

LOS ANGELES

WESTERNERS

CORRAL



MARCH, 1954

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

PUBLICATION 24



THE MAGIC OF MAGEE

— see page three —

LOOKING AHEAD

by LORING CAMPBELL, Deputy Sheriff, 1954

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------|--|---------------------|
| March 18 | JOHN D. GILCHRIESE | September 16 | GLEN DAWSON |
| "Life and Times of Wyatt Earp." | | "California All the Way Back to 1828." | |
| April 15 | PHIL JOHNSTON | October 21 | NOAH BEERY, JR. |
| "Navajo Language Code for Secret Communications in the Marine Corps." | | "They Went That-a-way" or The West and The Motion Picture Industry." | |
| May 20 | ARTHUR WOODWARD | November 18 | DON HILL |
| "Custer Battlefield Today." | | "Playboys of Plains and Rockies." | |
| June | MARION A. SPEER | December 16 | HENRY CLIFFORD |
| "Narrow Gauge Railroads of the Colorado Rockies and Their Relation to Western History." | | "The Letters of Sylvester Mowry." | |
| July | JACK REYNOLDS | Jan. 20, 1955 | DR. FRANK S. DOLLEY |
| "History of All Corrals of the Westerners." | | "Colorado River Pilots." | |
| August | W. W. ROBINSON | | |
| "Ranchos of California." | | | |

(All meetings to be held at The Redwood House, except when otherwise notified.)

THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

* * *

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September and December

OFFICERS — 1954

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LORING CAMPBELL	<i>Deputy Sheriff</i>
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HOMER H. BOELTER	<i>Deputy Sheriff</i>
<i>in Charge of Branding</i>	
828 North La Brea, Hollywood 38, Calif.	
BERT H. OLSON	<i>Keeper of the Chips</i>
619 North Rexford Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.	
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141 Anita Drive, Pasadena 2, Calif.	
DWIGHT FRANKLIN	} <i>Wranglers</i>
COL. C. B. BENTON	
HARLAN H. THOMPSON	
LONNIE HULL	<i>Daguerreotype Wrangler</i>
PHILIP J. RASCH	<i>Representative</i>
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Address Material for Publication to
The Roundup Foreman
DON MEADOWS

640 Terraine Avenue, Long Beach 14, Calif.

A Westerners Directory

PHIL RASCH

March of this year marks the tenth anniversary of the founding of THE WESTERNERS. At our July meeting Jack Reynolds will speak on the history of the movement and will later prepare a paper on the subject for next year's BRAND BOOK. In the meantime our Roundup Foreman has requested the Representative to present a brief directory of the Corrals in existence or in the process of formation.

The first and original Corral was founded in March, 1944 at Chicago. It usually meets at Irelands, 632 North Clark St., Chicago, on the last Monday of each month. A monthly BRAND BOOK is published, the first two years of which have been bound into annual volumes. Membership consists of 55 resident, 172 corresponding and 33 institutional members. Corresponding member dues are \$3.50 annually. For membership address the editor of the BRAND BOOK, Don Russell, 191 Clinton St., Elmhurst, Illinois.

The Denver Corral was formed in July of 1944. Meetings are held at the Denver Press Club on the fourth Wednesday of each month. There are about 50 active members and over 400 corresponding members. The official publications are monthly and annual BRAND BOOKS. For details contact BRAND BOOK Editor Erl H.

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WELCOME PARDNERS to the Old Corral . . .

The ballots of the recent election have all been tallied and the Los Angeles Corral is again filled to capacity. New Active Members are:

DR. HARVEY STARR

Dr. Starr was a Corresponding Member of our Corral and belongs to the California Historical Society, Friends of the Bancroft Libraries, the Huntington Libraries, Book Club of California, E Clampus Vitus. He recently gave a talk "California Medical Story" to a medical group. His library on California and the West numbers around 1400 items.

CHARLIE N. RUDKIN

Rudkin is a former Associate Member who talked to our Corral at the January 1954 meeting. He is a member of E Clampus Vitus and has made a couple of contributions to the Branding Iron. He has written a couple of books on the West, and owns a substantial library of Western Americana.

