LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
LAW
J. GOODMAN

Winter 2007-Spring 2008 Los Angeles Corral Number 250

SIXTY YEARS OF THE BRANDING IRON

March 2008 marks the 60th anniversary of *The Branding Iron.*

Publishing has always been an important part of the Los Angeles Corral. During its first full year of operation in 1947, the Corral published five issues of the *Brand Book* (not to be confused with our later compilations), featuring articles by and about our members. A reproduction of the first issue was presented to guests at our Corral's 60th anniversary luncheon in 2006.

In March 1948 a new series began with the first issue of *The Branding Iron*. The publication schedule was a little erratic in the early years before it finally settled in as a quarterly. To date, there have been about 233 issues, plus a variety of keepsakes, some of them numbered as part of the *Branding Iron* series.

Charter member John Goodman sketched the masthead that has been used ever since the first issue.

"In approaching the assignment," he recalled in 1970, "my first thought was to keep it in the style of the cattle day era and try to capture the feeling of the times. I was given a free hand to do as I liked. A pen and ink sketch as I drew it seemed to offer the best medium. The Buffalo skull is a fine and appropriate symbol – but our entire organization is based on the cattle trade nomenclature. We had as members at that time several real old time cattlemen (in the their late 70s and 80s). So what would be more appropriate than a steer head of a scrawny Texas Long Horn. Of course the lettering The Branding Iron represents a cowboy's rope arranged to form the letters. Two branding irons, left and right, each say LAW for Los Angeles Westerners, as well as for Law (and Order). I wanted the entire design to flow, so I omitted all straight lines. Thus the arrangement of the lettering."

The idea seems to have grown up somewhere along the way that the early issues of *The Branding Iron* were little more than newsletters for the Corral, but in fact, there have been interesting and well-researched articles in its pages from the beginning.

There never seems to have been a formal prospectus or a statement of purpose for *The Branding Iron*, but in 1950, Deputy Sheriff Don Perceval promoted it as a way for all of us to share our own research and interests:

"The primary reason is not to entertain members but to act as a link between members with

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The Branding Iron
Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners
Published Quarterly
Spring – Summer – Fall – Winter

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The Branding Iron is always seeking articles of 2,500 words or less dealing with every phase of the history of the Old West and California. Contributions from both members and friends are welcome.

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Editor's Corner . . .

There's new Sheriff in town – and a new editor of *The Branding Iron*. I hope that over the coming year, I can be at least half as affable as Willis Osborne, and as devoted to the building up of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners.

I am a relatively young Westerner. At John Robinson's invitation, I first spoke before the Corral in 2000, but I did not become a member until 2005, and became an Associate Member at the end of 2007. But I have been chasing local history since the 1970s, first in my hometown of Orange, and then in a variety of other parts of Southern California, including the Anza-Borrego Desert, Temecula, and Hemet, where I have served for many years as historian for the Ramona Pageant.

In honor of the sixtieth anniversary of *The Branding Iron*, this issue includes reprints of several articles from past issues that document some of the history of our Corral and its members. While it may be familiar territory to our longtime members, I hope our some of our newer Westerners will find it informative.

One thing that seems unchanged after sixty years – we are always on the lookout for material for *The Branding Iron*. It can be an article, a book review, reminiscences, notes for the "Corral Chips," or simply a point in the right direction when we stray.

I look forward to any help you might have to offer.

Phil Brigandi
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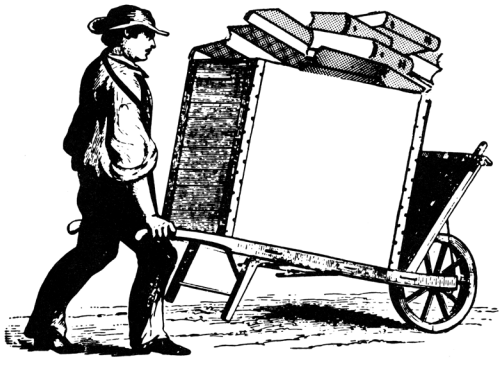

"Some Book Totin' Westerners"

by Anna Marie Hager

First, I wish to pay tribute to those adventurous book collectors who organized and brought to fruition the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. Homer Britzman and Robert J. Woods invited Glen Dawson, Paul Galleher, W.W. Robinson, John B. Goodman, Lindley Bynum, Jim Williams, Jack Harden and Clarence Ellsworth to come together to form an organization dedicated to preserving the history of the West.

December 3, 1946 was the historic date for the beginning of the Los Angeles Corral whose growing membership has contributed so much to the field of Western Americana in their *Brand Book* publications and now just issued their 15th volume and in *The Branding Iron*.

You realize it will be impossible for me to pay tribute to all book collectors in this Corral, so I am going to talk about a few whose libraries have now become part of major libraries or are in institutions today.

One of the earliest members, a good friend to many in the Corral, who is sorely missed for his expertise and assistance in organizing, designing and publishing the first ten *Brand Books*, is Homer H. Boelter.

Homer served as Sheriff in 1949 and his fine collection with a special emphasis on Indians of the Southwest, Kachinas, guns and Western Americana was dispersed and found its way into many a delighted book collector's hands and libraries. Boelter's Brand Book Number Three, with its portfolio on Charles M. Russell, is still one of the top highlights in the history of the Corral's publication efforts.

Our friend, Robert J. Woods, was one of those fortunate men, an ardent collector of fine Western Americana in all its fields, who had the financial means, and – most essential – plenty of time to spend in his pursuit of rare books, ephemera, maps, photographs and art work. His collection became the envy of all who were so fortunate to visit him in his Hollywood home.

An occasional get-together wasn't enough for that inveterate collector; soon a very special club was organized to meet during lunch hours in the well-known El Cholo, on Western Avenue south of Olympic Boulevard in Los Angeles. The name chosen: "Wine, Food and Wench Society," and along with Woods were Ward Ritchie, W. W. Robinson, George Fullerton, John B. Goodman, Lindley "Pinkie" Bynum and Andrew Horn. So Thursday noons became their unique rendezvous session to talk on book collecting, food, wine, catalogues and all such topics which make for a happy, informative time.

After lunch, for those who had the time, some would wander down to Figueroa Street to visit Dawson's Book Shop. Bob, however, almost always managed to visit Dawson's, just after their doors had opened, nearly every day in fact. He would have the most up-to-date information as to new arrivals or about books he'd found tucked away on a Dawson shelf. How he would delight in beating others to the "fast draw" in acquiring some much sought-after title. THAT made his day – but then wouldn't it make yours or mine too?

It was a very sad day when Bob took ill and left us so quickly. The saddest of all, Bob left no will. It used to be a form of amusement to Bob when friends or visitors would seriously try to find out where his great collection would eventually go. He would dangle his library as a piece of attractive bait before the eyes of many collectors, book dealers and librarians and say: "I've got my own

ideas on that subject," and fend off further questioning.

The Woods collection was placed under the custody of a local bank and sold by court action to the highest bidder. So it was that one of the largest private collections of books on California and Western Americana left this area.

The man who put up the money was also named Robert Woods. By a most amazing coincidence, the Robert Woods Library in the University of Alberta, Canada, bears the same name of both the collector and the donor!

Robert J. Woods served as Sheriff in 1954 and he compiled the bibliographical sources for *Brand Books* Numbers 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6. In addition, he very generously lent the use of many of his rare maps and prints to be used in various *Brand Book* publications. He was, for more than 45 years, a most knowledgeable collector, with a keen memory and served most willingly and happily as mentor for many collectors in the same field in which he held preeminence.

