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The Pacific Historian

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE / from the University of the Pacific / WINTER ISSUE 1966



ROCKWELL D. HUNT: *A Historian Closes A Long Chapter*

The Pacific Historian

An illustrated quarterly of California-related Western history for both professional historians and general readers who are members of a sponsoring organization: the *California History Foundation*, *Jedediah Smith Society*, or *Westerners Foundation*. Minimal dues are five dollars per year (*see the back cover for details*). Libraries may subscribe for the same amount. Published by the CALIFORNIA HISTORY FOUNDATION of the UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA 95204.

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1966 Winter Issue/Vol. ~~1~~ No. 1

Speaking of People	2
A California Historian Closes a Long Chapter <i>Robert E. Burns</i>	4
Freeport: My Boyhood Home Town <i>Rockwell D. Hunt</i>	7
Gurney: A San Francisco Word Goes National <i>Peter Tamony</i>	15
Jed Smith Finally Makes Headlines <i>William McPhillips</i>	21
April 1-2: The 19th Institute	25
Now Found—Father Kino's 1710 Map <i>Odie B. Faulk</i>	30
General Sutter Writes a Letter <i>John A. Hawgood</i>	35
Squibob Visits Benicia in 1850 <i>Capt. George H. Derby</i>	42
The Day That California Changed World History <i>Malcolm R. Eiselen</i>	49
Looks at Western Books	58
RUSSELL: Journal of a Trapper— <i>Arthur W. Swann</i>	
STUART: Corridor Country— <i>Martha Seffer O'Bryon</i>	
CARLYLE: On Heroes . . .— <i>Leland D. Case</i>	
HUNT: Boyhood Days of 'Mr. California'— <i>R. Coke Wood</i>	
GREGG: The Indians and the Nurse— <i>Lee Davidson</i>	
The Foofarah Column: <i>Your Editors</i>	62



Speaking of People

The Stuarts in a candid camera shot at the Jedediah Smith Society Rendezvous held at the home of Col. Waddell F. Smith, San Rafael.

WE CALL UP for attention that probing pronoun, *who*. Since the first stranger was sighted from man's earliest camp all people have been *who* addicts. Its lack in economics makes that the "dismal science;" its presence is why *Genesis* is remembered best as the story of a man named ADAM and a woman called EVE. *Who* leads the classic Five Ws— *who*, *what*, *where*, *when*, *why*—and how historians use it in writing history will be critically examined by experts at the 19th California History Institute April 1-2 (see pages 35-39). But right now we propose merely to speak of those *who* talk to you through these pages of the HISTORIAN.

First, the STUARTS. That first issue R. R. and GRACE brought out back in February, 1957, has the quality of a baby blinking at sunlight. But soon all was in focus. Aided by master printer LAWTON KENNEDY, the STUARTS brought the HISTORIAN into its tenth year as a known journal of Western history. Since they retired last year, others carry on. With this issue, the format changes—but not the pattern of purpose. It goes forward.

We pause, however, to record news about GRACE STUART already known to many readers. On January 30, that spark called life left her body as her spirit hastened on to New Adventure. At the little white Presbyterian Church at Pleasanton, her pastor, ROBERT STUART VOGT, cautioned listeners against a caustic sorrow. Rather, he said, the moment was a time for faith renewed by joy that GRACE DELL STUART had lived so long, so actively, and so fruitfully. We recall happily that last fall the HISTORIAN joined with PRESIDENT ROBERT E. BURNS in a salute of appreciation to the STUARTS. So now, GRACE, *Vale!*

R. R. has agreed to continue editorially active. Right now, however, he is busily putting through the press *Corridor Country*, the latest STUART book (reviewed on page 59).

The series on "contemporary biography" this month was planned for DR. ROCKWELL D. HUNT. But before it materialized, the Dean of California Historians had passed from what the ancients called the lesser mystery to the greater. No biographical sketch could better light up his personality, we feel, than the tribute of his fellow historian, DR. ROBERT E. BURNS at the memorial services held in Morris Chapel, at University of the Pacific. Others who participated included DR. EDWIN

DING, a former HUNT student at USC and now UOP professor of economics, and Dr. Jesse R. Rudkin, who has long been an intimate friend of the Hunt families.

PETER TAMONY is a former businessman who resides in San Francisco where he has discovered a great joy in scholarship. The origin of words fascinates him. Sherlock Holmes never practiced the science of deduction or the art of sleuthing more assiduously or more successfully. AUTHOR TAMONY thinks words are like people and, as you'll recall, SHAKESPEARE once observed that "There's a history in all men's lives."

DR. JOHN A. HAWGOOD is English, down to the last *ah* but he's also a California buff, "from Drake to Disney." How, we asked, and why? At Heidelberg University, he says, his Ph.D. dissertation was on the influence of the American Idea upon Germany's Revolution of 1848. Research brought him to American German communities, and so he discovered California, whither JOHN AUGUSTUS SUTTER had come a century earlier. DR. HAWGOOD is now professor of American history at the University of Birmingham. Soon to appear are *America's Western Frontiers* (Alfred A. Knopf) and a book on San Francisco, 1856-1906, in the University of Oklahoma's *Centers of Civilization* series. He has top billing as a speaker at the April 1-2 California History Institute.

Youthful ODIE B. FAULK, Ph.D., is Research Historian at the Arizona Pioneer's Historical Society, Tucson. Author of six books, he now is doing a Southwest history for Oxford University Press.

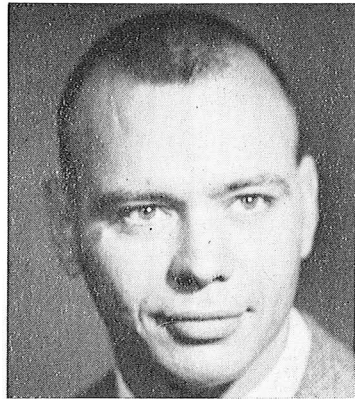
HISTORIAN readers will remember DR. R. COKE WOOD's "contemporary biography" of DR. MALCOM R. EISELEN, Chairman of the Department of History at the University of the Pacific, whose death was noted in the last issue. Rather than repeat biographical data, we present his 1965 Institute address. Through it shines scholarship and charm which made him an inspiring and beloved teacher.

Future issues of THE HISTORIAN will bring a wide variety of California-related articles—ranging from efforts to discover SIR FRANCIS DRAKE's lost galleon to Uncle Sam's World War II treatment of Japanese in California. . . . And just as this issue goes to press comes a manuscript from GENERAL CARLOS P. ROMULO, who currently serves as president of the University of the Philippines and Minister of Education.

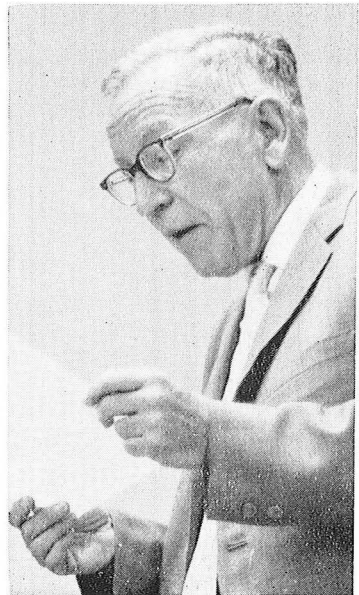


✓ John A. Hawgood

Odie B. Faulk ✓



Malcolm R. Eiselen ✓

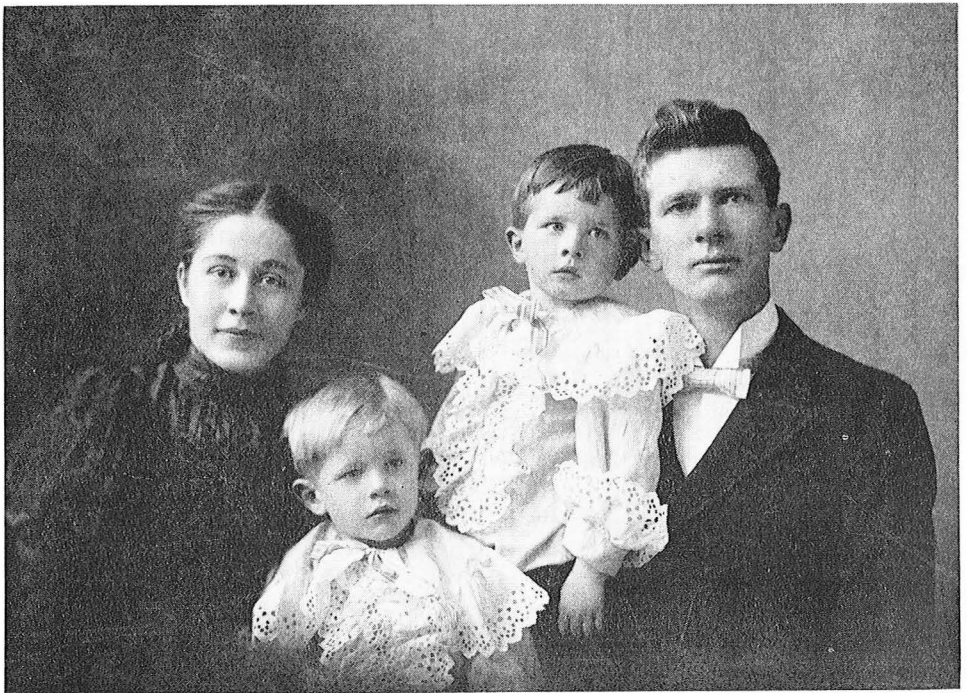


A California Historian Closes

Dr. Rockwell Hunt by President Robert E. Burns at

IN THE PHRASE of the immortal Plato, the state is "nature's gift to man to enable him to perfect himself in the good life." The man who wrote those words and the man who quoted them were devoted to a state: Plato to an ideal state, uncreated and without existence; Rockwell Dennis Hunt to a state which he had watched through most of its growth, a state which inspired in him a devotion—no, say rather an idyllic love—a love which gave him a rapport with California, an insight into its history, an almost personal involvement in the interpretation of that history. His love was of a stature that could contain the great-

Facing the camera circa 1902, Dr. and Mrs. Hunt, Paul and Lloyd. Clarence and Rockwell, Jr., came later.



Long Chapter

Memorial tribute to
iversity of the Pacific Chapel.

*Dr. Hunt and friend,
Joseph Knowland, the Oakland
publisher, cut a cake.
Both, in their 90s,
died recently.*



est of California's mountains, the noblest of her trees, the quiet dignity of her lakes. His was a love that reflected in him the qualities of his beloved and they became as one—for Rockwell D. Hunt was "Mr. California."

There have been many love affairs in the pages of history. Has any been of any greater intensity than the love affair he had for *his* California? It was as though he constantly embraced Califa, the mythological maiden from whom the state derived its name. Such devotion carried him into the use of prose, poetry, and literature interpreted so frequently in his historical writings. In a sense he was the chronicler of California—and its interpreter.

On the facade of the library courts building at the state capitol in Sacramento there is inscribed a line used widely from a poem by Sam Walter Foss: "Bring me men to match my mountains." I can think of nothing so descriptive at this service today because here is a man to match our mountains. There those Sierras stand—rugged, dignified and crowned with snow. Rockwell Dennis Hunt had these characteristics.

Born February 3, 1868, when San Francisco was a camp and Los Angeles a sleepy pueblo, this man who died January 23 in his 98th year, almost belongs to the ages. What an opportunity it was to see history so dynamic and so colorful unfolded

before one's eyes—and, to be perceptive enough to interpret it!

I was always impressed with his pronounced loyalties. These might be exemplified in his almost passionate devotion to the colleges he attended and served—old Napa College which was consolidated into the University of the Pacific in 1896, Johns Hopkins University where he earned his Ph.D. degree, the University of Southern California where he was a distinguished teacher and administrator, and at the University of the Pacific where he was a teacher and years later the first director of the California History Foundation. These institutions which nurtured him and gave him sustenance were pivots for all of his movements and scholarly attainments.

More important, however, there was Rockwell Hunt the Man—of sterling character, forceful, scholarly, warm friend, confidant, Christian gentleman—the kind of person who comes across the stage of life all too infrequently. When one does appear, he stands out in bold relief.

One day, standing and talking in our University of the Pacific quadrangle, were three men whose lives represented 275 years of rich experience. As I watched there arose in my mind the question: Are there many places or many times where three such varied yet towering personalities could meet together in a common bond? These three were Amos Alonzo Stagg, Tully Cleon Knoles, and Rockwell Dennis Hunt—who lived to ages 103, 83, and 98. I called them our three Giant Sequoias, stately, venerable, towering—and, firmly rooted in the California soil. Two have gone on previously. The last kindles our emotions and affections deeply on this occasion.

So today I place my testimony before you and figuratively doff my hat to a man who *has* matched our mountains.

*Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains,
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains.
Bring me men to match my prairies,
Men to match my inland seas,
Men whose thoughts shall pave a highway
Up to ampler destinies,
Pioneers to cleanse thought's marshlands,
And to cleanse old error's fen;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
Bring me men!*



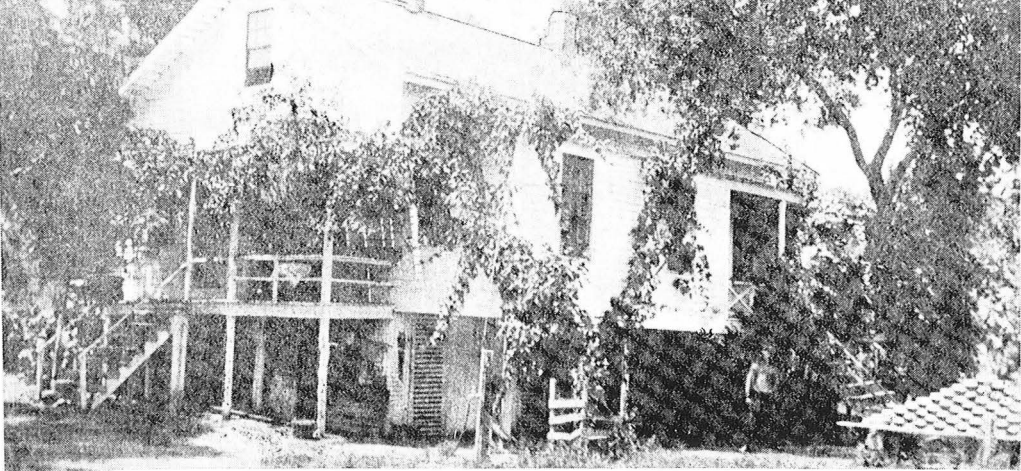
*The author at 14,
brother under the skin
to another river boy,
Huckleberry Finn.*

Freeport: My Boyhood Home Town

Reminiscences by Rockwell D. Hunt
from his *Boyhood Days of 'Mr. California'*

FREEPORT is a tiny village situated on the east bank of the Sacramento River, about eight miles south of the capitol building and business center of the city of Sacramento. It is not really a ghost town, for two reasons: first, it was never large enough to deserve the name of town; second, it has always been active, as a village, and even now does not show very great change in appearance from that of early days. But Sacramento, the capital of California, has grown to be one of the large cities of the state since I was born there in 1868; and it is expanding rapidly in all directions at the present time.

