LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron

JUNE, 1954 LOS ANGELES CORRAL PUBLICATION 25

DON VICENTE DE LA OSA
OWNER OF RANCHO EL ENCINO, 1849-1869
Courtesy—Title Ins. & Trust Co., Los Angeles

THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS
* * *
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March, June, September and December

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The Roundup Foreman
DON MEADOWS
640 Terraine Avenue, Long Beach 14, Calif.

Errata in Jim Waters

In writing the history of Jim Waters, I inadvertently erred in one or two instances and I wish to take this opportunity of correcting those mistakes.

On page 14, please delete the following words from your copy of the biography. Paragraph 3: "*He remarried a few years later.*" After his wife died, James Waters never remarried.

Again, in paragraph 6, page 14, please delete the following words, "*born of the second marriage.*" All of the children of James Waters were of his marriage to Luisa Margetson.

I regret very much having made these mistakes and trust that the recipients of this biographical sketch will make these deletions in the copies they own.

Neither Miss Caroline Waters nor Miss Leila Waters gave these data nor did any of the other members of the Waters' family. To the surviving members of the family I offer my most humble apologies for these errors.

—ARTHUR WOODWARD

Much of the West is contained in the Summer Issue of News From Home, a house organ of the Home Insurance Co., 59 Maiden Lane, N.Y. 8. Edited by our own CM Kenneth Dunshee, it is a desirable item on Indians, Virginia City, Montana, the Missouri River and Westward Ho! Nicely illustrated too.

Corral Chips

A great many events in the colorful life of Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal, were discussed by CM John D. Gilchriese in a detailed paper read at the March 18 meeting of the Corral. Whether the Marshal was a saint or a sinner was left for the Westerners to decide.

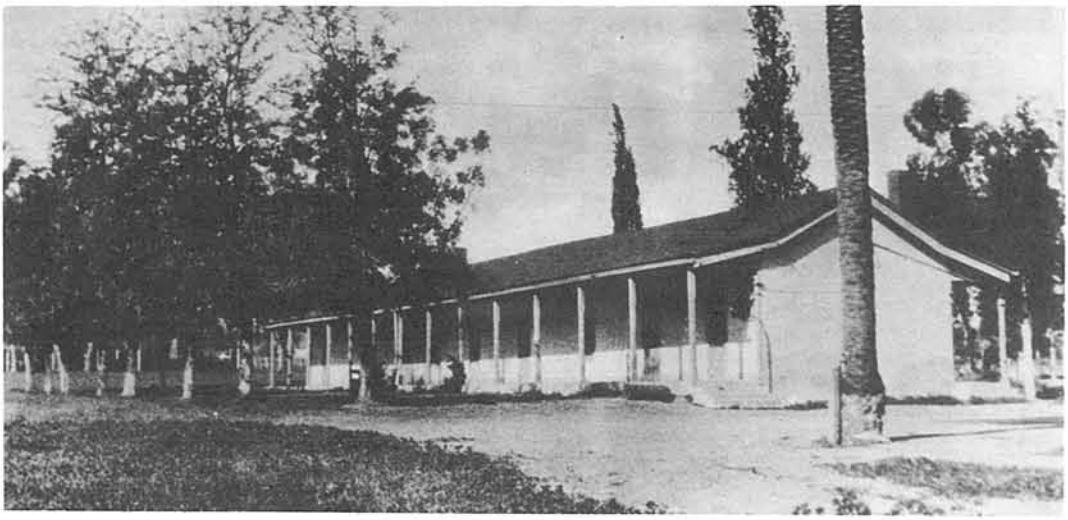
"Navajo Language Code for Secret Communications in the Marine Corps" was explained by CM Phil Johnston on April 15. Phil was reared among the Navajos and knows their lingo well. When World War II developed he realized that their language was a code medium that was unbreakable, and after a lengthy demonstration before Marine Corp officials his plan was adopted and used with great success. Navajo Indian units were organized and contributed effectively to winning the war in the South Pacific. Sometime in the near future a yarn about Phil's boyhood would be highly acceptable.

