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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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BIG NOSE GEORGE PARROTT

Obitus: March 22, 1881

(Union Pacific Railroad Photo)

## THE BRANDING IRON

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF  
THE WESTERNERS

*Published Quarterly in*  
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## CORRAL CHIPS...

*Picked up by* THE ROUNDUP FOREMAN

Ardis Walker from Kern County and elk steaks from Oklahoma made a memorable event out of the August meeting of the LA Corral when the Americana rustlers got together at Hank Clifford's casa on the Arroyo Seco in Pasadena on the 20th. The rendezvous at Clifford's is beginning to mean what Jackson's Hole was to the Mountain Men. There is always good food, liquids, fellowship and an exchange of information. Ardis Walker, whose distant relative opened Walker Pass across the Sierra Nevada, talked about more recent things that have taken place in the Kern River country. Mixing fact and fiction, but always clearly defined, he told about the mining days when Havilah, Whiskey Flat, Kernville and Quartzburg were rich and roaring diggings. There was the story about the two miners who lived on a mountain side above the Kern River, and every morning they would inquire about each others welfare. One day—(Heck, the Sheriff says the story can't be printed in the BI). Another story was about Asbury Harpending, the man who wrote *The Great Diamond Hoax*, founded the city of Havilah, and brought the County of Kern into existence. A great many bits of information not recorded by Harpending were disclosed and will probably be published by Ardis in the near future. Most writers nowadays get their information out of books, but Ardis has gleaned his knowledge from old records, old timers and old town sites. He is an example of an ideal Westerner.

## The Range Rules Say...

I

The Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners is organized as a non-profit organization with the *avowed purpose* of enabling men with common interests to meet with reasonable frequency and *exchange* information and knowledge relative to the cultural and historic background of what is commonly termed the West.

Certain basic and fundamental principles of this purpose commit the Corral to *record* in permanent form historical material which members have been able to assemble by *diligent* research, thus recording items of Western Americana that might not be preserved. (The italics are ours. Are you a Westerner? Ed.)

BRAND BOOK NUMBER SIX IS ON ITS WAY

Lots and lots of pictures have been taken for the BI and the *Brand Books* by our Daguerreotype Wrangler Lonnie Hull, but since he is always on the wrong end of the camera to get into the picture his face has not been given the prominence it deserves. Lonnie is an old and faithful Westerner whose genial presence makes life worth living. His artistry with the lens is self evident. Someday someone is going to shoot back at our Wrangler, then we can do him proper honors.

Rand's Roundup on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood was tried out as an eating place for the July 21st meeting. The drinks were pretty weak in C2H5OH but the talk given by Lindley Bynum on the "Spanish Occupation of California" was far from diluted. Lindley is one of the founding Fathers of the LACorral as well as being a bookman connected with the University of California. He spoke about the breaking of the wilderness that was later turned into sub-divisions, and how Portola, Fages, Serra and other pioneers brought civilization to the Pacific Coast.

Fortunately for things Western there is a watchdog back in Cleveland, Ohio named W. D. McVey who pulls no punches when misinformation gets into print, on the screen, or through TV. Several of his caustic and justified letters sent to various publishers and directors who through ignorance or stupidity have broadcast hocus have come to the BI desk. Replies from the offenders have also been received. In general the perpetrators are apologetic, after it is too late to make amends.

# BIG NOSE GEORGE PARROTT

by CARL W. BREIHAN

**N**o doubt "Big Nose" George Parrott is the only outlaw of whom a death mask was made after he was lynched. This was done by Dr. John E. Osborne immediately after Parrott's death.

The name of Parrott has been discussed pro and con as to whether it was his real name or an alias. He was given (or took) the name of Big Nose on account of his large and prominent nose. In the Horan-Sann *Pictorial History of the Wild West*, of recent release they show a photo of Parrott, claiming his real name was George Curry. The word "Parrott" would suggest such a nose, and possibly he took his alias, if it was an alias, from the bird of that name to conform with his nose. However, this is only a supposition, and I cannot believe the name Curry is correct, inasmuch as Horan-Sann state that George Curry (Parrott) was killed by a sheriff at Castle Gate, Utah. This is false as Big Nose George Parrott was lynched at Rawlins, Wyoming. It is my belief that the name "Curry" has no connection with Parrott.