A good friends of Bob Woods and of George Fullerton, as well as the Corral, was J. Gregg Layne who served as editor for various *Brand Books*. Layne compiled the now very scarce "Annals of Los Angeles," "Books of the Los Angeles District," "Water and Power for a Great City," and "Western Wayfaring: Routes of Exploration and Trade in the American Southwest." All of Layne's works are mines of accurate information. Gregg collected not one but two libraries. One he sold to Mrs. Estelle L. Doheny which was later given to the University of Southern California; the second library went to UCLA. Layne also served as editor of the Historical Society of Southern California's *Quarterly* publications.

In 1937, I walked into the Title Insurance and Trust offices to see if it were possible to meet Mr. W. W. Robinson. Soon, a friendly voice said, "Come in, what may I do for you?" There sat good Bill Robinson, compiler of those popular small community histories that his company had begun to issue in 1934.

Some twenty-two years later, after that happy meeting, and my marriage to former Sheriff Everett Hager, Bill and his Irene came to spend long and happy hours in our little home in San Pedro, sharing book talk and boating trips on San Pedro Bay.

I wonder if any who had contact with W.W., or Bill, even Will (as many called Robinson) did not find him the most helpful and friendliest of book collectors. W.W. always found time to answer the many letters from numerous school children, historians and book collectors. He could always find time for that. Bill and Irene authored and illustrated over eleven juvenile books, not to forget the splendid land histories and map books with which Bill took such great care and skill in compiling.

Robinson was editor of *Brand Book* Number 7, issued in 1957, and was a most informative speaker at many Corral meetings. His library was divided between the Special Collections of UCLA and Occidental College.

The Robinsons loved Los Angeles and Bill had built up an outstanding collection, not only in nonfiction, but also of little-known fictional studies on Los Angeles and Hollywood. Bill left us in 1972. He felt very strongly about writer-historians who did not make use of local court records or civic files but spent too much time delving into already published works and did not make more use of original sources. He often said: "It takes at least forty years to correct an historical error which has appeared in print. Young writers pick up these mistakes and repeat them again and again without attempting to correct them."

Sheriff in 1961, George Fullerton served in various offices and always gave the Corral its strong and loyal support. He was so proud of his membership and took a keen interest in its programs and publications. He was especially interested in the Rendezvous, and later the Fandangos to which he could bring his favorite Belle, his wonderful companion through all the years of happiness and later sadness that came to George when he could no longer keep going as was his wont.

The Corral meetings kept George stimulated and provided the drive to keep going in spite of the severe handicaps which claimed him. Many of you will recall his anticipation, though confined to a wheelchair, to be a part of the Corral at its meetings and the annual functions until it became physically impossible for him to do so.

Fullerton, like Bob Woods, shared a consuming passion in this book collecting game. These two would often spar with one another comparing merits and accuracy of various writers and publications.

It was a difficult time in George's life, more difficult it seemed, than facing the daily pain in which his body became so severely wracked, to release his fine collection to others.

Don and Frances Meadows, 1985

Today, you can see the major portion of the George Fullerton Collection housed in beautiful cases, in a room deserving to hold his books, at the Azusa-Pacific College.

How did we meet the Meadows? Well, when in Long Beach one evening, attending a Bertram Smith sponsored lecture in the Los Altos Public Library, while waiting for the program to begin, my Everett and I began discussing a new Californiana catalogue. The gentleman in front of us kept edging his chair around, straining his ears, tilting his head in a most provocative manner. You guessed it! Of course, he was eavesdropping on our conversation! Finally, he couldn't stand it any longer. "I simply must know whose book catalogue you two are discussing, do you have it with you? Oh yes, I'm Don Meadows, and this is Frances, my wife."

Now friends for a good many years, we've shared in some rich hours of book talk and meeting other collectors in the Meadows' home.

Don served as Sheriff in 1956. Some good years before that event, as a young lad in the United States Navy, Don was pushed, should I say, 'nudged' into this book collecting game? It all began when he was refused the right to borrow a book from a public library, in all places, San Pedro! The rules, at that time, did not permit Navy personnel to borrow books from the Los Angeles Public Library. So the pattern was set for Don and even while in college he always managed to add a few books to his growing collection.

How lucky Don was to find and marry delightful Frances, a librarian, who not only encouraged his book collecting habits but catalogued his books as well. Their dream for a California adobe home came true and it was a delightful day for those invited to share a few hours in the Meadows' adobe and to admire his amazing collection of *Californiana* and *Baja Californiana* in its rooms.

Don also served on various committees of the Corral and was editor of Brand Book Number 8, published in 1959, and served as editor of *The Branding Iron* from 1953 to 1955.

Over the years he has truly earned the title, "Historian of Orange County." Don and Frances, early founding-members of the Baja California Symposium have supported this important people-to-people effort which is now in its 16th year.

Take time, when near the University of California at Irvine, and visit the Don Meadows Library now housed there.

Gregg Layne once remarked, "Don't sell your books unless you have duplicates tucked away – you'll miss them too much!" Not an easy stunt to accomplish if you'd acquired a collection the size of Don's! So, now he has a permanent library card to his former collection and free access to his beloved books even though they're no longer gracing the walls of his very own California adobe.

How about a Corresponding Member? Well, I must tell you about Mike Harrison, a C.M. of the Los Angeles Corral since 1948. I think I'm safe in stating that Mike is a member of more Corrals, throughout this country, than any other member and always attends the Western History Associa-

tion meetings held each year.

Mike (a former ranger of the National Park Service at the Grand Canyon in earlier days) with his darling Maggie, a superb bookbinder, by the way, have built one of the remarkable collections devoted to the American West with a strong emphasis on the Indian of the Southwest. Their skillfully designed home, complete with a huge bank of catalogue files, humidity and fire control units, holds not only books, ephemera, paintings, but also some of the best examples of Pomo Indian basketry.

I first met Maggie in 1934 when we lived in Arroyo Grande with Hazel Dries, noted bookbinder for the Grabhorn Press. Maggie gave me permission to quote from her choice article, "Life with a Bibliomaniac," written especially for members of the Zamorano and Roxburghe Clubs.

"When the Harrisons moved to Sacramento, in 1939, the little home began filling up with books. Books and pamphlets filled dresser drawers and every available shelf. Their living room became full of books, in fact, books even seeped into the small back hall. As to her dishes, she didn't put them on the floor in a quiet corner, but used wooden orange crates, covered with oil cloth and paint and made them into useable cupboards in the breakfast room. Then they began to stack orange crates in the back hall for bookcases. The increase in books meant a larger home and they found a house with a full basement, two bedrooms and a sewing room, in addition to a living, dining and kitchen rooms. Floor space they had but not enough space for bookcases, so they removed windows and doors to make wallspace for their bookcases. Then they discovered that the house had been built for people – NOT books. Books, tons of them, required floor supports, so supports had to be added. Maggie had her bookbinding studio in the basement with plenty of room. But, as the months sped by the living room and the second bedroom began to fill up with books. Even the sewing room became Mike's hideout complete with more bookcases."

In 1960, the Harrisons moved into, as Maggie so aptly described it – "a library with living quarters." Maggie had a strong hand in the designing of this unique setting for their library and bookbinding needs. The original floor plan of the library was set at 30 x 30 feet with consideration given to the possible expansion within the next 15 or 20 years. In less than six years a new addition had to be made and that measured 26 by 16 feet with alcoves four feet wide to permit a card table with typewriter to be set up between the stacks.

You're missing a very great deal, in pleasure and information, if you haven't read Mike's own story, "How to build a poor man's library," which appeared in the Winter issue (1969) of the *Quarterly Newsletter of the Book Club of California*.

