

LOS ANGELES



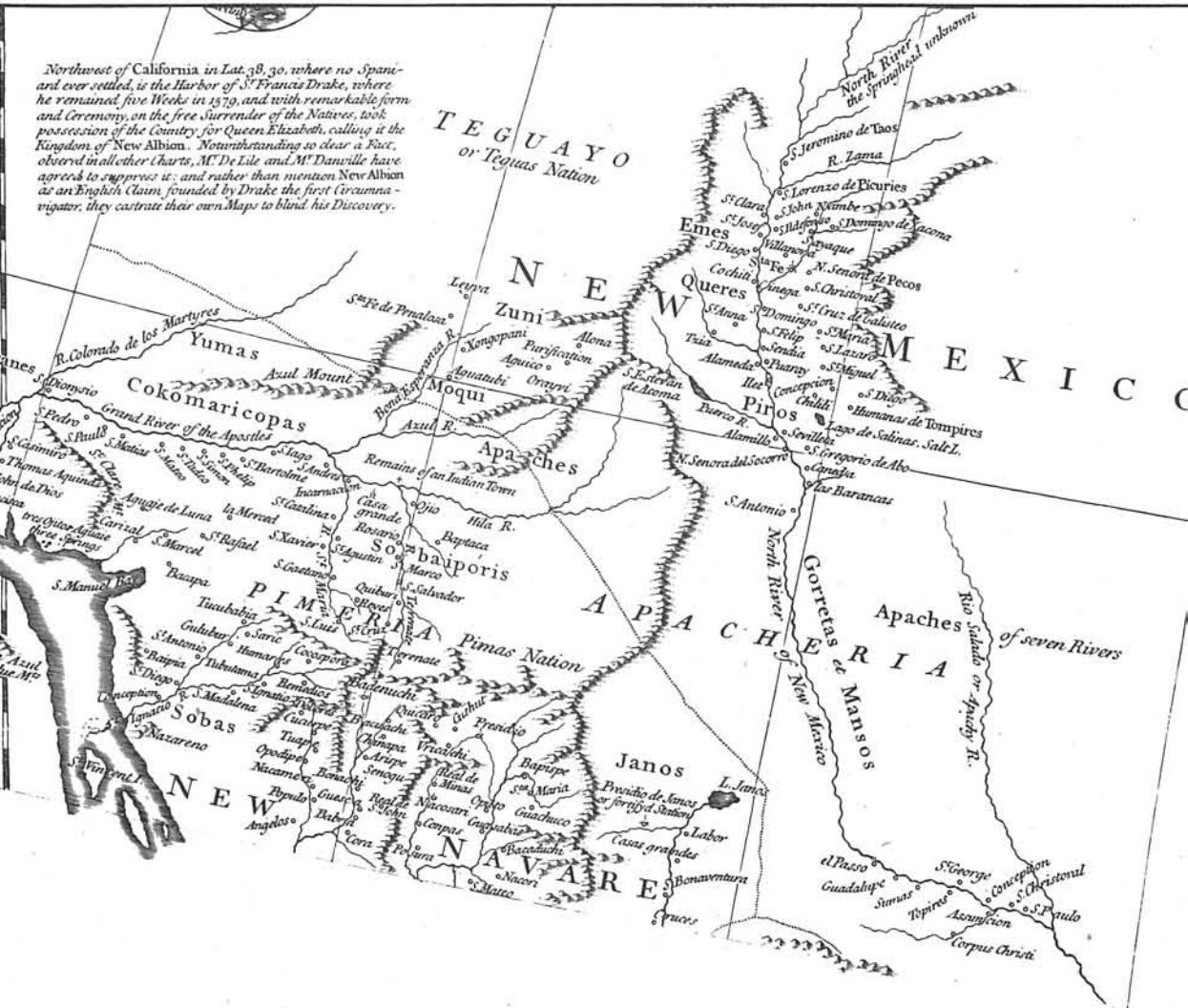
CORRAL
LAW

SEPTEMBER, 1954

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

PUBLICATION 26

Northwest of California in Lat. 38, 30, where no Spaniard ever settled, is the Harbor of St. Francis Drake, where he remained five Weeks in 1579, and with remarkable form and Ceremony, on the free Surrender of the Natives, took possession of the Country for Queen Elizabeth, calling it the Kingdom of New Albion. Notwithstanding so clear a Fact, observed in all other Charts, M^r De Lile and M^r Danville have agreed to suppress it; and rather than mention New Albion as an English Claim, founded by Drake the first Circumnavigator, they castrate their own Maps to blind his Discovery.



