

LOS ANGELES
& THE SUNDAY
WESTERNERS
CORRAL
LAW

DECEMBER, 1953

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

PUBLICATION 22



APACHE OUTLAW

H. W. HANSEN (1854-1924)

—Courtesy Edward Eberstadt & Sons, N. Y.

— see page two —

THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

* * *

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☆

Address Material for Publication to
The Roundup Foreman

DON MEADOWS

640 Terraine Avenue, Long Beach 14, Calif.

Early in the history of our organization a very small lapel pin bearing the buffalo-skull insignia of Westerners was designed and is worn by many members. The die is still available and the makers will accept individual or group orders. In response to many inquiries we have the latest information: The maker is Spies Brothers, 27 E. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. Prices on the pins are: gold-filled, \$1.75; solid gold, \$2.25; add 20 per cent federal tax, and if purchased for delivery in Illinois add 2 per cent sales tax. Mr. Cookman of Spies Brothers will be glad to answer any other questions.

*From the Westerners Brand Book,
Chicago Corral*

Corral Chips

That Westerners are a serious group of individuals who have no time for superficial romanticism or exaggerated theatrics is well demonstrated by returns from the questionnaire sent to all members a short time ago. They are interested in the facts that made the Old West a colorful, realistic part of our American civilization. Returns also indicate that Westerners have a sense of humor.

The Los Angeles Corral is composed of over 200 active and corresponding members who have made the West, or who are doing something to preserve it. Cattlemen, doctors, artists, college professors, ranchers, newspaper men, lawyers, writers, army officers, scientists, movie and TV people, old timers and business men are found on its register. Many have a family background that goes deeply into the Old West. Some have helped to create the colorful past. All are active and earnest.

More than 100 Western books have been authored by members of the L. A. Corral. CM Walter Campbell (Stanley Vestal) leads the list with 23 titles. Paintings and sculptures by Corral members grace many museums and private collections. Sound libraries are owned by riders in the posse. Over forty private book

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Tres Rodeos

Los Angeles Westerners had their philosophy strengthened when Westerner Robert G. Cleland spoke on "The River of the Road That Leads to the Land of the Buffalo," at the November meeting of the Corral. Doctor Cleland, without forsaking his own California, has acquired a home in the Rocky Mountains on the banks of a stream which the Indians called by the title of his speech. Nothing of dramatic importance ever happened along "the River," but the land is redolent with little incidents that a true Westerner appreciates. Bob Cleland herded these incidents together on a quote which every Westerner will keep in his string. The quote was sired by Wingfield-Stratford: "a knowledge of history is able to make the whole landscape alive, to render the exploration of the humblest village an adventure of thrilling possibilities, to give a voice to the downs and to enrich the waste with memories."

"Tibercio Vasquez" rode again on the night of October 15 in the company of Westerner Jack Reynolds who has made a study of California banditry.

Debunking is an hilarious sport when a master hand controls the rope. Westerner Lee Shippey showed himself as an expert when he talked about "California History that is Not True" on the evening of September 17. All meetings were held at the Redwood House.

The Cover

"Apache Outlaw," the cover of this issue of the BI is the work of H. W. Hansen (1854-1924), made available by Westerner Glen Dawson. Hansen, German born and educated on the Continent, came to the United States in 1877 and settled in Chicago. In 1879 he began his western career by doing three publicity paintings in Dakota for a railroad company. In 1882 he moved to San Francisco and for the rest of his life made frequent journeys from his California studio into the old Southwest, sketching and painting. Oil and water color were his favored media. A careful student, an excellent draftsman, an exacting taskmaster for correct detail, Hansen won his Western audience. Hansen's work at present is chiefly in the hands of private owners. See—Taft, "Artists and Illustrators of the Old West."

The pictures illustrating the article by Phil Rasch in the Number Five *Brand Book* were credited to Ed Davenport through an error, and should have carried the name of Ed Bartholomew.

How the "h—" did that happen?

A Petrified Ritual C. N. RUDKIN

Prehistoric Indian occupation has left many evidences in the Petrified Forest National Monument of Eastern Arizona, including at least two early pueblo sites and many petroglyphic inscriptions. Most of the latter are of the usual type which can be interpreted as "Kilroy was here" or as mere doodling. However, near a location indicated in the Monument guide leaflet as Newspaper Rock there is a complex of inscriptions which seem to have a ceremonial significance. I cannot find that these have been treated in any publication.

