

LOS ANGELES

CORRAL  
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PUBLICATION 16

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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## FAREWELL MESSAGE FROM OUR 1951 SHERIFF -

With the close of 1951 the Westerners have the satisfaction of looking back on five years of pleasant companionship and worthwhile accomplishments. It is often said that if a business can weather the first five years its future as a going concern is assured. So we know it will be for the Westerners.

As one soberly rereads the printed literature and outstanding issues of the *Brand Books* which our group has been responsible for, it becomes evident the five years of our mutual efforts to lastingly record items of western interest have borne fruit. We have all had a great deal of fun, have met and associated with some of the finest friends it ever will be our privilege to know, and enjoyed a long list of entertaining meetings in so doing.

With it all we as a group can feel a warm satisfaction in that we have added some additional material to the general store of knowledge, something for others to enjoy and use. It might be only a small, obscure item, or maybe an important story, but at least we have been instrumental in seeing it put in print before it is lost.

It has been my rare privilege to have been your sheriff for this year, and soon we will enter another year of fellowship with a new slate of officers. In January, when I took office, I frankly felt like a mountain had been dropped on my head. As it turned out, the load was carried by my loyal officers and wranglers. They are the ones who should receive any and all credit for this year's progress. My part in its doing was small, but as Paul Bailey once told me, being sheriff of this fine group of fellows, will be something I would never forget—and how true I have found his words to be. I wouldn't trade the memory of this year's happy association with you men for anything I know.

May these past five years be a prelude to many successful years to come for all of us, and

a challenge to continue the aims of this sincere organization in keeping the old histories of the west alive for future Westerners.

Thank you for your sincere friendship, your loyal and unselfish cooperation.

Sincerely,

BERT OLSON,  
Sheriff 1951.

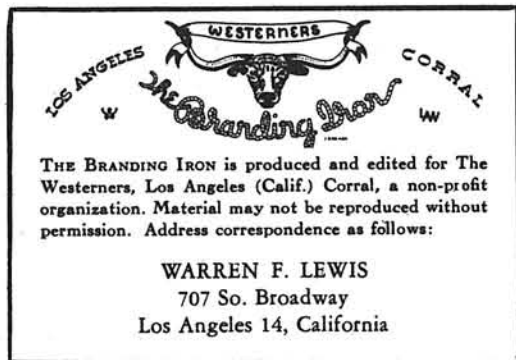
## A Note From the Registrar

You corresponding members seldom receive notices of the monthly meetings. This does not mean that our hospitality is wanting or that you are not welcome. Quite the opposite is the case. If you are planning to be driving your herd through the Southern California range, let us know and we will extend the official welcome. The next few meeting dates will be Dec. 20, Jan. 17, Feb. 21, March 20, April 17 and May 15, 1952. Check your calendar for these dates, and pay us a visit.

## Map of Tombstone

Enclosed with the present issue of *The Branding Iron* is an interesting map of Tombstone, Arizona from the drawing board of R. N. Mullin. It is prepared from a sketch made by its author in 1916, based on information secured from Tombstone residents, and has been further revised and extended by reference to the town's newspapers, scrapbooks, journals, U. S. Geological Survey maps, Cochise County tax records, etc. In spite of the difficulties occasioned by conflicting opinions and changes of ownership during the town's boom days, Mr. Mullins has produced a remarkable map.

We thank Mr. Mullins and all others who aided in presenting this extremely valuable historical keepsake to the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners.



# THE CHINO RANCH

By P. L. BONEBRAKE

This Ranch is situated about 40 miles east of Los Angeles, and it is located in San Bernardino County. The city of Chino is within the boundaries of the original ranch.

The original grant was made to an Antonio Maria Lugo on March 26, 1841, and contained 22,000 acres. It later became the property of Colonel Julian Isaac Williams who later added about 15,000 acres to it.

Sometime afterwards he gave the ranch to his daughter, Francesca, who was Mrs. Robert Carlisle and later became the wife of Dr. F. A. McDougall, who was mayor of Los Angeles in 1877-1878.

In 1848 an uprising of the Mexicans against the Americans occurred, and about 20 Americans, many of whom had lived in California during the Mexican regime and had become citizens of that country, were sent out toward San Bernardino to hold that part of the country against any invasion from that point.

This company of men was led by Benito Wilson, who was among those who had become a citizen of Mexico and later was to become very prominent in the public affairs of California, and one of its most highly respected and influential men.

They were captured by a company of native Californians under the command of Cerbol Barelas and Diego Sepulveda, who had been sent out from Los Angeles for that purpose.