But little Freeport does have an interesting history. It was founded in 1862 by the Freeport Railroad Company, which intended it to be a "free port"—Sacramento was not a free port at that time. And besides, the name fits well, at the time of the Civil War. The Sacramento River, its border on the west, has



The Hunt home: Milk tins (right) get their daily sunning.

always been the principal feature, though now the Freeport Boulevard, with all of its automobiles, has become very important.

Freeport took its beginning from a dispute between some railroad men and the city of Sacramento. For a little while it looked as if Freeport might even become the chief shipping port—I can still remember some of the big wooden piles, used for a pier, that remained for years, in the river, of the port or wharf, and how they swayed back and forth when the water was high, at the O'Toole place—all gone, a long time ago. In 1866 the railroad men built a branch line from Freeport that connected with the main line near Brighton, nine miles to the east, and not touching Sacramento at all.

During those very early days the village grew rapidly, until it had a population of almost 400 people. There was a general store, a Wells-Fargo Express office, blacksmith shop, hotel, and saloon; and the flat-bottom ferry-boat across the river was started. But after the railroad was taken away, the village has never been so large again—the present population is about 125.

The first store in Freeport was built by A. J. Bump, in 1863; and the first, and only, hotel—a very small one two stories high, was opened the same year. Then came the blacksmith shop and other buildings.

Now I want to tell you about the flagpole; for it was the chief landmark for miles around Freeport, and one of the first things to be noticed, coming from either direction. It was raised

at the time of the U. S. Grant campaign for President, about the time I was born. The beautiful pole was made of three pieces, each piece from a straight fir tree, and all perfectly spliced together and bound by two sets of iron rings, making it look like a single piece, trimmed to be round and smooth, gradually tapering from bottom to top, in all 135 feet tall.

But how could such a pole ever be raised by the farmers of Freeport? It must have been a very hard job. But it was done with success by using what is called a block-and-tackle and the strength of a yoke of oxen and a span of mules, handled by a skillful driver. On its very top was a big red rooster, made of metal, which made a good weather vane.

The pole stood just at the corner of the Freeport Road and the Ferry Road, only a few feet away from our fence, near the first big fig tree. Sometimes, on special occasions, like the Fourth of July, a large flag was hoisted to the top and unfurled. When the flagpole needed a fresh coat of paint, "Skysel" Jack was ready for the job. All the boys envied him because he was such an expert climber. He did not live in Freeport: I don't know how he got that strange nickname.

One thing I remember so well: we often tested our ability to throw stones up alongside the pole. I felt good when I could throw a stone, or green apple, above the "first rings"; only the bigger boys could throw up to the second rings. And I don't think any of us could throw clear over the red rooster at the very top.

What might be called the center of the village was the general store, with saloon in the back part, first owned by Mr. Bump. Of course the stock of cloth and other dry goods was not large; but there always seemed to be plenty of liquor.

Many of the farmers stopped there to give their horses a good drink, at the water trough, while they stepped inside to make some small purchase. In the saloon there was also some gambling; but not one of us five brothers went into the saloon or formed the habit of gambling, and that was because our mother was very strict about such things. For this we could never be too thankful. She had seen the evil of such things.

The Freeport Post Office was in the front part of the store, on the right side as you entered from the wide plank porch,

with its wooden bench. For years the mail came only once a week, but later twice a week, brought down from Sacramento in an express wagon. "Going to the Post Office" to get the mail was one of the real events of the week—several of us used to go together. But we never received much mail, except the *Sacramento Union*, the *Pacific Rural Press*, and especially the *Youth's Companion*. One day we broke the family record by receiving in all, *nine letters*—that was so unusual that I never forgot it!

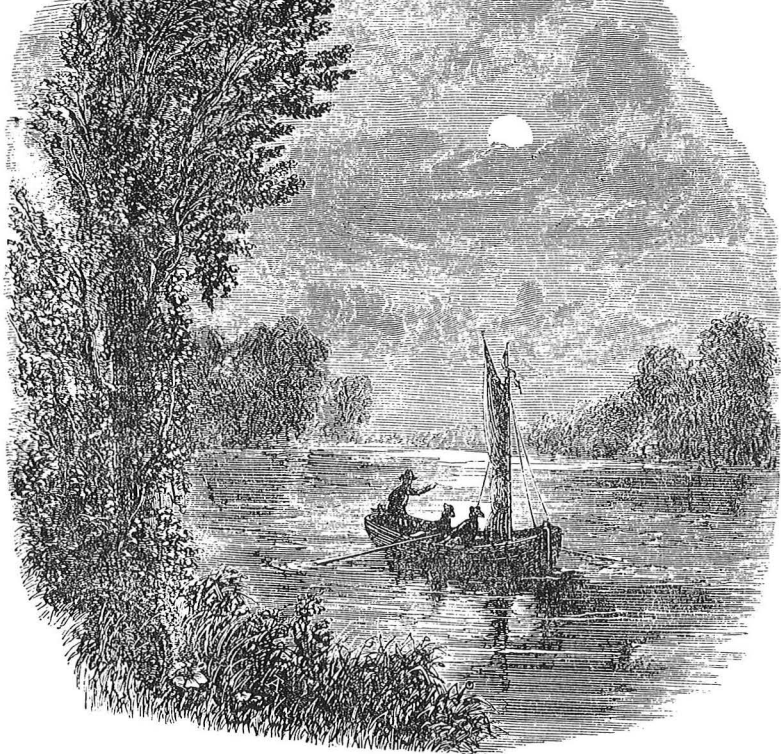
For a good while Webber's Store was a kind of natural place for a group of men of the community to get together and sit around an old-fashioned stove of an evening, a sort of town meeting—only there was no town, and no head to the group; just a bunch of what you might call old cronies. It was commonly a "Gas Fest," where they could let off steam and "chew the rag."

But the big questions they tackled at times would be fit for elder statesmen, like Bismarck and Gladstone. Some one who agreed with what was being said interrupted now and then with an emphatic "eggsactly"! But from another quarter came this retort, in a high pitch, "Not on your tintype!"

One night they got into a dispute about what cabinet officers the new President should choose—Grant, I think it was. There were about as many different opinions as men present, with very little agreement: everyone seemed to know just what the President should do. When my father had "got his fill" of that, he—so to speak—took the floor, and in a very solemn voice declared: "I'll tell just what the President *ought* to do: he *ought* to come out here to Freeport and pick his cabinet right *here!*" The meeting soon adjourned.

Across the road from the store was the blacksmith shop, and the blacksmith's name was Tom Kirtlan. When father heard me say "Tom" he quietly remarked, "Rock, when you use his name, I wish you would say 'Mr. Kirtlan'."

I couldn't say how many times I stood there with my hands behind me, watching the blacksmith as he blew the big old-fashioned leather bellows and heated the iron rods and horse-shoes in the coal fire to almost white heat, then made the heavy



A night scene on the Sacramento, circa 1860.

anvil ring and ring with the merry strokes from his swift-moving hammer, which seemed to be a living thing. Then he would seize the iron with his tongs and dip it into the little trough of water at the end of the forge, as it cooled off with a “sizzing” sound.

One of the most interesting things to watch was setting the tires of a big wagon wheel. Very few boys of today, with our rubber tires and free air, ever saw a good country blacksmith set an iron tire on a big wagon wheel. Let me tell you how that was done.

The tire had been taken off from the felloe, or wooden rim, and was then heated in a circle of fire of the same size. Because the spokes and other wooden parts had been shrinking, there had to be a good deal of measuring, so that when the hot iron tire was fitted onto the felloe it was exactly the right size all the way around. After being carefully prepared, it was riveted into place, then cooled by dipping into the water trough, so as to reduce it to be the exact fit for that wheel. A good job of tire



A country store such as "Rocky" Hunt knew: from Col. Frank Triplet's book, Conquering the Wilderness.

setting took a good deal of skill, but it lasted for months, sometimes years.

Andy Greer, boot and shoe maker, had his cosy shop just across from the blacksmith shop, near the store. It was shaded by a silver poplar tree. In all these years I never heard of another man quite like Andy. We of course knew the Greer children, who lived a small distance back of the shop—Emma, Ed, and Charley. His regular seat while at work was a piece of strong leather nailed with a row of brass-headed tacks over a good-sized hole cut in his little bench. It seemed to us that he could sit there in that hollowed-out seat all day, pegging away and sewing with his waxed-ends—that is, tough thread that had been properly waxed.

In spite of his bright red whiskers and the pits from small-pox in his face, Andy was a friend of us boys. He told us many strange stories and sang plenty of funny songs.

Sometimes he treated us to a little candy, but more often to a piece of black sewing wax, to use as gum. He knew how to make a fine whip lash. He would stick his sharp knife blade

into a piece of waste leather on his cutting board and draw it by the edge of the blade with rapid motion, round and round, till the whole piece was changed into a fine long lash, which would make any boy proud to own.

When we found out that it didn't take much to disturb him, we played some practical jokes on him. I'll tell you about one.

Some of us boys arranged a heavy weight held by a wire, directly over the shop, by a branch of the tree, and the wire was stretched across the road and brought down along a tree to the ground, where the boys, hidden from sight, could control the weight without being seen. When everything was ready, about dark, the weight suddenly dropped on the roof of the shop. Andy rushed out, looked up and all around, but couldn't see anything, returned to his work. Again came the pounding on the roof: again the excited cobbler rushed out, this time with his hammer in his hand. The boys kept still as death. After the noise was repeated a few times, he went over to the store and returned with a lantern; he finally discovered the weight up in the tree: but by that time the boys had made tracks to places of safety; so Mr. Greer never found out who the guilty boys were.

In my boyhood days no one ever dreamed of such a thing as a modern supermarket, which are now spreading in all directions—and the same about buying things by the self-service method. Take a look at the butcher wagon, for instance, that used to come along the road, once or twice a week, loaded with an assortment of different kinds of meat for sale.

The meat man never seemed to be in a hurry. Mother went out to make purchases for a few days ahead; there then being no ice or Frigidaire—the meat wouldn't "keep" very long. You would hardly believe the prices could be so very low—far lower than now. For 25 cents enough round steak could be bought to last a family of six or eight for two days. A good mess of stew meat cost 10 to 15 cents. The customer could get a soup bone or a piece of liver simply for the asking—as well as some bones for the dog.

The meat man had scales, hanging out the rear of the wagon, for weighing the purchases. But we never bought much at one time, since we had lots of salt pork on hand—after the

fresh pork was gone; we always had chickens, and in season we had a good deal of wild game, especially ducks. I remember how tired I got of having salt pork so often.

In very early days, wild game—ducks, geese, hares, etc—could be bought in Sacramento and San Francisco; but we, of course, never thought of buying such things in the market—didn't we have enough right at home?

The ferry-boat was a broad, flat-bottomed boat, held in place by a wire cable, made fast to a heavy anchor in the middle of the river, two or three hundred yards upstream, to which were attached a series of buoys. The current of the river forced the boat, properly guided, across the river.

Tied to the ferry-boat was always a small skiff, or row boat, to be used for foot passengers and other purposes.

Freeport has always been and is today a little bit of a village—you can't even find the name on some of the maps. And now it looks as if it may be swallowed up any day by the capital city, Sacramento, whose southern limit has reached to the old north fence of the Hunt Ranch. But that little village means a lot to me.

It's where I lived the first nine years of my life, then later years, and where I learned to swim, and row a boat, wade in the soft mud, and go a-fishing. Also, it's where I learned to milk cows and feed calves, to ride a horse bare-back, and follow a harrow. It's where I first went to school, a mile from home, and to church in that one-room schoolhouse. It's where my mother had her beautiful flower garden, just next to the Sacramento River; where my father had his dairy and made butter. It's where I looked at the big steamboats going up and down the river, and at fishermen hauling in their nets with now and then a fine big salmon. It's where I saw great flocks of wild geese flying overhead, lined up like an army going north to Canada, and lots of pelicans, and swans, and sand-hill cranes. It's where I really became acquainted with the Sacramento, "River of Gold," in low water time and in flood time, and almost felt that it was *my* river.

Yes, Freeport was a little bit of a village, but it has meant a lot to me.



A gurney at
San Francisco's
race tracks as
pictured in
the *Chronicle*,
March 16, 1899.
From Bancroft
Library.



GURNEY: A San Francisco Word Goes National

By PETER TAMONY

SINCE AROUND the turn of this century the word *gurney* has been connected with the hospitalization of those in need of medical treatment in San Francisco. In *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* (1961) it is: "gurney, n. (prob. from the name Gurney) *West*: a wheeled cot or stretcher."¹ Here the status label *West* is restrictive in the sense that the

¹ The first dictionary inclusion may have been *Blakiston's New Gould Medical Dictionary* (New York: Blakiston Division, McGraw-Hill, 1956): gurney, guerney. A stretcher with wheels for transporting a recumbent patient. Sometimes spelled girney.

word *cayuse*, which also bears the label *West* is restricted. All over the nation boys would likely know *cayuse*; those in the nation's hospitals would have some inkling as to *gurney*.

When the writer was about ten or twelve years of age, back in 1912-1914, San Francisco's police patrol wagons were known as *gurneys*. At that time, also, the emergency hospital ambulances were called *gurneys*. As the forays and prisoners of the police were of greater interest to a boy, it seemed to me the former usage was primary. During the 1920s, when I came to cope with sophisticated student nurses at San Francisco hospitals, I became familiar with *gurney* in its connotation of "rubber-tired, wheeled patient carrier." Only in the last decade or so did I learn that the Receiving Hospital service in San Francisco was under the supervision of the police department until 1900, and has been traditionally linked with police departments in most of the larger cities of the United States, this relation continuing into the 1930s, and perhaps even today.

San Francisco, it appears, was shamed into establishing a police wagon and telephone signal system. Despite appeals of the Chief of Police to 1888, which asked funds for police patrol wagons and signal systems similiar to those of Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and fourteen other American cities, it was not until three years after Oakland, across San Francisco Bay, established such protection in 1886-1887 that San Francisco appropriated \$20,000.00.² Until the middle 1890s police patrol wagons, open to the sky, with lengthwise benches, were used to transport arrestees, and dray the sick and injured to the Receiving Hospital for the ministration of the police surgeon.

In 1892-1893 the Assistant City Physician of San Francisco, who also carried the title "Police Surgeon," appealed for a proper ambulance and ambulance service for the convenience and relief of the suffering sick and injured.³

Ever on the Hearstian-alert to dramatize social malfunction, the *San Francisco Examiner* graphically illustrated San

2 *San Francisco Muncipal Reports*, 1885-1886, cites experience of St. Louis police from long report; pp. 555-58.

3 *San Francisco Muncipal Reports*, 1892-1893, p. 794.