On climbing down the trail to Newspaper Rock one faces a marker pointing out a trail leading to the "Cave of the Origin of Life." Since the scenery does not suggest anything spectacular the trail seems to be followed by few tourists.

The cave is not really a cave but a heap of rocks which have fallen so as to leave a considerable cavity under the upper slabs. There are two openings; one a good-sized entrance at ground level at the rear of the pile, and a smaller one, large enough to admit a person endwise. Many petroglyphs are in the cave, but most of the art has been bestowed on a slab which lies at an angle of 30 or 40 degrees to the horizontal just below the smaller opening. This I have designated as the altar-stone.

While it is impossible to interpret all the inscriptions within the cave, the series on the altar-stone (figured right), beginning with the male figure at the upper right hand corner, seems fairly clear. The male figure bears in its left hand what may be a stalk of maize and with its right hand appears to be tearing out the unopened flower stalk of an agave or yucca plant. A turkey seems to be impaled on the upper end of the stalk. All these are fertility symbols. Just in front of the male figure is a drawing which I interpret as the spider woman of modern Hopi mythology, the patroness of young love. The spider is connected through a phallus with a maze which seems to represent a plot of cultivated ground from which a maize plant is growing. The scene below is obvious.

The height, position and size of the altar-stone are such that a small woman lying with her head at the upper edge would be in the proper position to carry out, with a man standing on the ground, a fertility rite. It would seem that inside the cave, after suitable rituals had been performed, at the climax of the ceremony, a woman representing a goddess or nature spirit entered, feet first, through the smaller opening, to assume her position on the slab for the consummation of the sexual act. Such imitative magic is familiar to ethnologists, to promote the fertility of the celebrants' crops or animals. This is one of many possible interpretations of the "Cave of the Origin of Life."



To Cogitate

Glen Dawson received this letter from the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, and he passes it on to the Westerners for their information and consideration.

Dear Mr. Dawson:

Carl Smalley had undoubtedly given you the line-up on our new series, the Western Frontier Library, volume 1 in which is *The Vigilantes of Montana*, by Thomas J. Dimsdale. Montana is not as close to California as Kansas is to Oklahoma (Kansas being Carl's old home state), but we have already begun to think about a suitable volume, and succeeding volumes, dealing with your state in this new series. I wonder if you could give us the benefit of your suggestions.

Obviously, the items in this library are going to have to be non-royalty ones, taken from books now in the public domain. The general editor of the series, Mr. E. DeGolyer, with whose collection you are doubtless familiar, has agreed with us, that, initially at least, the more blood the better, and in lieu of blood, when we can't get it, then what we need is plenty of action.

Which three or five books, in your opinion, ought to go into this library, and in what order would you place them? If you can give me a list on this, I'll try to be of as much reciprocal help to you as I can. I might tell you that, when you see number 1 in the series, you will note that it is bound in what is known to the binding trade as "Elephant Hide." That's something we are going to need a lot of if we survive in this effort to bring \$2.00 books to the great American public.

Cordially yours,
SAVOIE LOTTINVILLE



From the Rose Collection.

Footprints on the Sands of Time—

The Story of the Rose Collection

By ED BARTHOLOMEW

Just before Noah H. Rose, the pioneer Texas photographer died, he scribbled a short note and placed it in one of two wooden boxes which contained his famous collection of over two thousand negatives pertaining to the history of Western America. Months later, while examining the priceless negatives, I found this note:

"My photographs will be my footprints on the sands of time," he wrote, his hand weak. "After I am gone, what will become of my photographs?"

Noah Hamilton Rose was born in 1874, in Kerr County, Texas. He started life as a boy printer's helper, worked on country newspapers and became an expert at setting type. Just before his death, in commenting on typographical errors, he said: "In the old days, we followed *COPY*, right out the window if necessary." While still a youngster he purchased a box camera and became a photographer. For over half a century he collected photographs of famous characters of the west, both good and bad, and personally knew many of the famous peace officers and notorious outlaws.

A lifetime job after the collection was once started, he worked at nothing else. For many years a bachelor, late in life he married and found happiness. Then, after a few years, his wife passed away. From then on, Noah Rose was a broken man, and late in 1951, he died.