The fight took place on the ranch, during which the Americans fortified up in an old adobe house, and fought hard until their ammunition gave out and they were forced to surrender. The Californians gave them their word that they would be treated well and no harm come to them.

Immediately after they were disarmed, the Mexicans lined them up against the wall of the adobe and told them they considered them traitors, and they would be shot at once.

Cerbol Barelas stepped in front of them and protested the action, saying, he had given his word as a Mexican caballero that the Americans would be treated fairly and not harmed in any way, and said that he would die defending them.

After considerable war-talk, the prisoners were turned over to him. The Americans remained in his custody for about four exciting months, as Barelas was forced to keep constantly moving from one place to another to keep his countrymen from getting them—several attempts having been made to recapture them. But with the surrender of Los Angeles to General Kearney and Colonel Fremont, and the occupation of California by American troops,

(Continued on Page 3)

## Communication From Skunk Forks

hawg wrench  
skunk forks  
Korn Krick  
Kaliforny

Kind frend and sir i had the gout and could not git to the last meeting of the baboons conclave sew i did not git any of them books you give out, them *branding irons*. Wood you be nise enuff to send me a couple, i wood shure like to have them.

i want to by won of them books you fellus call the *brand book* that is coming out soon. how much is they and who is the feller what sells them and where in hell does he live and how much do i have to pay him?

i wont have much monie until the cold wether is gone and i sheer the hawgs. is the book any good? does it have a almanac in it? has it got any piktures of naked wimmin in it?

i ett two much hawg meet and got sick, we had a hawg killin' a weak ago and i ain't never ett so damn much sassage before in my life, it makes me sick to look a hawg in the face. i got a sow what had 19 pigs, it is sure a big litter, i give the old boar two doses of hadacol and that is what done it. i am worried to beat hell i done drunk 2 hole bottles and i dont no what is going to happen at our house, i was shure a dam fool to take so much.

well it is getting time to slop them hawgs and milk the ducks so i will say nightie nightie night with love and kisses, i remane as ever yore troo frend

PETE KRAK BONE

is that ugly lookin feller, that one they call galliger around these parts yet? my grandson got a pet pole cat, he named him paul, you could not tell him on a dark night two dark to sea, they both stink the same

as ever pete

# THE EAGLE ROCK BRIDGE

By A. R. VAN NOY

When only the trapper and fur trader roamed the vast wilderness along what is now the Idaho-Wyoming-Montana borders, travel wasn't an easy thing, but packs carried their goods and no obstacles stopped them. When the emigrant trains commenced to roll westward, the Snake River forced them to take the left bank of that canoned stream westward. When the trapper crossed the Lewis Fork, or any other fork, he forded, and if there wasn't a ford, bull boats or a raft sufficed. Not so with the heavy freight wagons. The discovery of gold in Montana opened up a new field of enterprise, and freighting from Salt Lake City to the mines, and overland via the Oregon Trail flourished. That is, except when Indian troubles slowed it down. Another bar to free movement was again, the rugged Snake.

One ferry had been put into operation about eight miles above the present site of Idaho Falls in the fall of 1863. A second ferry operated subsequently at or near the ford at what was called Eagle Rock.

Enters now the picture one Matt Taylor, a Kentuckian who was a credit to his state. Since the ford was only usable during low water, and the ferry wasn't too certain of continued operation, Matt got to thinking. He noted the narrow gorge into which the river plunged, and reasoned that this was the place for a bridge.

He wasn't an engineer, and had never built a bridge, but decided to do so. How to find out the width of the gorge? Tie a rock to a light line, throw it across, then pull it back as close to the edge as possible, then measure the line. This he did, and found it to be 83 feet. The Hickman and Rickard ferry was good, but it took too long for a train to cross. So reasoned Matt, and so too must have reasoned Alex Toponce, Ed Creighton's men, and others less well known, among them Oliver Nelson.

What to do about it? Build a bridge, what else? The timbers were cut in Beaver Canon, nearly a hundred miles distant, and hauled to the site by Felix Murray. That winter the stringers were laid out on the ice, and by spring the bridge was completed. Old wagon irons, etc. were used, otherwise the bridge was entirely of wooden construction, axe hewn logs that were a foot square. In January 1865 the modified Queen truss was in place.

The winter of '64-'65 had been very severe, and many work animals died. But by spring, the wagons were rolling again, and over the Eagle Rock Bridge. The franchise had been granted and approved in December 1864 by the territorial legislature. This franchise ran for twenty years, and set the rates for crossing.