Well, since I've stuck my neck out this evening, why stop? Wouldn't it be great to reprint Mike's excellent article in a future issue of *The Branding Iron*, if approval could be obtained from the Book Club!

As an Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Corral, Horace Albright who adds so much to the meetings, Fandangos and Rendezvous, recently presented his great collection on National Parks and Conservation to the Department of Special Collections at UCLA. The Horace Marden Albright Collection is a very valuable one with its strong emphasis on Yosemite and Yellowstone National Parks. A splendid exhibit of some of Horace's gifts was held and what a treat to have even a glimpse of his treasured library. Horace and his Grace were so delighted with the Exhibit, they were almost as two youngsters on a Christmas Eve – but I never could figure out if they were more excited with the large number of old and new friends who came to the exhibit or how beautifully his books appeared "all lit up with fancy lights and on display!"

Three past sheriffs with fine libraries who have found rich enjoyment in their unique collections would include Loring Campbell, Sheriff in 1955, whose fine library on the American West is now in Arizona and very much appreciated by students in that area.

Sheriff in 1963, John Haskell Kemble, also a contributor to the *Brand Books*, has over the years built one of the finest collections devoted to the maritime history of California. His works published by the Book Club of California, as well as the Keepsakes, are most desirable and have become collector's items today. John's fine editing of the two-volume edition of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s, "Two Years Before the Mast," remains the definitive work of this noted American classic. After forty years, John Kemble recently retired from the Department of History of Pomona College. Now, he will have more time to enjoy his great collection covering not only Californiana, Pacific Maritime, Pacific Mail Steamship Compa-

ny files, but a wonderful assemblage of ship prints and paintings, and – of all things – railroadiana.

A good many were most fortunate to attend a very special meeting of the Corral honoring former Sheriff E.I. "Eddie" Edwards' return to Los Angeles from his Sun City hideaway.

At various periods, Eddie built several selective and very rare small libraries covering the American Desert and Death Valley. He utilized his unique collections to compile his bibliographies and the books were dispersed to ever so willing book collecting hands. Sheriff in 1966 and author of the lovely "Sentimental Venture," and "Twelve Great Books, a guide to the subject matter and authors of the first twelve Brand Books," will serve the Corral as happy reminders of his work.

Edwards' books have indeed 'opened doors on our California desert,' just read his valuable bibliographies: "Desert Harvest," "The Valley Whose Name Is Death," "Desert Voices," and "Lost Oases Along the Carrizo." Eddie served as Editor for *Brand Book* Number 10.

Speaking of bibliographies – prompts me to tell you of two remarkable works by Active Members to whom tribute for their efforts and great skill as compilers should also be acknowledged.

The honor of being the rarest would fall to John Goodman's monumental "Annotated Bibliography of California County Histories: 1855-1966." John, one of the founding members of the Los Angeles Corral as well as of the "Wine, Food and Wench Society," became involved in a discussion concerning county histories at one of the latter's meetings. Soon, he was hard at work and completed this remarkable bibliography on county histories.

It is a most valuable contribution to the world of *Californiana* and is in two volumes, 557 pages, with a map of each county showing the changes over the years with origin of their names and is beautifully illustrated by John. Rare? Indeed, I would say so! Only six sets were ever made available and guess who has one of those six sets? Yes, you're right, the lucky Harrisons!

John served as Deputy Sheriff but due to the heavy pressure of studio and location work, could not continue as Sheriff. He has contributed fine art work as well as well-researched articles to the *Brand Books*. It was John, along with Bob Woods, and three others, who underwrote the publishing expense for the very first *Brand Book*. There was very little money in the Corral's treasury in those earlier days.

John and his Jessie have shared a keen interest in building a fine and very selective library of overland journals and *Californiana*. In spite of the heavy demands on his time, John has always been a staunch supporter of the Corral.

He is presently involved in compiling a maritime biography of each of the 775 Gold Rush ships that left the United States' east coast to enter San Francisco Bay during that golden year – 1849. For the past eleven years John has worked on this important study and has amassed over 5,000 pages which fill seven 2½-inch ring binders. He is also making the illustrations of some of the ships covered in this maritime bibliography. The Goodmans have spent many years in travel, visiting numerous libraries and collections, as well as corresponding with various collectors in pursuit of nebulous data. When completed there will be hundreds of grateful historians ready to express their gratitude to John Goodman for his dedication to such a difficult and demanding task.

After many years living in Orange County, William and Maymie Kimes have found their very special home, tucked away in lovely Mariposa County, their own "Rocky K Ranch." Just published is an accomplishment both Kimes may feel justifiably proud and happy. "John Muir: a reading bibliography," with a foreword by Lawrence Clark Powell, is their tribute to the noted Scottish-Californian writer. A true labor of love, the Kimes, avid mountaineers, and very pro-Muir, searched for all possible references to this noted mountaineer. Hundreds upon hundreds of newspaper and magazine stories, art criticisms and public lectures are in their bibliography. Bill and Maymie have amassed the largest private collection of *Muiriana* in private hands today. Their collection fills the small library of their home and contains multi-volume sets of Muir's works in various published editions as well as Muir's handwritten manuscripts and bound copies of scores of magazine articles by John Muir.

Incidentally, three hundred copies of this splendid bibliography were printed by Grant Dahlstrom, of the Castle Press, a C.M. of the Los Angeles Corral. When the announcements were mailed out orders flew in from all parts of the world. Of course, the National Library of Scotland is listed among the first to order a copy of the Kimes' work!

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The Leeside o' The Westerners

By Lee Shippey

[*Longtime* Los Angeles Times *columnist Lee Shippey (1884-1969) documented the first meeting of our Corral in his daily column, "Leeside o' L.A.," on December 23, 1946. Shippey was later voted an honorary member of our Corral.*]

It may surprise Californians who think of Denver or Kansas City as "the East" to learn that what promises to be an important national organization known as the Westerners had its origin in Chicago.

Chicago writers, professors and such got fed up with the smug idea of New Englanders and Southerners that their ancestors laid all the foundations of this country. It was from the Middle West that all the great treks to the West started, and most of the hunter, trappers and trail blazers came from there. It was they who linked the West together so it became part of the United States when most of the Americans along the Atlantic seaboard were opposed to letting the United States extend beyond the Rocky Mountains. The West, they said, was nothing but wilderness and desert, inhabited by savage tribes, so we'd have to keep armies of occupation in it and that was sure to bring on war with Mexico, Britain or Russia.

HANDS ACROSS PLAINS

The Middle West stretched hands across the plains then and is doing it again. Those Chicagoans wished to be known as Westerners, not as Easterners. They organized a group called a posse, headed by a sheriff instead of a chairman, Students and preservers of the history of the West were eligible. Denver heard about the organization and took it up, and Los Angeles and Dallas were next in line. Last week the Los Angeles "posse" organized with H.E. Britzman of San Marino as "sheriff." Jack Harden, Robert J. Woods, Homer Boelter and Arthur Woodward are the other officers. The group will meet once a month and will be for men only.

ANGELENO VIGILANTES

Gregg Layne, who for 20 years has made the Quarterly of the Historical Society of Southern California worth more than the annual dues of that organization, told the group that while San Francisco and vigilantes are associated in most minds, Los Angeles had vigilantes 15 years before San Francisco did and six years afterward. In 1836 Domingo Feliz of Rancho Los Feliz lost his young wife to a wolf from Mexico, with whom she eloped to San Gabriel. The lady was far too conspicuous to hide and soon was located. The padres prevailed on her to return to her husband and he was driving her back to the ranch when the Lochinvar from Mexico intercepted, apparently by arrangement, and he and the fair lady neatly murdered the don, hid his body in a gully and took off. They were brought back to the Los Angeles jail. Some of our most prominent residents at that time held a meeting, decided they were not desirable citizens, organized a committee of vigilantes and executed the pair.