The building of this great treasure house of Western history had not been easy. The compensation, far less than was necessary for a comfortable existence, left Noah Rose a poor

man. His worldly possessions were a great photographic collection, and his "little house that love built," located on West Houston street, in the city of San Antonio, Texas. Going through fire, flood, and the trials and tribulations of life on the frontiers, he kept his collection intact. With hundreds of his valuable pictures damaged by high water floods, he worked throughout days and nights, drying and preserving those not fully ruined. The death of his wife, and the last flood, soon brought about his end at an age of seventy-eight years.

That Noah Rose knew personally many of the famous characters of the west, is attested to in the files of his years of correspondence. He knew and corresponded with the men of the frontier west, and the great writers of Western Americana, over a great many years. A large portion of the books published on this subject carrying a photo section, utilized the famous archives of N. H. Rose.

Mr. Rose did not travel much (usually the funds were lacking), therefore he restricted his own photographic art to Texas, and some in Mexico. He preserved with his own hand the history of Texas, the cattle country, the pioneers, etc. But his greatest service to posterity is probably his work over the past fifty years or so, of collecting the works of others. True, the bulk of his great collection came from two great photographers in whose footsteps he followed. The first started shortly after the Civil War and left his negatives to his assistant, A. A. Brack, who continued the business in

San Antonio. Mr. Rose worked for Mr. Brack, acquired these negatives of his predecessor, and cataloged them with his own photographs. To this great collection of negatives, he added over the years, hundreds that he traded, bought or received as gifts, from the other great photographers of the rest of the American West. From the characters themselves, from police officers, from pioneers, cattlemen, from their families, he gathered the pictures. He was usually present at every old timers frontier celebration, ex-Ranger conventions, etc., he and his camera working. So, from all these sources came the great Rose Collection of Western Americana photographs.

The most worthwhile result of his years of labor on this work was his exhaustive study, writing hundreds of letters, talking personally with hundreds more, to acquire the factual identification of those who appeared in his photographs. He solved many mysteries of the early West. Once he had a picture, with characters unnamed, he did not give up until he had them identified. The results of this great patience shows in the writings of many of our great western writers of today. It is too bad that his thoughts and his great experiences could not have been put down in black and white.

Other than his marriage, his little home and his great collection, the greatest happiness in the life of Noah Rose came just before his death when he saw the publication of that great book, *The Album of Gunfighters*, produced by his old time friend, Marvin Hunter, of Bandera, Texas. Hunter and Rose had been lifelong friends. Rose's great photo collection was drawn on for the three hundred odd photos the book contained.

Rose was quite a wit, he jotted down many little poems, notes, and so forth. When a reviewer wrote him that he was making a mistake in not offering a discount to the book-seller, he wrote a long poem, in part where he said:

"Long I've hoped to be your friend,
Seems it's all to no avail,
Something messes up the trend,
Leaves me riding on a rail.

Forty percent for selling books.
When authors get but ten,
Is inconsistent . . . to me it looks,
And here, I use my pen.

How your defense should be reversed,
What would book-sellers do?
Without the writers coming first,
I'm astonished, gee, at you.

High powered sales and contracts,
Not always what they seem,
A writer must depend on facts,
IF HE gets any cream.

Good writers are foundation stones
Of History in all ages,
There's no one else but lazy-bones,
Who'll skimp them on their wages.

Now, if this is our parting word,
My memory sticks like glue,
Emotions keep my eyes all blurred,
You can hear me, boo, hoo, hoo.

June 5, 1951, N. H. R."