NORTH AMERICA, Plate III. For M^r Pofflethway's Dictionary of Commerce.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The map and extract are from the Library of Westerner Charles N. Rudkin.

THE BRANDING IRON

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

* * *

Published Quarterly in

March, June, September and December

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New Mexico In 1757

The map on the cover is from the second edition of Malachy Postlethwayt's translation of *The Universal Dictionary of Trade and Commerce* . . . by Jacques Savary des Brulons, London, 1757. The following is a condensation from the article "New Mexico," volume II, pages 252-3:

NEW MEXICO, so called because of its being discovered since the Old Mexico, or New Spain . . . is bounded on the north by high mountains, beyond which is a country altogether unknown; by Louisiana on the east; by some of the provinces of New Spain on the south; and, on the west by the gulph of California and the Rio Colorado.

But whether the limits on the north and east should be contracted or extended, is what we shall not pretend to determine, for there are no people that we know of to the north of New Mexico, nor is there a twentieth part of the country within the limits specified that is either cultivated or inhabited . . .

The soil . . . abounds both with fruit and timber trees: produces turquoises, emeralds and other precious stones, and has mines of of gold and silver, . . . it is said to be as pleasant, plentiful, and rich a country as any in the world . . .

Of the various nations in this large territory . . . the principal are the Apaches. These thinking themselves aggrieved by the Spanish government, about the close of the last century, made a great insurrection, and did a vast deal of mischief; but were at last suppressed and have since been curbed by stronger garrisons. Mr. Dampier has . . . mentioned the possibility of penetrating here to the gold mines, by making a descent on the shore, opposite to California . . .

At the north river begins that nation of the Piro, a civilized people . . . The Tebas are next inhabiting 15 towns; then the Queres, seven; and next the Tompires, 15; the chief of whom are the Chilili. Farther . . . north are the Tanos, in five towns; and beyond them the Peicis, in one great town . . . West of them is the metropolis of Santa Fe, where only 250 Spaniards, not above 50 of them soldiers, kept all this vast country in awe, only by the terror of their name . . .

SANTA FE. It stand 130 leagues from the sea, near the source of that Rio Del Norte which runs a great way through the country southward, and then bending east, falls into the gulph of Mexico. It is said to be a rich city, regularly built, and is the see of a bishop, suffragan of Mexico, as well as the seat of the governor of the country. C.N.R.

certainly each and every Corral must be dedicated to some individual project and be very jealous of it. The *Brand Book* of each corral, no matter in what form or format, is the main reason for the corral and is the motivating force that will keep the corral strong and growing.

These *Brand Books* are all labors of love and can

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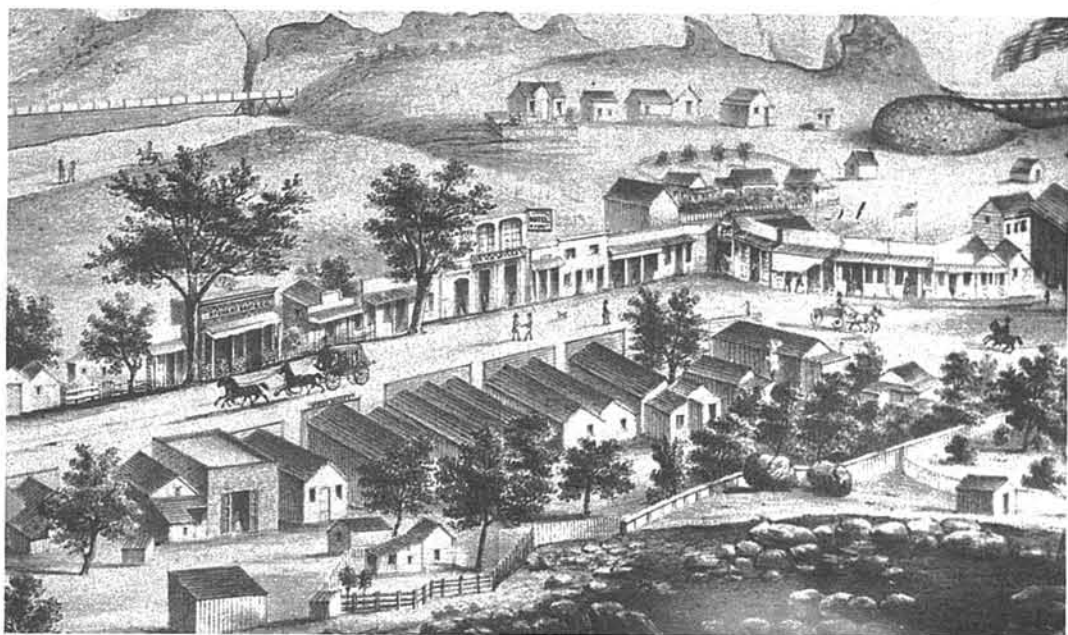
Denver . . . 1954