COULDN'T WASTE ONE

In 1862, six years after the San Francisco vigilantes disbanded, four men murdered a miner and our vigilante committee reorganized. In front of the jail were five good places for hangings and it grieved the citizen law enforcers that they had only four victims. A 20-year-old boy named Wood was in jail for chicken stealing so, rather than spoil the scene by having one place vacant, they hanged him, too.

That is the way mob justice works.

HOPE FOR SINNERS

Original Los Angeles was so much an adobe town that not till 1851 was a frame building erected. It was built in Boston, "knocked down," brought here around the Horn and reconstructed.

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From Redwood House to Almansor Court

The Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, in a 43 year time span, has dined in at least 10 different restaurants

By Donald Duke

The Los Angeles Corral of Westerners was organized in December 1946 to enable men with a common interest in the American West to exchange information and knowledge while at the same time enjoying a good meal.

Shortly after the Chicago and Denver Corrals were established, word of their formation was received by Homer Britzman. He believed that a similar group should be established in Los Angeles. A number of men were contacted and they held a meeting at his home "Lands End," the house that Charles Russell built as his last home. This meeting resulted in the formation of the Los Angeles Corral. Britzman was selected as the first Sheriff. His deputy was Jack Harden, with Bob Woods acting as Registrar of Marks and Brands. Old Arthur Woodward was the representative with the Chicago and Denver Corrals, and Paul Galleher and Noah Beery, Jr. were the Wranglers. The group proposed yearly dues of $6.00, and the board of directors was comprised of the five officers. It was decided that the group would meet at a restaurant on a monthly basis, and in due course they organized a publication policy.

The third Thursday of the month was selected as the meeting date. The appointed gathering time was 6:00 P.M., and the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners met for the first time on the evening of December 19, 1946, at the Redwood House. The restaurant was located on First Street near Broadway where the new Los Angeles Times Building extension was erected in the mid-1950s. Twenty-six men sat down to dinner that night. J. Gregg Lane spoke to the assembled group about "Gunfighters and Lynchings of Early Los Angeles." Three of our Corral's honorary members, and still living, were at that meeting, Glen Dawson, Paul Galleher, and John Goodman. Also, Noah Beery, Jr., the actor, was there. He is still alive, but no longer a member of the Corral.

From December 1946 to May 1954, the new Corral assembled in the Redwood Room of the Redwood House every month. A total of 70 Corral meetings were held there. In those formative years each member was expected to participate by preparing a paper on a subject of his choice on the American West. This spirit of exchange enabled every member to experience the richness which each member could provide on his particular interest, whether it be gunfighters, Missions, mining, railroads, or whatever. This is basically why, in those years, they were able to produce so many *Brand Books* and the *Branding Irons*. Everyone pitched in and did his part.

If I am not mistaken the Redwood House was closed in mid-1954 when the Times-Mirror expansion began. In any case the June 1954 meeting was held at Casa de Adobe (part of the Southwest Museum facilities). The July 1954 through June 1955 meetings were held at the Mona Lisa Restaurant on Wilshire Blvd., across the street from the Ambassador Hotel, just east of the old Brown Derby. It was a very large continental-type restaurant with meeting rooms upstairs. The December 1954 meeting was held jointly with the Zamorano Club at the Mona Lisa. J. Frank Dobie was the speaker and informed the group about "Literature of the Range."

The July, November, December meetings in 1955, and the January 1956 meetings were held at Rands Roundup. According to Art Clark this was at 7580 West Sunset Blvd. The August 1955 meeting was at Henry Clifford's, while the September meeting was held in South Pasadena in the adjoining back yards of Dan Bryant and Ernie Sutton. The Corral returned to the Mona Lisa for the October meeting.

Zucca's Ranch House, 2770 East Foothill, between Pasadena and Arcadia, was the site for the February, March and April 1956 meetings. At the February meeting Iron Eyes Cody presented a motion picture entitled "Will Rogers the Roping Fool," and once again J. Frank Dobie was the guest speaker in March.

They returned to the Mona Lisa for the May, June and July meetings of 1956. Next it was to

Corral Members gather in the bar to hear Will H. Hutchinson, at the left corner, speak about the Appaloosa Horse. The date for this scene at the Redwood House is October 13, 1952.

Costa's Grill, located at Hill and Ord streets in downtown Los Angeles. Costa's Grill is no longer there, and the spot is now occupied by the Velvet Turtle. However, the Grill was the home of the Los Angeles Corral for the next 64 meetings (October 1956-March 1963).

The Rodger Young Auditorium, a familiar banquet hall on Washington Blvd., was the site for their May 1963 meeting, due to over-crowding at Costa's by Los Angeles Dodger fans. The June meeting moved to Jean's French Restaurant at 3070 West 7th Street, west of downtown Los Angeles. In July the meeting was once again held at Henry Cliffords, and the August meeting found them back at the Casa de Adobe. For variety, in September, the Corral took a Los Angeles harbor cruise and members had their meal in the area.

The October 1963 through April 1964 programs were held at the Rodger Young Auditorium. It was at this time, when the Taix French Restaurant, located on Commercial Street, was closed down for the construction of the San Bernardino and Santa Ana freeway connection to the Hollywood and Harbor freeways. The brothers Taix then purchased Botwin's restaurant at 1911 West Sunset Blvd., and rebuilt it into the present day Freres Taix Restaurant. The Los Angeles Corral moved there for its May 1964 meeting and remained until December 1989, a quarter century. The only breaks from the Restaurant, in this long run of meetings, were the yearly "Fandango," "Rendezvous," and a few summer meetings at homes of various members.

The Los Angeles Corral's first meeting at our new location, Almansor Court in Alhambra, was held on January 10, 1990. Originally, this site had been a former city dump that was converted into the golf course, club house, and restaurant with large banquet rooms. The new Westerners site has ample parking, large rooms, and is still within a reasonable range of most of the membership. The meeting had a turnout of over 120 members to help initiate the new move.

Echoes of Days Gone By

By Don Meadows

Some old time Sheriffs of the Los Angeles Corral spun yarns about departed members during the January meeting at the Taix Café. Paul Galleher talked about Homer Britzman (1901-1953), a wealthy oil man who retired at the age of forty-four to pursue his interests in the West. Britz was the founder and first Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral. He encouraged members to carry on research and write about their discoveries. He edited the first *Brand Book* in 1947. He collected Charlie Russell drawings and sculptures, and published two volumes on the life and works of that great Western artist. He carried on a continuous warfare against the erroneous statements that appeared in pulp magazines, and he worked with other Corrals in uncovering the true picture of the Old West. Britz summed up what he thought a Westerner should be when he wrote:

"Westerners are motivated by a sincere desire to learn more on our own great West – its background, its people, its traditions and its history. Westerners know that in our own backyard, they have a rich heritage of fascinating fact and lore, well worth perpetuation. In a modest way, the Westerners are trying to stimulate this interest. While doing this purely as an avocation, they feel richly rewarded in the pleasure they acquire from their study and research. They neither expect, nor wish any other reward."

Reminiscences of Clarence Ellsworth (1885-1961), western artist and founding member of the L.A. Corral, were recalled by Homer Boelter.