Francisco's need when it assigned its beautiful, red-haired, girl-reporter Winifred Sweet (who had been hired as a writer in 1889, after arriving in San Francisco as a chorus cutie with a touring theatrical troupe) to throw a wing-ding in shabby clothes in Market Street during the busiest part of the day. After lying on the pavement surrounded by a curious crowd for an interminable time, and being tested for alcoholic breath by a policeman already toniced by bourbon, Winifred was loaded into a dirty, straw-lined police wagon of the open-dray type, and joltingly delivered to the Receiving Hospital. Two mornings later the city was shocked by a sensational exposé of this facility. Miss Sweet detailed how she was subjected to pawing, indignity, and insult by raffish, drunken, unprofessional male attendants before being given a high emetic of hot water and mustard, and released. Writing under the *nom de croisade* "Annie Laurie," actress-indomitable Winifred Sweet Black Bonfils entertained the Hearst newspaper-public for decades.⁴ in later years being termed the original *sob-sister*, a denomination that does not seem to have come into usage until after 1907.⁵

A result of this furore was the gift of an ambulance to the city in 1894-1895 by the daughters of James Fair, builder of the Fairmont Hotel on Nob Hill.⁶ Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her sister, Virginia, afterwards the first Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, were then and later fixtures and eminentos of New York society. As their contribution got rolling it started the development of the world's best emergency hospital service. By 1896-1897 two Branch Receiving Hospitals were established, one in Golden Gate Park, the other on the Embarcadero or waterfront. In 1900 a new City Charter transferred the Receiving Hospital and ambulance service to the Board of Health, and the newly named Emergency Hospital system was

4 *William Randolph Hearst, A New Appraisal* by J. K. Winkler (New York: Hastings House, 1955), pp. 49, 53.

5 *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*, March 19, 1947, p. 13/2. Walter Winchell, "Ladies of the Press." During Harry K. Thaw's trial [1907], a section in the courtroom was reserved for the distaffers. Their reports of the trial were loaded with sentimental goo. . . . A male newsboy covering the same yarn inserted a scornful line in his story about "sob sisters." . . . And that marked the birth of the classic tag.

6 *San Francisco Municipal Reports*, 1894-1895, p. 773; *Ibid.*, 1896-1897, p. 1002; *Ibid.*, 1899-1900, p. 555.

set up. As early as 1901 an automobile ambulance was being called for to speed to outlying areas. In 1903-1904 drivers and stewards were being instructed in *first care*, and all ambulances were being equipped with instruments for the accomplishment of Emergency Service. By 1908-1909 there were five Emergency Hospitals, and in 1910-1911 the first motor ambulance chugged away in response to calls. Substantially, with the addition of week-end alleviation for those who gurgled or cut feet at Ocean Beach, this is the fourteen-ambulance, twenty-four hour relief rushed to anyone in the less than fifty-square-mile area of San Francisco.

On February 13, 1883, the United States Patent Office granted to J. Theodore Gurney of Boston a patent for an improved construction of running-gear for horse-drawn vehicles.⁷ Gurney's three pages of claims outlined improved and scientific leafing of springs, which, with their attaching devices, eliminated much of the rattling and jarring of the rattletraps then in use. *The Gurney Cab* is illustrated in *The Hub* (XXV, ii, p. 707: February 1, 1884), a carriage maker's journal formerly published in New York, and must have been a success as it is pictured in later books on horse-drawn vehicles. A Gurney Cab Company operated in Oakland, California, from 1889-1905.⁸ The mother of a friend, who was secretary to Mrs. Leland Stanford, and went to New York with her in the 1910s, recalls a ride in a Gurney, which was considered a treat. Unlike the hansom cab of London and New York, the driver's seat was in front, the entrance being at the back. The smaller Gurney seated four on two lengthwise benches: the frame was wood, with sheet-iron sides, roof and floor, and glassed windows. Maroon plush was favored for upholstery.

As the San Francisco police patrol wagon developed from

7 *Specifications and Drawings of Patents, United States Patent Office*, February, 1883 (Washington: Government Printing Office, No. 272-238). Specifications, pp. 810-13. Drawings of Patents, pp. 225-26.

8 1889-93, Oakland Gurney Cab. & Delivery Co., 958 Broadway & elsewhere; 1896, Gurney Cab. Co., 12th & Broadway; 1903-06, Gurney Cab. Co., 521-23 - 15th Street; 1899, Gurney Cab. Co., 14th & Webster, Kane & Daly, Props.; 1905, Kane & Daly Gurney Cab. Co., 14th & Webster; 1904-05, Kane & Daly Livery Stables, 14th & Webster; Rubber tire hacks, gurneys, coupes, etc. For this information I am indebted to Mrs. Frances Ruxton, California Room, Oakland Public Library, who, in 1959, transmitted it through Miss Ann Nylund of the Oakland Public Library.



Modern hospital gurney, also known as a stretcher.

© 1966 Brunswick Corporation.

an open dray-type to a sided-and-roofed vehicle in the 1890s, with its entrance at the rear, and as the ambulance gift of Mr. Fair's daughters in 1894-1895 trotted to calls, it may be assumed that these vehicles were nicknamed after the rear-entrance Gurney Cab, then also a novelty. These are the transferred usages I heard as a boy. In addition there was in process another aspect. This helps transfer the word *gurney* from the streets and byways of Oakland and San Francisco to the silent corridors of hospitals.

Traditionally, California law has prohibited the sale of liquor within a mile of any university. In the decades around 1900 the blues of the University of California sojourned to Oakland to paint the town red. Harry Magee of Oakland, who was born in 1879, recalls that a substantial part of the business of the Gurney Cab Company was hauling UC students from the bright spots of Oakland back to Berkeley in the small hours—"taking the Gurney was the thing to do."⁹

As pre-medical students at Berkeley had to migrate to San Francisco to complete their courses and studies at the Affiliated Colleges, now the University of California San Francisco Med-

⁹ *San Francisco Examiner*, March 2, 1959, I, p. 4/1-2. Letter to writer, January 31, 1963.

ical Center, is it too much to assume they heard the local usage, *gurney*, for ambulance/police patrol, and associated their familiar Oakland-to-Berkeley Gurney Cab with this, and generalized it to the wheeled, stretcher conveyances used in the hospital?

To reach currency, a word must be grounded in varied social processes, as herein outlined. Neologisms do not pop out of the mouths of individuals, as many think, but are evoked in a speaker-hearer complex to reflect a succession of things or a cavalcade of events that seek to be metamorphosized, on the principle of least effort, in a metaphoric naming. Unconscious, unrelated factors frequently help establish a word in solid usage. *Gurney* had the advantage of two of these. It is closely connected in sound/sense with *journey*. And there is an association with the name of Sir Galsworthy Gurney, who was the first to devise and use the high-pressure steam-jet in locomotion, and who propelled a steam-carriage into Hyde Park in 1827.¹⁰ Sir Galsworthy was noted throughout the nineteenth century for other devices and inventions, including improvement of the limelight. His steam carriage was memorialized by the poet, Tom Hood:

*Instead of journeys, people now
May go upon a Gurney
Though with a load they may explode
And you will all be undone;
And find you're going up to Heaven
Instead of up to London.*

The last horse-drawn vehicle of the Gurney type on the streets of San Francisco was that used by the Little Sisters of the Poor in Lake Street. Until their method of operation was changed by Community Chest methods of the 1920s, and the munificence of Democratic administrations starting in the 1930s, members of this French order traversed the city daily begging alms of Merchants to feed and clothe elders in their care, their wagon being driven by one of their old men.

¹⁰ See *Carriages and Coaches: Their History and Evolution* by Ralph Straus (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1912), pp. 255-56.



*Smith and men in the Mojave Desert in 1826
as imaginatively painted circa 1905 by Remington.*

Jed Smith Finally Makes Headlines

By WILLIAM MCPHILLIPS

ED. NOTE: *This from the Los Angeles Times, December 20, 1965, puts 140-year old history into the present tense.*

JEDEDIAH SMITH would be plumb amazed at the goings-on in what was once some of his favorite country.

When he staggered out of the searing Mojave Desert in 1826 to become the first white man to reach California via an overland route,¹ he noted in his journal that he had reached

¹ Not quite that. He was the first American to cross overland to California. Captain Juan Bautista de Anza had come up from Mexico, reaching San Gabriel Mission near Los Angeles on January 4, 1776. — Eds.



Mojaves painted for a ceremonial, no doubt, as seen in the 1850s by Möllhausen. They welcomed Smith in 1826, but treacherously attacked him next year.

paradise. True, a grizzly bit off half his scalp before he even set up camp,² but that could be regarded as a minor inconvenience; the bear made far better eating than did rattlesnakes and horned toads, about the only living thing found on the unblazed trail from the Great Salt Lake. [The 1826 Smith expedition crossed the Colorado River in the vicinity of the present city of Needles, California. Eds.]

Everything Smith and his 13 fellow-explorers needed they found in abundance where the desert plain rises into the eastern slope of the cooling San Bernardino Mountains.

They nearly died of thirst in the trackless desert but found

² The grizzly bear tale is twisted just a bit. It was Jed's ear that was almost torn off, and a few ribs were cracked. The episode took place not in California's Mojave Desert but South Dakota's Black Hills—not in 1826, but 1823. — Eds.

water aplenty at the confluence of what is now known as the Mojave River and Deep Creek.

There were shady strands of pine and spruce instead of blinding sun glinting off the stunted sagebrush.

There was an abundance of deer, rabbits, and other game. Even bears, as he learned to his pain.

That one grouchy grizzly and his offspring are long since gone, as are the cougars who played a losing game of cat and great-big-mouse.

Otherwise, if Jed Smith could again stumble out of the desert, he would find his paradise intact except for two things—one present and one future.

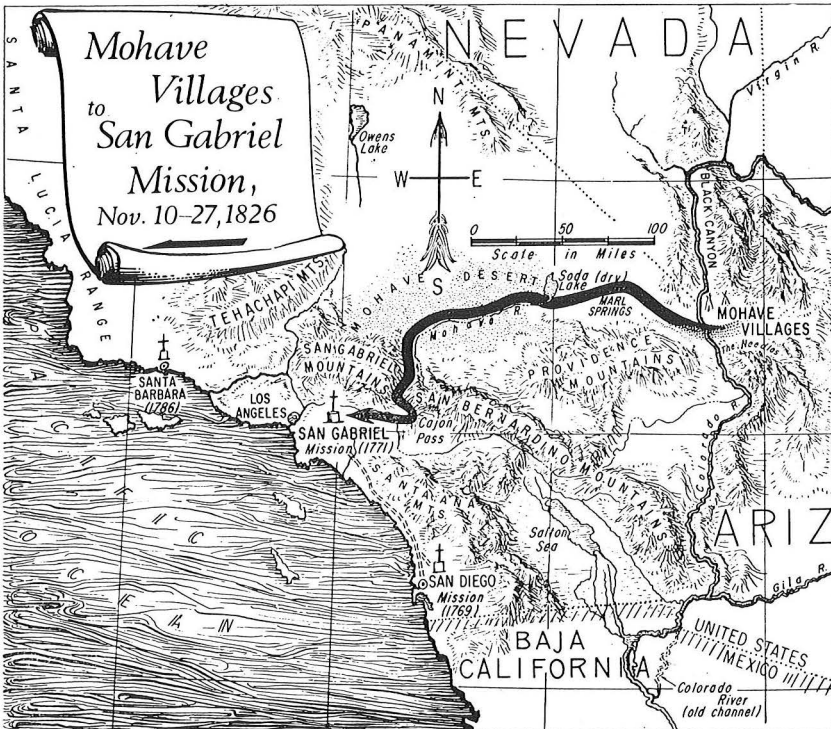
The present item is beer cans, liberally distributed by thirsty but sloppy Americans along roadsides cut through Smith's personal bit of heaven.

The future item—brought, oddly enough, by the very thirst that resulted in the roadside litter—is a multi-million dollar vacation complex that will rival anything in the state.

When the State Department of Water Resources announced plans long ago for construction of a Feather River water reservoir at Cedar Springs, there was little but consternation.

The other shoe fell when the Army Corps of Engineers,

Copyright 1965 by Alson J. Smith; reprinted from *Men Against the Mountains* by Alson J. Smith by permission of The John Day Company, Inc., publisher.



in charge of flood control projects throughout California, said they intended to build a flood control dam just below the confluence of the Mojave River and Deep Creek.

The reservoir would swallow up the verdant valley beloved by Jed Smith; the flood control dam would hamper activity in Deep Creek, one of the best trout streams in the Southland.

What to do? Various brains started churning throughout San Bernardino, and the result is a proposed 6,000-acre recreational site that will make Smith's paradise available to millions.

Under a plan already approved by the Board of Supervisors the reservoir and the flood control dam will be the twin keys to a development that involves the federal government, the state, the county and private enterprise.

Mainly, the project is the brainchild of San Bernardino's two young, energetic regional parks executives—35-year-old Smith Falconer, Jr. and his assistant, Peter Dangermond, Jr., 28.

Says Dangermond:

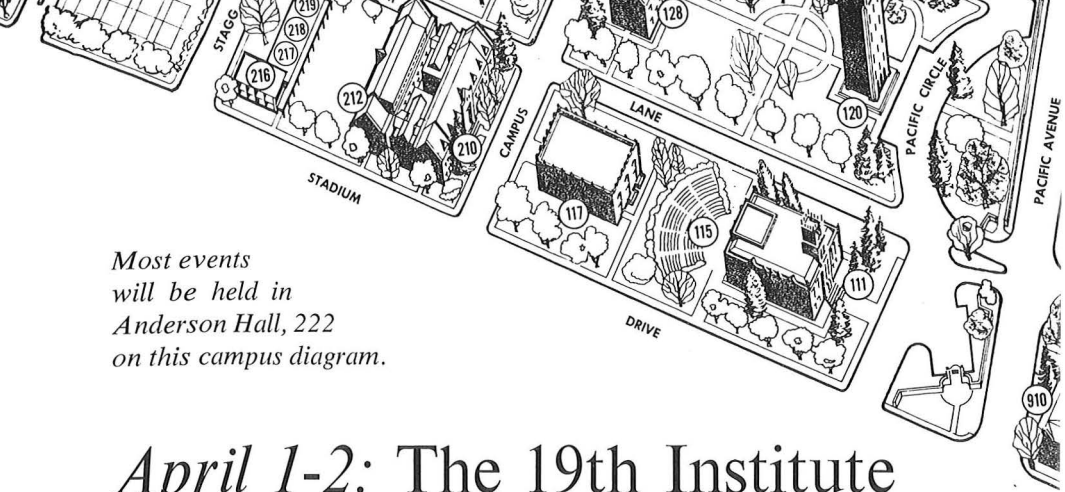
"It's been a pretty hard thing to pull together. A lot of the land was federally owned, the state had some, and the county had a little. But by gosh, it seemed that everybody in San Berdoo had something up there where needed."

Cost to the county will be minimal. The engineers will build and pay for the \$13,000,000 flood control dam; the State Department of Water Resources will build the \$42,000,000 reservoir dam, thus providing a 1,600-acre lake nearly three times the size of Lake Arrowhead.

