LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL

The Branding Iron

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FREDERICK WEBB HODGE
Dean of All Westerners

(Lonnie Hull Photo, April 15, 1954)

THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS
* * *
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THE COVER . . .

Frederick Webb Hodge

Seventy years ago a young fellow named Fred W. Hodge joined the U.S. Geological Survey, and a couple of years later he was excavating ancient ruins in Arizona and New Mexico. Since that time there has been no important archeological or ethnological work done in the United States that has not been influenced in some way by his activities, counsel or vast fund of information. Author of innumerable monographs, books, articles, prefaces and ideas, Dr. Hodge has had honors and recognition heaped upon him, and though he is the Grand Master in his field he still has the alert, enthusiastic, enquiring, pioneering spirit which made him pre-eminent in interpreting the American Indian.

Other Corrals of the Westerners have outstanding members who lead in knowledge of things pertaining to the coyote country west of the Mississippi River, but no Corral is honored like ours in the old Pueblo of Los Angeles, for we have the name of Frederick Webb Hodge on our tally sheet.

When the LA Posse met in October for its regular gathering around the chuck wagon a standing and prolonged ovation was given to our fellow Westerner and grand young man, F. W. Hodge, who had reached his ninetieth birthday on October 28th.

Words From Wentworth

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letter from Colonel Ed. Wentworth, out Indiana way, speaks for itself. With his permission it is handed around to the rest of the Corral.*

First of all, I want to thank you for the note about my retirement which was in the September, 1954, *Branding Iron*. I was quite interested in the article by Paul Bailey on "The Red Man's Red-Eye." I never thought I wanted any, and now I am sure of it.

To be perfectly honest, I never knew that they put strychnine in before, as I thought that the effect was produced by the pepper and more innocent ingredients. Once Rilea Doe, vice-president of the Safeway Stores in Oakland, and I were in Albuquerque and we asked Charlie Madrid, an Indian who had been a State Senator and who also had held a number of other state jobs (all of which, without knowing it, was before he was eligible for them, as Indians were not considered citizens then) to have a drink with us.

He said, "They won't serve me one, but I will sit down with you." About the time we were going to have the third and quit, he said "Order another one for me and I will show you why Indians can't drink." Jokingly I said "You won't scalp us, will you, Charlie?" (He used to be a tackle on Haskell and Carlisle Indian football teams.) He said "No, but there is a real reason."

So we ordered an extra drink and gave it to him. Within two minutes after the time he had got most of it in him, the arteries in his eyes became very red and he began to be somewhat confused. He said, "Before I get any worse take me out of here." So we walked out with him and sat with him outside. He then told us that, although his head remained clear, it had the physical effect on him, and did on most other Indians, of stimulating the blood circulation terrifically. It didn't bother his head at all but it certainly upset his looks. Charlie is a natural linguist and, as a young man, went with Roosevelt on his "River of Doubt" expedition in Brazil to talk to the Indians down there. He didn't know their dialects at all but he can pick up root sounds of a language in ten minutes and, somehow or other, has the ability to convert that into proper language for conversation.

One time a fellow said "I know you can talk most Western European languages and Indian languages all right, but I'll bet a thousand dollars that you couldn't get Slavic." So Charlie went with a Polish family in the morning and by night was talking just as easily with the Pole as he was with anybody else.

He is a very humorous speaker, knows the Yaquis and most of the Indians of the Southwest, and if the thing could be arranged would be an ideal speaker for Los Angeles Westerners.

THE OLD HARNEY CARRIAGE

About 1859, a wedding present from General William Selby Harney to Mary Elisa (Hamilton) Carter (Mrs. William Alexander Carter) of Fort Bridger, Wyoming, then a Territory.

THE OLD HARNEY CARRIAGE . . . . . *by* EDGAR N. CARTER

One of the landmarks of the Carter establishment at old Fort Bridger, then Wyoming Territory, and now forgotten except possibly by one or two of the oldest inhabitants, was the "HARNEY CARRIAGE" by which it was known in the good old times. It was a belated wedding present given to my mother, Mary Eliza (Hamilton) Carter, in 1859 by General William Selby Harney, then of Saint Louis. He and my father were companions in their younger years in Seminole Indian War days and ever afterwards were devoted friends and admirers, each of the other.

