LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

WINTER 2011 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 265

Incorrect Dating for The Branding Iron

With great regret, the editor offers apologies to the recipients of The Branding Iron for the incorrect dating of two recent issues of the publication.

The issue labeled as "Winter 2011" and "Number 265" and which has A. C. W. Bethel's "Between Ship and Shore: California's Beaches as Frontiers" as the lead article should instead have been assigned as Fall 2011 and Number 264.

The subsequent issue, labeled as "Winter 2012" and "Number 265" is correctly identified by the latter, but should be headed as Winter 2011.

The Monthly Roundup February 2012, Jerry Selmer

The editor's summary of Jerry's talk, which appeared in the Winter 2011 [mislabeled as 2012] issue was a significant mischaracterization, for which he apologizes. Here is a recap penned by Jerry to remedy that problem.

Observing the sesquicentennial of the Civil War, former Sheriff Jerry Selmer brought us a description of one facet of that war in the West. It cannot be overemphasized how important was the struggle between the blue and the gray in the New Mexico Territory.

It was the grand design of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, to conquer the Southwest, including all of California, Nevada and Colorado. His purpose was to obtain the mineral treasure in those areas and thus finance the war against the United States. The South suffered from a weak economy. To Davis, the riches of the West were vital to his strategy for victory. When the war began, most of the U. S. Army troops were stationed in the West. They were removed to eastern and southern battlefields and the void they left largely filled with Union volunteers. Those troops in New Mexico were placed under the command of Colonel Edward Canby, one of a small number of officers in the area who remained loyal to the United States. One officer who went south was Major Henry Sibley who received a commission as a Confederate Brigadier General and was placed in command of troops ordered to capture New Mexico and points west. He gathered his troops in Texas and in February of 1862, invaded the neighboring territory. The Confederates initially claimed all land south of the 49th parallel as part of the CSA. Sibley marched to the attack. He had a difficult time moving his forces and was unable to keep the supply train up to speed with the combat troops. The Confederates slowly moved north and in a pitched battle forced the withdrawal of Union troops at the engagement at Valverde. They then moved on to capture Santa Fe. On the way they were confronted by Union regulars and volunteers at Glorieta Pass. Furious combat ensued. The battle was initially inconclusive but when the Union troops succeeded in destroying the late-arriving Confederate supply train, the army in gray suffered defeat and were forced to retreat to Texas. The Confederates were never again able to mount an invasion of the West and their dreams of capturing the mineral wealth of Colorado, Nevada and California evaporated. Without that treasure, a major factor supporting the Southern cause, the Confederate States of America was ultimately doomed. Following his defeat, General Sibley returned to the South in disgrace and was never again permitted to command troops in combat. After the war, Sibley was involved in a farcical episode in Egypt. He returned home, died an alcoholic and was buried in a pauper's grave in Virginia. In his postwar role, Colonel (later Major General) Canby, was placed in command of troops during the Modoc War in California. While on a peace mission, he was killed by the Modoc Chief, Captain Jack.

During the coming three years, it is hoped that more about the Civil War in the West will be brought to the Corral.

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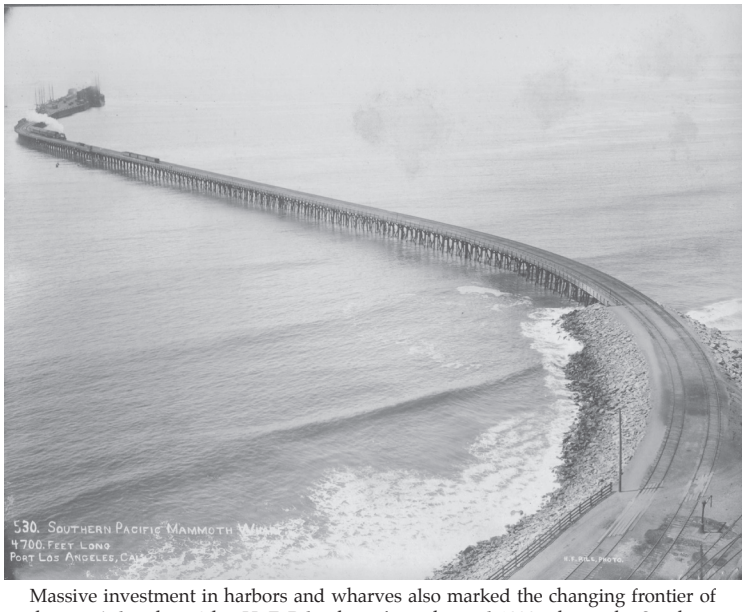

Massive investment in harbors and wharves also marked the changing frontier of the state's beaches. This H. F. Rile photo from the mid-1890s shows the Southern Pacific's long wharf at Santa Monica before the harbor at Wilmington took favored status for federal monies to improve shipping facilities for Los Angeles. Courtesy of Workman and Temple Family Homestead Museum.

Between Ship and Shore: California's Beaches as Frontiers

by A.C.W. Bethel

The idea of a frontier is complex, and a precise definition is probably impossible. Defining it in terms of population density, as the census once did, ignores population concentrations in frontier mining and timber industries and makes the idea of a frontier community seem a contradiction in terms. Defining it as an advance into an empty wilderness ignores the clash between European and Native American cultures, and between Anglo and Hispanic cultures. Different motivations, attitudes, and systems of social control produced different patterns of behavior in the Spanish Borderlands, the Mormons' Deseret, the California gold camps, and the Oregon Country. Nor was the frontier always technologically primitive; frontier settlements quickly adopted such cutting-edge technology as steamboats, railroads,

(Continued on page 3)

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The Branding Iron solicits articles of 2,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

Publication Layout by Katherine Tolford

Editor's Corner

The Fall was a busy and productive period for the Corral and I was happy to have my last few months as Sheriff include some excellent Roundup presentations and a successful and enjoyable Rendezvous at the Homestead Museum (where I happen to be Assistant Director—and, consequently, assisted in directing the event along with others in the Corral.)

The issue of The Branding Iron also has two great articles. The lead is a piece by one of our long-distance members, A.C. W. (Walt) Bethel, a retired professor of philosophy from California Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo, who succinctly summarizes the fascinating concept of California's beaches as frontiers within the larger state frontier. Walt divides his paper into aspects dealing with the Hispanic era, Asian trade, lumber industry, and the development of harbors and demonstrates the tremendous transformations each has brought to our coastal frontier. Walt's work really is a fine summation of this aspect of our state's phenomenal history.