DR. FRANK DOLLEY

Dr. Dolley was a Corresponding Member of our Corral and is a member of the California Historical Society. He is the author of many publications dealing with medical subjects. His library consists of approximately 2500 volumes of Western Americana. His main interest is Baja California.

ROBERT DOHRMANN

Dohrmann, a former Associate Member, collects books about California prior to 1855, as well as Mountain Men and the Fur Trade. One of his hobbies is collecting non-productive mines above the 8500 ft. elevation.

DONALD W. HAMBLIN

A former Associate Member, Don gave a talk "The Sharon Cases" to our Corral in January 1953. His library of Western Americana consists of approximately 750 volumes. He specializes in the Indians of the West, and Spanish Conquests in the Southwest.

BEN H. O'CONNOR

A former Associate Member, Ben collects Western firearms, early spurs, and other equipment of the Western horseman, and the personalities of those who used them. Ben states that he would be willing to tend bar in addition to any other duties that might be required.

Westerners are looked upon as authorities on the Old West by people outside the Corral. Hank Clifford received a letter from Mrs. Clyde Hartman, 1406 West 58th Place, L.A. 47, asking for information about a man who ran a freight outfit between Socorro, N.M. and Fort Bayard in the 1880's. The lady's father drove mules for the outfit and she wants to know the owner's name. Quien sabe?

CM Clinton P. Anderson, U.S. Senator from New Mexico, who claims to have all the instincts of a pack-rat when it comes to collecting western Americana, answered his questionnaire query concerning work in the fine arts with the admission, "Sure, this business of politics is a fine art."



FOUR GREAT WESTERNERS (left to right), Clyde Forsythe, Bill Magee, J. Frank Dobie and Ed Ainsworth, at historic old Santa Margarita Ranch House near Oceanside, California, February, 1949.

—R. O. Ritchie, *L. A. Times*

AN INCARNATE CALIFORNIAN . . . BILL MAGEE

THE WEST AT ITS BEST

by ED AINSWORTH

On the misty trails of my memory, one man rides foremost into the everlasting corral of friendship.

Bill Magee has taken his lariat and saddle and gone lightly over the far horizon into the realm of the eternal rangeland, but the sound of his horse's hoofbeats will resound forever in the hearts of those of us who knew him for what he was—an incarnate Californian.

It is impossible to think of William Patrick Magee without thinking also of a fine horse. From childhood, Billy rode a succession of horses compounded of fire, lightning and the hurricane. He rode as he lived, spiritedly, hat tilted and with a gay air of old Spain about him. He wanted his horses to run like prairie flame, to spin like dust devils and to handle cattle like the stallions of Bronco Bill.

Somehow into a mere 71 years Bill crammed all the stupendous adventures growing out of incredible ardor of the two races of which he was the happy fusion, and lived enough experiences to make Methuselah's life span seem cramped.

In him, the blood of Spain and of Ireland commingled to fuse a terrestrial comet.

His mother was Victoria de Pedrorena of San Diego, daughter of Miguel de Pedrorena who was the only patrician of pure Spanish blood to sign the California Constitution at the Constitutional Convention at Monterey in 1849. His father was Lieut. Henry Magee a New York State lad of Irish blood of the First Regiment of New York Volunteers under Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson who came to California, aboard ship around the Horn, in 1846-47 to help conquer and colonize this golden shore.

Before Bill was born, Victoria and Henry established a ranch home in a pocket of the

hills on the northwest shoulder of Mt. Palomar four and one half miles above Pala. They called it "Condor's Nest." The site of their adobe house looked out over tiers of hills to two missions at once—the Asistencia of Pala with its noble bell gate and the mellow walls of old San Luis Rey down by the sparkling Pacific.

Bill Magee was born on a September day in 1879 in the little town of Fallbrook, California, not far from the base of Palomar.

