WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

MARCH, 1955 LOS ANGELES CORRAL PUBLICATION 29

DON MANUEL DOMINGUEZ, 1802-1882
Alcalde and owner of the great Rancho San Pedro

—From the Picture Collection of the Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles.

THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS
Published Quarterly in
March, June, September and December

Recuerdos . . .

The Range Rules of the Los Angeles Westerners commits the Corral to record in permanent form items of Western Americana that might not otherwise be preserved. This issue of the BI is given over almost entirely to the recollections of Mrs. Gladys Carson Burns. They are important because they cast light on many unknown incidents in the history and affairs of one of the great Mexican cattle ranches of southern California. Rancho San Pedro was granted to Juan Jose Dominguez by the Spanish government in 1784. A large part of the grant is still in the possession of the Dominguez heirs. The adobe ranch house, built in 1826, was restored and enlarged by the family, and in recent years was given to the Claretian Order of the Catholic Church for use as a seminary. On November 21, 1954, on the occasion of a plaque dedication at the old adobe, Mrs. Burns recalled the forgotten history of the rancho, and generously consented to let the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners preserve for posterity these valuable *recuerdos*. The ranch house is located at Dominguez Junction, about four miles south of Compton, California.

CM F. G. Renner, Chief, Range Division, U. S. Soil Conservation Service, Washington, D.C., a "scientific cow puncher," knew Charlie Russell and has a fine collection of his originals.

The Indian's Sense of Humor

by MICHAEL HARRISON

How many times have you heard someone who has visited in Indian Country briefly, make the comment that the Indian has no sense of humor? How little do they know. It has been my experience and I am certain the experience of others who have had an opportunity of spending any great time with the Indian people, that they have a keen and highly developed sense of humor. Sometimes we don't understand this sense, but it is there, nevertheless.

One of the forms this will take will be a seeming ignorance of being able to understand the white man's tongue. This brings to mind a couple of stories, the first of which was passed on to me by another person; the second was told me by the trader to whom the particular incident happened.

In the 20's, Douglas Fairbanks and his company were making a picture called *Sky-High* on the Hopi Reservation. The Doyle boys from Flagstaff were furnishing the transportation for the outfit. One day Doyle moved the outfit to a spot close to Burro Springs. The springs are about 15 miles west and south of Oraibi and on the Oraibi Wash. However, Mr. Fairbanks and several of the company decided to travel by themselves instead of with the entire party and somehow, got lost. They found some wheel tracks and started following them. After travelling for a mile or so they came on a Hopi riding a burro. He was a "long-hair," wore moccasins and had a banda around his head. According to the story, Fairbanks went up to him, and started pantomiming drinking, patting his stomach and saying "good," swimming, and washing his hands and face. The Hopi sat astride his burro and never let on that he understood a word. When Fairbanks had finished, the Indian replied. "If you will tell me exactly what you wish, I might be of some assistance to you."

Some 30 years ago, "Nevvy" Smith ran the trading store at Sunrise, on the Little Colorado River in Arizona. He is responsible for this story.

Back in those days there weren't a lot of automobiles coming on to the reservation—the "dudes" hadn't discovered that part of the country. Every now and then a "stray" would wander off the track called "66" and which we laughingly called a highway and make his way up to an out-of-the-way place like Sunrise. This time there were two—a man and his wife. They were very interested in the store and wanted to see some Navajo rugs. Nevvy—and I never did know his real first name—said he had pulled down about fifteen or twenty rugs when in walked a Navajo he had never seen before, just about the time he was to sell one of the rugs for $25.00.

When the white man saw the Indian he lost

(*Continued on page 5*)

THE MANUEL DOMINGUEZ adobe in 1905 before it was enlarged and remodeled for use as a seminary of the Claretian Order.
—From the Picture Collection of the Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles.

THE DOMINGUEZ FAMILY OF RANCHO SAN PEDRO

by MRS. GLADYS CARSON BURNS

It takes me back a good many years to talk about this old adobe house, as I have not visited it since the family deeded it ro the Claretian Order in 1928.