The other is a paper delivered at a Rendezvous earlier this year by former sheriff Jerry Selmer who, inexplicably, had never addressed our august body in over thirty years as a very active member of the Corral. Giving an excellent overview of the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles' first such institution and of which he was Executive Director from 1989 to 1992, Jerry discussed its founder, the peripatetic (look it up!) Charles F. Lummis, the creation of the museum, its important work over the years and the issues and problems of its decline in recent decades. The talk was so interesting and the content so compelling that Jerry was asked to submit his remarks so other members could benefit from what it has to offer.

Speaking of articles, members of the Corral are highly encouraged to follow Walt and Jerry's example (and that of other contributors) and send in essays on Western history, poems, book reviews, and other material that we need to keep this very successful publication going strong. Among other endeavors, the Los Angeles Corral is well-known among Westerners for the quality of its publications, so let the editor know if you have something to submit. Contact me at lahilahi@roadrunner.com, (714) 993-3174, or in person at an upcoming Corral event.

—Paul Spitzzeri

the electric telegraph, and wire rope.

The Hispanic Coastal Frontier

In California the frontier began at the interface between sea and shore. The ocean itself was then, and remains today, a kind of wilderness, and a place where elemental forces still exceed our powers of control, but the ships that Cabrillo and Vizcaíno took northward through this wilderness were the most advanced machines western technology had yet produced, and so long as the ships remained sound and provisions lasted, they took the familiar world with them, intact and functioning. From the Spaniards' point of view, beyond the beaches where the ships touched, California was still uncharted wilderness. Their ships brought California's Native Americans their first contact with European civilization, and when the explorers' ships retreated from the frontier, their civilization left with them.

Spain's decision to plant a physical presence permanently in remote Alta California required elaborate logistics, and the difficulties of forwarding supplies by pack mule along the rugged Baja California peninsula determined that supply would have to be primarily by sea. Shipwrights at the newly-dredged harbor at San Blas crafted supply ships that a corps of coastal pilots took north on yearly voyages, provisioning outposts that could not yet sustain themselves in the sparse new place, and charting the new coastline as they came and went.

The supply ships' annual arrivals linked the frontier of settlement with a world left behind but not forgotten. At first, the supply ships brought basic foodstuffs that were carried to missions by trains of pack mules. Later, when the missions were producing food surpluses, food imports shifted toward higher value, lower bulk items that could not be produced on the frontier, such as chocolate, pepper, and sugar. Manifests also listed tools for construction and for agricultural and domestic purposes, iron to be worked in California forges, trade goods to attract Indian converts, and military and religious items.

The familiar frontier themes of isolation, of dependency on the larger world for material goods and a communal identity, of conflict and adaptation, and of exploitation and capital improvement were tied to the supply ships, and thereby to the Spanish government's rigid economic and social regulations. The supply ships were not popular: there were constant complaints that they came too late, that they did not come far enough north, that they did not bring enough, that they brought the wrong things, and that their charges were too high and arbitrary. Here in a different setting is another familiar frontier theme: settlers think that the world left behind is ill-informed about their needs and indifferent toward helping them.

Privately owned Spanish-flag ships traded with California and carried goods between California ports. Foreign-flag ships, officially proscribed by Spain's mercantilist trading policies, occasionally traded, clandestinely, across isolated beaches, such as Refugio on the Santa Barbara Channel, and sometimes openly, when Spanish officials saw the absolute necessity of it. Thus, in California, settlement was a precursor of trade with the larger world, a reversal of the usual pattern.

California's interface between shipping and settlement changed after the revolution that established the Mexican Republic. The new government opened ports to international trade, and because the economic and legal systems were very different between the Hispanic and American cultures, a new type of trader evolved, able to function in both communities. These men often began as officers or supercargoes on foreign-flag sailing ships that visited California ports. Then, deciding for one reason or another to stay ashore, they operated stores and warehouses where cowhides could be traded for manufactured goods year-round. A sampling of foreign-born trader-settlers would include Englishmen William Hartnell and John Rogers Cooper, Hawaiian-American William Heath Davis, Americans Thomas Larkin and Abel Stearns and, in a different way, Swiss John Sutter. Many, though not all, of these men became Hispanicized, took Roman

Catholic communion and Mexican citizenship, married into prominent Californio families, and received land grants, moving away from the trading frontier into the settled life of rancheros and Mexican officials.

California's Asian Coastal Frontier

No distinctive Anglo beachfront settlements evolved in California, but another type of beach frontier community evolved that included people who either did not want to belong to ship or to shore, or who were judged inassimilable. Richard Henry Dana encountered such a community at San Diego's La Playa hide houses, where native Hawaiians, commonly called Kanakas, who had come to California as sailors now worked, hard and efficiently when they needed to, preparing hides for reshipment to Boston. Dana found them warm, affable, and intelligent, but totally without ambition; they, on the other hand, found pointless his captain's suggestion that they could make more money by working steadily.

Gold-Rush era Chinese, marginalized by often violent social pressure in the Anglo-dominated mines, constructed small beachfront villages on the shores of San Francisco, Monterey, Carmel, and San Diego bays where they made a living from fishing skills learned in their native land. They improvised their housing and fish-drying racks cheaply from available materials and today only photographs and archeological sites remain to tell us of them. These communities looked west to China for their identities, not to the Anglo or Hispanic communities around them.

Other Chinese families probably sailed their junks to Monterey directly from China, but most of their fishing craft were constructed locally to familiar patterns. Some were as much as fifty feet long and able to navigate open sea along the Baja California coast and out to the Channel Islands. The Chinese sold part of their catch fresh to local markets and dried the rest for shipment to China, shipped shells to their native country for use as fertilizer, and in the case of abalone shells, for use in Chinese inlay and jewelry. They adjusted their fishing times, places and catches to minimize friction with often unfriendly Italian and Portuguese competitors, who also formed distinctive fishing communities. Popular imagination blamed the decline of local fisheries on the Chinese, though pollution was probably a more significant factor. Successive federal restrictions on Chinese immigration in 1882, 1892, and 1902, legal restrictions on their commercial activity, and market changes reduced Chinese fishing dramatically during the 1890s, though an aging few still fished commercially at Monterey into the 1920s.

Chinese fishing communities were both a frontier of resource exploitation and an attempt to co-exist in an unfriendly dominant society. From the 1890s, immigrants from Japan created a similar niche. They adapted their own techniques, such as deep-water diving for abalone and shore whaling, to California conditions. To some extent these communities integrated with the larger society. When albacore canning was perfected early in the century, Japanese fishermen and cannery workers shared a multi-ethnic community with Scandinavians, Yugoslavs, Portuguese, and Italians on Terminal Island at the Port of Los Angeles. The community survived until World War II, when the Japanese were interned. A fishing village on the beach near the railroad pier at Pacific Palisades served as a vacation resort for Japanese residents in the Los Angeles area and doubled as a movie set where Japanese-language films were made for distribution in their native country. After it burned, its residents relocated to Terminal Island in 1917-18.