In addition, the engineers will construct a campsite on the valley floor extending five miles between the two dams and the U. S. Forest Service will build and maintain campsites on the reservoir's perimeter.

For all this, the county will ante up a mere \$200,000—half of it for maintenance of the Summit Valley campsites, adjacent hiking trails and swimming facilities along the Mojave, the rest of it for access roads into the area.

The two park superintendents lined up private interests—the Las Flores Ranch Co. and the Summit Valley Land Co.—to build a town center and a 20-acre lake adjacent to the site.



Most events
will be held in
Anderson Hall, 222
on this campus diagram.

April 1-2: The 19th Institute

AN EXCITING PROGRAM themed to "The biographical approach to history" is promised for the two days, April 1-2, of the nineteenth annual California History Institute at the University of the Pacific, Stockton, California. A two-dollar fee will open the door for registrants to the full program, detailed on the four following pages.

Mrs. Robert E. Burns and Mrs. Leland D. Case, will be in charge of hostesses. Others on the General Arrangements Committee are, Peter Prentiss, *chairman*, Paul Fairbook, *meals*, Harold Kambak, *public relations*, John F. Higgins, *membership*, and Mary Kass, *registration*.

Members of the Board of Sponsors of the Foundation:

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The Nineteenth Annual California History Institute

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

April 1 and 2, 1966

Theme: *The Biographical Approach to History*

There is a history in all men's lives.

William Shakespeare, 1564-1616

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.

—Thomas Carlyle, 1795-1881

The true test of civilization is, not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of man the country turns out.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882

Friday, April 1

8:00 THE WESTERNERS FOUNDATION, Board of Directors'
Breakfast and Business Meeting

At: President's Room, Anderson Dining Hall

Presiding: Philip A. Danielson, Director

8:30 INSTITUTE REGISTRATION (*continuing till 6:00 p.m.*)

At: Gold Room, Anderson Social Hall (*fee \$2.00*)

9:45 CONFERENCE OF CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES,
Board of Directors, Spring Meeting

At: Regents' Room, Burns Tower

Presiding: President Walter C. Frame

10:00 CALIFORNIA HISTORY FOUNDATION, Board of Spon-
sors' Annual Meeting

At: Stuart Library of Western Americana in Irving
Martin Library

Presiding: President Robert E. Burns

Welcome: Dr. Malcolm H. Moule, Chairman of
Department of History, University of the Pacific

"An Autobiographical Approach to the Institute:"

R. R. Stuart, former Director of the California
History Foundation

Reports of the Director and Committees

12:00 INSTITUTE KEYNOTE LUNCHEON

At: Plantation Room, Anderson Hall

Presiding: Dr. Robert E. Burns, President of the University of the Pacific

Invocation: Dr. Larry A. Jackson, Provost, Callison College, University of the Pacific

1:00 *Setting the Institute Keynote:* University of the Pacific Panel

“What Makes a Man Stand Out?”

Dr. Wilfred M. Mitchell, Professor of Psychology

“Why Men Remember a Man?”

Dr. Harold Stanley Jacoby, Professor of Sociology and Dean of the College of the Pacific

“Do Men Make History or Vice Versa?”

Professor J. Randolph Hutchins, Associate Professor of History and former Director of the California History Foundation

2:30 SPECIAL INSTITUTE SESSION: *Artists as Historians*

At: Pioneer Museum and Haggin Galleries, Pershing Avenue at Victory Park

Presiding: Director Stephen A. Gyermek of Pioneer Museum and Haggin Galleries

Address: “Bierstadt and Yosemite”—with exhibit of Bierstadt paintings from the Haggin Galleries
Dr. Robert Neuhaus, businessman formerly with DeYoung Memorial Museum, San Francisco

Address: “Burbank, Portrayer of Indians”—with exhibit of Burbank paintings
Herbert Hamlin, Editor of *Pony Express*, Sonora, California

4:00 *Conducted Tour of Haggin Galleries*

4:30 *Reception and Tea* courtesy of the Junior Women’s Group of the San Joaquin Pioneer and Historical Society, the Board of Trustees, and the President, Mrs. Erma C. Robinson

6:30 ANNUAL INSTITUTE AND FOUNDATION BANQUET
(*French fried shrimp or roast buffalo rib steak*)

At: Grace A. Covell Hall Dining Room

Presiding: President Robert E. Burns

Invocation: Reverend John B. McGloin, S.J., Professor
of American History, University of San Francisco

7:40 *Music:* "Early California Folksongs"

Mr. and Mrs. Mont H. Glissmeyer of Stockton

8:00 *Address:* "John Augustus Sutter, the Man"

Dr. John A. Hawgood, Professor of American History,
University of Birmingham, England

Panel Discussion:

Allan R. Ottley, Librarian of the California Section
of California State Library, Sacramento

Dr. R. Coke Wood, Chairman of Division of Social
Science at San Joaquin Delta College, Associate
Professor of History at University of the Pacific, and
Executive Secretary of Conference of California
Historical Societies

Miss Carol Mehlhaff, student at University of California
at Davis

Saturday, April 2

7:30 INSTITUTE REGISTRATION (*continuing till noon*)

At: Gold Room, Anderson Social Hall

7:45 JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY BREAKFAST

At: Plantation Room, Anderson Hall

Presiding: President Arthur W. Swann, Professor at
Graduate School of Librarianship, University of
Denver

Invocation: Reverend Don M. Chase, former president
of the Jedediah Smith Society

Address: "Jedediah Smith Meets Indian and Vice
Versa"

Frederick C. Gale, Assistant Nevada State Archivist

Business Meeting: Election of officers and announcements
for 1966 Fall Rendezvous

9:30 INSTITUTE SESSION ON JOHN MUIR

At: Anderson Lecture Hall

Presiding: Dr. Clair C. Olson, Chairman of Department of English, University of the Pacific

Address: "John Muir, Man of Letters"

William F. Kimes, Assistant Superintendent of Orange Coast Junior College District and collector of Muriana

Intermission for coffee break and examination of Muir memorabilia on exhibit

Address: John Muir, Botanist and Geologist"

Dr. Carl Sharsmith, Professor of Botany, San Jose State College, and Summer Naturalist at Yosemite

Address: "John Muir, My Grandfather" (*with slides*)

Mrs. Noel Clark, Carson City, Nevada

Platform Discussion led by Dr. Olson

12:30 ANNUAL INSTITUTE AND FOUNDATION LUNCHEON

At: Plantation Room, Anderson Hall

Presiding: Dr. Wallace B. Graves, Academic Vice-President, University of the Pacific

Invocation: Reverend Myron Herrell, Pastor of Central Methodist Church, Stockton

INTRODUCTION OF NEW OFFICERS

California History Foundation

Conference of California Historical Societies

Jedediah Smith Society

Westerners Foundation

Address: "Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Pasó por Aquí!" (*Rhodes attended University of the Pacific, 1890*)

W. H. Hutchinson, Professor of History at Chico State College, Book Reviewer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and distinguished Biographer of Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Panel Discussion:

Dr. Charles Clerc, Assistant Professor of English, University of the Pacific

Ferol Egan, author of "The Cowboy Novel" and other Western works, Berkeley

Miss Carla Silberstein, English major student at University of the Pacific.

Now Found—

Father Kino's 1710 Map

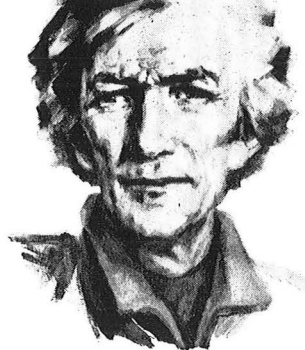
By ODIE B. FAULK

Research Historian, Arizona

Pioneers' Historical Society; the

Kino portrait is by Frances O'Brien,

used by courtesy of the Society at Tucson.



THE HERCULEAN LABORS of Father Esuebio Francisco Kino, S.J., in exploring and missionizing in the Southwest have been chronicled in great detail.¹ Almost unknown, however, is the tremendous influence this indefatigable padre had on the cartography of the New World. Publishers of European maps for a century afterward not only copied his works, often without giving him any credit, but also used his nomenclature.

Kino was born in Segno, a tiny village in the Austrian Tyrol, on August 10, 1645. Early in life he distinguished himself in mathematics, attracting the attention of scholars and nobles that resulted in an excellent education at the Jesuit College of Trent and at Hall near Innsbruck, Austria. At the age of eighteen he fell desperately ill; praying for recovery, he promised to enter the Society of Jesus and work in the foreign missions. He recovered, and after years of study climaxed by his ordination he was sent to New Spain, arriving there in 1681. Six years later, after participating in an abortive effort to colonize Baja California, he was assigned to *Pimeria Alta* in northern Sonora. There he founded the mission of *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores* which became his headquarters.

North, east, and west from Dolores he explored, convert-

1 See Herbert Eugene Bolton, *Rim of Christendom* (New York: Mcmillan, 1936); Bolton, *The Padre on Horseback* (San Francisco: Sonora Press, 1932. Reprinted in 1963 by Loyola University Press); Rufus Kay Wyllis, *Pioneer Padre: The Life and Times of Eusebio Francisco Kino* (Dallas: Southwest Press, 1935); and Frank C. Lockwood, *With Padre Kino on the Trail* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1934).

2 For Kino's own writings, see Bolton (ed.), *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta* (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark, 1919, 2 vols. Republished in one volume in 1948 by the University of California Press); and Ernest J. Burrus, S.J., *Kino's Plan for the Development of Pimeria Alta, Arizona and Upper California* (Tucson: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, 1961). For the account of a soldier who accompanied Kino on one of his trips, see Juan M. Manje, *Unknown Arizona and Sonora*, translated by Harry J. Karnes (Tucson: Arizona Silhouettes, 1954).

ing the natives and building missions and *visitas*. He taught his neophytes to tend cattle, to grow grain, and to plant fruit trees. He made fourteen known expeditions into what is now Arizona, six times he reached the Gila River to the north, and twice visited the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers (the present site of Yuma Arizona).² He died on March 15, 1711, at the age of sixty-seven while dedicating a chapel at Magdalena, Sonora. The state of Arizona honored his memory on February 14, 1965, by unveiling his statue in the Statuary Hall of the United States capitol.

During the course of his decades on "the rim of Christendom," Kino made eighteen known maps; these are in addition to the thirteen he drew before his assignment to *Pimería Alta*. In 1695-1696 he produced two maps, one of the Californias (represented as an island) and the other of northwestern Mexico. The following year he penned a sketch of the Jesuit missions of Mexico. The year 1701 saw three maps being made, all of Lower California and showing it to be a peninsula, not an island as had previously been thought by European scholars. In 1702 he made two maps and in 1703 still another; these were elaborations of his maps of 1701, as were the four he made in 1704. Between 1705 and 1708 he sketched still four more maps of Lower California and the nearby Mexican mainland, and finally in 1710 he made his most complete and final map to illustrate his diary.³

Until quite recently it was believed that Kino's last map was that of 1702. Yet from his writings it was evident that the wandering Jesuit continued to explore, to make discoveries, and to revise his nomenclature. Recently a copy of the 1710 map, made in 1724, was unearthed by a great Kino scholar, Rev. Ernest J. Burrus, S.J. It is this last work of Kino which had the greatest effect on subsequent depictions of the New World, yet ironically it is the Kino map most plagiarized with-

³ In November of 1965 appeared the definitive work on Kino the cartographer: Ernest J. Burrus, S.J., *Kino and the Cartography of Northwestern New Spain* (Tucson: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, 1965). This was designed by Lawton Kennedy and printed in an edition of 750 copies. The work contains 17 maps (3 in color), 2 portrait renditions, and 4 plates from Scherer's *Atlas Novus*. Archival material discovered by Fr. Burrus and secondary sources not previously available in translation enhance the text, which fully identifies and explains each of Kino's 31 known maps.

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out credit. His map of 1701, first printed four years later and reissued frequently thereafter in many different languages, gave him credit. Only the manuscript copy of the 1710 map attributed it to the great Jesuit explorer; all subsequent versions, both printed and manuscript, omitted his name.

Although subsequent borrowers of the map of 1710 did not attach Kino's name, the unique nomenclature he chose shortly before his death for the various mountains, rivers, regions, and islands, and which were also copied, reveal the origin of each of these reproductions. First to use it was Guillaume Delisle in his *Carte d'Amerique* (Paris, 1722), followed by a host of others, such as Robert Vaugondy in *Amerique Septentrionale* (Paris, 1750); Tomás López in *Atlas Geográfico de la América* (Paris, 1758) and *Mapa de América* (Madrid, 1772); and Charles-Marie Rigobert Bonne in *Atlas* (Geneva, 1780). Even Alexander Humboldt in all his maps of Mexico followed Kino's map of 1710; and Aaron Arrowsmith, accused by Humboldt of stealing Humboldt's charts, followed suit.

Kino's maps were as accurate as the technology of his age permitted. Almost any site shown on his various charts can be found today through their use, although in some instances it may be necessary to refer to Kino's own writings. The University of California's Professor Herbert Eugene Bolton, in researching his biography of the Jesuit missionary-explorer, was able to trace out most of Kino's trails in this way. All the major features of *Pimería Alta* as it is known today are detailed in their correct scale (Kino chose to use the Castillian league). His latitudes are correct to less than a degree of arc, and his longitudes are in reasonable proportion although he had no way of making exact longitudinal determinations. He used a compass, a sundial, a telescope, and an astrolabe and he carried with him a copy of Riccioli's *Tables*, the Bowditch of that day. Limited to those same instruments, a geographer today would have a difficult time making maps as accurate as those of Kino.⁴

4 For an excellent study of Kino's instruments and methods, see Ronald L. Ives, "Navigation Methods of Eusebio Francisco Kino, S.J.," *Arizona and the West*, II (Autumn 1960), pp. 213-244.



General Sutter Writes a Letter

Here published for the first time, it shows his idiosyncrasies as well as California life in 1853.

By JOHN A. HAWGOOD, Professor of American History, University of Birmingham

JOHANN AUGUST SUTTER was born in 1803 in southwestern Germany at Kandern, Baden. His parents were Swiss, his father being resident manager of the local paper mill. At an early age Johann August went to live in Switzerland where he was apprenticed to a printer and bookseller. Later he opened a general store and haberdashery in Burgdorf, Canton Bern,

but was unsuccessful in business. In 1834, to escape creditors, he walked all the way to Le Havre, France, there taking a sailing ship to New York. His wife and five small children remained in Switzerland.

After many adventures, Sutter finally reached the Mexican province of Upper California in 1839. Soon he had received from Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado¹ a grant of eleven square leagues of land² in the unsettled and almost completely unexplored middle Sacramento Valley. With the assistance at first of only three other white men and ten Kanakas from the Sandwich or Hawaiian Islands, he subdued the local wild Indians and set them to work at his establishment which he named Fort New Helvetia. Now restored as "Sutter's Fort," it is a historical monument in the modern city of Sacramento.³ Here between 1839 and 1846 he was virtually monarch of all he surveyed and he added to the resources of his own establishments those of the Russians at Fort Ross and Bodega Bay on the California coast, when these were evacuated under orders from the Emperor Nicholas I, in 1841.