Not much is known of George Parrott prior to 1878 when he and his gang of cut-throats terrorized the frontier towns of Wyoming, South Dakota, and Montana. Intense research has failed to reveal any information of his past life prior to that time, and we hope that one day someone will come forth with more authentic data on this outlaw. We further feel that his name was Parrott and not Curry as he was lynched long before the "Butch" Cassidy bunch came into being (Horan-Sann claims Big Nose was a member of that bunch.)

It was in the middle of August of the year 1878, just a short distance east of the little mining town of Carbon, Wyoming, that the Parrott gang attempted to wreck and rob a Union Pacific pay train. They pulled spikes on a downhill curve and a length of wire or rope was attached to the rail. It was their intention to pull and spread the rail from their place of concealment and pitch the train down a ravine. It was the same trick that Jesse James successfully operated at Adair, Iowa, in 1873, when he robbed the Rock Island Railroad train just a few miles west of Adair. It might be that Parrott conceived his idea from the lurid accounts of the James raid.

However, Parrott's scheme was doomed to failure as the loose rail was spotted by section foreman Erick Brown, who put two and two together and sensed a proposed robbery. He immediately reported the incident to Carbon and a posse was formed at Rawlins, 60 miles away, and which was headed by Deputy Sheriff Robert Widdowfield and a detective of the Union Pacific Road named Tip Vincent. Parrot and his band, realizing that their plans had

gone astray, fled to Rattlesnake Canyon near Elk Mountain, where they ambushed the posse, and killed Vincent and Widdowfield.

It was not long after this attempted robbery that Charley Bates, a young member of the Parrott gang, was arrested in Montana. One dark and rainy night a party of masked men boarded the train carrying Bates to Rawlins, Wyoming, and lynched him. They had entered the train at gunpoint and took the prisoner from the officers at Carbon. This was not the first incident of this type as once before train robbers had been taken from a train and lynched. This occurred in connection with the Reno brothers band of train robbers some thirteen years before.

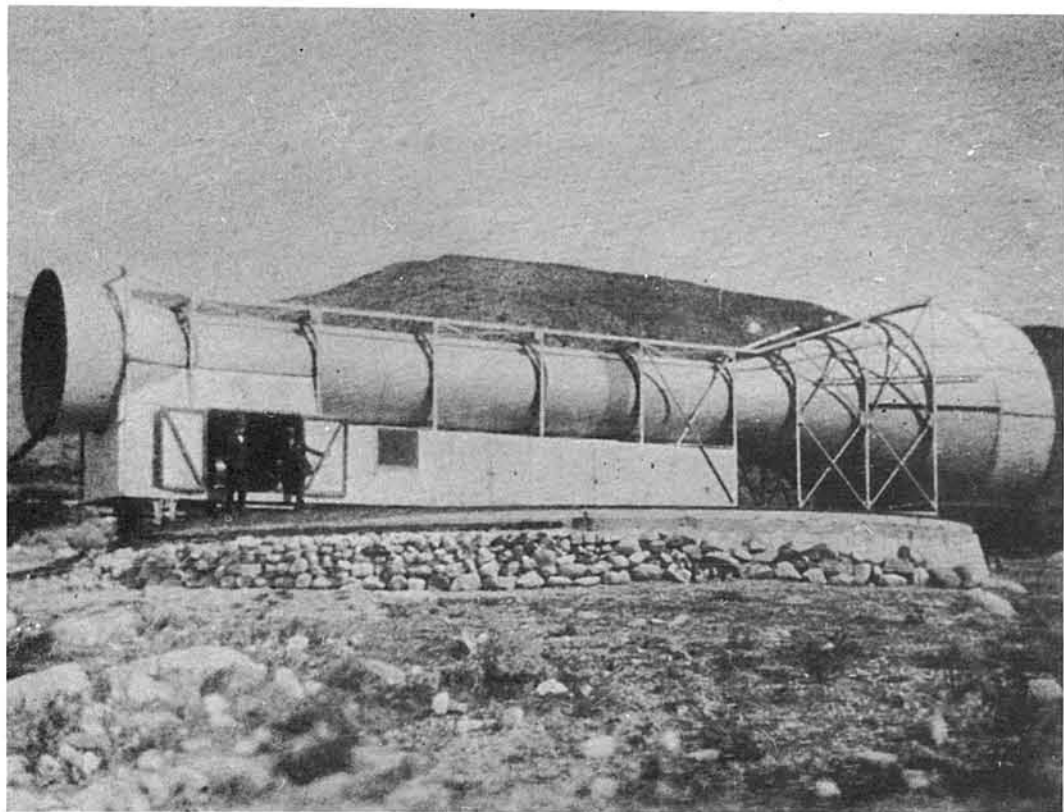
Oddly enough, nothing much was heard of Parrott for nearly two years; not until he again came into the news when he was arrested in Montana and returned to Rawlins. The officers recalled the fate of Bates and secretly went through Carbon, but even with all their precautions, the news leaked out, and Parrott narrowly escaped lynching there.