In its construction this old vehicle was more like a Concord coach than a carriage which it was always called. Its several distinctive features were the high rear and low front wheels; the long looping rear springs, in shape like the top part of a great question mark gone tired and lying on its back; the low, generous-width steps which enabled one easily to enter the elaborately blue-upholstered interior so like a lady's boudoir.

Its cushioned seats had a just-right softness; the backs were thickly padded as were the arm rests; and there were long, hanging loops for tired arms. The deep, wide rear seat could easily accommodate three persons, the narrower front seat but two. The large windows in the two side doors were provided with curtains of blue silk to match the upholstering in color, as was the small rear window above the back seat. These one-piece side windows could be raised, or lowered into the doors' dark depths by means of four-inch-wide straps. On the inside of the doors were voluminous pockets that would be the envy of the modern motorist. And there were little hand mirrors and mirrors concealed under flaps that could be lifted, for milady's convenience.

This magnificent piece of furniture on wheels was made to order by a London carriage manufacturer, it is said, especially for General Harney and to his specifications. The cost was eighteen-hundred dollars which, even for those times, was quite a large sum for one carriage. It was totally unsuited for sage brush country and dough roads but it was so beautifully balanced on its four many-leaved springs on front and rear axles that riding in it was a pleasure, especially for small boys.

But it was heavy, and two large, strong horses were required for motive power. The tongue was a separate piece of equipment generously padded and leather covered where it would come in contact with the legs and shoulders of the team when turning. Detached, in itself it was a job for one man to handle. The fixed neck-yoke-like affair at the pole's front end with slots for the connecting breast straps, looked like a short bumper on a brand new auto. The harness was so well suited to the carriage it must have been part of the present. It was made of quality leather; the collars were covered with patent leather as were the bridle side pieces and blinders, and patent strips adorned the back straps, britchen and tugs.

I last saw the dear old carriage at Fort Bridger in 1922 when I left there and came to California. I had understood for these many years that it was safely in the State Museum at Laramie, Wyoming, where it was always agreed it should be. Imagine my surprise when my good friend, Westerner Marion Speer, handed me a snapshot he had made of the old carriage some years ago. At the time he tried to buy the carriage but was told it had been sold to a woman in Ogden, Utah, that she had paid him $50.00 down on it and therefore he was obliged to make delivery.

I later learned that it is now in the possession of the Pioneer Memorial Museum, Salt Lake City, Utah. The person who sold the carriage to this museum had absolutely no right to it. Efforts to have the vehicle returned either to the museum at Fort Bridger or to Laramie, have so so far not been successful.

A FEW NOTES ON JACK POWERS . . . . *by* ART WOODWARD

According to the scanty information I have this notorious character was born in New York. He came to California as a member of Cos. G and/or F, Stevenson's Regiment of First New York Volunteers in 1847. He was discharged in 1848 and made a general nuisance of himself in California for many years. Powers was a short, heavy set man and in 1858 he was about 33 years old and weighed about 180 pounds.

In March, 1857 Powers was known as a gambler and scoundrel in San Francisco and was arrested by the Chief of Police of that city for a burglary alleged to have been committed by Jack in Los Angeles. His counsel however obtained his release on a writ of habeas corpus and bail of $3,000 with the stipulation that Powers surrender himself to the Los Angeles County judge, on or before April 27, 1857. Jack and his lawyer went to Santa Barbara on the steamer *Senator*, thence overland to Los Angeles where he was arraigned but was discharged for lack of evidence. He returned to San Francisco where, on May 2, 1858, he made his famous race against time at the Pioneer Race Course. Jack laid a bet of $5,000 that he could ride continuously for a distance of 150 miles, mounted on unbroken California horses in a period of 8 hours. The race was staged, using 25 untrained, uncurried California mustangs and Jack rode around the course, covering the required mileage in 6 hours, 43 min. and 31 seconds. He had two breathing spells of 7 minutes each and at the end of the run he rode an extra mile to demonstrate his freshness.