Always operating on insufficient capital, Sutter kept himself afloat financially by purchases on credit and repeated promises to pay old debts. In 1846 the American army occupied his Fort and kept a garrison in it throughout the Mexican War. Somehow he himself changed sides with ease from being a Mexican official to becoming United States Indian Agent for Northern California. Later to his great gratification he became a general (one of many) in the California State Militia, complete with a splendid uniform "just like General Scott's" but with very few military duties except to attend parades and reunions.

His fortunes were at first favorably affected by the discovery in January, 1848, of gold. It was found at his sawmill

1 Governor Alvarado was born at Monterey, California, in 1809 and died in 1882. He led a small but successful revolt against Mexico in 1836, but in 1838 secured the regular Mexican appointment as governor, which he held until 1842. In 1844-45, he was a leader of another revolt. The American occupation ended his public career.

2 A league is a measure of distance varying from 2.4 to 4.6 miles. An English land league contains 5,760 acres but the old Spanish land league was about 4,439 acres.

3 A descriptive booklet, *Sutter's Fort State Monument*, may be purchased for 35 cents from the Department of General Services, Documents Section, P. O. Box 1612, Sacramento, California, 95807, or at the Fort.

about 50 miles away on the South Fork of the American River, where the town of Coloma would be established. Sutter had the mill in partnership with James Marshall, the actual first discoverer. Not only did Sutter himself go to the mines but Fort New Helvetia soon became a key supply depot and staging point for the forty-niners. But by the year 1853 all this golden prosperity was turning to dust and ashes for Sutter. Squatters overran his land and plundered his stock; his real-estate promotions failed; dishonest partners and shyster lawyers exploited his good nature and gullibility and, finally, the United States Land Commission denied his title to two-thirds of his 33 square leagues and the Supreme Court upheld it.

When Fort New Helvetia was lost to him, he retired to Hock Farm on the Feather River. It was from there he wrote the following letter to Edward Kern who had been artist and also a member, and survivor, of his ill-fated fourth expedition. He had been placed in command of Sutter's Fort by Frémont at the time of the American occupation of California in 1846. This was resented by Sutter at the time but later the two became firm friends, as the letter here printed indicates.

The manuscript of this letter is in the possession of Mr. Justin G. Turner, of Los Angeles, with whose kind permission its text is here printed in full, it is believed for the first time. Written in Sutter's own hand, it reveals his marvellously fractured English. Spelling mistakes have been indicated but no attempt has been made to amend his somewhat impressionistic punctuation. His sentences are often teutonic in structure and he gives nouns capital initials even when they are not titles or proper names. This is in every way a characteristic letter, displaying his enthusiasm, his vanity, his warm-heartedness, his sense of grievance at the treatment he has received, and his unquenchable optimism.

Hock Farm 7th Decembr. 53.

Edward M. Kern Esqre

My Dear Sir!

I would have writen [sic] to you longtime ago if Mr. Chs. Fenderick would have had finished my Portrait. On the 4th of July he had every thing ready and intended to give it to the printer, he have done the

lithograph himself, because they have spoiled him the Portrait of Thomas Butler King. Now he is at Work with an other in my Major Generals Uniform [sic]. A Weeks ago I was in San francisco, and just my complet [sic] Equipment [sic] (equal to Genl Scotts) had arrived from New York and Mr. Fenderick wished to have me set in full Dress Uniform, and so I complied with his wishes. I hope that he will have it ready end of this month or beginning of January prox. and then I shall have the pleasure of sending you two Exempl. for yourself and your Brother. A great many persons are waiting very anxiously for it, like the Consul of France, who is going to France. By him I send one to the Emperor Ls Napoleon, as we were brothers in arms, when he was a Capt. of Artillery in our Country. — When I send you these Lithographs, I write you a very long letter, containing Matters of interest to you, etc.

At present I come with a request to you, for a Certificat [sic], to prove the truth, & your Signature acknowledged by a Notary public. I wrote a few days ago to our friend G. McKinstry who is in San Diego, as you and him are the two only persons who are acquainted with all these Circumstances. About two years ago Hiram Grimes wrote to me that he held a Note of mine \$2632.75— delivered to him by Sinclair, In the Note is expressed after the Gov't. of the U. S. pay the Amt. to me. Now you will remember, that when I wanted to get the Cattle from him, he would give it direct to the Govt, but did not like much to let me have it, but that as you and McKinstry told him, that you would see it paid so soon the Money come and we received the money and I have paid it to Sinclair (at the time he & Grimes would not have trusted me with \$100 —) I think you will remember this all, and several times I did send Mr. McKinstry to Sinclair to get my Note back, and all times he had an excuse and at last he declared that he must have lost the Note, and now it comes to light, that he gave this note which has been paid to young Grimes by their Settlement. Now I declare I have to pa y enough to pay my honest debts, I don't want to pay double, and for this I ask you for this favor, to send me this Certificat [sic] so early as possible, in which you will state that you has been at the time the military Comandant of the fort.

I send you herewith the description of our 4th of July Celebration, you will see now that I have a very brillant [sic] position, as Chief Commander, I am the 1st person in Rank after the Govr, all the other Major Genls of Divisions and Brigadier Genls are under my command. I have a very fine staff selected of the best and abelst [sic] officers My Adjt Genl Col. Fry, is a Westpointer & several others, and have been in the War in Mexico. I called for a military Convention on the 8th of January next, at Sacramento City, Nearly all the Divisions & Brigadier Genls with their

We have now the Telegraph, from San Francisco, to San José, Stockton, Sacramento & Marysville, and to a great many of our Mountain towns. Every day the Steamer 3 to 4 p.m. before my house. I have now very fine Gardens and a Vignard, with Artesian Wells. We the Landholders are suffering now much about the slow proceedings of the Land Commission I expect now in a few weeks the decision of mine, Major Prendergast came about a week ago, much alarmed about his claim, he wanted me in San Francisco, he said without one more Testimony of mine he would loose it, & of course I did not hesitate to go with him. I think he is safe now. The Squatters are close to my fields, all is squatted over, so long it is not decided I am in debt, and cannot sell a foot of Land at present, Our Govt. did not act right with us Californians. —

Over all this I write you in my next I remain very respectfully
 address Yours

To Maj. Gen. J. A. S.
 Stockton
 Sutter County
 Cal.

Friend & Obedt. Servant

J. A. Sutter

[The final page of Sutter's letter of December 7, 1853, to Edward Kern, the artist. It is slightly reduced.]

Staffs will be there. It is to organize the Militia, and the Volunteer Comps, Battailions [sic], & Regiments. As it is the aniversary day of the Battle of New Orleans, we will have a brillant [sic] military Ball in the evening. I will send you the description of the whole proceedings, as all will be printed.

My youngest Son Alphonso, have a fine position. He belongs to the Govrs Staff as one of his aids, with the Rank as Col. of Cavalry. He is under the Orders of the Quartermaster General. He has been as a voluntary Aid in my Staff on the 4th of July, he is a great Rider and well uniformed, about 6 inches taler [sic] as I am and only 21 Years & 6 Months old. He has received a Military Education in Europe. You would be astonished to see California now, San francisco. Sacramento is no more in Danger to overflow, the Levee is much higher and more substantiel [sic] as before, The Streets are graded from 6 to 8 feet high. It is not much more now as a year, the whole City was burned, and shortly afterwards inundated, and now it is realy [sic] astonishing, how this City stand now again with magnificent Brick buildings, and some with granite of our mountains like my old millstone. The [sic] have a great water work and in a few days every house is supplied with water. Marysville 8 miles above Hock farm, on the same place where Cordua's farm has been, is now a very import. City the 3d in the State, No. 1 San francisco No. 2 Sacramento No. 3 Marysville. We have now the Telegraph, from San francisco, to San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento & Marysville, and to a great many of our mountain towns. Every day the Steamers 3 to 4 passes before my house. I have now very fine Gardens and a Vignard [sic], with Artesian Wells. We the Landholders are suffering very much about the slow proceedings of the Land Commissions. I expect now in a few weeks the Decission [sic] of mine. Major Reading came about a Week ago, much alarmed about his Claim. He wanted me in San francisco, He said without one more Testimony of mine he would loose [sic] it, & of course I did not hesitate to go with him. I think he is safe now. The Squaters [sic] are loose to my fields, all is squatted over, So long it is not decided I am in debt, and cannot sell a foot of Land at present, Our Govt did not act right with us Californians. —

Over all this I write you in my next. I remain very respectfully

Your

Friend & Obedt Servant

J. A. SUTTER

Address To

Majr. Gen. J.A.S.

Hockfarm, Sutter County, Cal.

P.S. Grimes informed me through his attorney that, he dont wanted [sic] me to pay this amt, only that I shall certify that he or Sinclair have deliv-

ered these articles, but I told Judge Burnett his Attorney, that they received their pay, and that I would not comit [sic] a fraudulent action by assisting to cheat Uncle Sam.

J.A.S.

When finally Sutter's creditors drove him from the Hock Farm, he moved east. The rest of his days were spent in fruitless litigation as he lived out his last years modestly, but not entirely destitute, in Pennsylvania. He died in Washington, D. C., while engaged on yet another lobbying expedition, in 1880. Sutter was to tell the story of his life many times, in letters, in newspaper interviews and in his *Reminiscences* dictated to the historian H. H. Bancroft, and each account varies in some picturesque details from every other. In fact, his career and his achievements (considering his limited education and his meagre financial and material resources) were remarkable enough to have needed no embroidery, but John Augustus Sutter would not have been the man he was had he stuck to the unvarnished truth.

His tendency to oversell himself has misled some historians into regarding him as a mere charlatan, which he was not; and other writers into inventing adventures and experiences for him which even Sutter would not have claimed. His worst and most unreliable biographer was the Frenchman Blaise Cendrars—later an adherent of Petain's Vichy régime—who wrote *L'Or*⁴ and his best and most trustworthy, to date, is the American J. P. Zollinger.⁵

In summary, we may say Sutter opened up Northern California to settlement and his Fort provided an invaluable base and place of succor for the overland migration of the 1840s after the difficult passage of the Sierras; his enterprise and vision were to lead indirectly to the discovery of gold, and the phenomenal development of California after 1848. The 1853 letter herewith printed indicates the nature and pace of that development as well as revealing much of the weakness as well as the strength of the character of John Augustus Sutter.

4 Its English translation became a best-seller: Blaise Cendrars, *Sutter's Gold* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1926), and was made into a movie.

5 J. P. Zollinger, *Sutter, The Man and His Empire* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1939). See further J. A. Hawgood "Sutters a Reappraisal, Arizona and the West (Winter 1962).



Squibob's

Yours respectfully
John P. Squibob

NOTE: This autograph may be relied on as authentic, as it was written by one of Mr. Squibob's most intimate friends.

Benicia, October 1st, 1850

LEAVING THE METROPOLIS last evening by the gradually-increasing-in-popularity steamer, *West Point*, I "skeeted" up Pablo Bay with the intention of spending a few days at the world-renowned seaport of Benicia.

Our Captain (a very pleasant and gentlemanly little fellow by the way) was named Swift, our passengers were emphatically a fast set, the wind blew like well-watered rose bushes, and the tide was strong in our favor. All these circumstances tended to impress me with the idea, that we were to make a wonderfully quick passage, but alas, "the race is not always to the Swift." The *Senator* passed us ten miles from the wharf, and it was nine o'clock and very dark at that, when we were roped in by the side of the "ancient and fishlike" smelling hulk that forms the broad wharf of Benicia. As I shouldered my carpet bag, and stepped upon the wharf among the dense crowd of four individuals that were there assembled, and gazing upon the mighty city whose glimmering lights, feebly discernible through the Benician darkness, extended over an area of five acres, an overpowering sense of the grandeur and majesty of the great rival of San Francisco, affected me.—I felt my own extreme insignificance, and was fain to lean upon a pile of water-melons for support.

"Boy!" said I, addressing an intelligent specimen of human-

Visit to Benicia in 1850

The P-H Scrapbook: No. 1

Capt. George H. Derby, a West Pointer, amused the nation a century ago, writing as Squibob or John Phoenix, Esq. This sampling launches the P-H Scrapbook of salvaged historical classics suggested by readers . . . To Arthur M. Lockhart, of Long Beach, goes the first P-H-S Award—a color print of Harvey Dunn's "Jedediah Smith in the Badlands."—THE EDS.

ity who formed an integral portion of the above mentioned crowd, "Boy! can you direct me to the best hotel in this city?"—"Ain't but one," responded the youth, "Winn keeps it; right up the hill thar."

Decidedly, thought I, I will go in to Winn, and reshouldering my carpet bag, I blundered down the ladder, upon a plank foot-path leading over an extensive morass in the direction indicated, not noticing, in my abstraction, that I had inadvertently retained within my grasp the melon upon which my hand had rested. "Saw yer!" resounded from the wharf as I retired—"Saw yer!" repeated individuals upon the foot-path. For an instant my heart beat with violence at the idea of being seen accidentally appropriating so contemptible an affair as a water-melon; but hearing a man with a small white hat and large white moustache, shout "hello!" and immediately rush with frantic violence up the ladder, I comprehended that Sawyer was his proper name, and by no means alluded to me or my proceedings; so slipping the melon in my carpet bag, I tranquilly resumed my journey.

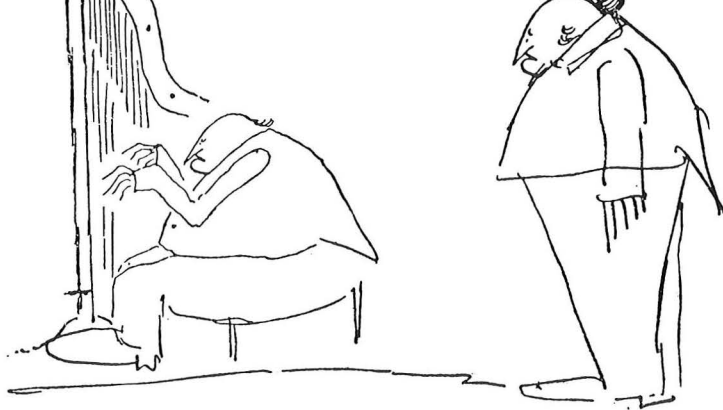
A short walk brought me to the portal of the best and only hotel in the city, a large two-story building dignified by the title of the Solano Hotel, where I was graciously received by mine host, who welcomed me to Benicia in the most *winning* manner. After slightly refreshing my inner man with a feeble

stimulant, and undergoing an introduction to the oldest inhabitant, I calmly seated myself in the bar-room and contemplated with intense interest the progress of a game of billiards between two enterprising citizens; but finding after a lapse of two hours, that there was no earthly probability of its ever being concluded, I seized a candlestick and retired to my room. Here I discussed my melon with intense relish, and then seeking my couch, essayed to sleep.—But, oh! the fleas! skipping, hopping, crawling, biting! What a night! But every thing must have an end (circles and California gold excepted), and day at last broke over Benicia.