A new member of the Corral, Dr. Harvey Starr, made his maiden speech before the Westerners on the night of May 20. "The California Medical Story" outlined the practice of medicine from the shamen of the aborigines to the establishment of modern hospitals in the Golden State. During Mexican Days any man with sufficient bumptiousness could set himself up as a medico; and many did.

All meetings were held at the Redwood House.

In the early days of the Los Angeles Corral publications were not numbered. Prior to 1949 ten items were produced, but not until the appearance of the first Keepsake, *The Old Side Wheeler Senator*, were the publications numbered. The first Keepsake was arbitrarily called Publication Number Six. The *Senator* established a number pattern that has been followed ever since. Publications seven and eight were also Keepsakes: *The Logic of Sitting Bull* (No. 7), and *Ye Ancient Yuba Miner* (No. 8). The next eight publications were issues of the Branding Iron and were numbered from nine to sixteen. In 1952 came the fourth Keepsake, a reprint of the Denver Daily Gazette of May 5, 1869 (No. 17). The BI of March 1953 was No. 18, followed by a fifth Keepsake, an Extra of the San Diego Union announcing Custer's (sic) Defeat (No. 19). Branding Irons followed in regular sequence until the appearance of the recent Sixth Keepsake, *Jim Waters* (No. 23). This issue of the BI is Publication No. 25. The Annual Brand Books are not included in the numbered publications.

CM Robert R. Dykstra, an Infantry Officer stationed at Fort Ord, California (2875C Pacific Heights) has been busy for several years collecting and evaluating material on Wild Bill Hickok with the intent of writing a biography of that Western character. Correspondence is requested.



ADOBE HOUSE OF RANCHO EL ENCINO, built by Vicente de la Osa about 1850, was later the home of Eugene Garnier, and still later of the Amestoy family. Now it is part of a State Historical Monument.
Courtesy Title Insurance & Trust Co., Los Angeles

Memories of Rancho El Encino

RANCH OF THE OAK

. . . *by* PERCY BONEBRAKE

In my younger days, more than sixty years ago, Rancho El Encino belonged to the Amestoy family, who were French Basques. These people raised grain and ran sheep. The sheep grazed in the hills of Los Angeles County from Cahuenga Pass clear to Santa Monica Canyon, and after the valley grain was harvested in the autumn, they were brought down on the stubble until time to plow. In dry years, I have seen the ground outside the sheep corrals littered with dead lambs born during the night that were killed by the herders in order to save the ewes.

Ventura Boulevard was the old stage road to Santa Barbara and on north to San Francisco. The stables and station where passengers from the East, travelling by the old Butterworth stages, changed to the north bound stages, were run by a man named Thompson, who operated the stage line to the north. The station was situated right where Redwood House now stands.

In the days of which I write, the Southern Pacific Railroad had already built a branch line from Saugus down the Santa Clara River, through Fillmore, Santa Paula, and Ventura to Santa Barbara, where it ended. It also had a branch in the San Fernando Valley which ran through Canoga, where some stock pens were built, to Chatsworth Park where it ended. The Coast line was not built until the late nineties and stages no longer ran.

The first stage station, out of Los Angeles on the old Santa Barbara road, where the horses were changed, was directly across the road from the Encino Ranch House, and the next one was at Calabasas.

The San Fernando Valley was dry farmed for grain, except for several large desert-like tracts covered with brush, cactus, and dry sandy washes. They were homes of coyotes, bob-cats, foxes, badgers, skunks, and rattlesnakes, together with jackrabbits, cotton-tails, quail and mocking birds. The heat in summer was terrific, 120 degrees in the shade, and possibly 130 degrees in the sun. My father owned several thousand acres on the south side of the Simi Valley, and in the summer I would often saddle my horse and leave Los Angeles about 9 p.m. to avoid the heat while crossing the valley.