At "Condor's Nest," amid the meadows watered by everlasting springs, and on the wooded slopes, Bill grew up with the elements of nature that were to become so intimate a part of his soul. He learned the ways of cattle. He hunted mountain lions with yellow hound dogs given him by Nigger Nate of Palomar. He ate roasted woodrat with his Indian friends and help pound and leach the acorns from which delicacies were compounded. He knew the peculiar dangers of rattlesnakes, heavy with venom, in August. He ferreted tourmaline and Kunzite in red and green and lavender splendor from their quartz retreats. He learned to recognize all the edible and inedible plants of the slopes and the dells.

In him, knowledge accumulated and distilled, and there came out of him in later years the essence of wisdom that man acquires only by getting down on his belly and breathing deep from the lungs of nature.

An epic spirit welled within him. A gargantuan humor shook his frame with a great laughter.

At Fallbrook one joyous Easter morn the church bell was to ring forth jubilation. But when they pulled the bell rope the giant bell swung silently, and there was consternation

(Continued on page 8)

HOOCHENOO . . . or What'll You Have, Gents?

SPIRITS OF ALASKA

by ART WOODWARD

It all began when Captain Rowan of the *Eliza* out of Boston, bound on a trading venture to the Northwest coast in the year 1799, cast anchor some distance below a Kaigani (Haida) village, in southeastern Alaska. The canny captain knew that if he anchored directly opposite the village he stood a good chance of being raided by night, so he went far enough down coast to separate the Indians from their home base. He had plenty of trade goods and the Haida had many valuable furs. However Capt. Rowan hadn't figured on the prodigious appetite of his customers and the Haida began running out of food. They still had plenty of furs however, so the ship master dug into his hold and brought out quantities of rice which the cook boiled in huge caldrons, and as an additional treat, a lot of molasses was mixed into the rice. This new palate-tickler went over big with the Indians. It was the first time they had eaten such fare, and thereafter both molasses and rice formed staple trade goods along the Alaskan coast, especially the molasses. A bottle of the sweet goo was accepted by the Indians in lieu of an additional fathom of cloth in trade, all of which made the profit better.

Hence, by 1867, when the United States took over Alaska in a deal with Russia, the Indians, Tlingit and Haida were well accustomed to the use of molasses . . . in more ways than one.

Uncle Sam in his ever benevolent role as the Great White Father to his red citizens, enacted legislation almost immediately, to prevent bootlegging among the native population of Alaska. He wasn't going to have his Indians debauched by a gang of greedy liquor sellers. No, by jingo! The law, passed in 1873, forbade the introduction of wines or spirituous liquors into Alaska, except for the use of the military. The collector of the port of Portland, Oregon decided that this law also covered certain patent medicines such as, for example, "New York Calmuser . . . Well known in Europe as the best and most stimulous Root Bitters. No household should be without it."

Accordingly the use of "New York Calmuser" was denied the ailing residents of Alaska, both red and white.

So, with good liquor and root bitters alike being forbidden to them, the liquor drinking population of the Territory, which included all of the white residents, and as many of the Indians as could get it, turned to all sorts of concoctions for their "oh-be-joyful."

Oddly enough, the law that forbade the bootlegging of liquor to the Indians, didn't provide for the bootlegging of liquor by the Indians to the white men. Consequently there sprang up in many of the Indian villages scattered along the southeastern coast of Alaska, numerous centers for the manufacture of, quote

"... the most infernal decoction ever invented, producing intoxication, debauchery, insanity and death. The smell is abominable and the taste atrocious. Previous to the arrival of the military its manufacture was unknown to the Indians, but no sooner had the soldiers made their appearance in Alaska than the detestable traffic commenced."

This liquor was called politely "molasses rum." The recipe being: "One gallon of molasses, five pounds of flour, one-half box of yeast-powder; add sufficient water to make a thin batter; place the mixture alongside a fire, and when it has fomented and become sour, fill the can three parts full and begin boiling. The worm being fitted to the nozzle of the can, then passed through a barrel of cold water, and the steam from the boiling mixture passing through the pipe or worm, on reaching the cold pipe in the barrel, condenses and appears again at the end of the worm beyond the barrel in drops, and which the Indians drink while warm. One gallon of the mixture will make three-fourths of a gallon of hootzenoo, and three fourths of a gallon will craze the brains of ten Indians."