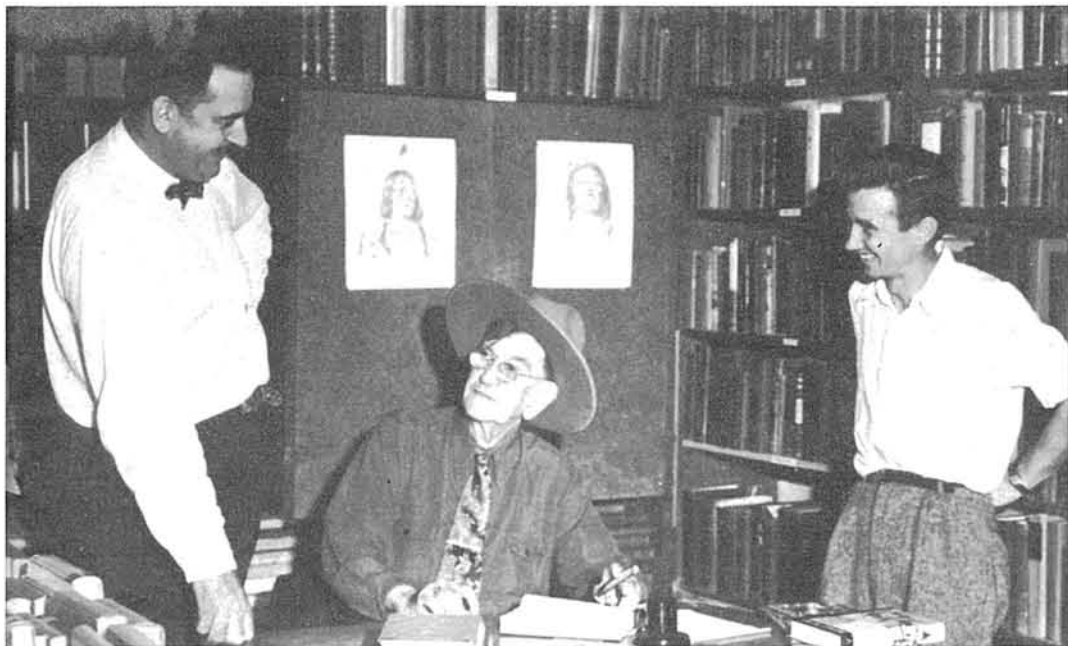
That his tongue could become caustic can be attested by the many editors, writers, and publishers, who did not give credit, failed to quote historical information correctly, or did not send him the pittance he requested for his pictures. Mr. Rose was a deeply religious man, he loved his church. He loved his great picture collection.

The family selected me to carry on Mr. Rose's work. The collection retains the great photographer's name, and services the needs of the publishing industry, as he would have desired it.



ED BARTHOLOMEW

CM Ed Bartholomew of Houston, a native Texan, graduated from the Public Library and turned author, book-seller, archivist, printer and junk-man (aero parts). "My house, barn, office and warehouses are cluttered with collections of old guns, Indian relics, Western prints, antiques and books. My greatest asset is peace of mind." Ed has spent his time tramping riding, driving and flying over Texas, the Big Bend Country, New Mexico and Arizona. He owns a square of land in Reeves County, Texas, and once had old Fort Davis under lease as a historical resort. Author of four books and many articles, his latest volume is *Kill, or Be Killed*, which is now in press. During his leisure time he is interested in the West.



Frank King autographing *Wrangling the Past*, at Dawson's Book Shop, 1946.—Left to right Homer E. Britzman, Frank King, and Glen Dawson.

Homer E. Britzman

On Sunday, October 13, 1953, the Westerners, not alone of the Los Angeles Corral, but all corrals, lost one of their most sincere and devoted friends. Britz passed on suddenly after a prolonged period of confinement.

Britz's main avocation for many years, and for a few years, his vocation, was his love for the West, particularly as represented in the art works of Charlie Russell. Britz's collection of C. M. R. paintings, bronzes, sketches, and other work were housed, quite properly, in the old Russell home at 725 Michigan Avenue, Pasadena. The home was purchased by Britz some ten years before his death. From this location, Britz issued the publications of the Trails End Press, all of which smacked of the Russell flavor. Britz's interest in this work was studious and sincere.

With this background, in late 1946, Britz promoted the plan of a Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. Through his efforts he gathered together the group which formed the charter members, and many of the basic principles of the group's activities were devised through his guidance.

Britz's business life had been spent in the oil business, in which he became an officer of the Rio Grande Oil Company, and later the Richfield Oil Company.

He has gone to join the many old time pioneers of the West, and particularly his old friend Charlie Russell. We wish you well, Britz, and happy hunting.

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Franklin Marion King

Franklin Marion King was born in El Monte, California, February 26, 1863. He died November 8, 1953 at the age of ninety years.

Frank's parents made the hazardous trek from Missouri by crossing desolate plains inhabited only by small groups of hostile Indians, reaching El Monte, California in the early sixties, where they resided for ten years. At the end of this period the family headed East. The travel-worn family reached Talaquah Indian Territory in 1873, where Franklin Marion King was legally registered as a member of the Cherokee Tribe, Number 2349. The King family resided in this hunter's paradise for the next few years. It was a land bountifully filled with wild game, fowl and fish; whose hills and valleys were a carpet of luxurious growth of native grass. Young Frank, being a normal boy, at an early age attached himself to one of the local cow ranches and was initiated into the mysteries of the American Cowboy. Being an apt pupil, he became one of the best. Soon he was looking for new worlds to conquer. He crossed the Red River into West Texas and got a job with the Curtis Cattle Ranch. Our ranch being very near, the Curtis Ranch often worked both the two ranches together. I, as a small boy, remembered a shag-headed Indian boy that they called "The Indian Kid." In later years Frank identified himself as that boy. Frank terminated his job with the Curtis Outfit rather sudden.