California's Coastal Lumbering Frontier

Another type of shoreside frontier community formed to exploit natural resources and oriented toward the sea evolved on the Mendocino coast, where narrow inlets edged by steep bluffs were often the only access to the outside world. There, small, handy sailing schooners and, from the 1880s, steam-powered vessels, would take on cargoes of lumber from slings that were hauled on

Tourism and commerce transformed California's beach frontier starting in the late 19th-century. Crowds test the strength of the wooden pier at Long Beach in this California 1890s cabinet photo. Note Kimble's Tamale stand at the bottom. Courtesy of Workman and Temple Family Homestead Museum."

cables stretched between the ship and the tops of the bluffs. The slings also unloaded incoming freight and passengers. Many lumber mills laid railroad tracks into the forests to bring the cut timber out, pushing the frontier of remote lumber camps farther into the wilderness. These railroads were often built to non-standard track gauges and coupler heights because there was no prospect of linking them to rail connections with the outside world or even with each other.

Something of the same isolation and dependence on the sea for contact with civilization occurred south of San Francisco, too. In the absence of piers, freight was at first tossed overboard and floated ashore by wave action, but communities only a few miles apart all wanted piers of their own, often built into the open sea where they were vulnerable to winter storms. At San Luis Obispo, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company built a narrow-gauge railroad inland from its pier in order to open the interior to agricultural development. Until the Southern Pacific arrived in 1894, the local short line linked San Luis Obispo and northern Santa Barbara counties to the outside world by hauling grain, minerals, and livestock to tidewater and bringing in manufactured goods and, overwhelmingly, lumber. The little railroad continued to carry local freight until 1940, though highway trucks made it increasingly redundant.

Reshaping the Coastal Frontier: Beaches Become Harbors

Another feature of frontiers is the reshaping of the natural environment to serve commercial and social interests. Frontier landforms are shaped not only by mine shafts dams, flumes and tree stumps, but also by cuts and fills, piers and seawalls. California's interface between sea and shore was quickly transformed by piers that linked shore to ship across the beach line and shallows, blurring the demarcation between land and water.

In Gold Rush San Francisco, developers built wharves that extended the street grid out into shallow Yerba Buena cove. Between the wharves, lots were fenced off and handy abandoned ships were sunk in them as improvements to secure title. The spaces beneath these hastily-planked wharves were supposedly infested with criminals and the destitute, including children. The wharves themselves were often in bad repair from teredo (shipworm) infestation, and sometimes collapsed, spilling cargoes and peo-

ple into the bay. Besides these hazards, waterfront districts such as San Francisco's Barbary Coast and San Diego's Stingaree resembled other frontier boomtowns in that they were unsavory places, being thinly policed thereby ready locations for criminals to prey on sailors both economically and physically.

Eventually, San Francisco and San Diego both defined their waterfronts with sea walls, but the transformation of a difficult, exposed anchorage into a man-made commercial environment friendly to urban growth was most dramatic at the Port of Los Angeles. There, developers and later the federal government carved a compact, efficient deep-draft (that is, more than 45 feet in depth) harbor out of a marshy tidal flat and then protected it by an extensive breakwater. The transformation was begun privately by Phineas Banning, a rugged, self-reliant teamster who initially had little capital. He dredged a channel through the shallow tidal flats behind what is now Terminal Island, built a wharf, and lightered cargoes from ships anchored in the exposed roadstead. In 1869, a locally-financed rail line, inaugurated by Banning and his associates, laid twenty-two miles north to Los Angeles, gave the harbor easier access to its hinterland.

Typical of frontier developers, though, Banning successfully sought federal aid when his ambitions for the harbor outran local capital. Army engineers built rock and timber jetties to train the tidal flow and deepen the channel starting in 1871, but a federal breakwater to protect the outer harbor became politically controversial in the 1890s. Local media cast the struggle as a melodrama in which an economic colossus, the Southern Pacific, which had a competing complex (initiated in the mid-1870s) north at Santa Monica, was defeated by interests cast as public-spirited citizens, itself a familiar theme in frontier mythology.

Today, California's economy is thoroughly integrated with the national economy and tied to that of the Pacific Rim more closely than ever before. The expansion of major port facilities has contributed to the obliteration of the archaeological remains of the isolated and often demographically distinctive communities that characterized California's earlier frontier maritime heritage and, often, the shoreline itself. The Chinese fishing community frontier, blunted by anti-immigration legislation, faded away with their aging populations. The Japanese were mainly uprooted by wartime relocation and since World War II they have made a successful fit with the larger Anglo-centered society and no longer are a frontier community.

Today, a comprehensive road and rail network has eliminated the lumber schooners, while systems of pipelines carry most of the oil. Coastal land is still being reshaped for human use and there are still immigrant ethnic communities that interface with the larger society. But, the beachfront frontier as an encounter with a new environment is gone. Instead, surfers gather for a season on the beaches then move easily into a mainstream society that they do not have to reshape in order to be who they are.

A.C.W. (Walt) Bethel is professor emeritus in philosophy from California Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo and lives in Arroyo Grande, where he is very active in local history. In addition to being a corresponding member of the Corral, he is a board member of the California Council for the Promotion of History and editor of the organization's publication California History Action. *Walt will have another essay on California's maritime history in a forthcoming issue of* The Branding Iron.

A California 1910s postcard of the Southwest Museum, probably not long after completion. Courtesy of Workman and Temple Family Homestead Museum

The First Museum of Los Angeles

by Jerry Selmer

The first museum of Los Angeles is the Southwest Museum. Established in 1907, it sits upon a hill overlooking what was once a thriving Arts and Crafts-influenced artists' colony in an area northeast of downtown within the Arroyo Seco. Any story of this great institution must begin with the background of its founder, Charles Fletcher Lummis (pronounced Luhmmis).

The Lummis family originally came to American shores from England in 1635. Charlie was born in Lynn, Massachusetts in 1859. His father was the Reverend Henry Lummis, a Methodist preacher and his mother was Harriet Fowler. She died two years later with the birth of their next child, leaving Charlie motherless at the ripe old age of two.

Lummis was not a particularly good student at school. As a result, his father kept him at home in an early day version of "home schooling" and gave him an education solidly grounded in religion. Charlie thrived on this approach and found a ready talent in learning languages. As a youngster, he easily mastered Hebrew, Latin and Greek. Later on he went to Harvard already having read everything on the university's reading list in both Latin and Greek. At that time, Harvard required all entrants to also be proficient in at least one other modern language. Lummis taught himself enough German in four days to pass the exam.