HOMER BRITZMAN

ERNEST V. SUTTON

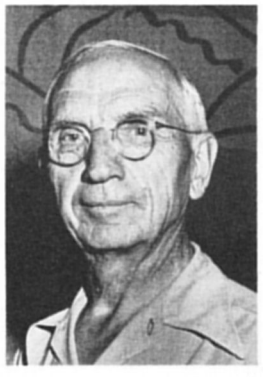
J. GREGG LAYNE

CLARENCE ELLSWORTH

DR. FREDERICK W. HODGE

PERCY L. BONEBRAKE

ROBERT A. (BILLY) DODSON



FRANK A. SCHILLING

Photographs by Lonnie Hull

Clarence was a serious student of the West who gained his intimate knowledge from contact and observation. He developed his artistic talent in the art department of the *Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*. His paintings not only brought him great fame but were regular contributions to the pages of Westerner publications. His faithful paintings of Indian life came from long hours of practice, in studying the horses and other animals at zoos and rodeos. He was a great archer. He relished a good joke, especially when played on himself. There is no finer legacy for the Westerners than the pleasure which flowed from the pen and brush of Clarence. A treasured possession of every early Sheriff of the L.A. Corral is a painting by Clarence, who, as a token of appreciation for a job well done, created some intimate sketch in oil that was appropriate to the man who was retiring.

Our 1953 Sheriff, Art Clark, had a fund of information to draw on in recounting the story of Dr. Fred Hodge (1864-1956), a self-educated genius in the fields of archeology, ethnology, authorship and research. His ninety-one years came to a close in 1956 after he had retired to his beloved Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he could be close to the Indians he loved so well. Long a member of the L.A. Corral, the Westerners were honored in 1956 to dedicate their *Brand Book* to this distinguished gentleman. His amazing career included being secretary of the U.S. Geological Survey, Ethnologist-in-Charge, U.S. Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, Editor, Museum of American Indian, Heye Foundation, and Director of the Southwest Museum. Dr. Hodge was author of more than 200 articles, and was the compiler of the *Handbook of the American Indian*. Drawing from his remarkable memory and experience he was a delightful conversationalist. Probably nothing brought him more pleasure than being elected Honorary Sheriff Emeritus of the L.A. Corral in 1950.

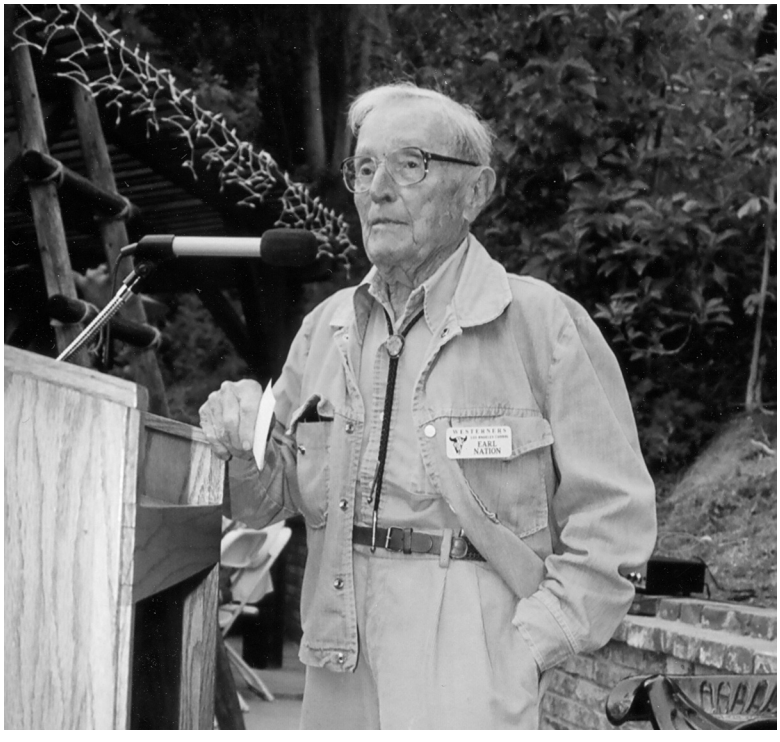
Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows recounted the unusual story of Percy Bonebrake (1878-1957), a member who wrote but little, but was famous as a raconteur and a source of accurate information on the West and the Los Angeles area. He was a banker's son who ran away from home to become a cowboy in preference to being a college student. He listened as a child when John C. Fremont talked to his father about the early days of California and the Mexican War. He was educated at the Harvard Military Academy in Los Angeles, but refused to extend his book learning in a higher institution. In Arizona he became a real cowpuncher, cowboy and wrangler. Later, as deputy United States Marshal in Arizona and New Mexico he saw some of the seamy side of the West. He traveled widely as a cattle buyer for the Cudahy Packing Company. He was honest, outspoken and a captivating companion.

Glen Dawson, Sheriff in 1959, told how Robert A. Dodson (1874-1959) made up for his little formal education with the romance and hard work so typical of a real Texas cowboy. Billy was a cowhand at 13, ran a crew of older men at 18 while running cattle drives from Texas to Kansas, and followed his Philippine campaign in the Spanish-American War with life as a rancher in New Mexico. With all of his rough exterior, from years in the saddle, Billy was a gentleman, churchman, and teetotaler. He came to Glendale in 1926 and enjoyed his early years in the Westerners. He was author of three articles in the *Brand Books*, typified in his writings of the Indian and trail driving days on the plains.

Ex-Sheriff George E. Fullerton stated that J. Gregg Layne (1885-1952) was a joy to know, very human, and loved books with a passion. He built up his first collection of Western Americana, which Mrs. E.L. Doheny purchased for U.S.C., then he amassed a second collection for U.C.L.A. His hobby was book hunting. He was a board member of the Historical Society of Southern California for 25 years, and editor of its Quarterly for 15 years. He wrote 18 articles on overland trails for *Westways* and published 193 book reviews. An outspoken, positive man, Gregg was a consultant on Western Americana for U.C.L.A. Library, and also had a business career in scientific instruments. He spoke widely on books and their collecting, and was one of the most generous contributors to the Westerner publications. He lived in Pomona, but always was on the search for books, having collected probably more than any other man in the early day field.

Ex-Sheriff Bob Woods, co-writer with Britzman of the first *Brand Book*, recalled Ernest Sutton (1862-1950) as a salty and earthy friend of many occupations. From an early hard struggle as a farmer he worked as a tramp printer, and with Rand McNally, before he came to California in

(Continued on page 17)



Dr. Earl F. Nation
(1910-2008)

Dr. Earl Nation, a longtime member of the Los Angeles Corral, died peacefully on New Years Day, just short of his 98th birthday.

Born in Zephyr, Texas, Dr. Nation moved to San Diego in 1926, and graduated from San Diego State in 1931. He received his medical degree in 1935 from Western Reserve University, and completed his residency specializing in urology. He began his practice in 1941 as a partner with Drs. H.C. Bumpus and Ben Massey in Pasadena. He served as Chief of Staff at Huntington Hospital in 1971, and was President of the American Urological Association in 1978-79. He finally retired from his Pasadena practice in 1990.

Dr. Nation began writing for professional journals in the 1930s. He also devoted himself to medical history, and was widely recognized as an expert on the life and writings of Sir William Osler (1849-1919), the Canadian-born physician and scholar. “William Osler was, without a doubt, the preeminent teacher of medicine and has influenced the teaching of medicine more than anyone else over the years,” Dr. Nation later wrote. He served as president of the American Osler Society in 1978. From 1987 until his death, he wrote a monthly column for the Huntington Hospital staff newsletter.

Soft-spoken, inquisitive, and a natural raconteur, he was an honored member of many historical organizations. He was a familiar face at meetings of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners from 1966 until his death. He had been active with the Zamarano Club since 1957, and was also a member of the Book Club of California, the Historical Society of Southern California, and the Pasadena Historical Society. He sponsored a number of historical publications over the years, as well as a Huntington Library fellowship for scholars researching the history of medicine.