Jack headed a gang of cut-throats and robbers in San Luis Obispo County but this crew was broken up and he headed south to Los Angeles, where vigilantes ran him out of town and he drifted down into Sonora, Mexico. Guy Giffen in his "California Expedition" says, p. 84: "With one of his lieutenants he went to Mexico and the two fought about something, each killing the other. It is said that the Mexicans left the bodies in the street and allowed the hogs to devour them." Guy also says that Powers, "stands on the records as California's super bandit whose activities exceeded those of both Murietta and Vasquez though not as well publicized. He started his outlaw career at Los Angeles where he was chief among the undesirable gambling element. A vigilance committee ran him out and he located in San Francisco for a short time before settling in the territory between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara as a 'gentleman farmer.' Unknown to the populace he was the leader of the worst gang of murderers the state has had." (Id.)

Horace Bell, however, who met Powers in Los Angeles for the first time in the fall of 1852, believed that Jack was not the villain that he had been painted.

Said Bell, "The most noted character, probably in all California at the time referred to '51, '52 and '53, and especially in the southern counties was Jack Powers. Jack was an Irishman by birth, and came to California with Stephenson's New York Volunteers. When I arrived in Los Angeles Jack was here, although he properly resided in Santa Barbara. Jack was a great gambler and when he walked through a crowd of gamblers it was with the air of a lion walking among rats. Gifted with mental qualities of the highest order, with the manners of a true gentleman, with a face and form physically perfect, with a boldness and dash that made him a leader among men, Jack Powers, under favorable circumstances might have attained to the most honorable distinction . . . " (Bell, Horace, *Reminiscences of a Ranger*, pp. 44-47.)

Bell then relates that Jack was not only a power among the gambling fraternity, and the Spanish population of southern California, but he also numbered among his friends governors and high ranking politicians of California and Bell believed that had Powers so desired he could have been a Congressman or even greater. Jack, however, was seemingly not a politician. He preferred to rule the roost over the 400 odd gamblers in Los Angeles and his own body of retainers.

Powers owned a ranch near Santa Barbara and became involved in litigation over his ownership. He defied the legal authorities and when an attempt was made by Sheriff W. W. Twist, who was also alleged to have been a member of Stevenson's Regiment, to serve a writ of ejection on Powers, the latter called upon his friends for support. Jack and his gang stole the only piece of artillery in Santa Barbara and retreated to the ranch. Here Twist and his posse besieged the defiant Powers and his retainers.

Jack cut loop holes in the walls of the ranch. He mounted the cannon and made another "Quaker gun" out of a length of stove pipe and by these methods successfully defied the forces of law and order. Bell says this episode occurred in January, 1853. Thereafter, for some time, whenever Jack visited Santa Barbara he took with him a troop of his friends to keep the officers at bay.

When others spoke of Powers as being a robber and the leader of all the outlaw characters in the southern counties, Bell defended him, saying he believed Jack "to have been incapable of personally committing a robbery . . ." Bell cites the instance of Jack's protection of Ned McGowan against the Vigilantes of San Francisco when the former "Ubiquitous Ned" fled to Santa Barbara with a price of $20,000 on his head, as proof of Jack's loyalty to his friends and his innate goodness. When Ned fled south Bell said, "A large force followed and would, but for the shrewdness and honesty of Jack Powers, have captured him. I repeat, *honesty of Jack Powers*. Jack saved Ned McGowan. The

(*Continued on page 8*)

Colonel William A. Graham

With the passing of Colonel William A. Graham, United States Army retired, the Westerners have lost one of their most outstanding historians and members. He was 79 years of age.

Born in Chicago, Colonel Graham graduated from Beloit College and Stanford. He was admitted to the Iowa Bar in 1879 and for many years was a practicing attorney in Chicago and Des Moines. He began his military career with service on the Mexican border in 1916. In World War I he served for two years in France with the 88th Infantry Division. While abroad, he was one of the original organizers of the American Legion, attending the caucus held in Paris at the end of World War I. On the committee and chairman of this new organization was the esteemed Colonel (Wild Bill) Donovan of the 69th Infantry Division. It was also Colonel Graham's influence that brought the caucus together in St. Louis, which resulted in the organization of the American Legion in this country.