I will tell you a little about the people who lived and died in this old adobe house that Don Manuel Dominguez built for his bride when he was 23 years old. The clue to the date is in the window of the room they used as a chapel—1826. The stained glass window was made in Spain and shipped by boat around the Horn. His lovely bride was Maria Engracia Cota. Here in this house they had eight children, two sons who died early in life and six daughters who are always referred to as the six Dominguez Sisters.

I will tell about them one by one, as I remember most of them very well. My grandmother's name was Victoria. She married an Englishman, George Carson, at the age of fifteen and had twelve children, six sons and six daughters. They lived in a big white house near the old adobe. A visit to Nana Carson's house was always a great event as it entailed a long drive by horse and buggy over dusty roads across the rancho, as we lived on the outskirts of Redondo. Nana's house was always full of people, aunts, uncles and cousins. When they all sat down to dinner it was something like a banquet hall, with Nana Carson at the head of this long table. Grandfather Carson passed away in 1901, so I don't remember him. Nana was a very gentle and sweet soul who demanded the greatest respect from everyone, and got it. They waited on her hand and foot.

There were many servants, one was old Lena who had charge of the laundry. She died at the age of 103. There were three men, that I remember, who came to the rancho in their youth and died of old age in the service of the family.

Then there was Aunt Anita, who married Judge Dryden and moved to Los Angeles. Aunt Guadalupe, my namesake (both of us born on December 12th, St. Guadalupe's Day) who died an old maid at the age of 83, right here in the north wing. There was Aunt Dolores who married James Watson and had three sons. She lived and died in this house at the age of 86. She was a very sweet, amiable person, who could speak a little English. She was the pious one. I remember her always carrying a large black rosary in her hand. She led the family in praying the rosary every evening in the little chapel. They tell the story of my Uncle Joe Carson, who was always very michievous, coming into the chapel with his own rosary made of little green oranges.

Then there was Aunt Susana who married Doctor Del Amo and spent most of her time in Spain. She and her husband are buried beneath the altar in the Seminary Building, which was built through their generosity. They also gave their home on Westchester Place in Los Angeles to the Claretian Order after the death of Doctor Del Amo.

The last and the youngest was Maria De los Reyes, who late in life married John F. Francis.

(*Continued on Next Page*)

Mr. Francis established the Newman Club and was its first president. She was very prim and proper and when they went to Europe on their honeymoon took with them Father Adam, Rector of Saint Vibiana's Cathedral. They built a palatial home at Ninth and Bonnie Brae Streets which still stands and looks as good as when she lived there. Mr. Francis died in 1903. Aunt Reyes was the one I knew best. For some reason she sort of adopted me and I spent my summer vacations at the old Potter Hotel in Santa Barbara and in Coronado. I will never forget those rocking chairs on the veranda where I had to spend most of my time.

Occasionally we would attend a movie that had been well recommended. Some of them were funny in those early days, but I was never allowed to laugh very loudly and if the hero kissed the heroine, I was told not to look. Nor was I ever allowed to cross my knees in her presence. She died in 1933, at the age of 86. That was the last of the six Dominguez Sisters.

Now to get back to Don Manuel, the father of the six Dominguez Sisters. If he were still living he would be 152 years old. He died in this house in 1882, at the age of 80. In reading a history written in 1889, I learned that my Great Grandfather was "Well educated, intelligent, widely read and of unimpeachable integgrity and honor, a fine type of old Spanish Gentlemen, universally respected and esteemed by all who knew him. His memory is worshipped by his children and grandchildren." I also learned that many of the responsible positions of trust in the early history of Los Angeles County were held by Manuel Dominguez. He was a delegate to nominate representatives to the Mexican Congress. He was the first Alcalde and Judge for Los Angeles, in 1832 and again in 1842. In 1843, he served as Prefect to the second District of California. In 1849, after California had passed to the jurisdiction of the United States, he served as a delegate to the first Constitutional Convention, and in 1854—100 years ago—he was made—guess what?—a Supervisor of Los Angeles County. A number of high positions were offered him under the United States Government, but these he invariably refused because he needed to spend more time looking after his rancho, which consisted of 25,000 acres.