He was preceded in death by his wife of 61 years, Evelyn. He is survived by his sons Bob and Bill.

Citrus Growing— Reminiscences

by Don Pflueger

I grew up on a 25-acre citrus grove a mile east of the village of Glendora. The area was rural until the Fifties, then the groves disappeared and subdivisions took over, creating an urban setting that I still can't adjust to. My childhood in the Twenties, youth in the Thirties, and young manhood in the Forties were encompassed in a setting that was seen as idyllic only at a later time. There is a temptation to dwell on all aspects of-life that made up what facetiously might be called "citrus civilization," but in this piece I want to describe principally the operations involved in the serious business of raising oranges and lemons, an industry badly misunderstood by outsiders. A comprehensive history of the industry has yet to be written, yet it was California's largest income producer for half a century, roughly from 1890 to 1940.

So misunderstood was the nature of raising citrus that Easterners coming to California during the boom years of the 1880s, and to an extent even in the 1920s, honestly thought that all you had to do to produce delicious citrus fruit was to drop seeds in the ground, stand back for awhile, pick the golden fruit, then drive to the bank to deposit checks. They were quickly in for a rude awakening.

For the most part, citrus growers were people from the Midwest or East Coast who had at least some experience in general farming. What they didn't know about the highly sensitive citrus tree would fill books; fortunately, growers with keen powers of observation, gradually learned what the trees liked and disliked in the way of care. They learned early on that citrus trees, like pregnant women, needed constant attention....

Those who started the citrus industry slightly more than a century ago had to clear the land of sagebrush, cactus, oak trees, rocks, and whatever else was needed to lay out an orchard. My father bought a mature grove in 1919, but a decade later he still had to clear rocks that came to the surface. This was done by towing a sled through the grove and collecting rocks that were grapefruit sized or larger, then hauling them to a rockpile which every grower maintained at the edge of his property. Most of these subsequently went to rock crushers to make the gravel for our highways. The Indian bowl that turned up in our grove is now in the Glendora museum.

Another early memory was riding in my father's Model-T Ford truck to the citrus nursery to buy some young trees, probably a year or two old. These were not for setting out a new orchard but simply to replace older or dying trees. They were carefully selected, paid for in cash, hauled home, and promptly planted in a previously dug hole that was about a yard wide and a yard deep, allowing for plenty of loose soil so the roots could take hold quickly. It was four or five years before the trees produced very much, but in the meantime they had to have a lot of tender, loving care. A grove did not reach maturity until it was 10 or 15 years old, with maximum production beyond that....

Citrus trees needed vast quantities of water during the hot summer months, so about every two weeks my father spent three or four days irrigating our grove. Before this could be done he made furrows with his tractor – a steel-wheeled Fordson in the 1920s (before I was conscious he had a team of work horses) and a Caterpillar Fifteen in the 1930s and thereafter-pulling a two-gang plow. Tractoring was such a dirty job that when my fa-

ther came in at day's end the whites of his eyes stood out.

My father was in frequent telephone communication with the *zanjero* (irrigation ditch tender) of the water company deciding when the flow of water would begin and end each day. The rate of flow was also a critical element in the irrigation process because too much or too little water could create a crisis....

From the irrigating company's main line the water flowed through a weir, where the flow could be observed visually. From the reservoir there was an extensive system of pipelines that brought the water to each row of trees; there, by means of a standpipe with four adjustable gates, the water could be made to flow in separate furrows, two near the trunk of the tree on either side and two farther away. The grower had to keep an eye on the flow for several rows of trees, constantly adjusting the stream. Water always had to get to the end trees; since water was terribly expensive not much was wasted. A grower had to be moving constantly to be on top of the situation. But for a young kid, there was plenty of fun to be had on those hot days just going up and down the furrows sloshing in the water barefooted.

The water in the reservoir was usually too cold for swimming, but after irrigating was completed the reservoir was left partially filled and the water warmed after a few days in the sun. No one bothered with swim trunks unless some girls were invited for a swim.

Those growers who had groves on steeper hillsides used Rainbird sprinklers, invented by Glendora orchardist Orton Engelhardt. Growers on flat land flooded their trees using a system of dikes, but the majority of growers employed the furrow system as we did.

If Southern Californians knew anything about the citrus industry at all, they knew about smudging in the coldest times of the year. The reason was, of course, the blackening of the sky all over the Southland with smoke emitted by the smudge pots which burned crude oil. Some growers used briquets, similar to those used in barbecue grills. In the months of December, January and February, growers religiously listened to the radio broadcasts of Floyd Young who predicted temperatures from the Fruit Frost Service in Pomona. He was amazingly accurate despite the primitive state of meteorology in that era. When he predicted 28 degrees or below for our area we knew we had to keep an eye on the thermometer during the early morning hours. Critical also was the dewpoint and the hour the temperature might be reached. If the freeze came at 4 A.M. there usually was no problem, but if it came at midnight that was serious. Our grove was less subject to frost than neighboring groves because of a peculiar draft that came through Dalton Canyon, hence we didn't even have smudge pots until after the Big Freeze of 1937. In that year much of our fruit was lost and our trees were nipped. My father bought several dozen Scheu smudge pots, a firm still in business in Ontario, and we were prepared thereafter. By this time I was old enough not only to light the pots with a kerosene torch when needed, but to carry five-gallon cans of smudge oil to fill the pots from a tank truck the next day, with little or no sleep in between. After smudging for several nights in a row, total exhaustion set in. It was the dirtiest job imaginable.

Smudge pots held five gallons of crude oil and on top was a two- or three-foot stack with ventilating holes. To light a pot it was necessary to create a flame in the container, wait a few moments for smoke and fumes to rise, then light the fumes at the top of the stack. When both flames were burning not much smoke was created, but if the top flame went out for some reason then vast quantities of thick smoke were emitted. Some people accused the growers of purposely blackening the atmosphere thinking that it would protect the trees, but the vast majority of growers knew the difference between heat and smoke, and they did what they could to minimize the latter.

In the winter of 1937 when the smudge was so thick that people drove with their headlights on in midday, my mother heard from a friend that if you kept your house warm you can keep the soot out. Our furnaces in the basement ran 24 hours a day, sucking up the low settling smoke, then blowing it out the registers, making matters worse than otherwise. Our large kitchen was so sooty that visitors signed their names on our walls with their fingers, constituting a unique collection of autographs. After the smudging season was over it was a big job, before the era of detergents, to scrub it all down. Curtains had to be dry cleaned, rugs sent off to the rug cleaners, and many surfaces simply repainted. During the Forties the Scheu people developed a return-stack smudge pot that was virtually smokeless. The cold spell of 1949 witnessed the last "big smudge" in Southern Cali-

fornia citrus groves. We even had snow that year and one could hear the breaking of branches due to its weight. By this time citrus groves were already giving way to subdivisions. High school boys and college men made good wages as smudgers, but with the passage of time the price of oil as well as wages made smudging so expensive that some growers simply made little effort to save their crops, or even groves. Economics governed much of what growers could or could not do.

Like most domestic plants, citrus trees needed fertilizer about twice a year. At first there was nothing but organic fertilizer that was hauled from dairies, chicken ranches and even hog farms. We tried the last named-once! An exotic type of organic fertilizer was guano, the droppings of seabirds on an island off Central America. Ground fish meal was another. Bone meal provided phosphorus and was used occasionally. Responsible growers disked their fertilizer into the soil immediately to minimize the odor and breeding of flies. About 1940 commercial fertilizers increased in popularity, coming in various combinations of ingredients either in sacks as granules or in liquid form which was dripped into irrigating water. Growers always had to calculate carefully to determine how much to fertilize, again a matter of economics....