During the years of peace between the two world wars he served at various military posts and for a period of time was Judge Advocate on General Douglas McArthur's staff in the Philippines. Although Colonel Graham retired from active duty in 1939, he was recalled for two years during World War II.

Colonel Graham was better known throughout the United States as an outstanding authority on the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Over the past seven years, during which time the writer enjoyed the friendship of this accurate historian, he was found to be always considerate, generous, and amusing with his keen sense of humor. He was extremely exacting in his writing and would stand for no compromise or misinterpretation where historical records were involved. His legal training attributed to his being completely unbiased. In his research he was untiring. In all, he inspired great confidence and was always helpful to students of the Custer Massacre.

The Colonel's interest in this campaign became a project while he was serving in the Judge Advocate's office of the War Department in Washington, D. C. Here he had access to confidential records which further inspired his interest. During that period there were many soldiers who had participated in the battle and with whom he had many conversations, such as General Godfrey, General Edgerley, and several others. With Colonel Varnum, who was retired and living in San Francisco, he had much correspondence. He has told me on several occasions that he spent much time talking with non-commissioned officers and enlisted men who had participated in the battle and who were then living in retirement in the Old Soldiers Home in Washington.

(*Continued on Page 7*)

Books Around The Horn

. . . *by* STANLEY LARSON

Walter Colton was a professor, editor, and chaplain in the United States Navy. He was ordered to sea in October, 1845, as Chaplain aboard the *U.S.S. Congress* bound for the Pacific.

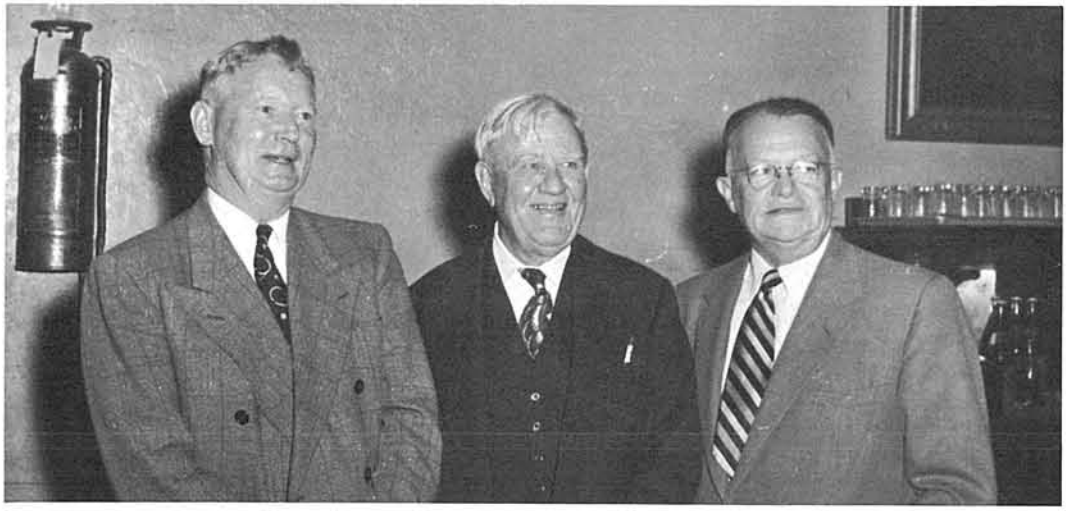
In mid-July, 1846, the *Congress* anchored in Monterey harbor. Soon thereafter Colton was appointed alcalde of the town by Commodore Stockton. His official stay in California lasted three years. His ability to adapt himself to new situations readily enabled him to enter into the social life of the community, edit the first newspaper in California, and keep a journal of his observation while resident in the province. Walter Colton's services to California were an important auxiliary to the government then being established on the Pacific Coast. Although his life was cut short soon after he left California in 1849 for his home in the East, Walter Colton's name deserves a prominent place in the records of California history. Before he left for the East, Colton was instrumental in helping to found the first public library in California.