by HOMER H. BOELTER

There could be no better heading for this report than DENVER—1954. This first national rendezvous of the Westerners was initiated by the Denver Corral under the leadership of their Sheriff, LeRoy Hafen. The hospitality and locale were perfect. Art Woodward, Art Clark, Jr. and Homer Boelter represented our Corral and our genial corresponding member, Mike Harrison, lent his support. The Denver Corral served a round-up luncheon and many matters were discussed pro and con after which we were escorted to a steak fry and evening of entertainment in a natural cave in the beautiful Red Rock country adjacent to Denver. Sheriff Hafen and the Denver Corral will long be remembered for their well-planned program and their generous hospitality.

This meeting on July 31, 1954 was the stepping stone, or rather the corner-stone for the building of a sound and lasting national organization, cemented together with the mortar of a common interest and true Western comradeship.

At the noon meeting, two important subjects were fully discussed. One, the possibility or advisability of publishing a national *Branding Iron* or *Brand Book*, to which all the corrals would contribute and subscribe, thereby, possibly, eliminating duplication or similarity of articles in the various *Brand Books* and also easing the financial burden on new corrals or those important but small corrals whose economic status may keep them from putting their valuable contributions into print. This idea needs thorough investigating and thought and is possibly premature. No matter how appealing such a publication might be to some,



Drawn by C. Barrington; Nagel, Fishbourne & Kuchel's
Litho., San Francisco; Published by Wessells, Timbuctoo.

—From the Library of William McPherson, Orange, Calif.

TIMBUCTOO . . . IN CALIFORNIA

by MERRELL KITCHEN

Many and varied were the names applied to discoveries in the gold diggings of California in the early days of mining, most of them of opposite significance. In the Yuba River districts there were Whiskey Gulch, Liar's Flat, Shirt-tail Bend, Moonshine Creek, Stud Horse Canyon, Pinch 'em Tight, Jackass Ravine. It is doubtful that at the time of their discoveries any of them carried any connotations of the romance with which, we Westerners especially, now endow them. But there was one which even in that day called to mind the glamour of a place far away and seldom visited except by the most intrepid traveler, and that was Timbuctoo.

Timbuctoo is one of these magic names like Samarkand, Macassar, Rarotonga, conjuring up realms of utopian splendour and dreams of adventure not found in the work-a-day world. The illusions are somewhat dispelled now, of course, for we know more of the world than did the gold miners of 1850. But it was in that year that the fabulous name was applied to a gold strike in a ravine near the Yuba River 16 miles east of Marysville. A settlement was begun nearby and also called Timbuctoo.

One of the first gold strikes in the area was by a Negro and it is very probable that an African name was therefore considered appropriate. It is also probable that Timbuctoo was at the time one of the few known names associated with the dark continent for in 1850 Africa was still very much unknown. It was not until Nov. 10, 1871, that Henry M. Stanley found David Livingstone, the missionary, at Ujiji, Tanganyika, with his greeting "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

A Wm. Monigan was one of the first to try his luck along the Yuba. One historian states that Monigan had been reading a history of Africa and decided to name the strike after one of its capitals. At any rate it is believed that he and a man named L. B. Clark were responsible for the christening of the place.

Later on Monigan ran a store in Timbuctoo. The first buildings were mere cabins and it was not until 1855 that the first dwelling house was built by Jacob Dufford. The post office was across the street. By 1859 Timbuctoo was the largest and most flourishing community in Rose Bar Township. There were two hotels, six boarding houses, eight saloons (in addition to the hotel saloons), one bank, one drug store, two general stores, three clothing stores, three shoe shops, one backsmith shop, two carpenter shops, one lumber yard, three bakeries, one livery stable, one barber shop, two cigar and tobacco stores, one theatre, and one church. In 1859 a large wooden theatre with a capacity of 800 was built. The first schoolhouse was erected in 1862.