The stage station at Encino consisted of a one-story board and bat building of six or seven rooms, one of them the bar, another a dining room, a kitchen and the others sleeping rooms. The place also had several large corrals, each with a watering trough, and a large tin hay shed. The water came from the hills, and was slightly saline.

It was run by Jack (Jacques) LaSalle, a Frenchman, a big wide shouldered man with black eyes, black hair, black mustache, and a decided military bearing. His assistant was also a large man, French, and as blonde as Jack was dark. Both were said to have served in the French Foreign Legion. The assistant, Pierre, did the cooking. Although the stages no longer ran to Santa Barbara, LaSalle did a land office business.

The grains and all the livestock raised in the Simi Valley, Hidden Valley, the Los Posas, and the Conejo were marketed in Los Angeles, and there was a constant stream of traffic on the road. Long line teams loaded with grain or beans, droves of cattle, bands of sheep, or ranchers traveling to and from their ranches to Los Angeles, made LaSalle's a regular stopping place.

I often stopped there on my journeys back and forth to my father's ranch, and thus became very well acquainted with LaSalle and Pierre.

El Encino (Continued from page 3)

Pierre was an excellent cook. He had a small garden back of the house, and raised herbs for seasoning as well as salad vegetables. The dining room was just a plain ranch house room, with two long tables about the length of tables at Redwood House. The tables each were covered with gaily colored oilcloth, the chairs ordinary kitchen chairs and the room was lighted by kerosene lamps.

Food was served in huge platters, and you helped yourself. Alongside of you might be a sheep herder, on the other side a rich rancher owning perhaps several thousand sheep or cattle, across from you a Vaquero, by him a longline skinner, or some rancher's pretty daughter.

When Mrs. Bonebrake and I were driving up to the ranch, we always stopped at LaSalle's for dinner. I remember one day having fed and watered my buggy team, we went into the dining room that already countained about 20 people. The main dish was a ragout or goulash of rabbit with lots of gravy, seasoned as only a Frenchman can. It was excellent, and Pierre insisted on serving my wife himself, and put a big chunk of meat together with gravy on her plate.

She took her knife and fork and tried to cut it up, but could make no impression upon it. She stabbed at it several times with her knife, and finally stripped of the gravy, it turned over. It was the rabbit's skull with its sunken glazed eyes and the lips drawn back showing the big yellow teeth. She gasped, grabbed her handkerchief, held it over her mouth, and showing a burst of speed I never knew she possessed, just made it to the porch, where she parted company completely and forever, with a good two-bit dinner.

Everybody laughed, especially Jack and Pierre, that is for a minute or two. When she could get her breath, she turned herself plumb loose on those two Frogs. I stood there amazed. I never realized she had such a wonderful vocabulary. I have been around mule skinners quite a little, and I never heard anything that could compare with her fluency. The things she said and names she called those two men would have embarrassed a Mexican billy goat. She then climbed in the buggy and sat while I hitched up the team.

Thereafter we never stopped there except to water the team. We bought nose-bags for the horses and a nice lunch and a coffee pot for ourselves, and drove on for a couple of hundred yards, unhitched, built a fire, made coffee, and ate our lunch. Several times while watering the team, old Jack would see us, and he always came out and most abjectly apologized, but she never again set foot in the place.

With the coming of the water from the Owens River, San Fernando Valley underwent a remarkable change. The entire Valley was put under irrigation. Beautiful homes and wonderful estates stand where the fields of waving wheat, and the stretches of desert wastes once stood.

Gone are the stage coaches, their places taken by great buses, carrying five times as many passengers and traveling farther in one hour than the coaches could in eight.

The ranchers and their families no longer travel by teams; they, too, travel in swiftly flying automobiles. The patient longline teams, their hame bells jingling, no longer plod through the dust. The grain and other ranch produce is hauled in big trucks that can haul twice as heavy a load, and travel farther in one hour than the team could in two days.

The Basque sheep herder, with his faithful dog no longer herds the sheep into the corrals at LaSalle.