As a kid growing up on a citrus grove I was exposed to people of many different races and cultures, something I took for granted then but have come to appreciate more fully later. My father did most of his own work, but at times he had others helping him with various grove operations. Every few years the trees needed pruning and this work was virtually monopolized by Italians, since Italy had a sizeable lemon industry. They were skillful in what was regarded as nothing less than an art form; trees had to be pruned "just so" in order to produce the maximum amount of fruit.

I remember Jamo, an East Indian, who wore a turban and rode a bicycle. He was a handyman who could provide most any kind of labor needed in a grove. The county inspector, a visiting entomologist checking up on scale and microscopic spiders, was a mustachioed Englishman with a crisp accent. Fruit pickers were either Filipinos or Mexicans, but the picking boss was an Anglo. Their whistling and singing as they picked fruit seemed to convey the notion that they were a happy lot. From them I learned some cusswords before I knew what they meant. They wore canvas bags over their shoulders, mounted special ladders (with tongues for lemons and without for oranges), and used blunt clippers so as not to injure the fruit. When picking lemons they often carried a sizing ring, so as not to pick fruit too small.

At this point it should be noted that oranges and lemons were hardly relatives in the citrus family. There's only one crop of oranges a year, but lemons are picked about every six weeks throughout the year, turning yellow only in winter months. Green summer lemons were sweated in the packing houses to make them yellow before sending them to market. Lemon trees prefer sandy soil; oranges prefer a heavier loam. Lemons are much more sensitive to cold than oranges. Oranges can be grown in many places, e.g., Florida; lemons can't. And so on. In Glendora, fortunately, we could grow both. Our grove, almost ideal in retrospect when measured in economic terms, consisted of ten acres of Valencia (summer/juice) oranges, five acres of Navel (winter/eating) oranges, and ten acres of Eureka lemons. Over the long haul, lemons paid best, followed by Valencia oranges.

Returning to my exposure to people of diverse cultures, our near neighbors were the Sugitas, a Japanese family with two American-born daughters in whose name they owned ten acres. They grew cut flowers, mainly chrysanthemums and carnations, for the Los Angeles market. Sometime in the late Thirties they planted a small lemon grove. When World War II came along they chose (it is conveniently forgotten that Japanese-Americans had a choice) not to go to a relocation camp but rather to Chicago where they ran a mom-and-pop grocery store. The two daughters received master's degrees in English from the University of Chicago. While they were gone my father saw to it that their grove was cared for; for this help they insisted on giving us war bonds every so often and at war's end they gave my parents a lovely cloisonné brass vase on a rosewood stand, an inheritance I cherish.

A Chinese vegetable peddler used to drive his Model-T truck up to our back door when I was a kid. I remember his scales dangling from the open truck's top. The Helms bakery man was an Anglo, but his twice weekly visits were special occasions. His distinctive whistle could be heard all over the neighborhood....

(Continued on page 19)

CORRAL CHIPS

The Dawson 80, A Selection of Distinguished Southern California Books Made by Members of the Book Collectors of Southern California was published in October, in honor of charter member **Glen Dawson**, who celebrated his 95th birthday in June. Patterned after the famed *Zamarano 80*, the *Dawson 80* focuses on Southern California publications prior to 1920. Contributors include former Sheriff **William O. Hendricks** and CM **Gordon Van De Water**.

At our February meeting, **Gary Turner** distributed copies of *Cowboy Poetry and Limericks*, from our 2007 Fandango, held at his home in Northridge. It is keepsake #34 for our Corral. In its pages we find this little literary gem from **Bill Warren**:

An old man named **Hoffman**, a dresser
Found his knowledge grew lesser and lesser
It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all
And now he's a college professor

In December, **Millie Tiscareño**, and **Phil Brigandi** were made Associate Members of our Corral.

Former editor **Robert Blew** has completed an index to *The Branding Iron* from 1984-2006 (Nos. 154-245), which continues the work of the late Anna Marie and Gordon Hager, who compiled an index to the earlier issues in 1985. Plans for publication are currently pending.

Days Gone By . . .

(Continued from page 12)

1891. A strike put him out of work, so he bought a printing plant of his own. A fire put him out of business. Starting a new business he built up a very successful paper box printing establishment. A great collector of Indian lore and artifacts, he loved to dress up as an Indian for parties. He once served as Mayor of South Pasadena. "Ernie" is well remembered as a good companion.

Paul Bailey, our fourth Sheriff, felt that the most typical characteristics of Frank Schilling (1885-1964) were gentleness, kindness and self-effacement. Frank was a building and engineer in Indiana and a member of the Adventurers Club. In California he took up the hobby of pottery and photography. His drawings and slides of the early California missions were outstanding. Among his *Brand Book* articles were: "Al Sieber, Chief Apache Scout" (1949); "Imperial Valley and Its Approaches" (1951); "Sequoia" (1953); and "Fort Apache;" the "Story of a Frontier," with drawings of military posts (1961). Most of all, Paul recalled, Frank was a real Westerner, whose favorite nickname was Panchita Real.

Don Meadows (1897-1994) was a member of the Los Angeles Corral from 1950 until his death. He served as Sheriff in 1956.

Sixty Years . . .

(Continued from page 1)

information and members in need of information. How often have we heard, 'If I'd only known he was writing about so-and-so, I could have given him this or that piece of information, this photograph or that document. And always after the talk has been given or the article printed….

"We are all interested in recording valuable information about the West. Most of us have salted away all kinds of Western material and have seen a good bit of Western life. We are all interested in doing the best job we can with our talks and Brand Book articles and yet we are constantly passing up all kinds of additional facts we could have from the Westerner who sits at the other end of the table or the corresponding member we never have written to. Perhaps no one will know just what you want to find out, but it's likely that a dozen members will send you scraps of information of great value in rounding out your paper.

"Why not give it a whirl?"

MONTHLY ROUNDUP

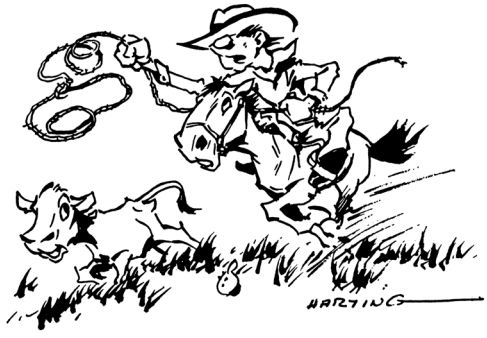
January 2008

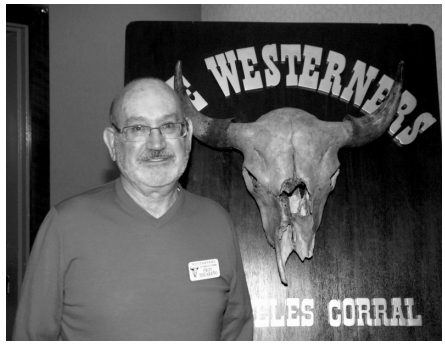
There's more to "Hollywood Indians" than bloodthirsty savages and *Dances With Wolves*, according to Angela Aleiss, our first speaker of the new year and the author of *Making the White Man's Indian: Native Americans and Hollywood Movies*. In studying more than 500 films from the silent era to today, Aleiss found that negative stereotypes are not as prevalent as most critics would suggest. Even in the earliest days of film, there were both positive and negative portrayals. The most hostile images, she said, came from the late 1930s.