Parrott realized that his time was up and tried to escape from the Carbon County jail by slugging jailer Rankin, but he failed to make good his escape. This act incensed the citizens of Rawlins to such a state, that they stormed the jail late in the evening of March 22, 1881, and lynched Parrott in the street. It was reported that Parrott tried to shinny up the post serving as a gallows and made all sorts of attempts at escape, but utterly failed; all the time the noose was fast about his neck, and he puppeted like a monkey on a string. Some of the citizens became remorseful at the pitiful sight of the condemned man, but could not prevent the lynching.

Dr. John Osborne pronounced the outlaw dead and later removed the skin from Parrott's chest and fashioned it into a medicine bag. It seems that a lot of Parrott's skin got around. A tanned piece of it was in possession of Professor Reed of the Wyoming University at Laramie for many years. It finally found its way to E. E. Calvin, Vice-President of Operations, Union Pacific System, who is the man who took the confession from Parrott, while he was agent at Carbon, Wyoming. The skin from both Parrott's thighs was removed, tanned, and fashioned into a pair of shoes. They are in the possession of the Rawlins National Bank at this time, having been presented to them by Dr. Osborne, who served as board chairman of that institution.

The top of Parrott's skull was presented to Lillian Heath, Dr. Osborne's assistant, now Mrs. Lou Nelson of Rawlins, and who pre-

*continued on page 6*



*(From the collection of Harry Lawton, Banning, Calif.)*

DEW OLIVER'S WIND LARIAT could cinch twenty horses.

## A WESTERN WINDY

By HARRY C. JAMES

**I**n southern California history can become ancient far too fast! Surveyors for the new freeway stretch through San Geronio Pass were puzzled indeed by some relics they came upon high on a desert hillside near Whitewater. On a windy level stretch were two concentric circles of cement with diameters of fifty and sixty feet, and in the center of these a heavy cast iron cup deeply imbedded in cement. From old-timers around Cabazon and Whitewater the surveyors learned that these cement rings and iron cup are all that is left of Dew R. Oliver's once famous wind generator, a truly fantastic spectacle to everyone driving through the Pass in the late 1920's.

George A. Bailiff, who has lived in Cabazon since 1896, says that Dew Oliver, who came into the Pass from Seal Beach, California, was obsessed with the idea of generating electricity by wind power. He had searched diligently for an ideal site on which to build a test machine to prove that his idea was sound. He needed a place where the breeze was constant and forceful, morning, noon, and night. That he finally picked the right area is attested by the deeply wind-eroded rocks to be found along the spur ridges of the San Jacinto Mountains

that finger down from Black Mountain toward Cabazon and Whitewater. Oliver made tests of wind velocity at all hours of the day and the night at different points in this general area. At last he decided upon the spot for his demonstration plant, part of the A. J. Warner ranch on the hill near Whitewater, California.