He was a small man. When fully grown he was 5′ 6″ tall and weighed 145 pounds. He tended to be sickly and thus decided to practice vigorous exercise routines for the rest of his life. In his early years after coming to Los Angeles, he suffered a stroke, which initially left his left arm paralyzed. The most strenuous thing he ever did was to haul boulders and other heavy rocks up from the Arroyo Seco while building his home, which he called *El Alisal* (which means Alder Grove in Spanish.) He hired two former camel drivers from the old Army Camel Corps to help him with the task. Their names were Greek George and Hadj Ali (known to the soldiers as "Hi Jolly". A stone pyramid was erected to the memory of Hadj Ali in the town of Quartzite, Arizona.) [*Editor's note: Yiorgos Caralambo, a Turkish-born Greek*

known as "Greek George" and naturalized as George Allen, was also known for hiding Tiburcio Vasquez at his Hollywood-area house until the famed bandido was captured there in 1874. 'Ali al-Hajaya, a Jordanian, was naturalized as Phillip Tedro in Arizona.] It was all done by manual labor between 1896 and 1910 and he did ultimately recover. The two lasting things which came from this episode were that he learned to roll cigarettes with one hand, and he wrote a book about his experience called *My Friend Will* (referring to "willpower").

As a freshman at Harvard, Charlie was once confronted by a threatening group of upper classmen who did not like the cut of his longish hair. They closed in on him as a voice rang out and ordered them to back off. Sophomore Theodore Roosevelt had saved his skin. Charlie and Teddy became close friends for life. When Teddy was President, he enlisted Charlie's support to be his special advisor on matters pertaining to the Southwest. Many of Roosevelt's speeches on the environment and conservation were written by Lummis.

While at Harvard, Charlie's old ways returned. He tended to be an indifferent student. However, he was a voracious reader and he did his reading in several different languages. His family had little money so he had to find ways to pay for his education. One such way was to write poems and print them with miniature type on very thin slices of birch bark. These "Birch Bark Poems" were a big hit and greatly helped his financial situation. Lummis did not finish his course work at Harvard and left without graduating.

Charlie married three times. Each ended in divorce. During his marriages and in between, Lummis employed a large number of "secretaries" who not only did secretarial work but many of them also provided him with other forms of companionship. His first wife was Dr. Mary Dorothea Rhodes, known as Dorothea. They married in 1880. She never stopped loving him for the rest of her life. In 1891, he married Eva Francis Douglas. Later, in 1915, his final marriage was to Gertrude Redit, a scholar in the Spanish language.

Over the years, he fathered five children. The first of these was Bertha Belle Page, who was born out of wedlock and about whom Charlie knew nothing until she was an adult. He and Bertha became very close to one another for the rest of their lives. Dorothea Turbesé was born in 1892 and was known as Turbesé. She was followed by three sons: Amado Bandelier in 1894 (who died of pneumonia at age 11); Quimu, known as Jordan, in 1900; and Keith in 1904.

His first wife, Dorothea, was older than he and every bit as headstrong as Charlie. She insisted that they move to her hometown of Chillicothe, Ohio and that he become a gentleman farmer. In one of their first tests of wills, Charlie rejected farming and instead became a newspaper reporter for the *Scioto Gazette.* In Ohio he contracted malaria which had a debilitating effect on him. At about this same time, he contacted General Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, and had sent him examples of his work. Lummis decided he needed to go west to recuperate from his illness and to accept an offer from Otis to join the staff of the *Times.* It also gave him a chance to get away from Dorothea.

How to get to Los Angeles? Why not walk there? That seemed like the logical thing for him to do. That is just what he did. He began his trip on September 12, 1884 and ended it on February 1, 1885 at the San Gabriel Mission. He had walked over 3,000 miles in 143 days and ultimately wrote a book about his travels called *A Tramp Across the Continent*. At the Mission, he was met by General Otis. The two of them dined under the old grape vine and then rode the rest of the way into Los Angeles in Otis' carriage under a moonlit sky. Along the way, Otis made Charlie City Editor of the *Times.* It was a position he was to hold for five years.

On his walk to Los Angeles, Charlie passed through the lands of Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona before arriving in Southern California. He had never before seen such geography and landscapes. He had never before seen Spanish and Mexican people or American Indians, many of whom lived in apartment-like homes called "pueb-

los". Along the way he began to teach himself Spanish. When he was done with the walk, he decided to call his newly-discovered region of the country, "The Southwest." The name stuck. It is what we call it today.

After settling in Los Angeles, it did not take Charlie long to become a mover and shaker. He wrote, he published, he made friends among the town's social and financial elite. They were fascinated with him, this brash New Englander who was telling them what they must do to preserve and protect their Southwest heritage. But, they did listen to him, they were moved by him, and they followed him. Lummis was a personality to be reckoned with.

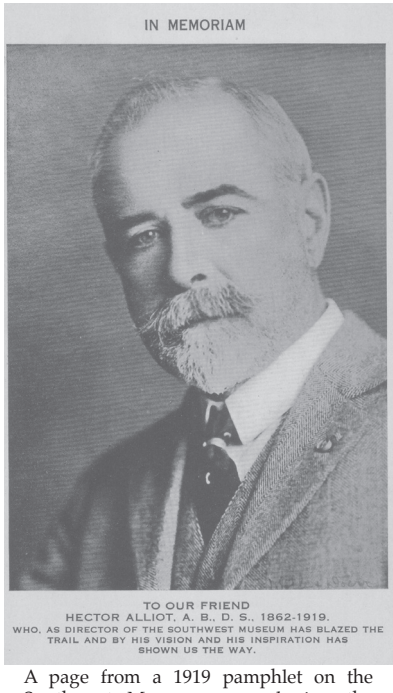
Following his stint with the *Times,* he was appointed Librarian for the City of Los Angeles. He formed various action groups: "The Landmarks Club" to save the missions; the "Sequoya League" to fight for Indian rights; and "The Southwest Society", a branch of the Archaeological Institute of America. Lummis convinced his fellow members of the Southwest Society that every great city must have a museum. Los Angeles deserved no less. He envisioned an institution to house the cultural heritage of the region, both Indian and Hispanic. Thus it was that the Society filed papers with the State of California to fulfill this purpose. In 1907 approval was granted by the State and the Southwest Museum was born. It was the first museum in Los Angeles and its first home was on a floor of the Pacific Electric Building at Sixth and Main streets. Shortly after, it moved to larger quarters in Hamburger's Department Store (later to become the May Company).

The Southwest Society lost no time in trying to secure a permanent site for its museum. Lummis chose a 39-acre hilltop overlooking the Arroyo Seco, after rejecting an offer by Henry Huntington of a similarly-sized parcel of level land near Lincoln Park. He said that the ancient Greeks always built important building on hills where they could be seen by the people. Therefore, the Southwest Museum must also grace a hilltop. It must be noted, by coincidence of course, that the hilltop selected could be clearly seen from Lummis' home, El Alisal. It is said that after the building appeared, the first thing Charlie did each morning was to go out and gaze upon it.