The Marysville Appeal Directory of Northern California for 1878 had this to say of Timbuctoo: "It is sustained solely by the miners, among which are the following claims, Pactolas, Babb and Rose's Bar. There are also a number of rich quartz ledges which are being prospected—one of them the Mark Anthony has been extensively worked, and the Co. have lately erected a fine stamp mill to be run by water power. There is daily stage and mail communication with San Juan, Nevada City and Marysville."

(Continued on Next Page)

Timbuctoo ... In California

(Continued from Page 3)

The main street was very steep and this rhyme was considered most applicable by the citizenry especially after a rain reduced it to a morass of mud:

"This street is impassable
Not Even Jackassable."

There were those who considered Timbuctoo a suburb of nearby Smartsville but for a time it was roistering and prosperous enough to be counted a town in its own right. Within fifty yards of the Wells Fargo and Adams Express Building some miners made \$250 to \$400 a day. A miner after such a day expressed his satisfaction by saying: "I'm buying blue chips tonight boys, she's coming my way." When mining had settled into a more routine manner of production the following was a method of determining a miner's degree of luck:

A silent, downcast miner probably made
\$8-\$12 a day.

A contented miner probably made
\$16-\$20 a day.

A glowing, vigorous miner probably made
\$20-\$50 a day.

Many Chinese found employment in the mines. There was some prejudice among the white miners but with few exceptions the Orientals were unmolested. Often claims deserted by Americans were relocated by thrifty Chinese who managed to make many of them pay off.

There is seemingly no reference to Timbuc-

too's cemetery as Boot Hill, but it might well have been since it is highly improbable that many of the inhabitants died of old age. The town's most notorious bad man was Jim Webster who terrorized the community during 1855 and 1856. His speciality was highway robbery and he killed a number of people. A reward was offered for his capture or demise but apparently no one was daring enough to go after him. In 1855 he was supposed to have killed three men with three shots in a ravine near Timbuctoo. After considerable more hellraising he was finally killed by one of his own men.

Black Bart, after he was captured and exposed, told officers he had frequently visited Marysville without being recognized. He was known during his career of highway robbery as Black Bart, the PO 8 because of the rhymes he left at the scene of his crimes.

Timbuctoo lasted until the 1880's and withered away. Most of the buildings were of wood and not very substantial. The Wells Fargo building was of brick with huge iron doors as protection from fire and from robbers. Several million dollars worth of bullion passed through the structure. It is the only evidence left of a once bustling gold-mining town. Some years ago the building was reconstructed to a certain extent and made into a museum, but a recent note from Bill Hutchinson states he "was in Timbuctoo in 1951 and the brick building was in good condition then but not being used for anything but a grain and hay warehouse by some enterprising stockman."



An early view of Timbuctoo, probably about 1862.

—Courtesy of the Bancroft Library, Berkeley, Calif.

A Pass Is His Monument

by COKE WOOD

One of the lowest (8730 ft.) and most beautiful gaps through the high Sierra Nevada is Ebbetts Pass over which California Highway 4 winds its way from the Mother Lode Country to the plains of Nevada. Yet very little is known about Major John Ebbetts for whom the pass is named. There are conflicting stories about how his name became associated with the pass and when, if ever, he went through the region named for him.

Apparently the name Ebbetts Pass was first used by Briton and Rey on their *Map of the Mining Region* published in 1855. However, the name was not in popular usage, for J. D. Whitney, State Geologist, making a survey of the area in 1863 could "find no one in that region who had ever heard it called Ebbetts Pass." Whitney stated that a new wagon route called the Big Tree-Carson Valley Road was being constructed a little to the east of the old route through the pass. The new road was being built for the use of miners leaving the California gold fields for the silver mines of Alpine County and the Nevada. The Big Tree-Carson Valley road crossed the summit at an elevation of 8915 feet, slightly higher than the old trail. The present highway follows the first trail through the mountains. The name Ebbetts was not again used on any map until 1893 when the U.S. Geological Survey drew up the Markleville quadrangle and restored the name.