It was no easy task to level the site, pour the two great cement rings, and set in place the large iron cup. On the rings he placed small iron tracks on which to rotate the gigantic Rube Goldberg contrivance with which he hoped to harness the wayward winds. This device consisted of a gargantuan iron tube, variously said to be from sixty to seventy-five feet long and six to eight feet in diameter, with a flaring funnel at the outer end. Inside was a battery of fans which Oliver was sure would trap into effective use every puff of wind that was funneled into the tube. The fans, of course, were connected with generators. The whole machine rotated on a large steel pivot in the iron cup which still remains.

According to Allen Stewart of Whitewater, Oliver managed to generate about twenty horsepower and was so encouraged by these results that he finally convinced himself that



he had hit upon the cheapest and most practical method for the generation of electricity. He began to speak confidently of erecting gigantic wind generators here, there, and everywhere throughout the world. Joseph Toutain, old-time constable in the Pass area, says that most people in the region considered Oliver a harmless crackpot. Those who came to know him well were convinced of his absolute sincerity and of his honesty.

No one knows how much money was put into the Oliver Electric Company, which the optimistic inventor founded, but there is no question as to the amount of hard work that Oliver himself put into the project. He was a dedicated man. Sure of the soundness of his idea, now well demonstrated, he determined to sell stock in his company. He neglected, however, whether through ignorance or deliberately, no one seems to know, to obtain the necessary State permit. On July 13, 1929, he was haled into a Riverside County court on the charge of selling stock unlawfully. He was found guilty and sentenced to two years in jail. The judge evidently felt that Oliver was more naive than criminal, for he commuted the unfortunate victim's sentence to a mere three months.

None of the old-timers in San Geronio Pass ever saw Oliver again. Apparently he never returned to his wind machine after his release from jail, nor did he renew his lease agreement with A. J. Warner. No one knows where he went or what became of him, but all who remember him speak kindly of him.

There is a story that after Oliver went to jail someone set off a charge of dynamite in the wind machine and wrecked it. Others say that it was gradually torn apart for such of its parts as passers-by felt they could use. Of course, there came the vandals, who smashed for the mere joy of smashing. Most of what was left was finally carted off as scrap metal during the early years of World War II. Dew Oliver reaped the wind without sowing it, but he also reaped the whirlwind from wind he did not know he was sowing.

Daily hundreds of cars dash by on the now-completed freeway. Few, if any, occupants are aware that but a few hundred feet away lie the pathetic ruins of Dew Oliver's once impressive ambition. Another bit of California "ancient" history goes unread.

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#### BRAND BOOK NUMBER SIX IS ON ITS WAY

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The English Corral of the Westerners (6 Low Hill, Liverpool) has just enrolled its one-hundredth member. Their August Brand Book, Vol. I No. 10, has a good article on the sex customs of the North American Indians by Joseph Balmer of Zurich, Switzerland.



(Harry C. James Photo, 1955)

#### BLASTED HOPE—

All that remains of the Brainstorm.

Apropos to the article in the March issue of the BI on the history of the Dominguez ranch, Westerner Frank Schilling writes the following: I played a role in the story of the ranch inasmuch as I built the new Seminary building and Chapel that faces the old adobe ranch house, in 1926. The late Gene Verge was the architect. The contract was slightly in excess of \$91,000. Dr. Gregorio Del Amo, husband of Susana Dominguez, with whom I had the contract, was a true Castillian Don, and every inch a gentleman of old Spain. The old adobe, and the new building were badly damaged during the Long Beach earthquake, and I was called in by Mr. Verge to make repairs. It is interesting to note that the new building was completed just one hundred years after the completion of the original adobe by Don Manuel.

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Carl W. Breihan who wrote the Big Nose Parrott story in this issue of the BI is a CM of our, and most of the other Corrals of Westerners. He is a Deputy Sheriff (a real one) in St. Louis, Missouri, and is the author of *The Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James*, published last year. He has another book in the hands of a publisher entitled *Guns and Gallows*. Carl is thinking about exposing some of the phoney "bad men" who have gotten, and still are getting, their names in print. Not a bad idea, in justice to the real mal hombres.

## George Parrott *cont'd from page 2*

sented it recently to the Union Pacific Museum at Omaha, Nebraska. Yet we call it civilization!