One record of the shipments of molasses from Portland to Sitka during the months of August through December, 1877 showed that 4,889 gallons of molasses went to that place while Wrangel received 1,635 gallons during the same period, and says the commentator "nearly all of which it may safely be said has been manufactured into 'Hoochenoo', gallon for gallon."

Consequently the revenue cutters were busy raiding stills and destroying equipment, but the Indians and the whites as well, simply gathered more empty five gallon coal oil cans in which to boil their mash, obtained more empty barrels through which to pass the tin tubing or old gun barrels that served as worms, and lacking the latter, simply went to the beach and picked up lengths of the long hollow kelp, and went on making "hoochenoo." One can well imagine what the luke warm stuff tasted like, a dash of kerosene added to the salty iodine flavor from the kelp, plus whatever other ingredients may have been used in the mash. When molasses and flour were not available, dried apples, berries, or potato parings were used.

But why the name "hoochenoo", "hootzenoo", or as it has since been simplified, "hooch" or "hootch"? The answer is simple. One of the main centers for the manufacture of this peculiar brand of forty-mile was in the Tlingit village of the Hutsunuwu, "grizzly bear fort," tribe, living at the mouth of Hood's Bay on Admiralty Island, about 160 miles from Sitka. The name was spelled variously, Chutzunou, Contznouos, Hoochenoos, Hoochinoo, Hoodsinoo, Hook-

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Old Dan DuBois Again

A note from DR. F. W. HODGE

While browsing in the Bancroft Library recently, Phil Rasch came across an item concerning our old friend Dan Dubois, published in the *Santa Fe New Mexican Review* for September 4, 1884. Requesting a copy of the article, my good friend Dr. George P. Hammond, Librarian of the Bancroft Library, sent me a photostat reproduction of it, which follows as a kind of appendix to my article on Dan which appears in the BRAND BOOK for 1950.

How on earth anyone could have conjured up such a yarn about Old Dan is beyond one's imagination, for our grizzled veteran did not die until March 13, 1925, a mere matter of 41 years after his death was falsely announced.

A PIONEER'S DEATH

DAN DUBOIS FOULLY DEALT WITH IN THE ZUNI COUNTRY

All the old timers in Santa Fe well knew Dan Dubois, the hard pioneer who marched in here with the first column of California volunteers of which Col. W. L. Rynerson, Capt. John Townsend, Capt. John Ayres and others were also members. Dan sold a ranch at Cedar Springs, Arizona, not long ago for \$5,000 and proceeded to spend most of it, but recently he opened up another ranch fifteen miles south of Zuni, where it appears he got into some trouble with the Zuni Indians about some cattle.

The Journal says: News reached this city yesterday that the body of Daniel Du Bois had been found on the prairie some fifty miles from Holbrook and that when discovered life was extinct. Only vaguest sort of details were obtainable last night, but from what could be gathered it is judged that a murder has been committed.

"Dan Du Bois was well known in Albuquerque as well as along the line of the Atlantic & Pacific and he had many friends who will sorrow over his death and the dastardly manner of his taking off. With all of Dan Du Bois' faults, and they were hurtful only to himself, he was a good friend and a genial man."

Hoochenoo

(Continued from page 4)

chenoo, Hoonchenoo, Kootchenoos, Kootznoos, etc. However the most popular spelling was "hoochenoo" and during the early 1870's the name of the tribe was transferred to the bootleg brew and shortened to "hooch," and it has been with us ever since.

A steel filing cabinet has been purchased by the L.A. Corral and placed in the library of the Southwest Museum where it will be a permanent depository for all corral manuscripts, letters, Brand Books, Branding Irons, etc. This favor was granted by our own Westerner, Dr. F. W. Hodge, Director of the Museum. The file will be open only to members of the Corral. What Americana will be found there a hundred years from now?