Major John Ebbetts came to California as Captain of the Knickerbocker Exploring Company in 1849. They came by the southern route through Mexico and along the Gila River. In April 1850 Ebbetts, as leader of a large prospecting party, crossed over the pass now named for him at the headwaters of the Mokelumne River. He was greatly impressed by the fact that he found no snow in the pass although it was quite deep on the mountains on either side.

In the fall of 1853 Ebbetts was employed by the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company to make a survey of the passes at the headwaters of the Stanislaus River for use of a trans-sierra railroad. After spending four months surveying the possible routes he returned to San Francisco by way of the Carson-Johnson pass and reported to the executive committee of the railroad that the pass he had crossed in April 1850 was most suitable for railroad construction. The journal of his survey is published in the *San Francisco Daily Herald* for December 18 and 19, 1853.

Major Ebbetts' plans for further surveys across the divide at the headwaters of the Carson and Mokelumne Rivers was ended by his tragic death in May 1854. While on his way to Petaluma on the steamer *Secretary* the ship's boilers exploded as the vessel was passing into Petaluma Creek from Suisun Bay and the career of John Ebbetts as a pathfinder came to an end.

Colonel Wentworth Retires

Consummating 35 years of service, Colonel Edward N. Wentworth, 67, retired on August 28 as director of Armour's Livestock Bureau. He joined Armour and Company in 1919 and became head of the Bureau in 1923.

Colonel Wentworth has built up a wide acquaintance throughout the United States and Canada, and has been a familiar figure at the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. He judged at livestock shows and fairs throughout the country, made talks in practically every state of the Union, and participated actively in numerous agricultural, civic, patriotic, and military organizations.

Colonel Wentworth is author of *America's Sheep Trails* (1948). He co-authored in writing *Shepherd's Empire* (1945), and *Pigs: From Cave to Corncob* (1950). He has written articles for agricultural and historical journals.

Colonel Wentworth plans to reside at his home near Chesterton, Indiana. He has not been active for several months due to ill health, but he is recovering.

"... I received as prisoner one William Smith charged with assault with intent to kill one Waldo... Waldo was cut with a knife and escaped by accident with his life. Yesterday the prisoner was called for and I turned him over to a special constable... he was tried and plead guilty to the charge, and was sentenced to pay \$2.50 and costs."—Official report of Captain Henry Carroll, 9th Cavalry to Post Adjutant, Fort Stanton, N. M., February 2, 1879. P. R.

Back in the middle 80's the old time cowboy was vanishing from the scene, said the editor of *Field and Farm*, August 7, 1886.

"There is progress even among the cowboys and stock growers on the plains. We have before noted the fact that the use of guns in some cases is prohibited. The rough, hurrah style of handling cattle, we are told, has become unpopular.

At the annual meeting of the Lincoln County Live Stock Association in New Mexico, president Eddy said:

"Too much stress cannot be placed on the importance of handling the cattle quietly and carefully. Bunch the cattle in small bunches, take plenty of time, see that all work is done satisfactorily and allow no gambling in camp."

"If this thing goes on long this way, the ideal cowboy will soon disappear, and we shall have to content ourselves with a knowledge of him through reading the history of the 'Wild West.' In fact, the typical vacquero is fast disappearing and a new class of bovine gentlemen are taking the place of the former. Cattle raising is becoming a more legitimate business than it has been."

Allus thought there was something funny about the way Percy made all his money in the cattle business.

A. W.

RED-MAN'S RED-EYE

by PAUL BAILEY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Since Westerner Art Woodward's article on Hoochenoo appeared in the March BI several more waddies have turned to drink. The following brief dissertation will further broaden the horizon of research on the subject of alcoholia aboriginae, and at the same time add strength to our contention that the bottle was mightier than the bullet.*

Of the twin problems involved in winning the West—the perils and perversity of the wilderness, and the perils and perversity of the native red man—both were effectively handled by the courage and ingenuity of the American pioneer. In the latter case—reduction of the Indian hazard—there oftentimes was more ingenuity displayed than the simon-pure virtue of courage alone. Any man, brave or otherwise, could shoot an Indian. It was the smarter, more enterprising ones who kept the Indian half-shot. And in this respect the whiskey bottle must forever hold equal place with powder-horn and shot-case as symbols of the white man's conquest of the West.

From our earliest beginnings as a nation this sure-fire method of annihilating our native enemy, and gaining his territory, has held its important, and at times honored, place. The first colonists to the new world set the pattern and precedent—by trading a gallon of joy-water for Manhattan Island. The leagues of American land which later moved through the same expeditious switcheroo, made the New York trading drama strictly amateur by comparison. But it is the lethal aspect of this great and useful weapon of which we are at present concerned.