Parrott came into the news again many years after his violent death when on April 24, 1943, the *Denver Post* said:

Rawlins, Wyoming, April 24, 1943. (AP). Dr. John E. Osborne, 89, early-day Wyoming governor who once had a pair of shoes made from a desperado's skin, died today. He suffered a heart attack early this week. It was early in the 1880's after Osborne came West from Vermont, that Big Nose George Parrott was lynched by a Wyoming posse. Osborne, then a young physician, removed a square of skin from the body and had it tanned and fashioned into shoes, which are now on display at a Rawlins bank.

Another item from the *Denver Post* reads:

Rawlins, Wyoming, May 12, 1950. The bones of Big Nose George, a western gunman who was lynched here in 1881, were uncovered late Thursday in the whiskey barrel in which they were buried sixty-nine years ago. Workmen digging a foundation for a new store building in downtown Rawlins made the find. A bottle of vegetable compound and a pair of shoes with glass nails were found with the bones.

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## A Fightin' Editor

From Las Cruces *The Borderer*, Aug. 31, 1872:

The "fighting editor," the journalist who backs with his fist or revolver what his colleague has written, is a being not unknown to the columns of western papers and the streets of western towns. He is not as is generally thought, indigenous to America. His profession was created in France during the reign of Charles X. M. Constant de Rebecque, editor of the *Minerva*, became sated with duelling and hired a fencing master to sign his articles and slay his attackers. Within a year five officers of the king's bodyguard fell to his sword. He received and accepted a challenge from three and twenty young officers at the St. Cyr Military College, agreeing to fight them all, in turn. They, however, adopted their enemy's plan, and hired a rival bravo, Chocquart, to meet this one. The duel lasted three quarters of an hour, and ended with the death of M. Rebecque's champion. Did the editor despair? He instantly engaged Chocquart at a higher salary than the Cyrans could offer, and thenceforth wrote what he would. (Charles X reigned 1824-1830.—PHIL RASCH)

## Book Review

TRAILING THE COWBOY, by Clifford P. Westermeier (The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 1955. \$5.00)

From dime-novel times to the TV present the East has applied the ambiguous term *cowboy* to range riders and cattle-ranch hands of the West without regard for regional differences in stock-handling methods, equipment, customs, speech and other provincialisms of the cow country. Clifford P. Westermeier reiterates with wearing monotony the blanket Eastern term in his *Trailing the Cowboy* in both his editorial comments and in his selection of journalese material of contemporary reporters who wrote when "the cattleman's frontier embraced an area of some 13,500,000 square miles . . . a vast region extending from Texas to the Canadian border, almost one thousand miles long and about two hundred miles in width . . ." Not only are Westermeier's arithmetic and geography out of kilter (he places the cattleman's West at some 10,000,000 square miles greater than the area of the United States) but, under the heading of *cowboy* he would have his readers believe that there is a direct and close kinship between the knight in leather armor of fiction, screen, arena and dude ranch and the old cow-hand of the Southwest, the cowpuncher of the Northwest, the vaquero of the Far Southwest and the buckaroo of the Far Northwest. *Trailing the Cowboy* is a fit companion for Philip A. Rollins' "classic," *The Cowboy*. Neither furnishes dependable information on the West but both give interesting insight into the Easterner's point of view. BOB R.

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Westerner Dwight L. Clarke (Room 880, 1151 S. Broadway, L.A.) one of the newer members of our Corral is rounding up all the information possible on General Stephen Watts Kearney, the man who brought the soldiers overland into California in 1846. Dwight says in a recent letter "I am looking for any letters, papers or even out-of-the-way publications referring to the General. I have read histories, biographies and other books galore on the subject—the usual official army reports and so on, but I am especially anxious to discover any more personal memorabilia that any of our members may have or know about." That's a real Westerner assignment.

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Your Editor would also like any notes, references or information about a swash-buckling Indian fighter, cowboy, actor, Sour-dough, writer and teller of tall tales named Arizona Charlie Meadows, (1859-1932). He roamed from the Tonto Basin to Australia, Alaska and Mexico, and never experienced a dull moment. What do you know?