A Westerners Directory

(Continued from page 2)

Ellis, P.O. Box 115, Idaho Springs, Colorado.

Third in the list came the Los Angeles Corral. Organized in December, 1946, it generally meets at the Redwood House, 234 West First St., Los Angeles on the third Thursday of each month. There are 50 resident, 20 honorary, 166 corresponding and 21 institutional members. A quarterly BRANDING IRON, various KEEPSAKES and an annual BRAND BOOK are published. Corresponding dues are \$3.00 a year. Inquiries should be sent to Representative Phil Rasch, 567 Erskine Dr., Pacific Palisades, California.

The New York Corral, organized in April, 1952, was next in the series. It usually meets at the home of Sheriff James Horan. There are 40 active and 10 corresponding members. Corresponding dues are \$3.00. A book, *Landmarks on the Oregon Trail*, by Paul C. Henderson was published last year and a BRAND BOOK will be put out this year. Tallyman Melvin J. Nichols, 65 Edgewood Road, Summit, N. J., will answer any questions.

The Wyoming Corral came into existence in May, 1953. Meetings rotate throughout the state and are held at least once a quarter. A quarterly BRAND BOOK is published. Corresponding members pay \$2.00 annually. Send applications to Roundup Foreman Dean F. Krakel, Archivist, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming.

The Black Hills Corral dates back to the fall of 1953. It meets one Sunday a month, with meetings rotating through the Black Hills towns. There are 28 active members. So far no publications have been put out, according to word from Deputy Sheriff Bob Lee, Rapid City *Daily Journal*, Rapid City, S. D.

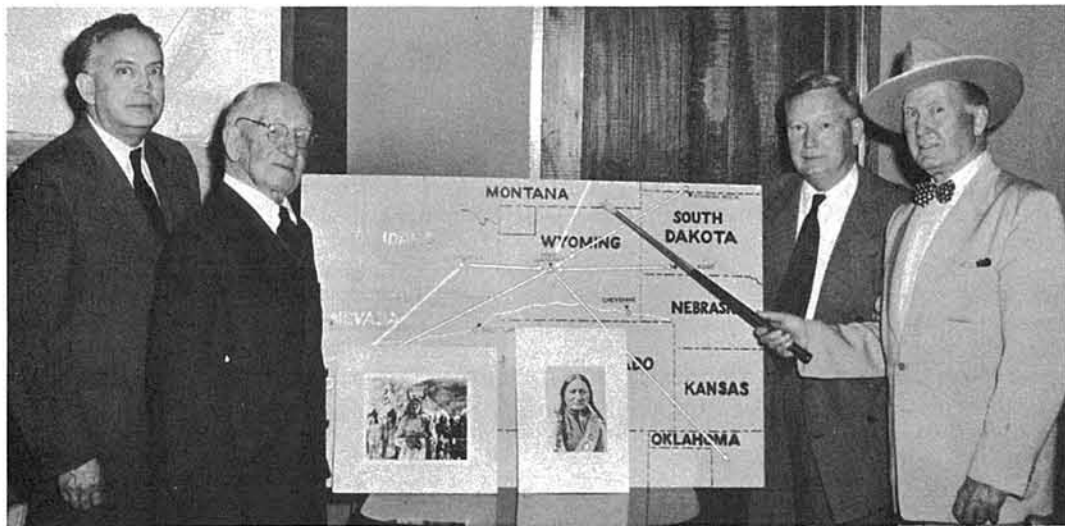
A Corral is known to be in existence in Tucson, but a letter to Secretary E. A. von Dedenroth has not received an answer.

It has been reported that a St. Louis Corral meets at the Old Court House on the third Wednesday of each month, but no replies have been received from letters sent to Dr. Harold Bulger and to the Rev. Joseph P. Donnelly, listed as members.

A small group in Houston, meeting informally once a month for a Saturday noon lunch, may become the nucleus of a Corral there. Those interested in joining them should get in touch with Ed Bartholomew, 8242 Travelair Blvd., Houston 17, Texas.