Magnificent place! I gazed upon it from the attic window of the Solano Hotel, with feelings too deep for utterance. The sun was rising in its majesty, gilding the red wood shingles of the U. S. Storehouses in the distance; seven deserted hulks were



Briefly in the 1850s, Squibob, alias Phoenix, yclept Derby, edited the "Sandyago" Herald. When the real editor returned there was a scuffle. "We held 'the Judge'," Phoenix reported, "down over the press by our nose (which we had inserted between his teeth for that purpose) while our hair was employed in holding one of his hands . . ." It was a whimsy Grant recalled in 1864, writing Washington: "If the troops cannot get through, they can keep the enemy off General Sherman a little, as Derby held the editor of the San Diego Herald." The nation chuckled over the episode again years later when E. W. Kemble drew this cartoon for a new edition.



Derby had "a native relish for sin" and fun.
This is his caricature of harpist Stephen Massett.

riding majestically at anchor in the bay; clothes-lines with their burdens, were flapping in the morning breeze; a man with a wheelbarrow was coming down the street!—Every thing, in short, spoke of the life, activity, business, and bustle of a great city. But in the midst of the excitement of this scene, an odoriferous smell of beef-steak came, like a holy calm, across my olfactories, and hastily drawing in my *cabeza*, I descended to breakfast. This operation concluded, I took a stroll in company with the oldest inhabitant, from whom I obtained much valuable information (which I hasten to present), and who cheerfully volunteered to accompany me as a guide, to the lions of the city.

There are no less than forty-two wooden houses, many of them two stories in height, in this great place—and nearly twelve hundred inhabitants, men, women and children! There are six grocery, provision, drygoods, auction, commission, and where-you-can-get-almost-any-little-thing-you-want-stores, one hotel, one school-house—which is also a *brevet* church—three billiard tables, a post-office—from which I actually saw a man get a letter—and a ten-pin-alley, where I am told a man once rolled a whole game, paid 1.50 for it, and walked off chuck-link.—Then there is a "monte bank"—a Common Council, and a Mayor, whom my guide informed me, was called "*Carne*," from a singular habit he has of eating roast beef for dinner.—But there isn't a tree in all Benicia. "There was one," said the guide, "last year—only four miles from here, but they chopped it down for firewood for the 'post.' Alas! why didn't the wood-



*Captain Derby,
alias Squibob and
George Phoenix, Esq.*

*Benicia's
Masonic Hall is
California's oldest.*



man spare that tree?" The dwelling of one individual pleased me indescribably—he had painted it a vivid green! Imaginative being. He had evidently tried to fancy it a tree, and in the enjoyment of this sweet illusion, had reclined beneath its grateful shade, secured from the rays of the burning sun, and in the full enjoyment of rural felicity even among the crowded streets of this great metropolis.

How pretty is the map of Benicia! We went to see that, too. It's all laid off in squares and streets, for ever so far, and you can see the pegs stuck in the ground at every corner, only they are not exactly in a line, sometimes; and there is Aspinwall's wharf, where they are building a steamer of iron, that looks like a large pan and Semple Slip, all divided on the map by lines and dots, into little lots, of incredible value; but just now they are all under water, so no one can tell what they are actually worth. Oh! decidedly Benicia is a great place. "And how much, my dear sir," I modestly inquired of the gentlemanly recorder who displayed the map; "how much may this lot be worth?" and I pointed with my finger at lot No. 97, block 16,496—situated as per map, in the very center of the swamp. "That, sir," replied he with much suavity, "ah! it would be held at about three thousand dollars, I suppose."—I shuddered—and retired.

The history of Benicia is singular. The origin of its name as related by the oldest inhabitant is remarkable. I put it right down in my note-book as he spoke, and believe it religiously, every word. "Many years ago," said that aged man, "this property was owned by two gentlemen, one of whom, from the extreme candor and ingenuousness of his character, we will call Simple; the other being distinguished for waggersy, and a disposition for practical joking, I shall call, as in fact he was

familiarly termed in those days—Larkin.¹ While walking over these grounds in company, on one occasion, and being naturally struck by its natural advantages, said Simple to Larkin, “Why not make a city here, my boy? have it surveyed into squares, bring up ships, build houses, make it a port of entry, establish depots, sell lots, and knock the centre out of Yerba Buena straight.” (Yerba Buena is now San Francisco, reader.)” ‘Ah!’ quoth Larkin with a pleasant grin diffusing itself over his agreeable countenance ‘that would be nice, hey?’” Need we say that the plan was adopted—carried out—proved successful—and Larkin’s memorable remark “*be nice, hey,*” being adopted as the name of the growing city, gradually became altered and vulgarized into its present form Benicia!² A curious history this, which would have delighted Horne Took beyond measure. Leaving the Masonic Hall,³ which is really a large and beautiful building, reflecting credit alike on the Architect and the fraternity, being by far the best and most convenient hall in the county, I returned to the Solano Hotel, where I was accosted by a gentleman in a blue coat with many buttons, and a sanguinary streak down the leg of his trowsers, whom I almost immediately recognized as my old friend, Captain George P. Jambs, of the U. S. Artillery, a thorough-going

- 1 Using the name “Simple,” Squibob was pulling the leg of his dentist-printer friend Dr. Robert Semple. During the Bear Flag uprising of Americans against Mexico in 1846, Semple, while escorting prisoner-of-war General Vallejo to Sacramento, passed the Straits of Carquinez and admired the north shore which was owned by the man in his custody. Later Semple and Thomas O. Larkin, former U. S. consul at Monterey, acquired the sandy spit and together dreamed of a metropolis. It was briefly the capital, 1853-54. Semple, a Kentuckian, was said to be almost seven feet tall and friends joshed him about having to wear spurs just below his knees. He was active in politics and Masonic affairs. See *One Hundred Years of Freemasonry in California*, by Leon O. Whitsell (San Francisco: Grand Lodge, Free and Accepted Masons of California, 1950) Vol. I, pp. 61-63. For a sketch of Larkin see *The Larkin Papers*, edited by George P. Hammond, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1951), in eight volumes — EDS.
- 2 Semple and Larkin named their new town Francisa for General Vallejo’s wife. When Yerba Buena became San Francisco, they took another of Senora Vallejo’s Christian names, Benicia. This was common knowledge but no doubt, Squibob’s fans relished his etymological ingenuity! — EDS.
- 3 Lieutenant George H. Derby, alias John Phoenix ,Esq., alias Squibob, became a Mason while in Washington, D. C., and was active in the fraternity’s affairs in California. The lodge hall he praised was the first in California, cost \$18,000, and still stands. See *John Phoenix, Esq., The Veritable Squibob, A Life of Captain George H. Derby, U.S.A.* by George R. Stewart (New York: Henry Holt & Co., 1937), pp. 54, 82, 102. Also Whitsell, *op. cit.*, Vol. IV, pp. 488-499. — EDS.

adobe, as the Spaniard has it, and a member in high and regular standing of the Dumfudgin Club. He lives in a delightful little cottage, about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the city—being on duty at the Post—which is some mile, mile and a half or two miles from that metropolis—and pressed me so earnestly to partake of his hospitality during my short sojourn, that I was at last fain to pack up my property, including the remains of the abstracted melon, and in spite of the blandishments of my kind host of the Solano, accompany him to his domicile, which he very appropriately names “Mischief Hall.” So here I am installed for a few days, at the expiration of which I shall make a rambling excursion to Sonoma, Napa and the like, and from whence perhaps you may hear from me. As I set here looking from my dry chamber, upon the crowds of two or three persons, thronging the streets of the great city; as I gaze upon that many carrying home a pound and a half of fresh beef for his dinner; as I listen to the bell of the *Mary* (a Napa steam packet of four cat power) ringing for departure, while her captain in a hoarse voice of authority, requests the passengers to “step over the other side, as the larboard paddle-box is under water,” as I view all these unmistakable signs of the growth and prosperity of Benicia, I cannot but wonder at the infatuation of the people of your village, who will persist in their absurd belief that San Francisco will become a *place*, and do not hesitate to advance the imbecile idea that it may become a successful rival of this city. Nonsense!—Oh Lord! at this instant there passed by my window the—prettiest—little—I can’t write any more this week; if this takes, I’ll try it again.

Yours for ever

SQUIBOB

Ed. Note: Ten days later Squibob, writing from Sonoma, expressed disappointment that Benicians had not acknowledged his “plug” for their town with “some trifling compliment—a public dinner, possibly, or per-adventure a delicate present of a lot or two—the deeds inclosed in a neat and appropriate letter from the Town Council.” He went on: “But no! the name of Squibob remains unhonored and unsung, and, what is far worse, unrecorded and untaxed in magnificent Benicia. ‘How sharper than a serpent’s thanks it is to have a toothless child,’ as Pope beautifully remarks in his *Paradise Lost*.”

The Day That California Changed World History

By MALCOLM R. EISELEN

*Note: Dr. Eiselen, long-time
Chairman of the Department
of History at the University
of the Pacific, died September
14, 1965. He read this paper
(here slightly abridged) at the
18th California History Institute.*

EVER SINCE my topic was announced in the Institute program, I have encountered considerable speculation as to what date I might have in mind. The capitalists in our midst seem sure that I must be thinking of January 24, 1848, the day that James Marshall discovered gold at Coloma to set off the gold rush that reverberated around the world. The internationalists in our midst are confident I am going to talk about June 25, 1945, the day the charter of the United Nations was adopted at San Francisco. And the romanticists in our midst are certain I am going to celebrate the day that Elizabeth Taylor first met Richard Burton. Actually, my choice is none of these.

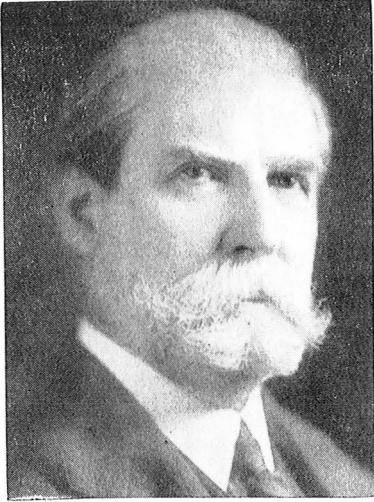
I will confess that that I have taken a somewhat perverse delight in evading all inquiries on this subject. Not even my wife knows what is the date that is about to fall from my lips. But now the time of revelation is at hand; the long months of silence are ended; my lips are no longer sealed. "The Day California Changed World History" is November 7, 1916. On that day the voters of California decided that the next President of the United States was to be Woodrow Wilson and not Charles Evans Hughes. In making this choice, by the meager margin of 3,773 votes, the California electorate profoundly influenced the future of the two great political parties, the fate of the United States, and the destiny of the world.

The election of 1916 is the only election of the 20th century that has hinged on the vote of a single state. The candidates were President Woodrow Wilson, running for reelection on the Democratic ticket, and Charles Evans Hughes, who had resigned from the Supreme Court to accept the Republican nomination. Seldom in our political history have two candidates been so evenly matched. Hughes was more popular in the East; Wilson in the West. Hughes was more attractive to the men; Wilson to the women. Hughes had greater appeal to those who favored our going into World War I; Wilson to those who wanted us to keep out.

Hughes went into the campaign with important assets and important liabilities. One asset was his relative freedom from factional entanglements. Because of his position on the Supreme Court, he had been able to sit out the political Donnybrook between the Taft Old Guard and the Roosevelt Progressives which had almost destroyed the G.O.P. in 1912. Another important asset was his reputation for unyielding integrity. A notorious New York politician had once said of him: "That is the strangest man I ever met. You can't make any sort of a deal with him; you can't approach him on the side of personal advantage. He is beyond me; the fool does right the whole time."

On the red ink side of the ledger was Hughes' rather cold and forbidding exterior, which had won him such dubious nicknames as "The Human Icicle," "The Whiskered Iceberg," and "Chilly Charlie." Another liability was the fact that his party was so bitterly divided over World War I. On the one side were Theodore Roosevelt and his fellow militarists, who were denouncing Wilson in unmeasured terms because he had not declared war on Germany at eight o'clock on the morning after the *Lusitania* was sunk. On the other hand were the pacifist Republicans of the Midwest, especially those of German descent, complaining that the President, in his pro-Allied sympathies, was drifting perilously close to war.

Realizing that the support of both elements was essential to victory, Hughes reluctantly fell back on the only strategy that was left to him: to say as little as possible on the subject of foreign affairs. Confining himself to generalities that seldom



Charles Evans Hughes



Woodrow Wilson

glittered, he announced that he was for “America First and America Efficient” and similar unconvincing platitudes. Soon the Democrats were referring to him as “Charles Evasive Hughes.” Grumbled Walter Lippmann: “The human interest of this campaign is to find out why a man of rare courage and frankness should be wandering around the country trailing nothing but cold and damp platitudes.” Another critic declared: “He makes a fine solemn appearance, but the Democratic papers should immediately call on him to unmask physically and intellectually, shave his beard, and expose his thoughts and his face.”

Meanwhile, Wilson, too, was learning how hard it is to please all of the people all of the time. The war Republicans were loudly accusing him of everything from cowardice to treason in his policy toward imperial Germany. Roosevelt was going about the land, indignantly comparing the President to Pontius Pilate and deploring the “moral degradation” of anyone who would vote for the Democratic candidate. An angry Republican clergyman accused Wilson of “dilly-dallying” about the war and averred that as long as he remained in the White House the tortoise should replace the eagle as the national emblem.

Owen Wister, a charter member of the anti-Wilson forces

and a loyal henchman of Theodore Roosevelt, wrote a scathing sonnet "To Woodrow Wilson:"

*Not even if I possessed your twist of speech,
 Could I make any (fit for use) fit you;
 You've wormed yourself beyond description's reach;
 Truth if she touched you would become untrue.
 Satire has seared a host of evil fames,
 Has withered Emperors by her fierce lampoons;
 History has lashes that have flayed the names
 Of public cowards, hypocrites, poltroons.
 You go immune. Cased in your self-esteem,
 The next world cannot scathe you, nor can this;
 No fact can stab through your complacent dream,
 Nor present laughter, nor the future's hiss.
 But if its fathers did this land control,
 Dead Washington would wake and blast your soul.*

Wilson was to find, however, that the implied promises of his friends could be as embarrassing as the malice of his enemies. Early in the campaign, his managers, sensing the popular yearning for peace, had decided to make "He Kept Us Out Of War" the keynote of the Democratic appeal. Soon the magic phrase was being plastered over the billboards of the nation, together with the picture of a peaceful home fireside, untouched by the ravages of war. Large newspaper advertisements reminded the American worker that

You Are Working;
 —*Not fighting!*
 Alive and Happy;
 —*Not Cannon Fodder!*
 Wilson and Peace with Honor?
 or
Hughes with Roosevelt and War?

The President was definitely disturbed by this aspect of the campaign. He realized, as many of his pacifist friends did not, how close the nation was to being plunged into war. "I can't keep the country out of war," he told his Secretary of the Navy. "They talk of me as though I were a god. Any little

German lieutenant can put us into the war at any time by some calculated outrage." Throughout the campaign, therefore, he was scrupulously careful not to make any definite promises that he would continue to keep the nation out of war.