Without going into detail, a horseman crossed for 50c, a wagon for \$4.00 with a dollar additional for each extra yoke of oxen or team. Cattle crossed at two-bits per head, and sheep and hogs at fifteen cents per head.

The bridge lasted until June 1867, when the unusually high water washed it out. Much of the timber was salvaged, and it was rebuilt, higher and sturdier than before.

Eagle Rock crossing was a natural for a stage station on the Holladay line. One of the agents was Emma Ott Corbett reported to have weighed over 400 pounds, and also said to have been deadly with a colt. The story comes down that she could drive six tacks in as many shots, rapid fire, and from the hip. She took the tough spots and soothed them. Well, maybe she was a bit firm, but she brought order and safety.

If you are ever in Idaho Falls, get about half way between the railroad bridge and the concrete bridge, and let your imagination paint for you the first bridge, and the pioneers that used it, and lived beside it.

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## The Chino Ranch

*(Continued from Page 2)*

they were enabled to return to their homes.

Barelas, in time, lost all his possessions, but the grateful Americans whose lives he had saved, saw that he had a pension, and he was able to live comfortably the remainder of his life.

Colonel Julian Isaac Williams died on the ranch in 1856. Richard Gird, a wealthy mining man from Arizona, finally became the owner of the grant, and set about developing it. First he fenced it, and improved the breed of cattle on it, and then put several thousand acres in cultivation. He leveled off the flat land where the town of Chino now stands and put it under irrigation, and becoming interested in the making of sugar, put some two thousand acres in sugar beets, and then proceeded to build a big sugar factory to convert the beets into sugar, and erected stock yards capable of holding over 4,000 head of cattle, to fatten on beet pulp, the residue of the beets after the sugar was extracted and which is very fattening.

Next he laid out the town of Chino, now a prosperous little city, and sold off the lots, and then proceeded to build a narrow gauge steam railway running from the ranch to Chino and then to Ontario.

The farming lands became, and are today probably, from an agricultural standpoint, the most valuable lands in Los Angeles County.

He was a great admirer of the American trot-

*(Continued on Page 7)*

# NOW *on the press!* THE 1950 BRAND BOOK

Those who are fortunate enough to own the earlier publications from this Corral know the beauty of design and typography which characterizes them. There has always been a wealth of original illustration material and this new volume offers an even greater range of interpretive subjects, with reproductions from drawings, photographs and paintings of western artists. Book collectors everywhere will appreciate that such a privately printed volume could not be produced commercially at any such price, and that were it not done by men who were willing to donate their time and talents, it would probably not be produced at all.

## ILLUSTRATIONS:

The most discriminating collector and librarian will find much to excite his pleasure in the higher faculties of sense perception. A beautiful dust jacket printed in four colors surrounds the new 1950 volume. Included in this volume is a total of 129 illustrations; including 91 halftones, 38 half-page line drawings and two pages in full color of the Custer battle flags. From the collection of Westerner Carl Dentzel comes the old California masterpiece from which the art end sheets are reproduced.

### PRICE Net Prepaid

TO MEMBERS:	Pre-publication price . . .	\$11.00
	After February 1, 1952 . . .	\$15.00
NON-MEMBERS:	Pre-publication price . . .	\$13.50
	After February 1, 1952 . . .	\$17.50



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## CONTENTS:

The text is an assemblage of basic and important studies on a variety of subjects—15 chapters to tempt the western Americana enthusiast and student. The authors include many noted authorities in their chosen fields of research such as Dr. Frederick W. Hodge of the Southwest Museum; Arthur Woodward of the Los Angeles County Museum; Colonel W. A. Graham, the Custer fight authority and numerous others.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST GOLD—AT THE POTHOLES . . .	Harold O. Weight
WAR AND PEACE IN CALIFORNIA (1848-1850) . . . . .	Neal Harlow
WESTERN EXPRESS—A STUDY IN GOLD RUSH COMMUNICATIONS	Henry H. Clifford
THE SONGS THEY SANG . . . . .	Arthur Woodward
LOS ANGELES IN THE ROISTERING '50s. . . . .	W. W. Robinson
THE IMPERIAL VALLEY AND ITS APPROACHES . . . . .	Frank Schilling
NAMES ON COWS. . . . .	Don Perceval
CUSTER'S BATTLE FLAGS. . . . .	Col. W. A. Graham
OLD DAN DUBOIS . . . . .	F. W. Hodge
SETH JESSE GRIFFIN—A PIONEER GENTILE IN ZION . . .	A. R. Van Noy
CHIEF TENDRY OF THE BANNACKS . . . . .	Warren F. Lewis
JUDGE CARTER AND OLD FORT BRIDGER . . . . .	Edgar N. Carter
A BOY'S LIFE ON THE OLD BELL RANCH. . . . .	Marion A. Speer
FUNERAL OF AN ARIZONA COWBOY . . . . .	Earle R. Forrest
BELLE PEORIA—A LASS WHO LOVED THE SOLDIERS .	Joseph Mills Hanson
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## STYLE AND FORMAT