# A PAIR OF STORIES

By DR. F. W. HODGE

## A Zuni Indian Dinner

When among Indians in earlier days one could easily get into a jam by reason of his ignorance of Indian etiquette. Years ago when the Hemenway Expedition was conducting excavations at Zuni, New Mexico, I dropped into the house of an Indian friend just as the family had squatted in a circle on the floor to partake of the evening meal. Being the most hospitable of people, and highly resentful if one should refuse an invitation to eat, the head of the Zuni family, old Palowahtiwa, asked me to join in the repast.

Now, Zuni food is not always the most appealing that one could imagine, and especially was this the case on that particular evening. The meal consisted of a basket tray heaped with hewe, that excellent "paper bread" so dear to the Indian heart. It was a pinch of this that I took to meet the Zuni's invitation; but the *piece de resistance* was hardly so inviting. Fresh from the hot ashes in the fireplace and assigned a place of honor in the center of the circle of hungry Indians was a sheep's head, wool and all—a nasty, black mess. As nobody seemed to make a move toward serving the delicacy, old Palowahtiwa, evidently impatient over the delay, lifted his leg as high as possible above the floor and brought the heel of his moccasin violently down on the sheep's head, scattering the brains in every direction across the earthen floor. Unperturbed at a little thing like that, the diners rose at once and with their fingers and pieces of hewe scooped up all of the brains that the ravenous dogs meanwhile had not devoured.

I did not wait for dessert—if any.

## Corral Chips

*continued*

Leo Creagan who claims to have worked for fifty-two railroads in fifty-two years took for his topic "When the Railroads Wore Whiskers" at the Mona Lisa get-together on June 16. Leo started his career as a telegraph operator in a one-hoss town, and his first bid for fame came when he intercepted a confidential message that Dewey had sunk the Spanish fleet at Manila. Though late at night, he spread the news throughout the town, a celebration was held, a bonfire got out of control and burnt up half the business district, and the telegraph wires got warm between the celebration and the District Superintendent's office. The next morning young Mr. Creagan left for parts unknown. Years later, with more discretion, he wrote the famous

## What's in a Name?

The story may not be entirely accurate in detail, but it bears sufficient evidence of verisimilitude to warrant printing in the sacred pages of *The Branding Iron*, ever a stickler for truthfulness. Now the story:

In the latter part of the 18th century a party of venturesome New Mexicans set out from Santa Fe to explore that *terra incognita* to the northeast. Being late in autumn and the altitude of that mountainous country averaging thousands of feet, the explorers were overwhelmed by a blizzard. Too late in the season to learn the fate of their missing compadres, in the following spring another party went forth only to find the bleaching bones of the lost ones on the banks of a stream which they named *Rio de las Animas Perdidas*, "River of the Lost Souls."

At this time the French of the Illinois territory, employing every endeavor to learn whatever they could concerning the presumably rich country of New Mexico, eagerly scanned every accessible map of the region. Naturally believing that a River of the Lost Souls had something to do with Purgatory, it was renamed "*Riviere Purgatoire*."

Next came the Yankee frontiersman who, likewise eager to learn about the territory forbidden to foreigners, examined every map available to them. Streams were of high importance in that desert land, hence the Animas soon became known, but how about that "*Purgatoire*?—there ain't no sich name. Them Greazers must have meant *Picketwire*; there's some sense in that!"

So that's why we formerly found on good maps of southern Colorado the three streams—Animas, Purgatory, and Picketwire.

So what's in a name?

Rule Book which is the bible of present day railroading. Mr. Creagan is now retired and spends his time writing railroad history and criticism.

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Overland to the Pacific, Information Brochure No. 1, Overland Mail Centennials (Box H, San Diego, 10) is the starting gun for the observance of a western event that comes close to our posse. The old stamping ground of our Corral, the Redwood House, is located on the former site of Overland Mail corral in Los Angeles. Some of our members are on the Advisory Committee preparing for the recognition of the anniversary of the stage line that hooked the East and West together in 1857 and 1858. The brochure is a good collectors item.

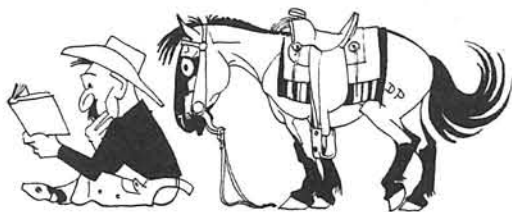
## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL...