The New Amsterdam trading item, since it was a trading item, was doubtless a pure and unadulterated product of the distillery. Since there is no record of its annihilating effect upon the recipients, it can probably and safely be assumed that it was not aimed at producing casualties. Most historians will agree that the real fire-power of fire-water was not discovered and exploited until a later date. It came about through the logical and scientific deduction by traders that one gallon of something, added to another gallon of something, made two gallons of double-something. In time "cutting" became the accepted practice in dispensing fire-water to Indians, whether it be for profit, territorial advantage, or outright annihilation. To the everlasting credit of our ingenious pioneer forebears, a product was finally evolved which incorporated all three of these important factors in any given jug-full. The complex formula was given the very simple title of just "Indian Whiskey." History-wise it ranks with the wheel in importance of discovery.

The formula for "Indian Whiskey" varied a bit geographically, and according to what "cutting" agents the dealer or trader had on hand, but never in its most basic essential—the

paralyzing "kick." In achieving this standard of perfection, never was Yankee ingenuity and inventiveness put to greater test. With spirit, and with fortitude, our pioneer fathers rose to the challenge. No matter how low the alcoholic percentage dropped within its liquid total, never was the "kick" absent. Ten times ten thousand dead and crazy Indians stand monument to this wonder of the plains and the Rockies.

As a gesture of enlightenment to the present generation of Americans, and to commemorate and acknowledge one of the weapons which won the West, herewith is given a genuine recipe for "Indian Whiskey." Of the various recipes, this may not be the best one, but it is a good one nevertheless. By positive count, and best historical research, it is definitely known to have kicked the poop out of two thousand Kickapoos, and avenged the Custer Massacre more than four-fold. From that standpoint alone, it's gusty likker. May it stand forever and unforgotten in the spirit(s) of the Old West!

Indian Whiskey—USP Formula

One barrel of Missouri River water. Two gallons of alcohol. (Sometimes real whiskey is used. One or the other of these items is essential, but use sparingly.) Two ounces of strychnine. (This item, since it directly affects the nerves, is a necessity. It provides and stimulates the "kick.") Three plugs of chewing tobacco. (This is another absolute essential. Its purpose is to produce nausea, pallor, and general bad feeling. In combination with the strychnine, it positively will induce semi- or complete catalepsy.) Five bars of soap. (Soap gives the whiskey its "bead," an essential and recognizable sign to both Indians and mountain men of "old" whiskey. In absence of soap, use two pounds of cracked hickory nuts.) One pound of red pepper. (Stir this item well.) One pound of sage-brush leaves. (For flavor, tang and body.)

Boil all ingredients (except alcohol) for amalgamation and dark brown color. Strain out any solids. Add alcohol, and serve, or bottle.

Note: No Indian ever thought he was drinking whiskey unless it made him violently ill. In this respect, the above formula was very successful. Even mountain men, and our hardest old pioneer drinkers, had trouble with this whiskey. It was usually necessary, because of total catalepsy, to prop up the partakers against trees, where they would remain for hours and days, in complete rigidity, unable to close their eyes.

"The following United States cases have been disposed of at the present term thus far: Gregorio Baldonado, charged with selling a sack of tobacco for five cents and trading another for a box of matches and a jack-knife, guilty. Sentenced to 6 months in jail."—Las Cruces THIRTY-FOUR, March 31, 1880. P.R.

CORRAL CHIPS

Picked up by THE ROUNDUP FOREMAN

The June rodeo of the LA Corral was held on the night of the seventeenth in the moonlit patio of Casa Adobe. Casa Adobe, for you hands who don't know, is a replica of an early Mexican-California town house built and furnished in detail in association with the Southwest Museum. Here the Corral dined on enchiladas and frioles, followed by an illustrated talk, "The Custer Battlefield Today," by Westerner Art Woodward. Art had as his paying guest a survivor of the investigation, Hugh Shick.