His main source of income was from cattle, and he watched the sale of these cattle very closely. I remember an old cattle chute on the other side of the P.E. tracks and can visualize my Great Grandfather with the cattle buyers.

They say that he carried a chamois pouch and as each animal came through the chute, a twenty dollar gold piece was dropped into the pouch by the buyer. Twenty dollars was the price of each head of cattle regardless of size, shape or weight.

He was a conservative man but at the same time very generous to those who were deserving of help. My Uncle Joe remembers an elderly man who walked up to the house with a makeshift peg-leg held together with wire and told Dan Manuel his story. He had walked all the way from "El Farol" meaning the lighthouse at San Pedro. The price of a new leg was $80.00, so he was given the $80.00 in twenty dollar gold pieces from the chamois pouch, a bed for the night, and a ride home on the train the next day.

You see, in 1869, forty-three years after the home was established, a railroad was built through the rancho from Los Angeles to San Pedro. The right of way comprised approximately 77 acres, and the deed was issued to Phineas Banning for the token of $3.75. So life became somewhat easier and more pleasant for the family. Formerly a man on horseback had to be dispatched to Los Angeles for the doctor and his fee for a house call was $50.00.

My Uncle Joe has recollections of that train. It consisted of freight cars and one passenger car. It would stop in front of the garden gate, disgorge its passenger and start off again with a jerk. A coupling would break and the engineer would have to back up a few miles after he discovered his loss.

Contrary to the tales of fiestas, of feasting and dancing for three days, Don Manuel entertained his intimate friends quietly in his home. He had heard of vast ranchos being lost in games of cards and he was not inclined to do likewise.

He had thoroughly instilled into his children never to sell any part of the land, to hold on to it. He realized that some day it would be very valuable, lying between the city and the harbor. And of course it did turn out to be very valuable because in 1922, oil was discovered right up here on Dominguez Hill, and as a result of that income the family was able to hold intact the greater part of the rancho. Planned community development has long been an objective of the Dominguez family, but of course, in recent years civilization has been creeping up on all sides and taxes will force the sale of much of the remaining property. It is the only unincorporated territory between the city and the harbor, and that annoys "them" very much; *them* meaning the tax assessors.

Now, let me tell you about the Battle of Dominguez Hill. It is not only historical, it is hysterical. In June, 1846, the Americans under Commodore Sloat, of the United States Navy, raised the famous "Bear Flag" at Monterey and issued the proclamation that California, thenceforth, would be a portion of the United States. They then proceeded by ship to San Pedro, to take the southern part of the state. Pio Pico, then governor of California, issued a proclamation calllng a special session of the legislature at Los Angeles. But nothing much was accomplished, their efforts were unsuccessful in organizing an army. So his general, General Castro, decided that he would *leave* California and induced the Governor to "Dissolve Legislature in order that the Americans might find none of the authorities acting," and to flee with him. He decided to migrate to a more healthful

climate, and quickly, and did not return to California for two years.

Shortly thereafter, in October, the Americans landed in San Pedro with 350 men and began their march to Los Angeles. They took no cannon from the ship and had no horses. In the afternoon they saw a mounted company of 50 Californians, under the command of Jose Carrillo, with whom they exchanged a few shots. That night the Americans occupied the buildings of the Dominguez Rancho. In the morning the Californians had 90 men and *A* brass cannon. The battle started with the 350 Americans advancing in a solid square. They were greeted by a blast from the gun, now being dragged by riatas attached to the horses' saddles. After firing, the Californians would immediately retreat to a safe distance and reload. These movements were repeated a half dozen times in less than an hour. The first discharge was ineffective because of defective homemade gunpowder, but subsequent shots killed six Americans and wounded six more. No one was hurt on the California side. The Americans acted bravely, but seeing the odds were against them, at least in fire power, they retreated to San Pedro and re-embarked.