will be similar to previous volumes issued by this Corral. The volume will be quarto in size (8½ x 10½ inches) with 232 pages beautifully printed in offset lithography and bound in two color art cloth over beveled boards, gold stamped spine and front cover.

If you failed to get the 1947 and 1948 BRAND BOOKS there are several left at a special price.  
The 1949 book is entirely out of print.



# THE APACHES HAD A WORD FOR IT

FRANK A. SCHILLING

Dear Bert:

I enclose copy of a clipping from the *Tucson Citizen*, which I made in Tucson some years ago when I was on Al Sieber's trail. I was time-keeper on a construction crew nearly fifty years ago, which was composed of about two hundred Apache and I learned to speak the Apache language more or less, especially the numerals. These people have a great sense of humor, and when I gave an Indian his number, he generally cut it in leather and placed this in his hat band, belt, or any place he could. Some of them were very reticent and refused to give their number orally, but merely pointed to the leather number.

We had a general commissary that was owned by William Tuttle, of Rice. The Indians coming into the commissary would say "nash-nee", meaning I want to buy. We introduced oranges, which they had never seen before, and they called them yellows, in their language, coining a word for the fruit. Other articles were similarly named, the names generally being descriptive. "Tah-kwee" meant "how much," and if the article were two dollars, the answer was "Peso-nock-ey," the "e" in peso having the short sound. (Accent on last syllable.)

Our crew was composed of many tribes of Apache, and the different tribes would not intermingle, each tribe camping by itself. Each man was given a number by the government, and this was used, rather than the man's name; which if it were possible to translate, would many times be unfit to print.

\* \* \* \*

## Name of Apache

The term Apache was a common one among those tribes that were at constant warfare with them and naturally when the Spaniards appeared, the Maricopas and Pimas, with whom the Spaniards were friendly, repeatedly referred to the hostile Indians, who were always fighting and plundering them, as Apaches, meaning ENEMY. Therefore a new word was coined by the Spaniards, and henceforth, the fierce tribes that the Spaniards also were never able to conquer, were termed as Apaches, and their country marked on Jesuit maps as Apaches.

## Apache Counting

- 1—dot-la
- 2—nock-ey
- 3—tog-ey
- 4—teen-ey
- 5—es-cly
- 6—goo-stun
- 7—ga-siggy
- 8—sap-ey
- 9—in-go-sty

10—goon-es-nun

13—to-ey-zot-ta

15—es-cly-zot-ta

16—goo-stun-zot-ta and so on until twenty is reached, which is na-tin. (The word used to represent "teen" as used in English in 15 or 16 is zot-ta, with a broad sound to the letter "a".)

20—na-tin

30—ta-tin

40—tee-tin

50—es-cly-tin, etc.

The feature of the counting is the expression of an amount in the same manner as it is expressed in English, which is not found in other Indian tribes of the west.

It has been demonstrated that about 600 words will cover the vocabulary of the average Apache, inasmuch as he is so expressive in the use of his words. The same word can be used for different meanings, according to the inflection and use of expressive sounds, or grunts, that are interjected into the sentence. Colors have a great deal to do with reference to any article, yet only a few colors are represented, as red (chee); yellow (clut-suggy); blue (sul), taken from the Spanish word azul; black (be-click-ey); white (tee-cly). Thus you have the only colors expressed. Peesh is the only word used for metal of any kind; therefore, when you hear an Apache speak of gold he will say "peesh-clut-suggy" (yellow metal), which also refers to gold coin, brass, bronze or other yellow metal.

Peesh-be-click-ey is iron, or any metal that is black. The locomotive is known to the Apache as an iron horse, therefore it is called peesh-e-clee, "clee" being the Apache word for horse, and the "e" is used in many expressions, forming a compound word. Peesh-e-gar is their word for rifle; peesh-e-kay is an iron shoe. No superfluous words are used on any occasion, for they are not to be found.