An avid reader, Colton early noticed the lack of any great number of books in Monterey. This same condition existed throughout California at the time and was not peculiar to the California capital. There were few books in California outside the collections in the various missions and these were mostly of a religious nature. There were only three or four private libraries in all California that were in any way notable. One was located at Sonoma, and belonged to General Vallejo, but was subsequently destroyed by fire. William Hartnell had a collection of books at Monterey; these were later divided among his several children. Don Francisco Perez Pacheco had a collection in his home near Hollister.

Although Colton brought ashore a collection of his own books when he left the frigate *Congress* to assume his duties as alcalde, he still thought it unfortunate that others were not to be had in the town. Colton often remarked about this condition. Even more he condemmed the lack of textbooks for the children of the country. Determined to remedy the situation if he could, Colton accepted fifteen hundred dollars from the citizens of Monterey who had founded an association to raise a book fund; and with this sum he selected nearly one thousand English, American and Spanish books after he returned East, and forwarded the collection to California via the Horn.

In this way, Colton played a part in establishing the first public library in California, although he was several thousand miles away when its founding took place in 1849.

Percy Bonebrake says, the people who live next door must be terrible misers, they raised so much hell the time their baby swallowed a half dollar.



Left to right—Sheriff Bob Woods, Speaker J. Frank Dobie, and W. W. Robinson, Zamorano Prexy and Westerner. —*Lonnie Hull Photo.*

CORRAL CHIPS

Picked up by THE ROUNDUP FOREMAN

With wit and wisdom Dr. J. Frank Dobie talked to a joint dinner meeting of the LA Corral of the Westerners and the Zamorano Club at the Mona Lisa Restaurant on the evening of December first. His subject was "Literature of the Range."

Drawing upon his broad personal and academic background Dr. Dobie gave an interpretation of the Cow Boy, a Westerner who existed before the term became a compound noun. The cow boy was a local Western product which made history during the thirty years or more that followed the Civil War. "His influence on the cattle industry was not as great as ticks and screw-worms, but he was much more romantic." A hard working individual, the range-hand did not become a character until discovered by pulp-merchants and movie directors. The golden age of cow boy fiction arrived at the beginning of the present century when Owen Wister, Charlie Siringo, 'Gene Rhodes and others were writing about men and times that really existed.

A little eight page Keepsake called *A Man Named Dobie*, from the able pen of Larry Powell, book-protector at U.C.L.A., and issued through the generosity of book-purveyor Glen Dawson, was distributed to the fortunate Westerners and Zamoranios who were present at the dinner.

Away back in September, the sixteenth to be exact, Westerner Glen Dawson told the LA Corral about Michael White, or Miguel Blanco as the Mexicans knew him, a Yankee who came to California in 1828 and left his brand on western history. Glen took his story from White's reminiscence dictated many years ago, and never published. Someday in the future Glen will print the manuscript and share with the world the salty comments of the old pioneer. At the same meeting Westerner Jack Reynolds was presented with a real bit of western Americana in recognition of his keen interest in all things West. Art Woodward, the donor, refused to disclose from what depository he purloined the item.

Noah Beery, Jr. of the LA Corral commented on absurdities that are put upon a real Westerner when he acts in the movies during his talk "They Went That-a-Way, or the West and the Motion Picture Industry," presented on October 21. "Pidge" is well informed on both the industry and the true West, and he emphasized that Hollywood is interested in entertainment and money and not in facts and education. Mike Harrison of Sacramento sat in on the interesting exposition.

A seldom discussed phase of early history was scrutinized by Westerner Paul Bailey on Thursday, November 18, when he spoke about "Slavery and the Slave Trade Among the Indians of the Southwest." Paul got interested in the subject while writing his book *Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains*. Chief Walkara was one of the great slavers of the West. The traffic in women and children did not make a pretty picture.

All of the meetings were held at the Mona Lisa Restaurant.

Westerner Jack Reynolds announces the publication of *California Mining Town Newspapers, 1850-1880*, a bibliography compiled by Helen S. Giffen. Limited to 350 copies, it is available from Jack for $6.00 American money, although gold slugs of 1850 will be accepted.

Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel has presented a collection of fifteen photographs made in the Yosemite valley in the 1860's, by C. E. Watkins, early San Francisco photographer to the UCLA

Corral Chips *(Continued)*

library. The photos, of colossal size, are believed to be the first ever taken in the famous Sierra country.