Later, on November 1st, they had another "go" at it. The Americans, under Mervine, were again encamped at Dominguez Rancho expecting no resistance. The Californians, under Carrillo, fired a shot at the house and surprised them—they then posted their gun in the road and the horsemen in line to one side. The American sailors and volunteers had not the least idea of how to form a hollow square in order to resist the cavalry. Instead they were ordered to close up when the horsemen charged and so formed a compact mass of 250 men crowded together, a prime target for the one cannon.

To get the range, two of the horsemen would dismount in advance of the cannon and by waving a long pole up and down, right and left they would help the cannoner. When the cannon was fired the horsemen at the same time charged but immediately wheeled around again. The short charge by the Californians was a maneuver to discourage the Americans from rushing the cannon and thus gave the horsemen with riatas time to drag the cannon to its next vantage point to reload.

In all, four shots were fired in this manner, the cannoneer depressing his gun so as to strike the ground and the ball ricochetting spent its force in the solid mass, killing or wounding three or four each time. The running fight was kept up for about three miles to the slough boundary of the Rancho, where the gun got stuck in the mud and they almost lost it to the Americans, who had had enough. The day was hot and it was still a long way to Los Angeles. They retreated back to the ranch house, piled their dead on a cart and headed back to San Pedro, where they re-embarked.

This brings to a close the era of Don Manuel, the six Dominguez Sisters, the one little brass cannon, and the two battles of Dominguez Hill, where, strange to relate, Americans were defeated on what was later to become American soil.

Did you know that a salty little Irishman by the name Tommy Ranahan left his name as a compliment to be paid by Western riders to any member of their calling who excelled in rough riding or expert horsemanship? Ranahan was famed as a Pony Express rider, buckeroo and mounted Injun fighter, and to call any man a Ranahan or a "Rannie" was to give him a mark of distinction. Another one of our forgotten Westernisms. —BOB ROBERTSON

Percy Bonebrake says Santa Fe Springs was formerly known as Fulton Wells and was owned by Dr. Fulton who, in drilling for a water well, struck hot sulphur water. He built a small hotel and called it a Sanatorium. The water was pumped by a small one-cylinder gas engine fueled by gas from the well which people called marsh gas. It was, of course, petroleum gas, but geologists knew little about petroleum in "them thar days" and nobody dreamed of the vast oil deposits which lay under the ground. His father, George H. Bonebrake, president of the Los Angeles National Bank, his uncle, P. I. Bonebrake, president of the Central National Bank of Topeka, Kansas, and "Uncle" Dick Eagan, who had been chief engineer of the Santa Fe Railroad, were all directors of the Santa Fe and they knew the line was going to San Diego. They bought Fulton's place and about 1200 acres adjoining, part of the Santa Gertrudes Rancho, and proceeded to lay out a town and called it Santa Fe Springs. There is still shown on the maps of the day a Bonebrake Avenue.

Indian's Sense of Humor —*from Page 2*

all interest in completing the sale. He reached into his shirt pocket, pulled out a cigar and with a great flourish handed it to the Navajo, saying at the same time "Big Chief ketchum heap smokum." The Navajo accepted the cigar, stuck it in his pocket and turning to Nevvy, said in Navajo "The white man is crazy." Of course, the visitor wanted to know what the Indian had said. At this point, Nevvy could see a $25.00 sale fading out of the window so he went on at great length to explain that an Indian could say in just a few words that which would take us many sentences. "And in those few words" said Nevvy, "he said that by looking at you he could see that you were newly-wed and he hoped that you lived to be 150 years old and have fifty children."

Undisturbed, the Navajo looked at the white man and commented, "I beg your pardon, but I said no such thing."

You know something,—Nevvy never *did* tell me whether he completed that sale.