The election results were very close. They were so close, in fact, that if Hughes had never set foot in California he would undoubtedly have been elected. But he did go to California and there he became the innocent and unwitting victim of a bitter factional fight that had shaken the Republican party to its foundations. On the one side were the California Progressives, headed by Governor Hiram Johnson, who had recently succeeded in overthrowing the notoriously predatory Southern Pacific machine. Opposing them were the Republican Old Guard headed by William H. Crocker, one of the "Big Four" Crockers, comprising the embittered remnants of the machine. The cleavage was intensified by the fact that Johnson in 1916 was running for United States Senator and that the Old Guard was much more interested in beating Johnson than in electing Hughes.

With the 20-20 vision of hindsight, we can see that the Johnson faction was by far the more powerful. If Hughes had allied himself with them, he would undoubtedly have carried the state. But he was an Easterner, unfamiliar with the homicidal nature of California politics. Thus he naïvely allowed himself to be taken in tow by the Old Guard reactionaries. The Old Guard took Hughes under their protecting wing from the moment he hit the state line, and they never let him out of their sight until he left the state. They formed a cordon around Hughes; they accompanied him wherever he went. They supervised his comings in and his goings out from dawn to bedtime. They kept him as isolated from any contact with the Johnson faction as if he had been on the moon. Thanks to their reactionary chaperonage, Hughes was destined to commit not one but three major political blunders.

Hughes' first public meeting in California was held at the San Francisco Civic Auditorium. His political advisors had urged that Governor Johnson be invited to preside. This would both flatter Johnson's vast ego and allow Hughes to bask in the California governor's tremendous popularity. The Old Guard

flatly vetoed this proposal, however, and named Crocker to preside. When he rose to speak, Hughes graciously addressed the presiding officer, referring to him as "San Francisco's favorite son." This would normally have been a safe enough gesture, but here it came as a direct slap in the face to those hundreds of thousands of California Progressives to whom the name Crocker was a synonym for Southern Pacific arrogance and corruption. Then Hughes, in well-meaning innocence—added injury to insult by saying: "I come . . . to talk to you of national issues—with local differences I have no concern." To irritated Progressives this seemed to be giving a complete brush-off to the Johnson crusade for civic righteousness.

The following day an even worse blunder took place. Hughes was scheduled to speak at the San Francisco Commercial Club, a reactionary stronghold. The Club was on the verge of being struck by the Waiters Union and one of Hughes' friends prudently approached the head of the Union and asked him to postpone the walkout until after the candidate's appearance. The labor leader seemed inclined to cooperate and said: "The men will stay on their jobs during the luncheon, but there is one condition. There is to us a very offensive placard hanging in the window of the Commercial Club, declaring against our hopes and purposes. All that we ask is that the placard be taken down from the window of the Club while our men are serving luncheon." Hughes' friend approached the directors of the Club with this not unreasonable request, but he was met with a flat refusal. Exploded one Republican reactionary: "Take down those placards? Not on your life. We have got these labor bastards in this town where we want them at last, and we are not going to let up on them at all." So the waiters walked out and the luncheon had to be served by strike-breaking waiters. There is little doubt that this well-publicized incident lost Hughes many thousands of labor votes.

A few days after this, Governor Johnson stopped for the night at the Hotel Virginia in Long Beach. Noticing a buzz of activity in the lobby, he asked what was happening. He was told that Hughes was expected shortly for a political reception. Johnson was tired and went to his room, assuming that of course Hughes would drop in and pay a visit of respect. Hughes

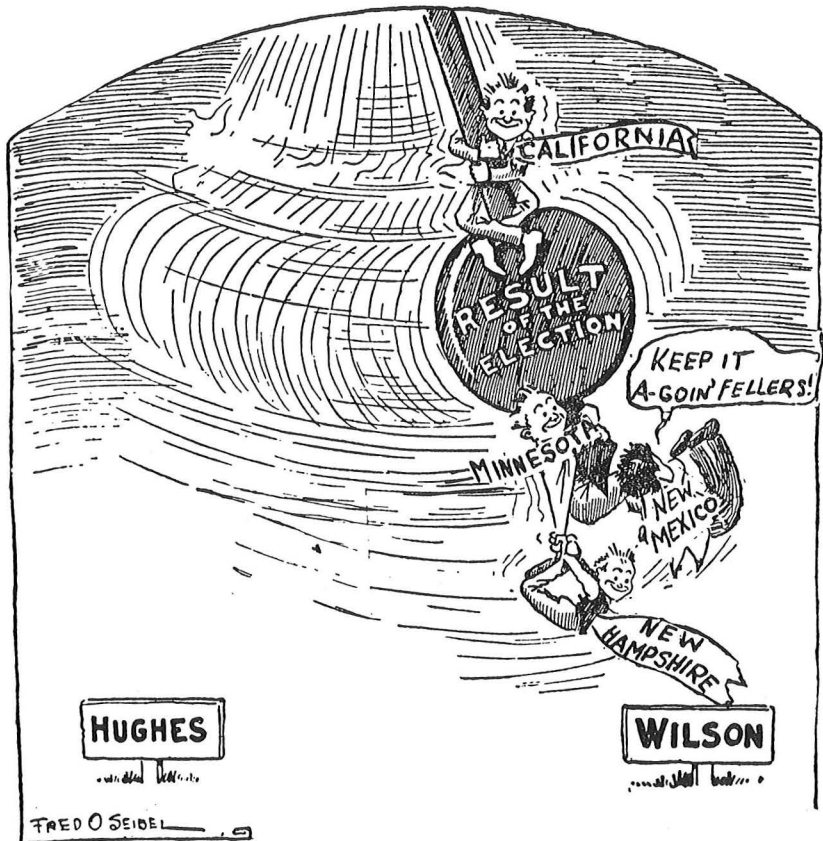
never dropped in, for the simple reason that he was never told of Johnson's presence. The last thing that the Old Guard wanted was to bring the Republican candidate and the reform governor together. Thus the Republican standard-bearer came and went, never dreaming that this reception had cost him the presidency. Johnson was an abnormally touchy man, and he never forgave Hughes for the slight, completely unintentional though it was. Later Hughes ruefully declared: "If I had known that Johnson was in that hotel, I would have seen him if I had been obliged to kick the door down."

After the election returns were in, a New York Congressman remarked that "Hughes could have been elected for a dollar, if a man of sense had invited Hughes and Johnson to his room when they were both in the same hotel. He would have ordered three Scotch whiskies, which would have been 75c, and that would have left a tip of 25c for the waiter. . . . That little Scotch would have brought those men together; there would have been mutual understanding and respect and Hughes would have carried California and been elected."

The betting odds on the eve of the election favored a Hughes

"Berlin's Candidate"—Kirby in the New York World





For three tense days all America was in doubt whether Wilson or Hughes had won. But Seidel, cartoonist for the Albany Knickerbocker-Press, saw the funny side of it.

victory, five to four. When the first returns came in, it looked as though the bettors were right. I was a high-school freshman at the time and I can still recall a banner headline in a Chicago paper, "HUGHES ELECTED." There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that when the reporters called at Hughes' hotel for a statement, the candidate's wife told them, "I'm sorry, but the President has retired." By the next morning, reports were coming through that the Republican ticket was in serious trouble in California. Johnson was sweeping the state for Senator, but Wilson and Hughes were running neck-and-neck for President.

It was even more of a photo finish than the California election of 1960, when the count of the absentee ballots switched the state from Kennedy to Nixon. There were no absentee ballots in 1916, but the race was so close that the final result was not known until Friday of election week. Wilson had won California's electoral vote by a slim margin of 3,773 votes and with it the entire election.

What if it *had* gone the other way? Some historians say that it would have made little or no difference in the march of human events. But there are those who maintain that the whole course of world history might have been changed if Hughes had carried California and been elected. One who holds this view is Dr. Frederick M. Davenport, a political scientist and former Congressman, who accompanied the Republican candidate on his ill-fated trip to California. Writing in the *American Political Science Review* at the time of Mr. Hughes' death, Dr. Davenport observed:

We shall never know until the judgment scrolls unroll how different it might have been. There are those who reason as follows. Germany was terribly mistaken about it, but she thought she had reason to believe that Woodrow Wilson would not fight if he were reelected. "Too proud to fight" and other temporary phrases of that character, and long reluctance, seemed to indicate that America would not fight. But Germany believed that Hughes would fight, that there was no doubt about it, from his make-up and history. And so it is reasoned that Germany would never have turned her submarines completely loose upon our merchant shipping if Hughes had been elected, because it was pretty certain that he would fight. The First World War would have been an immensely circumscribed event and the economic agony that followed in Germany might have been far less and might not have produced Hitler, and the horror of the Second World War and the prospect of a third might have been avoided. Thus men will reason for political ages to come.

Not all historians agree with Dr. Davenport's interpretation, and you are free to accept or reject his hypothesis as you see fit. Maybe November 7, 1916 was *not* the day that California changed the history of the world. But as for myself, I am not going to take any chances. When I run for President, I am going into every one of the fifty states, and I am going to wring the hand of every state Governor I can find.

LOOKS AT WESTERN BOOKS

Of the Jed Smith Breed

Osborne Russell's Journal of a Trapper; edited from original manuscript in the William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana in Yale University Library; with biography of Osborne Russell and maps of his travels, by Aubrey L. Haines. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1966), Bison Book paperback, 316 pps. \$1.60.

Reviewer: ARTHUR W. SWANN, president of the Jedediah Smith Society, professor at Graduate School of Librarianship, University of Denver.

Osborne Russell is not an important man in American history, but an intensely interesting one. He is not well known, although mention is made of him in several records of the early West. He was one of the Mountain Men, trappers, hunters and Indian fighters who fill the gap in the history of the Rockies between the explorers and the settlers. Many of these men, even as did Jedediah Smith, vanished prematurely in the pursuit of the fabulous beaver, but some survived the rigorous life to join the expanding colonies of settlers moving westward. One such was Osborne Russell. He nearly falls into the Jedediah Smith era, and is related to J.S.S. by profession and by many other personal characteristics.

Born in Maine in 1814, he joined Nathaniel Wyeth's 1834 expedition to carry supplies and trading goods to the trappers of the waning Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company. Released from their service, the company collapsed. He joined Jim Bridger and others, becoming a trapper ranging the crest

of the Rockies from North of Yellowstone to the Great Salt Basin.

Russell's journal is filled with references to Sublette, Bridger, Meek, Ogden and others, companions all to Jedediah Smith. In a very real sense, Russell's career was beginning as Smith's ended. He is almost a second edition of Smith. Place names likewise recall Smith's trapping days in the Rockies. Smith's fork of the Bear River (named for Jedediah) is mentioned in passing.

From 1834-1837, Russell was in attendance at the summer Rendezvous, the annual trading and social gathering established by Smith, the event which above all else gave a sense of order and cohesiveness to the whole trapping enterprise. Russell's absence from the final Rendezvous of 1838 was itself indicative of the changing times. He had become a free trapper and independent trader operating out of Fort Hall and continued as such until the westward migration began.

As beaver and buffalo and elk vanished, the trapper, Russell, became an Oregon settler, ready to assume a minor leadership role in the new territory. He was appointed as supreme judge of the provisional government.

Another result of Russell's period of self-education was a change in his religious outlook. Reared in a Baptist heritage, he had never taken his faith seriously until then. He assumed another of Jed Smith's characteristics, becoming known as a Christian, and remaining religiously oriented even to his death.

Never having married and his term in politics having expired, he was free in 1848 to be early on the scene of the California Gold Rush. He mined, he traded, he labored, even established a ship line serving Sacramento and Portland, finally settling back to the Placerville area where he died in 1892.

The reason for this recollection of trapper Russell is the current publication of his journal covering his years as a trapper, 1834-1843. In his later years he made unsuccessful attempts to have it published. He was not unaware of its worth in telling an accurate story of a period of history too little documented and already becoming romanticised. It was ultimately published in 1914 and reprinted in 1921 under the title *Journal of a Trapper, or, Nine Years in the Rocky Mountains: 1834 - 1843*, edited by L. A. York. The editing was slight.

It was in verifying some reader's marginal note concerning a place identification that the present editor, Aubrey L. Haines, started his work on this presently reprinted edition. In a masterful manner he has carefully annotated the original text of the journal, identifying persons mentioned briefly. He clarifies the relationship of events mentioned to other occurrences of the times, giving references to other accounts of the same events. Most satisfactorily of all he has up-dated the names of locations, many of which he has visited or otherwise identified in his research.

The original limited (750 copies) of this edition by the Oregon Historical Society in 1955 has long ago become a collector's item. This reprint should have wide readership and purchase among Western history scholars.

Mirror to a Historic Valley

Corridor Country by Reginald R. and Grace D. Stuart (Pleasanton, Calif.: Amador-Livermore Valley Historical Society, printed by Lawton Kennedy, 1966); illus., biblio., index, 128 pp. Pre-pub. price \$6.50.

Reviewer: MARTHA SEFFER O'BRYON, book-editor of THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN and wife of Dr. Leonard O'Bryon, professor of modern languages, University of the Pacific.

Those who dwell in valleys can lift up their eyes every day to the heights. So it really should surprise no one that their affection for their homeland finds expression in poetry and song—and such prose as lights up the pages of *Corridor Country*. In this volume, two authors, beloved by the people who live as neighbors in a slender valley southeastward from San Francisco's Bay, tell a true tale. This volume covers only the first hundred years; a second will bring the story up to date.

Even a casual reader of Americana will be caught up in the adventure and excitement of this romantic area where Indians, Russians, Spaniards and Americans have trod its many trails. Throughout this concise, well annotated and beautifully printed history, there lurks the grace and dignity so pronounced in the personalities of its authors. They have discovered unusual details in commonplace situations so that even the telling of already known facts reads like a new story. Here is local history at its best.

Chapter IX will be of great interest to members of the Jedediah Smith Society. In these pages, Grace and R. R. Stuart give an

unforgettable word picture of Jedediah Smith who passed through these parts in 1827.

Surely every member of the Jedediah Smith Society will want a copy of this book. And parents and grandparents of Amador-Livermore children need look no further for a lasting gift. Dedicated "to the Boys and Girls of our Valley," *Corridor Country* is in itself a fitting tribute to the Stuarts, but especially to the memory of one who was so appropriately named Grace. Compulsively committed to typing the script of this book, she did so. But within hours after she had rolled the final page from her typewriter, her spirit was released seeking New and Greater Adventure.

The Cult of Great Men

On Heroes, Hero Worship and the Heroic in History by Thomas Carlyle, with an introduction by Carl Niemeyer (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1966); Bison Book paperback, index, xxv and 255 pps., \$1.75.

Reviewer: LELAND D. CASE, *Director of the California History Foundation and Institute*.

Upcoming April 1 and 2 is the 1966 California History Institute of which the theme is "The Biographical Approach to History." Were there required reading for those who attend, this is it.