The Vaquero with his bandana over his nose, his jingling spurs and his silver mounted bit, dreaming of tomorrow night and the big town, the music, the dancing, and the pretty senoritas no longer pushes the bawling cattle along. The sheep and cattle both ride in trucks hurrying along to keep a rendevous with death in the city's slaughter houses.

Gone are the corrals, the barns, and the stage stand with its bar and dining room, and, too, are gone Jack and Pierre.

Few of us are left who can recall the old place and its stirring times.

NOTE ON RANCHO EL ENCINO: The one-square-league Rancho El Encino, in San Fernando Valley, Los Angeles County, was granted July 8, 1845 by Governor Pio Pico (on behalf of the Mexican Nation) to three Indians: Ramon, Francisco, and Roque. Their interests were later bought by Vicente de la Osa and deeds executed to him between the years 1849 and 1855. Don Vincente's title was confirmed by the United States, with a patent issued on January 18, 1873. Later owners included, among others, Eugene Garnier, who came into the picture in 1869, Domingo Amestoy, whose deed bore an 1889 date, later members of the Amestoy family, and, in 1944, movie-man Clarence L. Brown. Today the adobe ranch home of Vicente de la Osa (built 1849-1851), the two-story limestone house of Eugene Garnier (built in 1872), a group of old olive trees, and the shining pool caused by the original springs that drew Indians and in 1769 the Portola party, all now enclosed in a wire fence—make up "Los Encinos State Historical Monument." —W. W. ROBINSON

"*The Kimball Journal: Trailing Sheep from California to Idaho in 1865*," edited and annotated by Col. Ed. Wentworth has been published and copies made available to members of the Corral. The Journal was the subject of a talk given by Col. Wentworth before the Los Angeles Westerners in July 1953 and now appears as a well printed, illustrated brochure.

A little gift from New Mexico fell into Phil Rasch's poke when he was granted a research fellowship by the Lincoln County Memorial Association to do work on the Lincoln County War. Phil has been making speeches lately on Billy the Kid before several SCal organizations.

EL JARANO . . . Granddaddy of Western Headgear

THE EVOLUTION OF A HAT

. . . *by* BOB ROBERTSON

Ever since the first Anglo straddled a bronco of Spanish ancestry there have been many rough rides which often left the buster busted. During those same years another contest has been going on that beats the roughest bronco riding for plain and fancy mayhem. That contest has been between the Spanish language and the English tongue. Probably there has never been a Spanish word or phrase which straddled the King's English and did not come out of the mixup battered, bleeding and deformed for life.

Jarano is one Spanish word that has escaped the linguistic butchery. Its luck is evidently due to the gringo use of anglicized sombrero (with its English pronunciation somewhat resembling psalm-brer-row) to denote a wide-brimmed felt hat. The English denotation is as distorted as is its pronunciation.

Spanish sombrero is a generic term designating headgear which furnishes *sombra* [shade] whether it be derby, Panama, Fedora, straw hat, lady's bonnet, or broad-brimmed *jarano*.

The jarano is a heavy felt hat having a wide, usually flat and sometimes stiffened brim. It has been the favorite head gear of picadores, vaqueros, horsemen and outdoorsmen of Spain, Mexico and western North America during three centuries.

The ancestor of the jarano may have shaded the pate of a holy man. Picture records show robed curas of the middle ages wearing hats with wide brims and low, bowl-shaped crowns. Since felt-making is an ancient craft, we can suppose that those mediaeval headpieces were made of that material.

Since those early times, the wide, low felt hat has remained popular among certain religious groups. In the United States the style has been variously called Deacon, Parson, Quaker, Shaker, Mormon and other names of clerical character.

Portraits by the masters of the seventeenth century depict gentlemen, and ladies too, wearing wide, plumed felt hats. Pirates also found the big picturesque hats an adjunct to their rigging of jack boots, cloaks, sashes and murder weapons.