CORRAL CHIPS

Picked up by THE ROUNDUP FOREMAN

BEFORE THE FIGHT STARTED might be the caption of this daguerreotype taken by Lonnie Hull at a meeting of the LACorral, but no such impossible statement can be printed. It is just Corralmen W. W. Robinson and Paul Bailey discussing a fine point of western history.

Well supplied with Christmas cheer the LACorral gathered at the Mono Lisa Restaurant on Thursday evening, December 16 and listened to Westerner Hank Clifford read some unpublished "Letters of Sylvester Mowry." Mowry was a U.S. Army officer who went to Salt Lake City with Col. Steptoe in the early 1850's to uphold the power and prestige of the United States Government in the new Utah territory. Mowry's frank exposition of his experiences among the Mormons made very interesting reading, but unfortunately were of such a nature that probably will keep them from ever getting into print. Corral officers for the year 1955 were elected by acclamation following recommendations made by the nominating committee. The roster of new top hands will be found on page two. Retiring Sheriff Bob Woods was presented with a painting by Westerner Artist Clarence Ellsworth, called "The Sheriff's Escort."

January 20, 1955, found a good number of LA Westerners at the Mona Lisa to chew thick steaks and listen to Dr. Frank S. Dolley talk about "Colorado River Pilots." The heyday of the river boats covered a period of about thirty years, and during that time there was enough experimenting, exploring, competing and skullduggering to make an exciting epoch in western history. Doc knows the subject, and has gathered a fine collection of pictures showing the landings, the boats and the river pilots. Conrad Buff, the western artist, was a guest at the meeting.

Westerner Don Hamblin shed new light on the life and exploits of the Bonanza King James C. Flood in a legal, but understandable, talk "A Silver King and His Estate" at the Mona Lisa on February 17. The mining problems that Jim Flood licked during his lifetime were insignificant when compared to the complications that arose after his death in Germany in 1888. Lawyers and litigants found a lucky strike in which bonanza and barrasco were about evenly distributed. The story of the Comstock Titans has been told many times, but by prospecting in the days that followed their careers, Don Hamblin has dug up plenty of pay dirt. The Sharon and Fair claims have been investigated and discussed with Westerners by Don, and now we look forward to a little panning in the balliwicks of Fair, Mackay and O'Brien.

The November issue of the Chicago Westerners Brand Book is devoted entirely to an article by J. C. Dykes, "My Ten Most Outstanding Books of the West," and a summation of the "Ten Best Western Books" contest conducted by the Windy City Corral. In all some 125 books received consideration. To quote from the Chicago Brand Book; "More significant than the 125 that were entered were those that failed to make even one list. These included such fundamental works as H. H. Bancroft, Schoolcraft, Quivera Society, Coronado Series, and many others. Missing were primary accounts, the diaries and journals of those who crossed the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails, the fur traders, the first hand descriptions of Army life in the West, the cattle trails and the gold rush." Scanning the list published by the Chicago Corral it would appear that more Westerners are interested in theatrical violence—Bad Men, Indian fights, and Shooting Sheriffs than they are in the more prosaic winning of the West by the explorers, mountain men and pioneers whose stamina broke the wilderness and made it easy for the swashbucklers to add notches on their guns.

Out Laramie way the Wyoming Westerners are making their old West alive by conducting one day tours to places of historical importance. The haunts of Tom Horn and the Elk Mountain area have been visited in the past, and more are coming up in the future. Each trek is publicized in advance and a mimeographed itinerary with historical notes is issued as a trail guide. These guides are valuable bits of Americana. The Corral has about 180 members and puts out a bang-up Quarterly Brand Book filled with range talk and historical items. Dean Krakel is Roundup Foreman. He suggests that the rodeo started at Denver last year be continued and that all Westerners corral at the Jackson Hole country this year for a spell of cow talk and idea exchanging. Bob Burns, Tally Man of the Wyoming outfit, has an article on the Newman Ranch in a recent issue of Nebraska History (XXXIV, No. 1).

