modern and Mission Revival styles, and occupying the site of old Chinatown. The most visited part of El Pueblo historic district is Olvera Street, catering to tourists with a rich sampling of Los Angeles' Hispanic heritage.

Jean Bruce Poole recounts the story of all these places and the people of many cultures who lived and worked here. She describes the efforts to preserve and restore this heart of old Los Angeles, begun in the 1920s by Christine Sterling and continued in recent years by the Los Angeles Conservancy.

One of the most fascinating chapters deals with murals depicting social protest painted by left-wing Mexican artists in the depressed 1930s. One of the Mexican mural painters was David Alfaro Siqueiros who, with the help of several American artists, created an 18 by 80 foot painting entitled

"America Tropical" on the upper south wall of Italian Hall between Olvera Street and Main. The center piece of the mural depicts an Indian peon being crucified on a double cross, with what Siqueiros termed an "American Imperialist Eagle" hovering above a denunciation of the numerous U.S. interventions in Latin America during the early decades of the 20th century. The huge mural was lauded by some, but it shocked and displeased conservative civic leaders and the LAPD "Red Squad". Christine Sterling herself found the mural "anti-American". Siqueiros' stunning artwork was whitewashed during the Red scare. Ironically, the whitewashing, meant to hide the mural from public view, wound up protecting it from exposure to sun, wind, and rain. Years of weathering have gradually eroded the white over-paint, once again exposing parts of the mural to public view.

This superb volume greatly enhanced with more than a hundred photographs and paintings in both full color and black and white, belongs on the shelf of every aficionado of *El Pueblo de Los Angeles* and our rich cultural diversity. In the words of Jean Bruce Poole, "El Pueblo today is much more than a historical site. It is also very much a place of living culture, whose heritage is remembered in the rituals of daily life and celebrated in festivals held throughout the year."

—John Robinson



THE HOLLYWOOD WEST: *Lives of Film Legends Who Shaped It*, edited by Richard W. Etulain and Glenda Riley. Golden, CO: Fulcrum Publishing, 2001. 290 pp. Illustrations, Sources and Further Reading, Index. Paper, \$17.95. Order from Fulcrum Publishing, 16100 Table Mountain Parkway, Suite 300, Golden, CO 80403, (800) 992-2908, www.fulcrum-books.com.

This book bears a passing resemblance to an earlier work. *Shooting Stars: Heroes and Heroines of Western Film*, edited by Archie P. McDonald, published in 1987. Raymond E. White, John Lenihan, and Ray Marlock con-

tributed to both books, and essays on Gary Cooper, Gene Autry, John Wayne, Clint Eastwood, and William S. Hart appear in both volumes. That said, *The Hollywood West* aspires to a broader purpose, using biographical profiles of actors and actresses to measure their influence on Western films and television screens.

Much as the track of covered wagons makes travel on them a matter of jarring bumps, broken wheels, and other problems, this book does not provide a smooth ride. The contributors seem to have defined the topic in their own way and tailored their essays accordingly. The end result is a very readable series of essays on Western actors and actresses that will provide a useful introduction to general readers but will leave frustrated anyone who looks for substantive issues suggested by the subtitle. Little analysis is given to whether these actors, actresses, and directors (John Ford is profiled, and Clint Eastwood fills both roles) actually influenced Hollywood's perception of the West and the degree the Hollywood West differed from Western history.

Richard Etulain gets the book off to a good start with a chapter assessing the fidelity of Bronco Billy Anderson, William S. Hart, and Tom Mix to an authentic West. Raymond White's essay on Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, and Ray Marlock and Jack Nachbar's on Gene Autry, while tracing the lives of these subjects as entertainers, do little to explain the juvenilization of the Western story in the 1930s and 1940s. Ronald L. Davis profiles the Western films of John Ford but ignores his sometimes contradictory and idiosyncratic political views. John H. Lenihan rightly portrays John Wayne as "an American icon" but largely ignores Wayne's last two decades of Western films other than to note their mediocrity and sameness. Louis Tanner credits Gary Cooper's acting ability with his shaping a role model for others to emulate, a valid point but not particularly relevant to shaping a Hollywood West.

Two women are profiled in the book. Glenda Riley sees Barbara Stanwyck as forceful in creating women characters whose

independence brought a new depth to the onscreen portrayal of Western women. Cheryl Foote traces the career of Katy Jurado, most memorable for her performance in *High Noon*, but Jurado's career in Mexican films renders her an unusual choice for a book on the Hollywood West. Gretchen M. Bataille follows with what may have been the most difficult essay to write, a study of Native Americans in Westerns with a focus on Jay Silverheels, Iron Eyes Cody, and Chief Dan George. The first two played stereotypical Indians in dozens of films, with Silverheels earning some harsh criticism for his role as Tonto. Yet they did what they did because roles for Indian actors were so limited. Native American actors did not even begin to come into their own until the 1990s, and they still await opportunities to be protagonists rather than antagonists or faithful companions.

Jim Hoy's study of Clint Eastwood is the best essay in the book, mainly because Hoy takes the time to analyze the films made by Eastwood during his career. As Eastwood's bankability and control over his films grew, he was able to shape the Western to reflect his view of the West. His success in doing so is seen in *Unforgiven*, awarded the Oscar for Best Picture in 1992, a film in which Eastwood starred and also directed.

Almost entirely missing from the book,

except for a brief mention of Carl Foreman writing the screenplay for *High Noon*, is the source of the stories that became Western films: the novelists and authors of screenplays. It would be most illuminating to learn what percent of Western films were based on novels and short stories and how many came from original screenplays. One suspects that for every Walter Van Tilburg Clark's *Oxbow Incident*, Ernest Haycox's "Stage to Lordsburg" (that became *Stagecoach*), or Carl Foreman's screenplay for *High Noon*, there was a lot of hack writing going on. The "Film Legends" profiled here were for much of their careers contract actors who, with the possible exception of Stanwyck, accepted the roles written for them and took the money. Clint Eastwood ultimately transcended the genre because his films made money and he achieved a level of success that brought him creative control. So it may be that it was the Hollywood West that shaped the film legends, not the other way around.

One final quibble: I wish the copy editor at Fulcrum would decide once and for all what the plural of "hero" should be, since the term appears in almost every essay. I vote for "heroes/not "heros," but spelling it both ways throughout the book begs the issue.

—Abraham Hoffman