When the seventeenth-century style of hat, with its sweeping expanse of brim, gave way to the fad of the cocked tricorn, Spanish and Mexican jinetes and vaqueros retained the old style, stiffened its brim, replaced the plumes and galón with braids and motas of horsehair or gold or silver thread and called their sombrero el jarano.

In Puebla, Mexico, making felt of wool and wool-felt hat manufacturing grew to be an important industry. The jarano poblano [Pueblan] became a favorite hat among Mexican cowmen, horsemen, American mountain men and traders along the Santa Fe Trace.

When Marshall's discovery of color in Sutter's millrace started the big stampede to California, the goldrushers saw the wide-brimmed "Mormons" and Poblanos and, true to tenderfoot tradition, added the big hats to their collection of western costume.

"Mormon" hats probably were a part of the stock-in-trade which the swapping Saints had to offer the Gentiles who travelled through Deseret and it is a certainty that a gringo hatter in California recognized opportunity when he set up shop at Palo Alto and began manufacture of jaranos of Pueblan style. "Palo Alto" became as synonymous for big hat on the Mother Lode as "Arbuckle's," "Colt's" and "Winchester" became for coffee, six-shooter and rifle in the frontier lexicon.

In the early 1860's, a young man named John Batterson Stetson went to Colorado for his health. While there, he noticed the popularity of the wide-brimmed western hat. He noticed, too, that the big hats were for the most part, cheap wool-felt affairs that soon became floppy and shapeless with little wear.

With regained health, ambition and a bright idea, Stetson returned to his home in Philadelphia and started a business that, before his death, was to grow into a two million hats a year industry. The bright idea was to make a sombrero of the jarano type of better material and superior workmanship. Proof of the soundness of that idea is evident since "Stetsons" are intimately known long after Poblanos, Mormons and Palos Altos have been forgotten.

The first western-style Stetson hat was a duplicate in size and shape of the jarano poblano and was named "The Boss of the Plains." It was a fur-felt hat of low (four-and-one-half-inch) crown and wide (four-inch), raw-edge brim, well made of heavy material to withstand weather, wear and abuse. The modern novelty Boss-of-the-Plains hat is new in pattern and material.

From the beginning, price, quality and style of the Stetson hat made it popular in the West and in Mexico where the jaranos of Puebla had long been favorites. The old Boss of the Plains, called *el jarano tejano* by the Mexicans, became a hallmark of the horseback profession and, with slight modifications, was a part of the uniforms of the U. S. Army and Marine Corps, the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, rangers and constabularies.

Fashion decrees change and, before the end of the last century, Texans and Mexicans demanded hat crowns of steeple proportions. The low, flat jarano poblano gave way before the popularity of the high-peaked, wider-brimmed "Jarano Charro" in Mexico while "The Big

(*Continued on page 6*)

THE GILLILANDS

by PHIL RASCH

The student of gun fights and gun fighters of the Southwest will find frequent mention of the Gilliland family. Ed Tewksbury shot John Gilliland in Pleasant Valley, Arizona in 1886; Fine Gilliland provided the occasion for "The Steer Branded Murder" by killing Henry Powe in the Fort Davis, Texas, area in 1891; Jim Gilliland was tried with Oliver Lee at Hillsboro, New Mexico, in 1899 for the murder of the Fountains, to cite a few examples.

On October 13, 1952, the writer met a William Gilliland, of Prescott, Arizona. Mr. Gilliland, then a temporary resident of Los Angeles, was homesick and delighted to talk to some one interested in his family. The following paragraph comprises the notes the writer was able to make during the conversation and are put down here in hope that they will be useful should any Westerner decide to write a history of this fighting family.

"Three Gilliland brothers came to this country from County Cork, Ireland, before the Civil War and settled at Hopkinsville, capital of Christian County, Kentucky. One of them served as an officer in the Civil War, in the Confederate Forces. After the war one brother went to California. Another went to Arizona. This branch of the family fought in the Pleasant Valley War. The third went to Texas and settled the little center of Gilliland. Jim Gilliland, who was accused with Oliver Lee of the killing of Colonel Fountain, was from this branch. Some time around 1932 or 1933 Jim killed Alec Lee, thought to be a cousin of Oliver Lee, in the Guadalupe Mountains because Lee ran sheep on Gilliland's cattle land. Ray Dougherty, formerly attorney general of Kansas but then practicing law in Oklahoma, was brought in to defend him and Jim was freed."