Westerner Carl Dentzel of the LACorral has been made Acting Director of the Southwest

Museum during the leave of absence of Westerner Doctor Fred W. Hodge.

Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter possesses the Turnkey's Record of Yuma Prison in Arizona for the years 1887 to 1908. It gives the names, crimes, sentences and releases of all the hombres who spent time in the Arizona hotel during the wild days of the West.

Merrell Kitchen is now Librarian of the San Joaquin Pioneer Museum in Stockton, California.

Mountain Man Art Woodward of the LACorral has the shootin' irons carried by General and Mrs. John Charles Fremont.

Percy Bonebrake says there used to be a siding on the Southern Pacific railroad out near Banning that was called El Casco. He says an Indian told him it was called that because years ago, when the railroad was new, the place was a rodeo ground or where horse work was carried on. Horse work meant gathering range horses to brand or castrate. Once a *vaquero* roped an unbranded mule at that place, and instead of roping it around the forelegs he caught it by the front foot and tore off the shell of the hoof, or el casco.

In the June 11, 1898 issue of *The Denver Field and Farm* (the magazine changed its name in the 1890's) the editor gave a few definitions concerning cowboys, the niceties of which Ramon Adams missed in his "Western Words," and hold your fire, Ramon, this ain't no criticism of you or your research.

For example, in distinguishing between the terms, "cowboy," "cowman" and "cowpuncher" or "cowpoke," the writer in the paper said:

"Cowmen are those who own large bunches of cattle" (Ramon gives this).

"Cowboys" are those who handle cattle for cowmen.

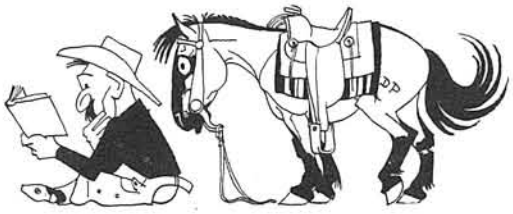
"Cow punchers" he defines thus as "men who accompany a herd when they are shipped by rail, whose duty it is, to make all cattle that lie down in closely packed cars, get up by use of sharp sticks, and to remove those which are killed or wounded in transit. These do not always work on the ranch, but go back and forth with the cattle trains. The name is often applied, though erroneously, to cowboys in general."

The same author also remarks that "bunches" of cattle are not driven from one pasture to another, they are "shoved over into it." He also said that "chousting them about" meant driving. He terms a "suggin" a blanket. As Ramon points out this word is also spelled "suggan," "soogan" or "soogin." It is a word which has always puzzled me. Normally one would expect to find the Spanish counterpart of this term but the closest one is "soga" and that means a rope, or halter. Possibly the word "sagon" meaning a large coat or "sacon," a coarse cloth covering or big sack, was corrupted by some cowboy into "sogan" or "soogan," quien sabe? A. W.

WESTERNER CHARLES N. RUDKIN, Research Accountant of the Southern California Edison Company, is a new addition to the LACorral. Owner of an extensive library of Western Americana, he has the unusual knack for turning things that ordinary Westerners cannot understand into good readable English. Several important Spanish and French books and documents have been translated and published through his endeavors, and others are in progress. His most recent publication is *Camille de Roquefeuil* in San Francisco, 1817-18, one of Dawson's Early California Travel Series. —*Lonnie Hull, photo.*

There's plenty of Western nourishment in the *olla podrida* served up in the Denver Corral's Brand Book for 1953 which appeared a few weeks ago (xviii, 331, index, 8vo., ill., dj, Denver 1954, $10.00). It is hard to pick any one outstanding article from the sixteen which the book contains, for all are of such top grade and of such various cuts that comparisons are impossible. Edited by Maurice Frink assisted by Francis Rizzari, and illustrated by Nick Eggenhofer, the publication is a joy to read and look at. From a California angle Muriel Wolle's *Mining Camp Architecture* will make our Mother Lode Country more interesting, and Phil Whiteley's *Traders and Tokens* will probably set off some of our own Corral in search of metal ephemera which got lost west of the Rockies a hundred years ago. All the ingredients are well selected and are spiced with excellent photographs. A fellow can't be a Westerner without owning this Denver contribution to coyote country Americana. —Don M.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL...