A surprised Apache will quickly say "heesh-shee," which betokens surprise, anger, fright, disgust or disappointment. U-kay-shee is another word that enters largely into their exclamation, meaning, to go, to be gone, to travel, to get out or to leave.

In financial transactions they never use the number of cents in a dollar to determine the price of anything, but figure everything in bits, as called in western parlance, two bits, or 25 cents, being "jolly-nock-ey," six bits, or 75 cents, "jolly-goo-stun," the word "jolly" being the term for shilling, or bit.

—*The Apache, Past and Present*, by Chas. T. Connell, Mss. *Tucson Citizen*, Feb. 5 to July 31, 1921.

## The Chino Ranch

(Continued from Page 3)

ting horse, and built huge barns, paddocks, and a mile training track. He went east and brought to California a band of the finest standard bred brood mares and stallions he could find. Among the latter was Lord Russel, a handsome bay stallion, full brother to Maude S. who at that time held the world record for trotting a mile.

But Dick Gird, like so many men of his time, my father among them, over-extended himself, and at the busting of the great land boom, lost everything he had.

Along about 1904 the ranch became the property of A. J. Marshall and Company. These people were cattlemen, and owned large holdings in the Panhandle as well as the great San Domingo Ranch of a million acres in Mexico, and they also owned the Jesus Maria Ranch, which contained about 45,000 acres in northern Santa Barbara County.

At this time I was working for the Cudahy Packing Company, buying livestock for them. They had acquired some interest in the cattle on the Chino Ranch, just what it was I do not recall and they sent me out to look after their interests.

At that time the sugar factory was running to capacity, and they had thousands of tons of beet pulp left after the sugar had been extracted. I overhauled the stock pens, and the railroad, and made preparations to feed out the cattle and did fatten about 4,000 head on pulp mostly aged steers, and also had about 1,500 head fattening on grass in the hills there. After that I returned to my old job shipping cattle for the Cudahy people.

Very shortly after the cattle were fed off, they began to sell the ranch in parcels to suit the individual purchaser. Most of the irrigated land was sold in small lots, 5 to 100 acres, as was the dry farming land and even the hills, fit only for grazing, was sold off to different individuals. The ranch now supports several hundred people and the town of Chino has become a small city.

In 1877 a prospector, Ed Schieffelin, searching for minerals in the hills near where Tombstone is today, struck a likely looking lead carrying rich values in silver.

After staking his claim, he went to Tucson, where, on August 25, 1877 he filed on the location which he called "The Tombstone," and then left for Globe, Arizona, to find his brother Al, who was supposed to be working in a mine there. Upon his arrival at Globe, he found his brother had left for Signal, a mining camp in the Bill Williams country in northwestern Arizona. When he reached Signal, he found Al working in the McCracken mine, and upon showing his samples to him, Al suggested they have an assay made by the assayer at the mine.

## The Chino Ranch

(Continued from Other Column)

Upon making the assay, the assayer was so astonished at the high values he found, he proposed that he quit his job, and the Schieffelins take him in as a partner. This being agreeable to them, he bought another mule, a wagon and supplies. Al decided at the last minute not to go, so the assayer and Ed started back to the hills where the Tombstone claim was located. On the second day, Al, having again changed his mind and decided to go, caught up with them.

They there, after a long and arduous journey through dangerous Indian country, reached their destination, and set about prospecting the hills thoroughly. In addition to the Tombstone claim, they also located the Lucky Cuss, The Contention, and the Tough Nut Group of claims. The news of the new strike soon spread, mining men came in droves. The town of Tombstone was started, mines were opened up, and the town was booming.

The Schieffelins sold their two-thirds interest in their holdings for a million dollars. The assayer held in for a while longer and sold his one-third interest for a million, twice as much as the brothers had gotten for their two-thirds. He had always dreamed of coming to California and owning a good ranch. Now he was in a position to do so, and he did.

His name was Richard Gird.

## Why Our Brand Book Is Late

Every man of the Corral has had extreme demands on his time this past year. The book committee has functioned despite this handicap and succeeded in securing and editing the papers, as well as collecting the illustration material for this volume. It has been a difficult task because of the tardy arrival of some of the scheduled papers and illustrations.

The plant of Homer H. Boelter Company has also been extremely busy with essential work for the war effort, especially during the final months which normally would have seen the last printings on our book. All these things have conspired to delay the final arrival of the Brand Book.