The *Story of San Fernando Mission* has been newly told by Westerner M. R. Harrington in a well printed, illustrated brochure issued by the Mission Curio Shop. M.R. is the only person in the world who could tell the story with so much feeling, insight and sound information. An archeologist of international reputation, the author lives in a modern old adobe just across the way from the seventeenth Franciscan mission built in California.

We hoped to run the pictures of our new Westerners in this issue of the BI, but we ran out of room. We'll give 'em to you one at a time; this time, "Doc" Starr.

A gentle prodding in the last BI stimulated Art Woodward to draw upon his knowledge of westways to write the notes on Jack Powers appearing in this issue. Art says, "maybe this will inspire some of the boys to do some deeper research on this misguided gentleman." Westerner Woodward did the part of Kit Carson at the E.C.V. plaque dedication on Mule Hill in San Diego County on October 30.

Many books have been written about Baja California. Most authors have set forth on the peninsular conquest after weeks of smug research in medicine, biology, linguistics and history; the gathering of a selected personnel; the serious acquisition of sturdy mechanical equipment, and the careful calculation of food, water and fuel. The results have been slow, erudite stories tailored to give the impression of great achievement. Not so with Bill and Orv Wortman's *Bouncing Down to Baja* (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, $3.75). Bill (she's a gal) and her husband Orv, had a jeep, a can of soup, and a sense of adventure. They wanted to go from Los Angeles to La Paz, and they did. Bill tells the dusty, bumpy story of ten days and thirteen hundred miles with humor, understanding and bounce. They went where they wanted to go, and met lots of charming people. Some Baja California hazards are unconsciously debunked. Pavement explorers will dismiss the adventure as grimmy and uneventful, but Westerners will cheer it as a darn good yarn showing that the old know-how of the early days is still alive. Paul Bailey of the LA Corral printed the book and packaged it in a gay dust wrapper designed by Don Perceval, another LA Westerner. There is information, good pictures, and action in the fast, unpretentious record of a happy, uncomfortable journada through Baja California.

—Don M.

Westerner Harvey E. Starr, M.D., began his medical practice on the Warm Springs Indian Reservation in Oregon and after further experience in the West settled in Los Angeles where he is a practicing dermatologist and member of the faculty of the College of Medical Evangelists. "Doc" has an extensive library of western Americana, and is particularly interested in the medicine and medicos of the early days this side of the Rockies. His talks on medical history are of top grade. —Lonnie Hull Photo.

Col. William A. Graham

(Continued from Page 5)

We are all acquainted with the books written by Colonel Graham and in this respect may I quote from the *New York Times* where reference is made to a review by Mr. Hoffman Birney, a student of the Old West. Speaking of the *Abstract of the Reno Court of Inquiry*, a volume edited and annotated by Colonel Graham, the review states:

"Mr. Birney wrote that the book might well be the final item in the extensive bibliography of the Custer disaster. He asserts that of 'the four really must' books on the subject, three are by Colonel Graham: *The Story of the Little Big Horn*, *The Custer Myth*, and the *Abstract of the Reno Court of Inquiry*. Mr. Birney concludes: 'It is no exaggeration to state that the last is a monumental contribution.' "

Colonel Graham is survived by his widow, Mrs. Helen Graham, of 555 Radcliff Ave., Pacific Palisades, California; by two sons, Colonel Alex Graham, a West Point graduate now serving in the Pentagon; and William A. Graham, Jr., a first-year Midshipman at Annapolis under Presidential appointment; and by a brother, Augustus Graham, of Des Moines, Iowa.

— Col. C. B. Benton

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL...

by ARTHUR H. CLARK, JR.

Herewith a few random mentions and comments on books of more or less recent vintage which have not been brought to the light in the pages of the Branding Iron. These are books which have flavor for the Westerner, and each of them should strike a responsive note for at least a few of those Westerners who are kind enough to read through to the last page of this issue of the Branding Iron. Let's mention first, some of those which have personal interest for Westerners members.