Up in San Francisco, Mel C. Nathan, 519 California Street, has expressed an interest in organizing a Northern California Corral. All interested persons in that area should communicate with him.

The Representative will be glad to hear from any Corrals not mentioned above, and also from persons having information on Tucson and St. Louis.



WESTERNER TIM MCCOY explains a point or two about Indian messiahs and the ghost dance to officers of Los Angeles Corral. From left to right: Deputy Sheriff Loring Campbell, Honorary Member and Indian authority Dr. Fred Hodge, and Sheriff Bob Woods. The man with the stetson and pointer is speaker of the evening, Col. Tim McCoy.

NEW OFFICERS AND WESTERN LORE

With Christmas cheer and good fellowship the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners gathered around the chuckwagon at the Redwood House on the evening of December 17, elected new officers for the year 1954, and heard a fine program presented by the artist-author John Hilton. John neatly corraled folk-songs, romance and sound history into an enlightening discourse on "Following De Anza's Trail in Mexico." The old desert rat can sing and play the guitar as capably as he paints the desert scene.

By unanimous consent all of the officers for '54 were sent out on the new trail. Bob Woods, paisano of Los Angeles, an ingrained Westerner (Zamorano Club, S. Calif. Hist. Soc., Calif. Hist. Soc., Utah Hist. Soc., Montana Hist. Soc., Book Club of Calif., Bancroft Library, U.C.L.A. Library, E Clampus Vitus, Southw— oh, h—), was chosen Sheriff. Loring Campbell, of magic fame, was selected to ride herd with Bob as Deputy Sheriff. The other officers, some old and some new, are registered on page two of this B.I.

In addition to receiving congratulations for a job well done the retiring Sheriff, Art Clark, was presented with an oil painting done by our true Westerner Clarence Ellsworth. Never is fine art and personal humor so beautifully combined as it is when Clarence swings his brush for a friend.

Culminating weeks of study and discussion, a matter of prime importance was settled at the December meeting. With the best interests of the Corral in mind, the Rules of the Range were amended to eliminate Associate Members. With vacancies in the Corral appearing, the old Associates can be taken in as top hands.

With Sheriff Bob Woods in the saddle the L.A. posse congregated at the Redwood House on January 21 to eat thick steaks and listen to Charles N. Rudkin palaver on "Piracy Isn't All Velvet, or How Not to Circumnavigate La Isla

de California." Rudkin outlined and translated parts of a log book kept by a French pirate who stormed the Gulf of California in 1688. The original log is in the National Library in Paris, France, and from a micro-film copy the speaker was able to construct an account more gory than anything experienced by the bad men of the old West.

Wovoka, originator of the religious craze that swept through the American Indian tribes about seventy years ago, died in Nevada in the 1920's. Westerner Tim McCoy, who knew Wovoka and other leaders in the movement, told about "The Indian Messiah and the Ghost Dance" at the February 18. No doubt the Colonel's narrative will be published in the next issue of the BRAND BOOK, but reading will not compare with the graphic, personal way in which it was told to the L.A. Corral. Wovoka and his great vision became very real during an unusually fine program.

The cover on this issue of the B.I. is the work of Clyde Forsythe who rides with our posse. It is part of the feature story on Bill Magee written by Westerner Ed Ainsworth. Clyde and Ed are old friends who have traveled many ranges together. Clyde is a native Californian (Orange) who studied art in Los Angeles, made good as a cartoonist on the old New York World, then voluntarily gave up that career to become one of the outstanding painters of the West. His oils can be found in the great galleries of America. Everybody in southern California has been reading Ed Ainsworth's writing in the Los Angeles Times during the past thirty years, and many have appreciated the well spun prose he used in novelizing the home land of Bill Magee in *Eagles Fly West* (Macmillan) which appeared in 1946. Two years later he made a cardigram of the Golden State in *California Jubilee*.