Lee and Gilliland seem to have made an efficient team. In 1898 they were charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff Kent Kearney. Albert Bacon Fall, Harvey Butler Fergusson and Harry M. Dougherty secured an acquittal in the Fountain-Kearney cases. On another occasion Fall and Judge Neill were called upon to defend Lee and Gilliland in the killing of Coffelt and Charley Rhadius, just east of El Paso. It is self-evident that the story of the Gillilands contains the raw material for an exciting family biography.

Extra copies of Keepsake No. 23 *Jim Waters*, are now available at $2.00 each. One numbered copy was sent to every member of the Corral, and additional ones may be obtained by sending two bucks to Jim Gardiner, Registrar of Marks and Brands. New Corresponding Members will receive the Keepsake and other publications when they join our outfit, so, for only $3.00 buckaroos will be ahead by joining up.

RUBBABOO

from ART WOODWARD

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the last issue of the BI, Westerner Art Woodward of Mexico, Alaska and Way Stations, used the word "Rubbaboo" in one of his dissertations. The lingo was strange and we called for a showdown. He plays the following hand:*—]

Foodstuffs of the frontier have ever been of interest and importance, not only to those who ate them but to those of us who have learned of them through reading. Among the voyageurs of Canada there was a dish which Robert Kennicott, a young American naturalist, encountered on his first trip into the Canadian and Alaskan wilds in 1857-1859. This went under the name of "rubbaboo" and as he explained it, the term meant any queer mixture of food. The word also meant any song sung off key or any jumble of words which a voyageur could not understand. He said it was all "a rubbaboo to him."

"However," said Kennicott, when speaking of the northern concoction, "It simply consists of pemmican made into a kind of soup by boiling in water. Flour is added when it can be obtained, and it is generally considered more palatable with a little sugar. Pemmican is supposed by the benighted world outside to consist only of pounded meat and grease; an egregious error; for, from some experience on the subject, I am authorized to state that hair, sticks, bark, spruce leaves, stones, sand, etc., enter into its composition, often quite largely, especially if the meat has been pounded by the Indians."

"Rubbaboo is made in open kettles of snow water. It is decidedly the best way to cook pemmican at night, and I have occasionally found a gallon or so made a very good meal when on a voyage. I was a little shy of it for awhile after learning the two packet men were once made into pemmican near Fort Good Hope, a few years since, by starving Indians."

Rubbaboo to you!

(Signed) ART WOODWARD

El Jarano

(*Continued from page 5*)

Four" and "The Carlsbad" displaced the Boss of the Plains north of the Rio Bravo. Later, Hollywood decreed even greater gallonage of crown and increased acreage of brim and "The Tom Mix" and "The Tommy Grimes" became the pride of Wild West showmen, aspirants to cowpuncherdom and dudes.

Style is never static and the jarano has been stretched, shrunk, creased, dented, rolled, curled, mashed and twisted into every conceivable shape dictated by freakish fad or fancy until, in truth, it has become a PSALM-BRER-ROW!

Corral Chips *(Continued)*

Our new CM Coke Wood (a College Professor, by the way) whose book *Calaveras: The Land of Skulls* will soon appear, has a '49 museum in the old Mother Lode town of Murphys. Across the street from the collection is the old Sperry (Flour Mills) Hotel where hard liquor is still served across the original bar.

Bill Nye, the famous humorist of those days delivered a speech about cowboys which was printed in *Field and Farm* of January 16, 1886. Bill suggested something which it seems to me should have been adopted, maybe Percy Bonebrake might have profited by it. Bill thought a cowboy college should be founded because "educated labor is what we need." Then he went on to remark "I hope the day is not far distant when in the holster of the cowboy we will find the Iliad instead of the Killiad, the unabridged dictionary instead of Mr. Remington's great work on homicide."