With a gift of funds from Carrie M. Jones of Pasadena, the original building of the present museum was constructed and opened its doors to the public in 1914. Architects Sumner Hunt and Silas Burns designed the building with a Lummis-inspired caracol (literally "snail" in Spanish, but referring to a spiral or winding quality) tower as the structure's most outstanding feature. Other additions were made at later dates. The building is still a dominant feature as one travels State Route 110, the Pasadena Freeway, in the vicinity of Avenue 43.

Originally, the only access to the museum was by foot, climbing the "Hopi Trail" up the hill. Lummis noted that this is the way the Indians would have done it and besides, it is good exercise. By 1920, The Board of Trustees and the public were tired of this method of access and funds were secured to bore a 108-foot tunnel into the side of the hill and install an elevator to the top. It should be noted that about this same time, the Trustees had become weary of Charlie Lummis and ousted him from any position of control over the museum. A bit later the Board took pity on Lummis who had generally never lived more than a "hand to mouth" existence. They assumed ownership of El Alisal and paid him a monthly stipend of $100 for the rest of his life.

Much of the early collection came from objects owned by Lummis himself. He was an avid collector of Indian and Hispanic material from around the Southwest and had filled his home with numerous treasures. The main room in the house was called "The Museo". One of his many interests was collecting music of the area, that is, old Spanish and Mexican songs and a variety of music of the Indian peoples. Some of the music is written down, but much of it exists only on recordings. Charlie made over a thousand wax cylinders of music performed by various people throughout the Southwest. Some of that music has now been digitized and transferred to compact discs. It is a unique



A page from a 1919 pamphlet on the Southwest Museum remembering the recently-deceased Hector Alliot, its first director. Courtesy of Workman and Temple Family Homestead Museum.

collection.

During the period of about 1927 until the early 1960's, the Southwest Museum was involved in extensive archaeological work throughout this region. Even into the 1990's we still did some small-scale work out on the Channel Islands. In the early days, donations of Native American Indian material were encouraged from any and all sources. The result of this was the accumulation of some great as well as some mediocre material. Many of the lower-end items have been deaccessioned over the years.

What is a museum? Unfortunately, some people have a tendency to believe that it is a building. It is not. A museum is a collection. The collection of American Indian material owned by the Southwest Museum is one of the finest in the world. It is probably second only to that of the National Museum of the American Indian.

The basketry collection has no equal. Unfortunately, the greatest enemy of our collection was the building itself.

The venerable old Southwest Museum building, sitting in majestic splendor on the hill as Lummis envisioned it, was built before we knew much about how to care for precious materials. As a result, there were no climatic controls in the building. Material stored at the top of the tower was subject to intense heat in the summer and intense cold in the winter. Material stored in the basement of the tower was subject to mold, mildew, water, insects, rodents, and generally unhealthy conditions for humans or inanimate objects. Security of the building and its contents was a joke. Many visitors commented on how clever our security system must be. No one could ever see any evidence of it! We always assured them that it is "state of the art".

Over the years, the Southwest Museum has been guided by distinguished members of its Board of Trustees. In 1932, the greatest of all of its directors was appointed: Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge. Hodge was one of the leading figures of his day in the fields of archaeology and ethnology. In his 25-year tenure, he brought an international stature to the Museum. Hodge was followed by one of the Trustees, Dr. Carl Dentzel, who was appointed Director in 1956. Dentzel served another 25 years. During his tenure there were further additions to the building and the Braun Research Library was constructed. The Library houses a magnificent collection of books, manuscripts, photos, maps and art. Much of the contents reflect the background of the Museum collection, but also there are items which go quite far afield. Included among its papers are those of Charles Lummis, George Wharton James, Frank H. Cushing and the Munk Library of Arizoniana. The Library owns two complete sets of *The North American Indian* by Edward S. Curtis. One of these fabled sets belonged to and was donated by Dr. Hodge who worked with Curtis on the original project. The Lummis sound recordings are also stored in the Library.

Following the death of Carl Dentzel in 1981, the Board of Trustees appointed Dr. Patrick Houlihan as the new Director. Houlihan had previously been Director of other museums including the prestigious Heard Museum in Phoenix. He saw his mis-

sion as one of completely restructuring and renovating the entire museum. There was no doubt it needed doing. Nothing much had changed through the 50 years when it was led by Hodge and Dentzel. Houlihan changed the exhibit halls, brought out materials the public had never seen, made exhibitions more accessible and arranged for traveling exhibits to come to the Museum. He also improved the descriptive signage. This renewal brought in more people than ever before. It was almost like a new museum had been built. However, the problems of the building itself remained.

Unfortunately, the cost of these changes outpaced the revenues to pay for them. Houlihan came under heavy criticism from the Board of Trustees for his expenditures, which were well beyond budget. In fact, at one point certain members of the Board made a move to fire him. That did not happen, but he was admonished by the Board to bring further unusual expenditure requests to them for approval.

Because the Museum was now facing severe money problems, talks were undertaken with the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County regarding a possible merger. This was in the latter 1980s. The purpose of the proposed merger was to bring financial stability to the Southwest Museum – something it had never enjoyed. The negotiations were not successful and broke down amid outcries of hostility from some quarters. Dr. Houlihan resigned.

The Museum went through a period of settling down under the temporary leadership of Dr. Sterling Huntley of the California Institute of Technology. During this period, the Gene Autry Museum of Western Heritage appeared on the scene. This new museum was located in Griffith Park on land owned by the City of Los Angeles. The Autry was initially dogged by the erroneous contempt of many that it was just "a B-Western movie actor's accumulation of stuff". This idea was probably the result of people having visited the rather unfortunate Roy and Dale Rogers Museum in Victorville, which certainly matched that description. The Autry was not that nor was it intended to be so. However, it needed credibility if it was ever going to rise above this popular misconception. The Autry approached the Southwest about the possibility of joining forces. At the time, the Southwest looked down upon this new museum and rejected the idea. One of the Trustees made an unfortunate comment which has come back to haunt both museums to this day. He said: "They are the cowboys, we are the Indians!" This was an odd thought, given the fact that there were no Indians on the Board or staff of the Southwest at that time.