by MERRELL KITCHEN

A publishing event to Westerners in this or any year is Paul Horgan's *Great River: the Rio Grande in North American History* (2 Vols., Rinehart, 1954, pp. 1020, $10.00). This is a work tremendous in scope on which the writer has worked for 14 years. Aside from covering the historical aspects of the Rio Grande basin, it is a literary work of great distinction. There is also a limited signed edition at $25.00.

Not to be missed is Paul I. Wellman's *Glory, God and Gold* (Doubleday, 1954, $6.00). Mr. Wellman has a flair for the dramatic whether it be history or fiction, and this is a fair sample from the Coronado expedition of 1540 to the first atomic bomb explosion.

Mari Sandoz of the New York Corral long since came into her own and enhances her record by the appearance of *The Buffalo Hunters* (Hastings House, 1954, pp. 372, $4.50). Good writing, but most impressive to the reader is the account of the terrible slaughter of buffalo on the western plains, accentuated during the 1870's when the govenment's orders were to destroy the Indians' main source of livelihood. Another book, fictional in style, covering the same phenomenon, is Milton Lott's *The Last Hunt* (Houghton, Mifflin, 1954, pp. 299, $3.95).

In 1941 was published Ross Phares' *Reverend Devil*, a biography of Murrell, an acceptable book not very well known. Now just out is his *Texas Tradition* (Henry Holt, 1954, pp. 239, $3.50), which is going to be enjoyed by anyone interested in the Lone Star State. He treats of a number of subjects, all typically Texan. A fine book on Powell (John Wesley) and his expedition down the Green and Colorado rivers is *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian* by Wallace Stegner (Houghton, Mifflin, 1954, pp. 438, $6..00)

Worth noting: Dean L. Krakel's *The Story of Tom Horn* (Laramie, 1954, pp. 300, $4.75) Wyoming versus Tom Horn; Robert Emmitt's *The Last War Trail* (Norman, 1954, $4.50) story of the Meeker Massacre and the Ute War of 1879; James D. Horan's and Paul Sann's most interesting *Pictorial History of the Wild West* (Crown, 1954, $5.95); and the reprint of Josiah Gregg's *Commerce of the Prairies* (Ed. by Max L. Moorhead, Univ. of Okla., Norman, 1954, $7.50).

A pamphlet by David Dallas entitled *Comanche Lives Again* may be obtained for just thirty-five cents by writing Centennial Publishing Co., Manhattan, Kansas. It's an account of Comanche, only living survivor of the Custer bartle, and early days at Fort Riley, with some little-known photographs.

For 1955 a start down the book trail is most auspicious by two books which (to reiterate) cannot be missed by a true Westerner. David Lavender's *Bent's Fort* (New York, Doubleday, 1955, pp. 450, $5.50) is as comprehensive in scope for its subject as the above mentioned Paul Horgan's for his. Bent's Fort was built by brothers Charles, George, William and Robert as a fortified trading post and its influence came to extend for beyond the usual realm of such a venture. Its deserved importance now goes down in history in this fine book.

Probably no book of the year will be more thoroughly enjoyed than John Myers Myers' book on the controversial, legendary and quick-triggered Doc Holliday *i.e.* John Henry Holliday. (*Doc Holliday* by John Myers Myers, Little, Brown, 1955, pp. 187, $4.50). Mr. Myers has fashioned from many sources a clear analytic picture not only of Doc but also his one friend, Wyatt Earp, and other gunslingers of the period such as Johnny Ringo, Curly Bill, Dave Rudabaugh the McLowrys, and the Clantons. If you like it rough, here it is.