In 1881 Frank showed up in El Monte again, at the age of 18, practically a grown man of

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Necktie Festival

On the 6th inst., Henry Lambert had two fine colts stolen, and by liberal use of printer's ink the same were returned to him on Monday last, having been captured some two hundred miles from here. The following note which accompanied the return of the horses is suggestive of the fate of the thieves:

Panhandle, Tex. March 19, 1878.—Mr. Henry Lambert, Cimarron, N. M.—You are indebted to me the sum of \$70, and for fear that you may ask further questions I will explain all as I go along:

The reward.....	\$50.00
Catching thief.....	1.00
Acting sheriff.....	.50
Acting lawyer.....	.50
Acting judge.....	.50
Conviction of thief.....	.50
Rope.....	1.00
Making hangman's knot.....	.25
For heavy weight on light end of rope.....	.75
Paid man for 15 days' work delivering stock.....	15.00

Total..... \$70.00

Please enclose the amount and send by bearer, and if you think this court is extravagant in its charges, just send your next business to some other judge.

The money, we are happy to state, was sent—
News & Press.

—From *Mesilla Valley Independent*, Saturday,
April 13, 1878.

Lambert owned the famous Don Diego Hotel in
Cimarron.—PHIL RASCH.

North From Texas, edited by CM Herbert O. Brayer, X-Sheriff of the Denver Posse, has been selected one of the outstanding fifty books for 1952 by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. It was published by the Branding Iron Press of Evanston, Illinois.

Homer E. Britzman

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Our sympathy is extended sincerely to Mrs. Britzman, and his sister and brothers.

Britz's funeral was conducted at the Memory Chapel of Ives and Warren Mortuary in Pasadena on October 14. A number of his Westerner friends were among those present to hear a service strongly stressing Britz's love of the out-of-door West and its personalities. A letter from Denver Westerner John J. Lipsey, of Colorado Springs, writes that he and other friends were present at the burial service in Colorado Springs on October 17. Also attending this last service were Denver Westerners R. G. Colwell, and C. F. Mathews.

Corral Chips

(Continued from page 3)

collections, containing 70,000 volumes (plus four tons owned by CM Michael Harrison) furnish a solid back-ground to individuals. There are many collections of guns, costumes, newspapers and other tangible evidence of the past. Three members have their own registered cattle brand.

Law and order and the western migration occupy the largest interest of the outfit. Geographically, greatest attention is focused on the dry triangle reaching from southern California to East Texas to the Dakotas. But there is a great and general interest in everything that has happened west of the Mississippi river during the last 5000 years. "I'm lousy at written examinations," one CM commented after carefully filling out his questionnaire. "I like 'em all, gist sum bettern uthers."

The inquisition was long and rugged, but it will pay big dividends in the future. Now we know what Westerners are interested in and what they can contribute to the Branding Iron. Ed Bartholomew's article in this issue is an example. And when our Corresponding Members visit the L. A. Corral none will have the excuse that they have nothing to talk about.

Dwight Franklin is working on a book, *Guns of the Gold Rush*.

John Goodman of the L. A. Corral could use help in locating 1849 mining stock certificates issued on the east coast for mines in California; passports issued by the U. S. Government or the Catholic Church to immigrants going to California in 1849 by way of Mexico; pictures of flags used by these mining companies, and pictures of the uniforms worn by the company members.

Information about Lonesome Charley Reynolds will be gratefully accepted by Merrill Kitchen of the L. A. Posse.

CM Stanley W. Galli, book and magazine illustrator of Kentfield, California, who "is always doing research" has just returned from a jornada in Spain.

CM Harry James questionnaire was sent in from a mountain side just outside Salzburg, Austria.

A book on Chief Walker, by our own Paul Bailey, is being put into type.

CM Mark Brown of Bellevue, Nebraska, with the assistance of the Huffman family, has written 145,000 words to interpret the famous frontier photographs of L. A. Huffman.