After World War II, Hollywood attempted to be more diverse, including broader roles for Native Americans. In the 1960s and '70s, the old images were reversed, with whites portrayed as racist savages, and the Indians shown in a more positive light. This has led to recent films which present a romantic, idealized view of native life in the old tradition of the "noble savage."

To round out her presentation, Aleiss discussed her research into the life of longtime Corral member Iron Eyes Cody, who was actually born of Italian parents in Louisiana, but later came to be so identified as an American Indian that he almost came to believe it himself.

Film historian Marc Wanamaker also spoke about Thomas Ince, and the many Western films he produced in the 1910s and '20s, illustrating his talk with many rare, early photographs.



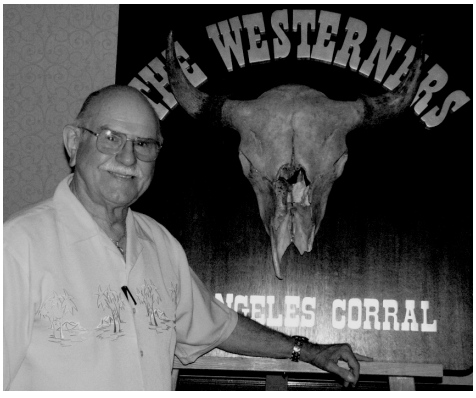


February 2008

Deputy Sheriff Froy Tiscareño shared some "Letters from San Juan" – letters written by his parents and sister during their life in Mexico in the 1930s. The Tiscareño family had been living in Orange County when the Great Depression hit, and in 1933 made the tough decision to return to their old home in Mexico. This was an era of repatriation and deportation for many Mexican-Americans, but Froy (who was born a few years later in Mexico) believes his father decided to return voluntarily, and paid for the trip himself.

Returning to Mexico proved to be quite a culture shock for the family, who found great poverty, a lack of modern conveniences, and a society much more conservative than in America. Antonio Tiscareño worked for his brother, raising pigs (sometimes not even making enough money to cover expenses), while his wife sewed piecework to bring in a little extra cash. Yet the letters describe happy times as well, including family gatherings and dances.

Antonio Tiscareño was finally able to return to Orange County in 1947, and brought his family (including 15-year-old Froy) to join him two years later.



March 2008

A castle? In Glendora? Built by an eccentric "pharmer" with a mother straight out of the Ziegfeld Follies? CM Terry Terrell assures us it's all true. Over 25 years, Michael Rubel built himself a castle inside an old citrus ranch reservoir, using railroad ties, telephone poles, local stone, and even a caboose. "It's difficult to describe this place," says Terrell, who illustrated his talk with slides. "It's amazing, it's just amazing."

Before his death in 2007, Rubel gave his castle to the Glendora Historical Society, which sometimes offers tours. Terrell was able to visit when Rubel was still in residence. It was "absolutely delightful," he says, when "King Michael of Rubelia" held court in his castle.

Citrus . . .

(Continued from page 16)

The worst that Mother Nature could offer came in the early Fifties when growers of navel oranges noticed that a healthy tree one day could become a sick tree the next, and a week later was dead. Because it all happened so fast the disease was called "quick decline." Its pattern of attack made no sense, but it was noticed early that it tended to hit trees that had been budded, i.e., grafted, on sour stock. Scientists were baffled for years, but ultimately found the culprit to be a virus. By the time it was discovered most of the groves had given way to subdivisions....

Author, historian, and Cal Poly Pomona professor Don Pflueger (1923-1994) served as our Sheriff in 1992.

Book Totin' . . .

(Continued from page 7)

Paul Galleher, in *Brand Book* Number 5, stated: "With the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, success is reflected in the past years of memorable meetings, close-linked fellowships, conspicuous and outstanding publications. The Corral's appreciation for an opportunity to meet with this group has created a loyalty and cooperation which is frequently lacking in other organizations."

I'd like to add another line to Paul's tribute to the Los Angeles Corral and say that very few groups may take such pride in viewing the outstanding collections that now grace many southland libraries and colleges that were originally assembled by members of this Corral.

Anna Marie Hager (1916-1997) and her husband, 1976 Sheriff Everett G. Hager, are best known for the indexes they prepared for many important California historical publications.

Leeside . . .

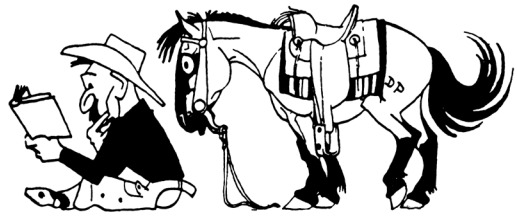
(Continued from page 8)

That first "American" structure was a saloon but in a few years it reformed and became the First Methodist Church.

[*A day later, Shippey added one final note in his column.*]

At the meeting of the Westerners the other day, I learned that nearly every one of the 23 men present was some sort of collector. H.E. Britzman collects western cattle brands and has about 1200 of them. Jack Harden collects Charlie Russell paintings. Robert J. Woods probably has the most complete collection of California historical books and Arthur Woodward is a famous collector of Indian relics.

Down the Western Book Trail . . .



William Henry Holmes and the Rediscovery of the American West by Kevin J. Fernlund. University of New Mexico Press, 2000. 300 pp, map, illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, $39.95. *www.unmpress.com*.

Close on the heels of Donald Worster's *A River Running West: The Life of John Wesley Powell* comes Kevin Fernlund's biography of Powell's contemporary and colleague, William Henry Holmes. Both books cover similar ground as to time and place, but Holmes had a successful career as artist, scientific illustrator, explorer, researcher, geologist, archaeologist, and chief of the Bureau of American Ethnology, a list that does not cover all of his interests and activities. As a young man Holmes served under Ferdinand Hayden for Hayden's surveys of the West in the 1870s. His talent as a scientific illustrator is evident in the remarkable drawings he made for the Hayden Survey's annual reports and atlases. Holmes became head of the BAE in 1902. Unlike Powell, whose war wound eventually caused his health to deteriorate and whose last years saw little professional work, Holmes lived to age 86 and was active for almost his entire career. His many accomplishments certainly merit biographical study, and Fernlund's book, based on his dissertation, is well researched and objective.

Accomplishments aside, Holmes's life included numerous controversies, some of which do little credit to him, especially his views on race and his vindictiveness to those he saw as rivals. A less kindly biographer than Fernlund might well take Holmes to task for his racism and elitism. Holmes's tenure at the BAE was devoted to the proposition that the North American Indian was a vanishing race, and the collections and research done under his aegis seldom connected a Native American past and present. Holmes argued for years that Indians were a Neolithic people and refused to accept contrary arguments unless "experts" presented them. Only reluctantly, with "experts" excavating sites at Folsom, New Mexico, and demonstrating that Holmes's thinking on the matter was outdated, did he finally come around to a more modern view.

Fernlund does an excellent job of describing the transition of science from natural history as delved in by amateurs to the beginnings of the modern disciplines of geology, archaeology, and anthropology. It was in this last field that Holmes bared his racist views and went head to head with Franz Boas, the scholar who created anthropology as it is seen today. Holmes's ideas on anthropology included endorsements of the likes of Madison Grant. It should be noted that these controversies erupted when Holmes was already seventy years old, but he was still chief of the BAE and an influential member of such organizations as the American Anthropological Association. Fernlund does not mention anti-Semitism in the rivalry between Holmes and Boas, but there would seem to be much more between the two than professional differences.

Does Fernlund's objectivity get in the way of a more severe critique of Holmes? Hard to say. The book falls a few warts short of a definitive biography, but the accomplishments (rather than a focus on shortcomings) merit Holmes a modern biography, and this book fulfills that part of the task.

– Abraham Hoffman