Wandering away from the old stamping ground at the Redwood House the Corral met on July 16 at the Mona Lisa Restaurant. Though a little citified for a Westerner roundup, the surroundings were forgotten while listening to our own unique Percy Bonebrake talk about his introduction to Arizona range life more than sixty years ago. Percy was only a smooth faced kid when he declined a secure but confining career in his father's Los Angeles bank and set out to be a cowboy. Provided with an education, a bed roll and a pony, Percy set out across the Colorado Desert and threw in his lot with the cow critters and the men who rode herd. His first adventure ended when he matched his superior college poker playing against some ignorant card sharps in Yuma, Arizona. "When I left the table," said Percy, "if a trousseau for an elephant could be bought for seven dollars a dozen I couldn't have purchased pink panties for a bedbug." In time he learned the ways of men and cows and for many years was a highly successful cattle buyer for eastern packing houses. No one can tell a story so full of vernacular humor and western lore as Percy Bonebrake. No written word can catch the richness of his conversation. A tape recording of his talk would be a priceless bit of western Americana. On the same program Westerner Jack Reynolds told the story of "The Origin of Westerner Corrals." His fine account will be permanently recorded in a future BRAND BOOK.

Something different was served to the LA Corral when it gathered at Hank Clifford's Arroyo Seco saloon in Pasadena on August seven. On a well clipped lawn in lieu of sawdust the Westerners swapped yarns and information while Hank barbecued thick buffalo steaks. The meat came from the Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge; and Hank wasn't a poacher, either. The U. S. Department of Interior, Fish and Wildlife Service, has a hankering for Westerners, and let a quarter of a buffalo travel across country to give the LA Corral a taste of the old West. When the cook fire burned low, CM John Hilton got out his guitar and sang songs of old California as a prelude to Westerner W. W. Robinson's talk on Rancho San Pasqual. Bill Robinson knows more about the California ranchos than any man alive. He told about the generous grants made by the Mexican Government to favored individuals, and how each big

rancho developed into a self sufficient community. Funny thing, though, not all the ranchos were big. One contained only a few acres. Must have been given to a minor politician. The thirteen forgotten ranchos of California were all so small that only a title expert like Bill ever heard about them.

Got a letter from Don Segerstrom up in the Mother Lode country. He ought to be a Westerner, but isn't. He says: "The production of ephemera, period pieces and occasional books and booklets in the spirit of the fabulous Gold Rush will be the specialty of the newly organized Mother Lode Press at Sonora, California. The firm has acquired all the century-old handset type from the Union Democrat, pioneer Sonora newspaper, plus numerous other old type faces." Don is a native Sonoran and has a great collection of old Mother Lode newspapers and ephemera, so some more nuggets should come out of them thar hills.

Loring Campbell has been using the magic of Western history to captivate his audiences lately. Sleight of Hand is his business, but doing away with Bad Men is his hobby.

These chips almost didn't get picked up. Got so interested in studying the maps in J. Gregg Layne's book *Western Wayfaring*, put out by the Auto Club of SoCal, that there was hardly time to meet the printer's deadline. Gregg is sure missed around the old corral.

When is some Westerner going to write the story of Jack Powers? There was a Bad Man!

Denver...1954 (Continued from Page 2)

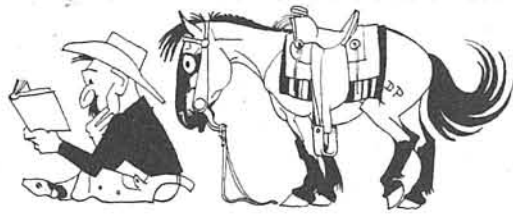
never fulfil their original design if diluted with problems of when, where and who, along with the commercial and economic restrictions that a national publication would at this time entail. Let us be generous with, but also jealous of our individual strength and local efforts which are the life blood of a strong and vigorous corral.

The most important subject of discussion at the round table was the immediate need for a national organizational structure of Westerners having definite basic by-laws, stating specific requirements and obligations for the formation of new corrals and a guide for their by-laws. The name, "The Westerners," should not be bandied around. The Chicago Corral, I believe, holds a copyright on the name and emblem, and as they were not represented, that remains to be confirmed. The group passed a resolution instructing Sheriff Hafen to form a committee and activate the various corrals into submitting their organizational structure and their by-laws. These are to be studied by the committee and from them a definite structure and set of by-laws be formulated for a national organization. This is to be submitted to the various corrals for ratification.

It is sincerely hoped that from this effort "The Westerners" will become a strong national force in Western Americana with a singleness of purpose and definite qualifications, thereby reducing the threat of "social knife and fork clubs" being formed for the pleasures of a few who might like to be called "Westerners" without living up to the original and true purpose of our great organization.

DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL...

by MERRELL KITCHEN



Due to the summer doldrums there seems to have been a dearth of western books. Back along the trail however was published *Walkara, Hawk Of The Mountains* (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1954, pp. 185, \$4.00) by former sheriff and able writer Paul Bailey. Paul has resurrected from comparative obscurity Walkara (Walker), Ute chief during early Mormon settlement of Utah. He was quite a character: one of the great horse thieves of history, his depredations often carried into California. For a time he was a friend of "Pegleg" Smith and Jim Beckwourth, who were horse-stealing cohorts. This is a valuable addition to western biography and should rate one of the ten best western books of the year.

Also among the top ten should be *The Chisholm Trail* (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, 1954, pp. 296, \$4.50) by Wayne Gard; *Six-Guns And Saddle Leather*, a Bibliography of Books and Pamphlets on Western Outlaws and Gunmen (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, 1954, pp. 426, \$12.50) by Ramon Adams; and *Old Spanish Trail*, Santa Fe to Los Angeles, with extracts from contemporary records and including diaries of Antonio Armijo and Orville Pratt (Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, 1954, pp. 378, \$9.50) by LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen.

Wayne Guard is one of Texas' top writers and while there is not too much that is original in *The Chisholm Trail*, he has done an admirable job of condensation from sources listed in a very extensive bibliography. There are some fine photographs.

Ramon Adams lists 1132 books and pamphlets in his long awaited outlaw bibliography, the most complete work of its kind to date. Since Mr. Adams is an authority on the books he lists and comments upon, it is a safe guide for collector and student.

The Old Spanish Trail "was the longest, crookedest, most arduous pack mule route in the history of America" the publishers state concerning their new publication. Undoubtedly this is one of the most complete records of one of the most important of the western trails. This volume is the first of a projected fifteen. Each will have an index.

Just published from a manuscript written in 1880 is *Arizona In The 50's* (Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1954, pp. 237, \$4.00) by James H. Tevis. The narrative begins in 1857 and records a brush with the Apaches when the author's companion was Moses Carson, brother of Kit Carson. Tevis was station manager at Apache Pass for a time when the

Butterfield Overland rolled through there. He also relates of his capture and torture by Cochise, and his escape, all of which are likely to do some hair-raising in the reader. Quite a valuable contribution to early Arizona history.

Of great regret to all Westerners and readers of westerns is the passing of Wm. McLeod Raine, member of the Denver Westerners. He was 83 and his book *The Reluctant Gunman* was just recently published. It was his 80th novel. Sales of his books it is said reached nineteen million in all editions. Many western writers considered him the greatest (at the time) living western writer. About a year ago he was made first honorary president of the Western writers of America. He knew Bat Masterson, Jeff Milton, Bill Tilghman, Wyatt Earp. Of the latter he once wrote in a magazine article that he was a cold-blooded murderer.

Further along the book trail outlaw fans should watch for *The Outlaw West* by Carl Breihan whose recent Jesse James was well received. The title is tentative but the subject will be "Biographies of America's Most Noted Desperadoes." Busy man C. L. Sonnichsen is another top Texas writer. He states his *Alias Billy The Kid* (written with Wm. V. Morrison) should be "out by Christmas." The subject here is Brushy Bill Roberts who claimed he was Billy the Kid (and who died in Hico, Texas, somewhat recently). Mr. Sonnichsen is now on the last lap of a book on the Tularosa country. (For those interested—*Tales Of The Tularosa* by Mrs. Tom Charles appeared last year in an edition of 2000 copies, printed by Carl Herzog for Mrs. Charles, Alamogordo, New Mexico, 1953, pp. 69, \$2.00). As if that were not enough he is also half through a job on the Mescalero Indians.

Published posthumously as *Western Wayfaring* are the articles by J. Gregg Layne on the western trails which appeared in many issues of *Westways*. To us of the Los Angeles Corral the book is a memorial, in a way, to his memory for none loved better the study of the early treks westward.

Just off the press is *A County Judge in Arcady*; the Selected Papers of Charles Fernald, by Cameron Rogers. (Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, pp. 268, \$7.00). Judge Fernald was a resident of Santa Barbara during the wild days of Vasquez, Badillo and Jack Powers. Powers and the Arroyo Burro affair is treated in some detail. Source material of great importance from the Fernald papers in the Huntington Library.