In 1989, I retired from the position of Assistant City Administrative Officer for the City of Los Angeles. I was invited by the Board of Trustees to become Executive Director of the Southwest Museum, and, seeing this as a rather different turn to my life, I accepted. I had been in my new position about two weeks when Jonathan Batkin, our Chief Curator, came to me and said he believed there had been a major theft of important material from the collection. In our initial discussion, he told me that over the years several different inventory systems had been devised. Each one was supposedly better than its predecessor. Interestingly, none of the earlier inventories or notes by visiting scholars had been discarded. As a result, Batkin, who possessed a photographic memory, was able to trace what we once had but had no more. There were no records which indicated deaccessioning and, furthermore, he knew that many of those items were of such importance that they never would have been deaccessioned. I directed Mr. Batkin to continue the investigation using any and all resources we had at the Museum. Paid staff and volunteers combed the records and the collection. The conclusion was that a large number of items had been removed, many of them priceless and unique to our holdings. The estimated value of the loss at that time was $2.5 million.

We debated among ourselves as to what to do about the situation. We discussed the matter with the Trustees and with a select few museum directors around the country. All these museum directors advised that we do nothing about the theft and never tell the

public. They unanimously said that if the word got out we would see our donations dry up. The Board, staff and I decided otherwise. We believed that a crime is a crime and the culprit needs to be brought to justice. At that point we turned the matter over to the FBI Art Crimes unit. Its investigation revealed that the thief was none other than the former Director, Dr. Patrick Houlihan.

What a sad day for the Musuem. Houlihan was ultimately tried and found guilty. On the same day, he was fired from his job as Director of the Millicent Rogers Museum in Taos, New Mexico. Unfortunately for us, it was impossible to recover all the material taken, but some 25 or so items were returned, including a few of our finest pieces.

The museum directors we had consulted earlier turned out to be right about our financial support. When the news of the theft got out, we had an immediate downturn in contributions. Several large contributors called me to say that they wanted nothing further to do with us. I tried to convince them otherwise, but to no avail. Despite this negative reaction, I do not regret that we reported the matter to the FBI.

Then, another financial blow came. In the early 1990s, California suffered a severe economic downturn–one of the worst recessions to hit the state since the Great Depression. That did not help our revenue situation. Additionally, we were seeing a new phenomenon in Los Angeles. A great many of the old companies in this town had been owned by the same families for generations. We generally had long-time support from such institutions. The 1990s saw the beginnings of the sell-off of these companies to foreign and outside investors who had no stake in Los Angeles history or culture. Thus, the support of the old Angelenos was disappearing. We were faced with a significant reduction in funding. The Board decided that we should now initiate talks with the Autry to see if a merger of the two museums would be possible. In the intervening years since the last conversation on the subject, the Autry had achieved the success and the credibility for which they had yearned. Now it was their turn to say "No" to us.

We decided to explore the possibility of moving the Museum to a more favorable place. We knew that part of our problem was our location. What had once been an Arts and Crafts colony had now deteriorated into a generally unsafe, gang-ridden area, complete with occasional shoot-outs. The situation was bad enough that we had to cancel our night programs because our members would not come to the Highland Park area after dark.

In pursuing a possible move, we undertook a planning process and received several offers of free land. Our plans provoked an outcry from our neighbors on Mt. Washington who angrily declared that we must never dare move from our historic site. The Board seemed intimidated by the ranting of the local Councilman and others, and the project evaporated. With this decision as well as some personal health issues, I resigned in 1992.

My tenure was followed by others, but unfortunately the financial conditions did not improve. Doom was waiting. In 2003, the Autry Museum of Western Heritage decided to expand its mission and offered to take over operations and financing of the Southwest Museum. There was really little choice left to the Board of Trustees. The money the Southwest Museum had was rapidly disappearing. Thus, The Autry National Center was born. This new umbrella organization consists of three branches: The Museum of Western Heritage, The Southwest Museum of the American Indian and The Institute for the Study of the American West.

In my judgment, The Autry National Center has been the salvation for our venerable institution. The Southwest Museum appears to have a secure life once again. The priceless collection is being conserved, repaired and stored properly. The old building in the Arroyo is undergoing extensive renovation and repair and will emerge better than ever before.

I am often asked if the old building will ever house a museum again. I doubt it, despite the demands from the people on Mt. Washington and their vote-seeking council

member. They have already tried putting enormous pressure on the Autry, but it has not worked. At this time, it appears that when opened again, the buildings will be used for education and research. The Braun Research Library on the Arroyo campus has remained open throughout the renovation project. Currently, talks are underway with Occidental College to determine if a joint venture would be productive.

Our first museum in Los Angeles lives on. The great collection has been saved and more and more of that collection is now being viewed by a most appreciative audience.

Jerry Selmer has been a member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners since 1975 and served as Sheriff of the Corral in 1985. He was Executive Director of the Southwest Museum from 1989 through 1992.

Phantom of the Mountain

by Tim Heflin

A sorrel mustang was named Phantom
He had four stockings along with a blaze
He was foaled up in eastern Oregon,
Where he spent all his early days.

He roamed to Oregon high desert,
And on the scab flats he ran free.
He was at home with the sage and the juniper,
With the rest of his family.

Their range covered desert and forest.
They migrated with weather and feed.
When it was time for the herd to move,
Phantom's mom was the mare in the lead.

She knew all the trails to the waterholes,
And all the good places to bed.
She and the herd looked after him,
And made sure he always was fed.

His earliest years he spent playing,
With the fillies and colts of his band.
He was learning the social order,
Along with the lay of the land.

He started to wander away from the herd
'Bout the time that Phantom turned three.
Along with some of the older colts,'
He yearned for new places to see.

Reliving the Rendezvous Review

It was a prototypically gorgeous Fall day, when more than sixty Westerners and guests gathered at the Workman and Temple Family Homestead Museum for a remarkable and memorable Rendezvous.

Held on a large lawn next to the Museum's 1927 Spanish Colonial Revival house, La Casa Nueva, the event featured a performance of Don Pio Pico, last governor of Mexican-era California and a rancher and businessman of the American period, performed in costume by educator Roberto Garza. Don Pio discussed many of the important events and associates of his long life, which spanned nearly the entire nineteenth-century and proved engrossing to the audience, who had plenty of questions to ask the former governor.

Bar and book sales were brisk and the auction conducted by Jerry Selmer and Deputy Sheriff Eric Nelson was quite successful. A local Mexican restaurant, Casa Blanca, catered the dinner and the reviews were very complimentary. Finally, guests had the opportunity to go on self-guided tours of both La Casa Nueva, as well as La Casa Vieja—that is, the 19th-century adobe and red brick Workman House.

The honored guest was former sheriff, frequent Roundup speaker and book reviewer extraordinaire Abe Hoffman, who, unfortunately, could not be present, though he will be feted accordingly at a future Roundup.