Morevover Bill pointed out the advantages of a cowboy's studies, thus, which if his suggestion had been followed would have simplified things for Don Perceval:

"The young maverick savant could take a kindergarten course in the study of cow brands. Here a wild field opens up to the scholar. The adult steer in the realm of beef is now a walking Chinese wash-bill, a Hindoo poem in the original junk-shop alphabet, a four legged Greek inscription punctuated with jimjams, a stenographer's notes of a riot, a bird's-eye view of a premature explosion in a hardware store.

The cowboy who can at once grapple with the great problem of where to put the steer with 'B bar B' on the left shoulder, 'Key Circle G' on the left side, 'Heart D Heart' on the right hip, left ear crop, wattle te wattle and seven hands around, with 'Sash B Dash' on right shoulder, vented, wattle on dew lap vented, and 'P.D.Q.' 'C.O.D,' and 'N.G.' vented on the right side, keeping track of transfers, range, and post-office of last owner, has certainly got a future which lies mostly ahead of him; . . . I look forward with confidence to the day when no cowboy will undertake to ride the range without a diploma."

All Westerners will be glad to learn that Colonel Wentworth of the Chicago Corral has recovered sufficiently to return to his home, and by fall will be in circulation again. His present address is Box 73, Rt. 1, Chesterton, Indiana.

The third quarterly issue of the Wyoming Westerners Brand Book shows that range-wise hands are riding herd in that new outfit.

If you haven't seen *True West: Something new in a Western Magazine* (quarterly), you had better send three bucks to Box 266, Mason, Texas, for twelve issues.

CM Bob Robertson who wrote the yarn about El Jarano has opened a little western business two miles east of Carson City, Nevada, on Highway 50. "The Far West Trader" is good for a lot of interesting palaver.

Westerner M. R. Harrington has been doing research on the Hugo Reid adobe at Santa Anita, California, where the Scotch Paisano lived and wrote *The Indians of Los Angeles County* a hundred years ago.

Westerner Marion Speer is recuperating from a bout of tick fever picked up while doing research work on old railroads in Colorado. He is back at his Western trails Museum in Huntington Beach where he will be on the inactive list for the next three months.

In an article "Transformation of the Range," *Field and Farm*, Sept. 11, 1886, the editor said:

"The big cattle companies which occupied the valley of the Platte only a few years ago are gradually giving way to the ploughing granger and the self-binding harvester.

"Encroachment upon the range has been so steadily going on that all of a sudden the cattle people find their former rights a dead letter and they see they must succumb to the inevitable."

The writer then commented that one company drove 10,000 head to Montana in 1886 while another had shipped 8,000 to Chicago to cut down size of grazing herds. Other outfits had moved out or were moving to New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, while still others were going into the far north-west.

In various issues of the same paper in 1886 the editor reported such items as this:

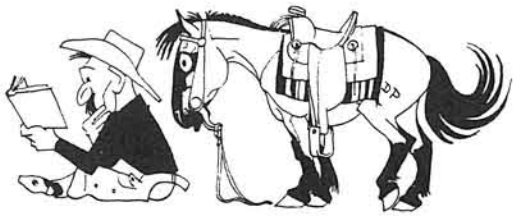
"As yet no trouble has occurred at Trinchera Pass. The Texans appear to have lost much of their old time sensitiveness for the time was when a threat of shotguns and winchesters deterred them in nothing. Nowadays they do not care to run into trouble with the sharp shooters of the pass."

And again, "Texas range cattle are so thin this year that as high as thirty-nine head have been crowded into a car enroute to Wyoming. Twenty-five and thirty head of two-year olds are considered a fair car load by all the shippers this year."

The editor also noted that there were over 9,000 brands in use in Colorado in 1886. A law passed in August, 1885 prohibited duplication of brands.