Now that the volume is at last on the presses, the committee asks that each Westerner definitely make certain of his own possession of a 1950 Brand Book by immediately giving to Hugh Shick his name and check to cover the number of copies desired. We want no Westerner to be disappointed this year, but because of the high production costs, books of necessity must go where cash or checks are ready. **ORDER YOUR BOOK NOW!**

# DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL...

By PAUL W. GALLEHER

About the time Westerners are reading this issue of their *Branding Iron*, they will have decided upon their Christmas shopping for book loving friends and relatives. Consequently you won't receive much help from this department. So let's ramble about on a few thoughts to close the year.

If you haven't added a copy of William Caruthers' *Loafing Along Death Valley Trails* to your collection ask your favorite bookseller to get one for you. It's the most you can buy for \$3.85 and it is a good book. Caruthers writes from basic information gathered from twenty-five years on these trails.

Did you know that in addition to his extensive library of badmen books, Loring Campbell also has a terrific collection of cowboy and cattle books? He was telling me the other day of several new items that appealed to him, and I pass this "info" along to you.

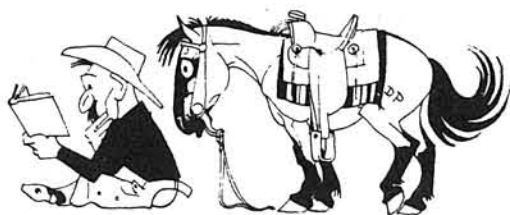
*Pinnacle Jake* by Nellie Snyder Yost is a good one from Caxton Printers, priced at \$4.00.

The University of New Mexico Press have several interesting volumes in *Savage Son* by Oren Arnold, and *No Dudes, Few Women* by Elizabeth Ward.

The Reminiscences of Robert Maudslay have just been edited by Winifred Kupper under the title of *Texas Sheepman*, published by the University of Texas Press at \$3.00.

Stimulating his interest and whetting his appetite is a book which Little Brown will issue in February entitled *Veteran of the Old West* by Eva Gillhouse. It is the life story of Frank (Pistol Pete) Eaton, now 91 years old, and with eleven notches on his gun.

The University of Wyoming Library is announcing another Custer item. Joseph G. Masters' *Shadows Fall Across the Little Horn*. It is an account of the battle written from material gathered twenty years ago largely from the Sioux and Cheyenne warriors who fought Custer, and from the troopers of the Seventh Cavalry who were with Benteen. It is a 62-page item and sells for \$3.00. Director of the library, N. O. Rush, has written the introduction for this 75th anniversary account.



Our friends of the Denver Corral announce their new *Brand Book*—the sixth in a distinguished series of outstanding contributions to Western history and culture. You're probably too late of you haven't sent in your pre-publication order at \$7.00. The published price is to be \$7.50 and only a limited number will be printed. Among the contributors to this volume are Ramon Adams, Nolie Mumey, Walter Gann, Elmo Scott Watson, Edward W. Milligan, Robert G. Athearn, Charles B. Roth, Raymond Colwell, Robert Bartlett, William H. Hutchinson, Levette Davidson, Alonzo Ellsworth, Harold H. Dunham (also editor of the volume), and Arden B. Olsen. It is a must for all Westerners. On the basis of previous volumes from this Corral, you'll be glad this column encouraged your purchase of a copy.

If you are interested in Arizona and Sonora you will want to know of the new book which has just been released by Arizona Silhouettes in Tucson. It has been reproduced in a limited edition from the original written in 1763 by an unknown Jesuit padre, and gives a graphic account of the topography, tribes, missions and resources of the country. There are 184 pages, including 5 illustrations, an index and end sheet map. It is available in two bindings—cloth at \$6.00 and Arizona cowhide at \$10.00. The title of the volume—*Rudo Ensayo*.

The California Historical Society has just announced to their members two new items which are to be ready for Christmas. This information will probably reach you too late for this purpose but we think you will be interested in the life story of Henry L. Ford, a California pioneer of 1843, a soldier under Sutter and Fremont and a member of an emigrant party in the Sierra Nevada. He was also an early rancher in the upper Sacramento Valley, supplier of gold rush parties, and Indian agent. The volume is entitled *Bear Flag Lieutenant* and is written by Fred B. Rogers. Only 250 numbered copies have been printed. The selling price is \$5.00.

The other item from the Society is called *The Peraltas and Their Houses*. In it Dr. J. N. Bowman discusses his genealogical findings on the Peralta family, including the discovery of eight hitherto unknown children, and describes and locates the homes built in Alameda County and in San Jose by these early families. This is a 15-age pamphlet with maps, limited to 200 copies.