Sheriff Paul Spitzzeri took the lead on organizing and executing the event, but also received much assistance from Deputy Sheriff Nelson, Registrar of Marks and Brands Joe Cavallo and his wife Sherry, Keeper of the Chips Ted Dalton, Jerry and Doris Selmer, Gary and Vicki Turner, Jan and Phil Chik, Pete Fries and his wife Charlotte, Paul Rippens (for the excellent recorded music), and David Kimes, who stayed long after the event ended to assist with cleaning up. And, special thanks goes to Paul Showalter for his fantastically-designed custom invitation, which ought to be a keepsake for anyone who attended this very successful event.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

September Meeting

Brett Arena, archivist for the Gilmore Oil Company, gave a fascinating presentation with many impressive images covering the history of the Rancho La Brea, the Gilmore family, and the family's many enterprises. These latter included the oil company that sprung (!) from substantial deposits of crude

located on the family's ranch; the construction of Gilmore Stadium, host of the Pacific Coast League's Hollywood Stars baseball team; and the lasting legacy of the family and company, Farmers Market, which remains an integral Los Angeles institution after decades of growth and expansion. Arena's penchant for finding interesting details and stories resonated with an audience, many of whom have vivid memories of Gilmore gas, the Stars and, of course, the joys and wonders of Farmers Market, and who left buzzing about the excellent travelogue through this aspect of our region's history.

November Meeting

Longtime member, former Sheriff and Brand Book 23 editor Ken Pauley discussed the remarkable career of the preeminent gun manufacturer Samuel Colt. Though technical difficulties with the computer and projecting equipment delayed the talk, Pauley conveyed the interesting story of Colt, who had the rare trifecta of inventiveness, salesmanship and manufacturing prowess as he ushered in a new era of repeating weaponry, including rifles and revolvers. There was, however, also an impressive design element to many Colt products that have made thee decorated weapons prized pieces in the collections of individual owners and museums. The Colt was integral in Western expansion, the California Gold Rush and the Civil War and while hot debates could be had about the violence found in each of these and other instances, the talk highlighted Colt's undeniable legacy as a prototypically American entrepreneur and inventor .

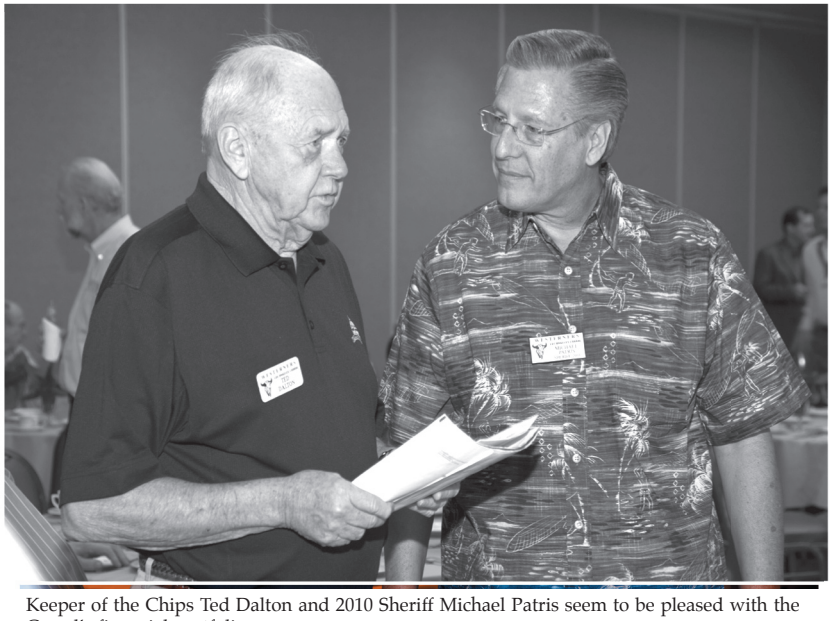
December Meeting

It was still technically Fall and our final meeting of the year not only featured wine and cherries jubilee but a well-conceived and powerfully-delivered presentation by former Sheriff and Westerners International liaison Gary Turner on one of the most controversial aspects of American history: the forced internment of Japanese-Americans into concentration camps (euphemistically known as relocation centers) during World War II. Gary used a wealth of compelling images to skillfully supplement a poignant narrative, one that reminded the audience of what can come from wartime fear and hysteria guised in the cloak of order and unity. Guests included a husband and wife who spent several years of their childhood in camp and a member of the audience evoked her memories as well as her anguish at the treatment of people who were, after all, Americans. This talk was an affecting way to conclude an excellent slate of talks for 2011.

Nick Curry and Monsignor Francis Weber appear engaged in an intense discussion about a weighty historical subject.

Steve Kanter and Abe Hoffman listen intently as Michelle Zack gives a synopsis of her latest research project on southern California during the Civil War. . . or not.

Deputy Sheriff Eric Nelson and speaker Brett Arena marvel at the astute and penetrating questions asked by a typically thoughtful Corral member.



Keeper of the Chips Ted Dalton and 2010 Sheriff Michael Patris seem to be pleased with the Corral's financial portfolio.

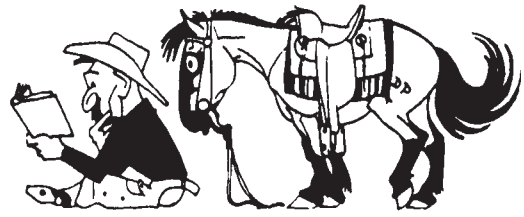
The Meadowlark's Song!
by Loren Wendt

In the road a boisterous dust-devil played its usual game
While the wind in the wheat field was doing the same
Somewhere in the distance I heard a lonely coyote cry
Suddenly I felt really sad and I didn't know why

Melancholy surrounded me right there and then
Hadn't felt that bad since I didn't know when
Even if my home could be reached in about a mile
That thought didn't help me to work up a smile

Then out of the blue I heard a meadowlark sing
His lovely song proceeded to really change everything
He sang every lyric without the faintest of pretense
And he kept right on as I passed his perch on the fence

So I looked behind me and he was still there
Another half-mile to home but I didn't care
That colorful, friendly little fellow made me whole
And I am convinced that that was his goal!



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STORY *Seeking the Better Life in Sierra Madre,* by Michele Zack. Sierra Madre CA: Sierra Madre Historical Preservation Society, 2009. 369 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Appendix, Image Sources, Selected Bibliography, Index. Large format, hard cover book 11 1/2" x 9 3/4" plus dust jacket.

This work, a 2010 winner of the "Award of Merit" from the American Association for State and Local History, is beautiful. The author has, in great detail, recounted the history of the San Gabriel Valley foothill community of Sierra Madre and collaterally covered the history of the surrounding area. From its beginning, Sierra Madre's history comes alive through both narrative and illustration.

Early Southern California history, as well, is interwoven with the history of the town, as Zack explains the reasons for the area's development in commerce, agriculture and population growth. The search, during the late 19th century and early 20th century, for a better environment for health seekers (such as those with tuberculosis) is treated extensively and much historical background is devoted to this important aspect, too.