"Since August 1, 1885, 2,308 variations and inventions have been placed on the books running all the way from a plain saw-horse to a lop-sided water jug."

"W. F. Glenn of Austin, Texas had a drive of 45,000 head of Texas cattle enroute to Kit Carson and Hugo. At last accounts nine herds arrived at Coalridge on the way north. Glenn is now in Denver awaiting for their movements."



DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL...

by GLEN DAWSON

W. J. Holliday of Indianapolis and Tucson formed a very notable collection of Western Americana which was sold at auction through the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York on April 20, 21, and 22 of this year. It was an exciting event in the book collecting world. Mr. Holliday bought extensively by mail and in person from a number of dealers throughout the country. His collection was built around the Wagner-Camp Bibliography, covering narratives and guides of the far west from 1800 to 1865. He also collected books relating to the Southwest many of which were given to the Arizona Pioneers in Tucson.

The catalog, already a rarity in itself, listed 1233 items from James Abbey, *Trip Across the Plains*, New Albany, Ind., 1850 which brought $550.00 to the Zamorano Eighty which brought $27.50. The total sale realized $127,000, an average of $103 per item. Two trends seemed to be evident; more buying by western bidders, and more buying by institutions in proportion to collectors or dealers buying for stock. However, practically all buying was channelled through the dealers. Several members of the Los Angeles Corral enlarged their libraries through the sale.

Much in evidence, of course, was the firm of Edward Eberstadt and Sons, with Lindley Eberstadt sitting in the middle rear doing the bidding, and Ed Eberstadt, up front watching to see what the front row did, and Charles Eberstadt watching for the underbidders from the rear. Peter Decker with probably more bids than anyone sat in the next to the last row. The front row was occupied by some senior members of the trade, Michael Walsh of Goodspeed's, Ernest Wessen of the Midland Book Company, Wright Howes with the collector, Everett Graff, and Edward Eberstadt. David Magee and Richard Wormser usually sat in the rear near the door and Warren Howell and I varied our positions trying to find a satisfactory location. Western collectors and librarians present for some sessions included Edwin Carpenter, Lawrence Clark Powell, Carl I. Wheat, Earl Adams, and Don Hill.

A number of items came up for public sale for the first time and many others brought record prices. Eberstadt bought the Keller Trip Across the Plains, Massillon, 1851, at $2600.00 and the James, Three Years Among the Indians and Mexicans at $2600.00. Peter Decker bought the Maxmillian at $3500.00 and Dawson's Book Shop bought the Leonard's Narrative at $4600.00.

The prize of the collection are two little manuscript volumes first used by William Sublette in 1833 to record trappers in his employ, number of peltries turned in, etc. Sublette gave the notebook to William Marshall Anderson so that Anderson might continue the record. Anderson's section goes from the set out of the expedition March 13, 1834 to his return to St. Louis September 29. His record constitutes one of the great documents of the Overland Trail and Rocky Mountain region. There were four bidders prepared to go above $6000.00 but the successful bid was $12,000.00 made on behalf of the Huntington Library. Lindley Eberstadt was the underbidder presumably for William R. Coe and Yale University. The Anderson journal is being edited by Robert Glass Cleland and eventually Westerners will be able to buy a printed annotated edition of a $12,000.00 book from the Huntington Library for a few dollars.

Ramon Adams' bibliography of books and pamphlets on Western Outlaws and Gunmen is now out, titled *Six-Guns & Saddle Leather*, published by the University of Oklahoma Press. It describes 1132 items. Of especial interest is the dedication; to our own Loring Campbell. Ramon Adams gives much valuable information including sorting out fact and fiction relating to Billy the Kid, Joaquin Murieta and Wild Bill Hickok.

Don Russell, Editor of the Chicago Brand Book, lists the ten best Western books again this year from a poll taken of the Chicago Westerners. "Cowman's Southwest," published by our former Sheriffs, Paul Galleher and Art Clark, came in first by a heavy margin.

"The next item is—!"

W. J. Holliday, Glen Dawson and Edward Eberstadt