THE KING OF BEAVER ISLAND, by Charles K. Backus, Foreword, Notes and Bibliography by Paul Bailey, from Harper's Monthly magazine, March 1882. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1955, pp. 43, 350 copies of which 300 are for sale, \$3.50.

Paul Bailey's Westernlore Press has just published the third volume in the Great West and Indian Series. Resurrected from comparative obscurity is the story of James Jesse Strang, who was crowned king over the domain of Beaver Island in Lake Michigan in 1850. He was pretender as a prophet in the Mormon Church, a claim he declared most valid through a letter from the Prophet himself; this was denounced as a forgery by Brigham Young, and Strang was excommunicated. Strang set up his own demesne in Wisconsin at Voree, and Brigham Young moved to Utah. Strang's story was first told by Charles K. Backus in Harper's Magazine in 1882. Now it has been printed at the Westernlore Press in a finely printed and bound little volume very limited in edition. Westerner Paul Bailey is doing a great service in publishing and bringing to light some of the aspects of western history to which bigger publishers seem averse. It behooves students and collectors alike to procure copies while available before they appear in dealers' catalogs at much higher prices. MERRELL K.

### BRAND BOOK NUMBER SIX IS ON ITS WAY

No Westerner has reached his present understanding of the old ways without frequently coming in contact with bears. The mountain men, explorers, vaqueros and sportsmen encountered their particular variety as they pushed toward the Pacific Coast. Harold McCracken has written a readable, ample, and sometimes dramatic bear story in *The Beast That Walks Like Man* (Hanover House, Garden City, N. Y., 1955, 8vo., cloth, 319 pp., illus. \$4.50) Compiled from Indian lore, history, pure science and personal experience the author puts the genus *Ursus* in a comprehensive framework that gives the animal the status it deserves. Probably the most startling information exposed is that there were eighty-six kinds of bears in North America. The *Beast* is a good book to have around; not only as an interesting companion but as a quick reference when the animal rears its head in Western reading. A 14 page index adds to the value of the work. DON M.



COCK OF THE WALK, Haldeen Braddy, (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1955. 174 pp. \$4.00

Braddy has taken the corridos sung by or about Pancho Villa and his guerrillas and used them as a chain upon which to string a series of incidents from Villa's life. The result is a sort of interpretative folklore. The reader is told what Villa thought or how he felt, but there is little of the dates, documentation and analysis that go to make up a historical record. Villa is pictured as the Robin Hood of Mexico (but was Robin actually a nobleman of 1160? Harris' study leaves little doubt but that he was a minor robber of the 1300s.) The dust cover hails him as a man who "made guerilla warfare a science," but here was no Lawrence. His attack on Agua Prieta shows a lack of comprehension of the tactical situation. If there was any strategic concept behind his campaign against Hermosilla, it is not made apparent. Inability to control his men was a recurrent failing, culminating in his disastrous defeat at Juarez. The Villa who emerges from this book is a man without a single redeeming trait except a careless sort of generosity. He could more fittingly have been compared with one of Attila's Huns than with Robin Hood.

PHIL R.

Few books concerning the Mother Lode Country are so packed with facts as *Calaveras, the Land of Skulls*, by Richard Coke Wood. (Mother Lode Press, Sonora, 1955, 158 pp.) Coke Wood is an old resident of Murphys in Calaveras County, and being a student who worked his own locality for a Ph.D. in history, has scoured the diggings for information which has only been high-graded by other writers. The book is not literary, but a compendium of historical nuggets, both course and fine. Every statement is backed by competent authorities. Mines, schools, transportation, churches, crime, government, early exploration and ghost towns; all are included. After other books are read to get an over-all picture of the days of '49 a turn to the Land of Skulls will supply fill-in details which will make the Golden Days and those that followed an understandable epic in California history. A daguerreotype photograph of Joaquin Murietta taken in 1850 before he set out on a life of crime shows a young man that looks friendly and gentle. The book is the first imprint of the Mother Lode Press founded by Don Segerstrom of Sonora. DON M.