That dour Scotchman named Carlyle shows through as a thoughtful sentimentalist, as one rereads these pages first printed in 1841, for in 20th Century perspective these biographical studies become also autobiography. Carlyle may be no hero to the reader, but here one glimpses him as a nimble personality with stimulating ideas. What makes

this edition especially welcome is Carl Niemeyer's astute introduction. He notes the contemporary barb of Henry James, Sr., who castigated Carlyle's "exaltation of every brutal puppet that caught the bloodshot eye of that great sensationalist." But Niemeyer's appraisal is singularly fair and perceptive. Moreover, it is an invitation to bring Carlyle's criteria of greatness to bear on figures now pausing, front and center, on the world's stage circa 1966.

Dr. Hunt's 'Most Enjoyable'

Boyhood Days of 'Mr. California' by Rockwell D. Hunt (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Press, 1965); available only from University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif.; 176 pps., \$6.00.

Reviewer: DR. R. COKE WOOD, *Chairman of Department of Social Science, San Joaquin Delta College, Director of Conference of California Historical Societies, and former student of Dr. Hunt*.

This is the final publication of more than twenty books by Dr. Hunt on California and it was published in his 97th year and during the last few months of his long and wonderful life. Only three hundred copies were printed and most of them were given away by Dr. Hunt and his three devoted sons to his friends and members of his family. However, Dr. Hunt wanted some of the books made available to the public. Since his death in January, all income from the sale of the book goes into the Rockwell D. Hunt Chair in California History at the University of the Pacific.

For years Dr. Hunt had considered writing this book about his boyhood memories as one of the five Hunt brothers who grew up in

the little town of Freeport near the Sacramento River. He wanted to tell the story of his boyhood in an easy readable manner that could be enjoyed by youngsters of junior high school age. After he had retired from the Pacific campus, following his first illness and while he was recovering at the Peterson ranch in Calistoga, he completed the manuscript with his usual thoroughness and attention to every technical detail.

Of all his books, this is the most enjoyable and charming.—and I am especially pleased that THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN this month shares with its readers the delightful reminiscences of Dr. Hunt's boyhood at Freeport. Like his other stories it is made up of folksy little impressions and incidents still fresh in his memory after the passage of over ninety years. They describe, however, a leisurely rural life that has gone forever from not only the banks of the Sacramento River but from overcrowded California with its subdivisions and freeways.

Boyhood Days is a fitting and charming ending to a long list of publications on California and a most appropriate farewell from one of our greatest Californians.

'TLC' for Sick Indians

The Indians and the Nurse by Elinor D. Gregg (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1966); no illus., no biblio., no index, 173 pps. \$2.00.

Reviewer: LEE DAVIDSON, of Tucson, Arizona, who grew up in the Black Hills of South Dakota and is an avid collector of Black Hillsiana.

Some books have misleading titles. This one does not. Expanded into a book, *The Indians and The Nurse* brackets experiences of a Boston girl who started her nurs-

ing career on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations of South Dakota, where dwell the Sioux. From there duty led to many reserves where Uncle Sam has clustered living Indians. Her insights into Indian character are no less revealing than the peeps she gives into the maze of government bureaucracy.

It is unfortunate, however, that Oklahoma Press' editors didn't wield a sharp pencil on Miss Gregg's incursion into history. To the statement on page 30 that the last Sioux Uprising was in 1898 and "led by a Pine Ridge [*sic*] named Crazy Horse"—well, let's just record a pained *tsk, tsk!*

CALIFORNIA EPHEMERA

—R. Coke Wood, Director
of Conference of California
Historical Societies

Ballarat, 1897-1917, Facts and Folklore by Paul Hubbard, 1965. \$2.50 plus tax and postage. Obtain from Kern County Historical Society, 3801 Chester Ave., Bakersfield, Calif. Fine story of a rip-roaring mining town.

Delano, A Land of Promise by Delano Historical Society, Delano, Calif., 1965. \$5.00 plus 50c postage and handling. Interesting and well-written story of small San Joaquin Valley town.

History of San Bernardino and San Diego Counties by Wallace W. Elliott. A reprint of rare 1883 edition, by Riverside Museum Associates, Riverside, Calif., 1965. \$12.00. Almost unattainable in original edition. Reprinted to celebrate Grand Opening of Riverside Municipal Museum in new quarters.

Reminiscence of Fort Crook Historical Society compiled by Mrs. Josephine Bosworth, Fall River Mills, Calif., 1965. 80 pp., \$3.00. Pictures and narration tell of courageous members of Fort Crook Historical Society who built interesting and unique museum.

The Coast Yuki by Edward Gifford, foreword by S. A. Barrett. Ethnographic reprint, Sacramento Anthropological Society, 6000 Jay Street, 1965. 95 pp., \$2.00.

The Foofarah Column

We'll be disappointed editors if you, Typical & Gentle Readers, aren't at this moment asking yourself, "What is *foofarah*?" Or if you, the Knowledgeable but also very Gentle Readers aren't saying, "What a fit name for a PACIFIC HISTORIAN column of miscellaneous but pertinent information?"

To both *genera* we bring good news: PETER TAMONY in the next issue in his own entertaining way will tell all about *foofarah*. Like *gurney* it is a word with a surprising Western history.

ROBERT FROST, the poet born in San Francisco who won fame as a New Englander, once asked a class of school teachers to read MARK TWAIN's story "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County"—which, incidently, has led to an annual frog-jumping contest at Angels Camp, Calif., which this year will be held May 19-22. The teachers read the story but wondered what it had to do with education.

"There are two kinds of teachers," FROST explained. One kind fills you with so much quail shot that you can't move; the other just gives you a little prod behind and you jump to the skies."

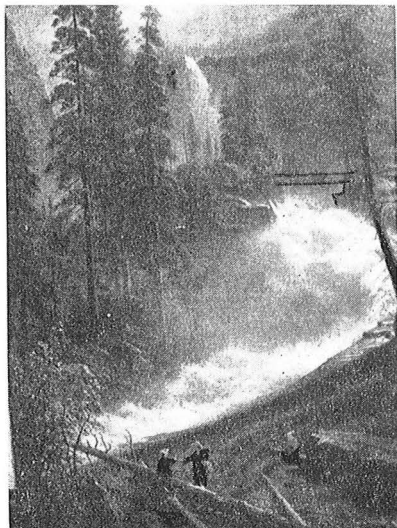
ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902), German-born painter of Western American scenes, continues to grow in popularity. He is to be featured in a session of the California History Institute (*see pages 25-29*) at the Haggin Galleries, in Stockton, said to have the world's largest BIERSTADT collection.

A Chicago attorney, WILLIAM A. MATHIESEN, has a painting ten-

tatively identified as a BIERSTADT view of Yosemite Falls or Nevada Falls of the Merced River reproduced herewith. The HISTORIAN will be glad to relay to MR. MATHIESEN any comment or suggestions you offer.

The State of California by formal resolution congratulated CHARLES M. GOETHE, honorary member of the JSS, on his ninety-first birthday, March 28. THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN joins in felicitations. Mr. G. and his wife, the late MARY GLIDE GOETHE, made "numerous and significant contributions to science," the document states, in "the Arctic and Antarctic, the mountains of the Andes, Rockies, Sierras, Appalachians, and the Alps. . . ." But his interest in JEDEDIAH SMITH runs as deep, as is evidenced by the Jedediah Smith Redwood Grove. Where-

Is it a Bierstadt?



On the Totem Pole of Mother Nature CASTOR CANADENSIS stands above All as an indefatigable Hewer of Wood and an ingenious Architect and Builder,

And Whereas

The said CASTOR CANADENSIS long has been a Maker of Western History, both Serving and Sacrificing to be a Benefactor of Man—yea, even unto Giving to Others the Garment wherewith his Back was Clothed,

And Whereas

From Love and Admiration for CASTOR CANADENSIS Jedediah Smith and other Mountain Men could have exclaimed with the poet: "May his Tribe increase!"

Be It Branded About, Both by Land and Sea,

That because Intensity of the Infusion of Industry and Ingenuity with Inspiration attains Incarnation of said CASTOR CANADENSIS upon

C. M. Goethe

We Do Hereby Confer

The Order of the Always Meagre but Forever Eager Beaver

Done during the Rendezvous of the JEDEDIAH SMITH SOCIETY
At Stockton. On the 2nd Day of October
Of the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and
And of JEDEDIAH SMITH One Hundred and Sixty-five

W. L. D. D. D.
Secretary

Arthur W. Swann
President

This Being Certificate No. 2
According to The Authenticated
Account of Records cached at the
UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC
at Stockton, California Country.

[This illustration of beaver in action obviously was drawn by an artist who worked from somebody's description. It is taken from a decorative border on a 17th Century map, and ingeniously worked into a typographic masterpiece by Harvey Scudder, vice-president of JSS. Certificate No. 3 will be awarded at the Fall Rendezvous of the Society, at a time and place to be announced.]

THE HISTORY CALENDAR

April 1-2—Nineteenth annual California History Institute—with business sessions for boards of the California History Foundation, the Jedediah Smith Society, the Westerners Foundation, and the Conference of California History Societies, at the University of the Pacific, Stockton, Calif.

April 2-9—Nineteenth annual Missions Tour, starting from the University of the Pacific.

April 8-9—California Folklore Society and Southwestern Anthropological Association, University of California at Davis.

June 16-18—Annual meeting, Conference of California Historical Societies, Santa Barbara, Calif.

October 13-15—Western History Association, El Cortez Hotel, El Paso, Texas.

October 19—Annual business meeting, Historical Society of Southern California, Los Angeles County Museum.

fore, the Jedediah Smith Society at its Fall 1965 Rendezvous conferred upon him certificate No. 2 of "The Order of the Eager but Always Meagre Beaver." It is a product of the typographic art of JSS VICE-PRESIDENT HARVEY SCUDDER.

A dip of the sombrero to DR. JOHN ALEXANDER CARROLL, professor of Western history at Texas Christian University. There's been lots of talk about Westerner corals in Texas, but no action—till JACK went to work. On December 9, 1965 he "brought in" (as they say in the oil country) a Corral at Fort Worth with REGGAN HOUSTON, an executive of the Texas Hotel, as Sheriff. The next day at El Paso, he started another, the Sheriff being DR. C. L. SONNICHSEN, dean of graduate studies at Texas Western, and a big name in

Western literature. The El Paso Westerners will be ready unofficially to host Westerners attending the Western History Association conference there Oct. 13-15.

The *Speaking of People* pages mention three who will be surely missed in California History Foundation counsels—DR. ROCKWELL D. HUNT, DR. MALCOLM EISELEN, and MRS. GRACE DELL STUART. There are others . . . MRS. FRED KENNEDY, wife of LAWTON, who printed the HISTORIAN during its first nine years, died December 2. Her blithe spirit was celebrated in a rare tribute by WARREN HINCKLE in *Ramparts Magazine* of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Three former active members of the Foundation's Board of Sponsors also have passed on in recent months: LEON O. WHITSELL, of San Francisco, prominent in business and fraternal circles; DR. G. A. WERNER, professor emeritus of history, the University of the Pacific; and JOSEPH R. Knowland, (see page 5) longtime publisher of the *Oakland Tribune* and father of SENATOR KNOWLAND.

Scholarships are being established by friends of MRS. STUART and MRS. KENNEDY. Gifts should presently materialize the Rockwell D. Hunt Chair of History at the University of the Pacific. The Stuart Library of Western Americana is being enriched by the Hunt Papers and by Western books purchased through a Leon O. Whitsell Fund.

To all who have furthered these memorials, we join in warm and sincere appreciation.

Your Editors.

For the Scholar



the Librarian



the Collector



INDEXES: Miss Hilda E. Bloom has twice expertly prepared "Cumulative Indexes"—first in 1961 for Volumes I through V; again in 1964 for Volumes VI through VIII. These make old numbers of **THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN** readily useful in research and are priced at one dollar apiece.

BACK FILES: Complete sets are available for the nine full volumes of **THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN**, from 1957 through 1965. There are 36 issues in all. For a complete set the price is \$35—which includes the two "Cumulative Indexes." Individual back copies are one dollar apiece.

PACIFIC PAPERS: Studies embodying excellent research in Western history are often presented as classroom papers or as talks before Westerner groups, Service Clubs, Women's Clubs, and other organizations. They serve their initial purpose—then are fondly but forgetfully filed. Yet blocks or miles away some one may be working on a similar problem. To bring paper and person together, we propose a service making use of technology. . . . If you will send us your manuscript, we'll list it in "The Pacific Historian" as a "Pacific Paper," and make xeroxed copies available to others at a cost of ten cents per page plus a service-mailing fee of \$1.25. . . . Quite frankly, this project is an experiment. But we have discussed it with Western History buffs, with professors, with students. All like the idea. So we are willing to try it out—as a service to readers. Correspondence is invited. . . .

THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN University of the Pacific, Stockton, California

Sponsoring Organizations



California History Foundation: Shortly after inauguration as President of the University of the Pacific in 1947, Dr. Robert E. Burns, himself a historian, started the California History Foundation. First director was the late Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt, previously Dean of the Graduate School of the University of Southern California. Under his genius, it initiated historical tours, the California History Institute now in its 20th year, and the Conference of California Historical Societies which now links more than a hundred groups through meetings and the *California Historian*. Under Director R. R. Stuart, aided by his late wife, Grace, the Foundation started THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN and the Stuart Library of Western Americana.

Foundation dues are: Annual Sponsor Members, \$5; Contributing Sponsor, \$25; Sustaining Sponsor, \$100. Lifetime Sponsors contribute \$1,000.



Jedediah Smith Society: First American to cross overland to California was intrepid, "Bible-toting," curiosity-pushed Jedediah Strong Smith, and the year was 1826. In the nine years before Comanches got his scalp, at age 32, this capitalistic entrepreneur in beaver peltry had ranged and mapped the West. Though ranked as an explorer with Lewis and Clark, but little was known of him till a sleuthing California newspaperman turned up his journal in Texas. The Jedediah Smith Society, started in 1957, promotes research in Smith and his period—holds a breakfast at the April Institute, and a Fall Rendezvous.

Annual dues are \$5; Donor, \$25; Patron, \$100. One thousand dollars purchases a Lifetime Membership.



Westerners Foundation: Specific projects to discover and to disseminate knowledge of the Old West keep this organization activated. Founded by Philip A. Danielson, formerly of Evanston, Illinois, but now a resident of the San Francisco Bay area, it has been instrumental in establishing Corrals of The Westerners; in establishing at the University of the Pacific a repository of Western publications; and publishing *Sun and Saddle Leather*, a book of Western verse by Badger Clark, South Dakota's "poet laureate." *Members are persons who contribute \$25 or more.*

All members receive THE PACIFIC HISTORIAN—and you are invited to become a member of the society of your choice. . . .

Please make your check to UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC—followed by "CHF" if for the California History Foundation; "JSS" if for the Jedediah Smith Society; "WF" if for the Westerners Foundation. The amount of your check becomes a donation—deductible for income tax purposes.