CHIPS FROM THE L.A. CORRAL

... Picked Up Here and There

Colonel Edward N. Wentworth, one of the charter members of the Westerners and for some time the first Vice-President of the Chicago Corral, and Corresponding Member of our own outfit, has been on the sick list since last November 11, when he suffered a partial stroke. The latest news about the Colonel (March 1) is that he may be able to leave the hospital in a couple of weeks. Good luck!

Some members of the Corral will remember H. William Moore, a former member. In the forthcoming issue of *Westways* Bill will have an article on the Mojave Desert Cut-Off. Bill wants to be remembered to all the Westerners who knew "Ol' Man Moore." You can reach Bill at either P.O. Box 388, Eureka Springs, Arkansas, or P.O. Box 784, Palms, California.

The Denver Corral has changed the name of their publication from the *BRAND BOOK* to *The Denver Westerners Monthly Roundup*. In the first issue under the new name is a review of our own Fifth *BRAND BOOK*. It seems quite significant that after ten years the Denver Corral should change the name of their publication.

The New York Corral plans to issue a monthly publication under the name of *Hoof Beats*.

William D. McVey, new CM from Cleveland, Ohio, had a top article in the November *BRAND BOOK* of the Chicago Corral on "Wyatt Earp at Ellsworth" which may stir up plenty of comment around that frontier marshal.

When Art Woodward shipped in his article on Hooch he threw in a suggestion that makes sense. Art said, "When we have questions concerning odds and ends of things about which we have heard or read, but haven't been able to get an explanation, particularly with reference to frontier history, western enigmas, words, phrases, rubbaboo, etc., let's send these puzzles to the B.I. and let everybody in the Corral work at digging up an answer." Good idea, Art, and your hand is being called: What in h— is rubbaboo?

Two recent additions to the Early California Travels Series published by Westerner Glen Dawson were contributed by members of the L.A. Corral. *A Voyage On The Colorado*, by Francis Burton, translated from the French and edited by C. N. Rudkin, is number XVIII of the series, and number XIX, *The Mormons In California*, by William Glover, was annotated and printed by our Ex-Sheriff, Paul Bailey.

Corresponding members are distant riders for the Corral. It's their organization too, so any mavericks they can pull into the herd are welcome.

CM LeRoy Hafen is the new Sheriff of the Denver outfit.

Over in Holbrook, Arizona, a new CM named Lloyd C. Henning has converted the old Bucket of Blood Saloon into a private library. For over fifty years Westerner Henning has been active in northern Arizona affairs, and has accumulated a great collection of books and newspapers relative to the old Territory.

CM Ken Griffin of Miles City, Montana, started working as a hoss wrangler in New Mexico at the age of fourteen. Now he makes fine saddles and collects old saddle catalogues.

CM John Lipsey of Colorado Springs wants dope on James John Hagerman, builder of the Colorado Midland Railroad and neglected Colorado tycoon.

CM Paul Sann, staff writer on the New York Post, is working with Jim Horan on a pictorial history of the Wild West.

April 15 will see the publication of Paul Bailey's *Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains*. This definitive study of the Ute war chief (greatest horse-thief in history) is Paul's ninth published book—five of which are studies in western history and biography.

Westerners interested in the Northwest can get their money's worth by sending a dollar to The Hudson Bay Company, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, Canada, for a year's subscription to "The Beaver, a Magazine of the North." Comes out four times a year.

A Westerner is an individual who finds time to look back across the past as he rides toward the setting sun.



BOB WOODS, SHERIFF, 1954
(The standing figure, amid the sailboats, clapping hands, and well-stuffed Westerners)

—Daguerreotype by Lonnie Hull

BILL MAGEE *(Continued from page 3)*

among the Deacons. Bill Magee had stolen the clapper.

On a festive eve in Capistrano Bill Magee loaded a giant single-barrel 8-gauge shotgun with newspaper wadding, slugs and deviltry. When it went off they thought it was an earthquake and Judgment Day all come at once. He threw "high life" surreptitiously on a mangy lion in a traveling circus, and it roared forth in loud lamentation from its rope cage and upset the biggest squaw in San Diego County so that her nether garments were disclosed to be a red-and-white checked tablecloth, fearsome in proportions.