CM Elizabeth Botsford Cox, housewife and writer of Birney, Montana, "one of the last horse breeders in a horse country," has a nice thoroughbred filly for sale cheap.

CM Bryan Lovelace of Wichita Falls, Texas, is doing research on early cattle trails and will relish information.

Book Looks

By PAUL W. GALLEHER

WESTWARD THE BRITON, by Robert G. Athearn; Charles Scribner and Sons; New York, 1953; \$4.50.

If you had been an observant traveler into our American West in the days following the Civil War and if after you returned to your home land in England you had written the story of what you saw, what you heard, and what you did, it is quite likely that almost a hundred years later your account of your travels would have fallen under the scrutiny and study of Robert G. Athearn who is an assistant professor of history at the University of Colorado.

Athearn would make a good member of our Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. His book certainly deserves an audience of all Westerners of all Corrals. It is an unusual book of Western Americana developed from a considerable researching of more than three hundred accounts of early Britons who came Westward to see and experience frontier life in the raw.

Westward the Briton is historically sound, full of evidence of patient and painstaking research and authoritative information. There is an interesting group of illustrations, 17 pages of notes, and a good ready reference index. Westerners will be particularly interested in the bibliography. The publishers have designed, as is their usual custom, an "easy to read" page, adding to the comfort and pleasure of studying a volume of this character.

Westerner Glen Dawson has just issued volumes 16 and 17 of his Early California Travel Series: **STATEMENT OF MY CAPTIVITY AMONG THE CALIFORNIANS**, by Vassili Taranoff (notes by Art Woodward); an unusually graphic account of a little known event at San Fernando Mission in 1835; and **A PIONEER OF PIONEERS**, the narrative of Joel P. Walker, brother of Joseph Reddeford Walker, who adventured in California during the Mexican days.

BAJA CALIFORNIA, A HUNTING, FISHING AND TRAVEL GUIDE, by Ralph Hancock and others (Academy Publishers, Los Angeles, 1953, \$5.00) has a nice dust jacket, a number of very fine pictures, and some bits of correct information.

THE CUSTER MYTH, a source book on Custeriana, a new work by Westerner Col. W. A. Graham (Stackpole, 1953, \$10.00) is a solid companion to his *The Story of the Little Big Horn*, now in its Fourth Edition. The new book will be quoted as long as the Custer controversy persists.

Franklin Marion King

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wide experience and a top rider and cowhand. He entered the school room for the first time, registering in the first grade of the grammar school, for he could neither read nor write. There was no question then of his courage and during his entire life there never was. Frank attended this school for two nine-month terms, laying the foundation of his education, on which he continued to build during his entire life.

Frank was on the prowl again. We next heard of him down New Mexico way on the old range of Billy the Kid, where he soaked up all the glamour and daring of that much publicized character of the Old West. Here Frank remained for several years working for the C. A. and other ranches of that vicinity, meeting many of the participants of the Lincoln County War, with some of whom he formed a life-long friendship.

About the time Arizona was admitted to the Union as a full fledged state, Frank stepped across the state line and became a citizen of that commonwealth. He swapped his chaps for a star and became attached to the Sheriff's Office. During the several years he was a peace officer he met some of the West's "bad boys" and never came off second best. He was accused of being quick on the draw—well men didn't live to be ninety years of age who weren't. Down in Texas it is said that there are only two kinds of men: "the quick and the dead."

In 1916 Frank met and married Miss Sofia Kloss in Tucson, Arizona, who was a devoted wife and helpmate. Although she suffered a stroke about a year before Frank passed away which left her practically paralyzed, she continued to look after his well being.

Frank's life was a colorful one: that of a real pioneer. He was a patriotic citizen and wherever he lived he was always a real contributor to the peace and well being of that community.

Even though he filled many occupations creditably, his main job was always that of a cowpuncher and historian of the cattle industry and the men who were instrumental in building the great Southwestern Empire. His activity in the newspaper and publishing business was only a prelude to his real life work, which he recorded in the four books that he has left for posterity: *Mavericks*, *Longhorn Trail Drivers*, *Pioneer Western Empire Builders*, and *Wrangling in the Past*. His writing was in his own dialect. Maybe the younger generation won't understand it, but we "old timers" do.

There is no one to pick up his mantle and carry on, for there are only a few of his breed left.

"Adios Frank"

By ROBERT (BILLY) DODSON