The story of Sierra Madre from the mid-Twentieth Century up to the present is also covered. The "Depression Years;" "The Modern Era;" and "The Town As We Know It Today" each have full chapters. Further, the subject of water history is covered in the appendix.

The image sources section is important. It gives reference data for every historical image included, which makes it an excellent

help to the academic as well as anyone who would seek further study into any of the many historical aspects of Sierra Madre and the San Gabriel Valley in general. Besides many black and white photographs, the illustrations throughout are in color or tinted in the original hue, putting the reader vicariously in touch with the original photograph, map or document.

The narrative is very readable and makes one wish all historical work were as easy a read to digest. Perhaps to say the book is entertaining goes too far because it is not written for entertainment value like historical fiction. It is history. But for the student of local history, the San Gabriel Valley and Sierra Madre in particular, there is an entertainment quality here that goes along with reading about history.

The illustrations follow the text and are on virtually every page of the book. Such a format brings history alive. The quote at the beginning of Chapter 1 by D.J. Waldie is appropriate: "The goal of history is not to make us more informed, but to make us more whole".

—Joseph Cavallo

GRAVE MATTERS: *Excavating California's Buried Past*, by Tony Platt. Berkeley: Heyday Books, 2011, Maps, Illustrations, Notes, Bibliography, 237 pp. Index. Softcover, $18.95. Order from www.heydaybooks.com.

Platt, a professor emeritus in history, portrays a disturbing history of the looting of native American graves in California as an unholy alliance between amateur "pot hunters" and professional archaeologists, with the latter claiming the authority to do so under the guise of education and scientific research.

The book includes a highly personal touch as the author brings the death of his son in 2006 and a request to place his ashes in the waters off Big Lagoon, a seaside community in Humboldt County at which Platt has had a cabin for decades, but which has also had a long history of Indian habitation and of plunder by the aforementioned pot hunters and archaeologists. When Platt decided to research the history of official and covert digs among the burial sites and villages of native Americans, he had to break through with determined effort a massive wall of mistrust erected by Indians all-too-way of whites who sought entrée into their history and cultural practices. He eventually earned acceptance and the work is a clear, impassioned and impressive work of scholarship and activism in the exposure of the darker elements of archaeological investigation over many decades.

Platt does acknowledge the frequent good intentions and attempts by prominent academics in their amassing of collections of native American material that fill major university archives, public and private libraries and a variety of museums throughout the world. Luminaries such as Alfred Kroeber and Robert Heizer are discussed and analyzed with balance. Lesser-known figures, including professional archaeologists, but also the amateurs who proved to be both essential and embarrassing to the academics, are also discussed in great detail, though they fare far less well in Platt's work. Where the Kroebers and Heizers of the academic and professional communities are most taken to task, indeed, are in their conflicted relations with the amateurs. Here contradiction and hypocrisy are far too often in evidence as the academics rely heavily on the pot hunters, but then seek to distance themselves from them when it suits their purposes and aims to protect their reputations.

More importantly, however, Platt's excellent work is a reminder that, whatever the intentions and certainly regardless of the outcomes, the obsession with collecting "artifacts," including human remains disturbed in the sanctity of rest, the wishes, desires and views of native Americans were disregarded. This basic issue is most glaringly examined in the light of a rigidly-held distinction among archaeologists that modern concerns over grave robbing and looting (as there is no other way to describe what was done, even for expressed scientific and educational purposes) should be kept entirely separate from the academic intention and method utilized by these professionals. Pratt uses the term "compartmen-

talization" to describe this and it hits home with his thorough research, clear prose, and inescapable conclusions. Chief among these is that, no matter the purpose or the intent, the sacrilege of despoiling graves has no justification. As presented in Grave Matters, it is hard to argue with the author.

Recent efforts through federal legislation to repatriate Indian remains from museums, archives and libraries back to tribes is noted as a very positive step, but the process has been achingly slow, hampered by insufficient budgets and staffing, poor documentation, and labyrinthine bureaucratic channels to negotiate. Disconcertingly, pillaging of native graves and sacred sites continues and little is done in the way of law enforcement.

Finally, Platt raises the controversial question of genocide, which many are reluctant to apply as a descriptor of the treatment of native Americans over the centuries, but which he compellingly applies in this work, and of the unfortunate tendencies of Americans to engage in "scrupulous forgetting." While there are museums that interpret the cultural and religious practices of Indians and even romanticize these, all-too-few even examine, in the smallest degree, the atrocities visited upon native Americans. While there are sites in Europe and America that discuss the Holocaust, none exist here about the treatment of native peoples. Platt concludes that there is always hope, citing the recent opening of the African Burial Ground National Monument in New York City as a model for what could be done to publicly acknowledge and apologize for decades of the looting and pillaging of the sacred burial grounds of native Americans. Grave Matters is a well-researched and passionately written call for something to be done to rectify the many wrongs done to native California Indians.

—Paul Spitzzeri

THE DOCKS, By Bill Sharpsteen. Berkeley: University of California Press, 2011. 310 pp. Illustrations, Maps, Notes, Bibiography, Index. Hardcover, $27.50. Order from University of California Press, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94707; www.ucpress.com

It would be difficult to find a product for sale in the United States that didn't, at some point, pass through one of this country's great sea ports. The growth of international trade and especially the emergence of countries like China as primary manufacturers of import goods for the United States have made ports such as San Pedro in Los Angeles the largest in the world. The economic significance, however, is only one of many aspects of the port that Bill Sharpsteen examines in this work. In The Docks Sharpsteen doesn't just step into the role of journalist, he approaches the project as a physician, exploring the port's complicated anatomy, psychology and most importantly, its personality.

Docks is a journey brought to the reader from the viewpoint of an "outsider" being given special access to the inner workings of the fascinating anatomy of the San Pedro Sea Port. The scope of this nonfiction is broad, touching on the many streams of influence that the port exerts over the economy, politics and culture of not only its local region, but on the world. Sharpsteen is given access to the port, leadership, longshore unions, sea vessels, and the entire supporting infrastructure allowing him to provide a view that transforms the mind's eye of the port into a living, breathing organism.

He begins with a 30,000 foot perspective of the port as an operation, focusing on the parking lot, and what he describes as "a carpet of containers" to give the reader a sense of the vastness of the port's landscape. He includes for the reader panoramic photographs, detailed maps, and vivid descriptions that help the reader wrap his mind around this behemoth of an institution.

The work gradually narrows its scope, shifting its perspective to the groups of individuals that work in, with, and against port operations. He interviews the port executives, ship captains, union representatives, and environmental activists, all providing a unique and candid insight into the strength of the operation as an economic and political juggernaut, and its vulnerabilities as an environmental threat.

—Sam Lingrosso