Cow Country Cavalcade, eighty years of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, by Maurice Frink (Denver, Old West Publishing Co., Fred Rosenstock, 1954, $4.50) is both authored and published by Westerners of the Denver Posse. Frink, who has succeeded Roy Hafen as director of the State Historical Society of Colorado, has done an admirable job on this, the third, history of this Association. If the former two (Greenberg's, *60 Years*, and Agnes Spring's *70 Years*) are any criterion, now is the time to get Frink's book while the price is only $4.50. Among the ten sections of the book is a fine 25 page history of the Johnson County War entitled "Me and Nick was Getting Breakfast."

Among the more recent of the attractive *Early California Travel Series* issued by Westerner Glen Dawson, have been:

A Voyage on the Colorado, 1878, by Francis Berton. Translated and edited by Westerner Charley Rudkin. Issued in 1953, at $7.50. A well told story of an unusual voyage, by an observing Swiss gentleman.

The Mormons in California, by William Glover. Edited (and printed) by Westerner Paul Bailey, 1954, $3.75. This little treatise is preceded by a good six-page foreword by Bailey, with interesting sidelights on Sam Brannan.

The First American Vessel in California, Monterey in 1796, by Henry R. Wagner. This 1954 publication reflects again the abilities of one of California's senior historians and bibliographers.

Snow-Shoe Thompson, 1856-1876, by Dan De Quille, 1954, $7.50. With a preface by Carroll D. Hall, Curator of Sutter's Fort State Historical Monument. A worthy subject in a handsome volume, reprinted from an early issue of the *Overland Monthly* where it appeared as "The Skiing Mailman of the Sierra."

Vancouver in California, 1792-1794 is completed by the issuance in 1954 of the third volume containing 15 illustrations and maps, as well as an index to the text. Also issued this year by Glen Dawson, is a complete edition of this work in one volume, combining the three former publications.

Glen is to be congratulated on the continuance of this desirable series, which he issues in

very limited editions. Some of them may now be out of print. Better get on his list if you want the future ones.

The writer of this column begs leave to mention that the second volume of the *Far West and Rockies Series* is to be ready for distribution about the time that this column appears in print. This volume by LeRoy and Ann Hafen deals with the journals of the '49ers who followed the route from Salt Lake to Los Angeles over what was to be known as the Mormon Trail. With map and illustrations, at $9.50, the Clark Company. The third volume of overland travel to the Rockies and Oregon, 1839-42, will be ready come April or May.

From Gun to Gavel, the courtroom recollections of James Mathers of Oklahoma, as told to Marshall Houts (New York, William Morrow and Co., 1954, $4.00) provides an interesting story of the later years of law enforcement and courtroom drama in a West still very much "frontier." Even after the turn of the century, lawyer Mathers, in fourteen years of law practice, never went to court without a gun.

California-Spanish Proverbs, collected and translated by Mildred Yorba MacArthur (San Francisco, Colt Press, 1954, $7.50) is another of the beautifully printed works of the Grabhorn Press. Some 75 pages printed in red and black, with a 5 page foreword, makes an interesting addition to the folk lore of California.

The Crookedest Railroad in the World, a history of the Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods Railroad. by Theodore G. Wurm and Alvin C. Graves (Fresno, Academy Library Guild, 1954, $3.75) provides a profusely illustrated history of one of the many minor railroads of the Pacific slope.

Yuma Crossing, by Douglas D. Martin, illustrations by Horace T. Pierce (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1954, $4.00). This is another by the author of *Tombstone's Epitaph*. The story of the many, who throughout Southwest history, had come to the bank of the Colorado River to cross at what was, in earlier days, the only safe crossing place.

Jack Powers

(*Continued from Page 4*)

great Vigilance Committee offered $20,000 for his arrest and Jack Powers could have pocketed that sum by betraying his guest into their hands. Does not this speak volumes for the honesty and manhood of that unfortunate and much abused character?"

Thus it would appear that there are two sides to the Jack Powers' story. Perhaps Jack succeeded in fooling old Horace, *quien sabe?* The author of the series of articles "Annals of Crime in San Luis Obispo" who published his findings in the San Francisco Evening Bulletin, June to July, 1858 had other things to say about the noble Jack. Perhaps both authors were correct. Again, *quien sabe?*