Bill wanted book learning. He went both to Santa Clara and Stanford Universities, and was the star halfback of his day on the same team as the late Bill Traeger, Sheriff of Los Angeles County prior to Gene Biscailuz.

In Montana he punched cattle until the wars with the sheep men became so virulent that he no longer could stomach the sight of dead sheepherders laid out in neat rows with bullets through their hearts.

At the 201,000-acre Santa Margarita Ranch sprawling from the ocean far inland over hills and grassy valleys in Orange and San Diego Counties California, he found his work. For 25 years, under Owner Jerome O'Neill he was ranch manager, running as many as 30,000 head a year. From Missouri to Texas he ranged buying cattle for the ranch, amassing always new lore of the range.

Every stone and tree and bush told him a story. The geology of California unfolded before his eyes, beguiling him with secrets hidden millions of years in the upheavals and cataclysms of the tortured earth. He could predict which boulder might harbor the elusive semi-precious gems he loved to collect. Every purple lithia boulder on the hillsides by the tourmaline mines was a guidepost to secret golcondas that somehow never really materialized.

All during his later years he lived at Condor's Nest, never rich by earthly standards, but endowed with a penetrating spirit, a questing mind, a soul tranquil in religious contemplation, and forever amassing new information about California. He was a part of that California, simpatico with History.

In the desert, in Mexico, down the Colorado River he quested with a few friends such as Bill Sheffler, the ornithologist and John Hilton, the artist and gem man. Good humor flowed with him. He was lusty for life to the last, that April night in 1951. Then he took the last long ride alone.

In the warm remembered fragrance of his campfires there lingers yet, and always will, the sound of deep rich laughter, the manly legacy of a real paisano.

In Defense of Fetterman

by GEN. WM. HENRY BISBEE

Westerner Ed Carter, who was born at Fort Bridger, Wyoming, in 1872 was well acquainted with General William Henry Bisbee, for many years commanding officer at the Fort. General Bisbee continued an exchange of letters with the Carter family up until the time of his death in 1941 at the age of one hundred and one years. Commenting on the opening of the Bozeman Trail and the massacre of Col. Fetterman and his men by the Sioux Indians, the General wrote:

"A correction in the annals of early Wyoming history is materially essential in conjunction with the only known and exparte writing upon the question of disobedience that caused the death of the 83 soldiers under command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel William J. Fetterman on December 21, 1866.

"In refutation of this alleged disobedience of orders given to Colonel Fetterman 'not to pursue Indians attacking the wood train' the Order of Indian Wars in Washington, D.C. has on file direct testimony of several living witnesses to the events of the day when Fetterman left the garrison limits (at Fort Phil Kearny), all of which controvert the charge of disobedience. Its importance is emphasized in the light of statements made after the Colonel and his party lay dead, unable to defend themselves.

"Colonel Fetterman was my friend and companion during the four years of our Civil War and later in our Indian Expedition. He was of military heritage, intelligently disciplined, and incapable of wilfully disobeying a positive order or disregarding its importance.

"This much to the memory of a dead friend."

CM Dick Spencer III, editor of the Western Horseman, Colorado Springs, Colorado, says: "I am collecting material on any Indians who used the horse extensively, trying to get the tribal words (with origin where possible) on any horse terminology. This is somewhat difficult. For instance, the word for saddle is now different from the original word for their own Indian saddle; or the bridle of today has a different word than the one for the piece of equipment the Indian formerly used. In most cases it not only takes an old Indian to remember the word, but one who was a horseman as well. I have this pretty complete in Sioux, and have made a start in Pawnee, Comanche, Nez Perce, Arapahoe, Kiowa, and a few others, but would like to hear from anyone who might dig up some of this information. If it is not certain as to spelling, a phonetic spelling, so indicated, will help. This not only applies to regular horse gear but their decorative gear as well: head pieces, tail pieces, chest aprons, blankets, saddlebags, etc."