



THE SEPULVEDA ADOBE AT YUCAIPA

A painting by Orpha Klinker, made at the request of Mr. Belden at the beginning of the restorative work. Used by permission.

RESTORATION OF THE DIEGO SEPULVEDA ADOBE

by L. BURR BELDEN

THROUGH the gift of the San Bernardino County Museum Association, and historically-minded friends, San Bernardino County has become the owner of the ancient Diego Sepulveda adobe in Yucaipa Valley. Together the museum association and the County Board of Supervisors have begun the long range project of restoring the two-story structure, once the home of a don, to its former state. The old

house had fallen into disuse after a period of tenant occupancy and was slated for demolition when the museum association and the Yucaipa Woman's Club heard of its impending fate and started the successful campaign for its preservation.

There are historic adobes scattered here and there about California but it is doubtful if any

(Continued on Page 3)

THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

* * *
Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

OFFICERS — 1956

DON MEADOWS Sheriff
640 Terraine Ave., Long Beach 14, Calif.
HARVEY STARR, M.D. Deputy Sheriff
1401 S. Hope St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.
HOMER H. BOELTER Deputy Sheriff
in Charge of Branding
828 N. La Brea, Hollywood 38, Calif.
BERT H. OLSON Keeper of the Chips
619 N. Rexford Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
DON BOELTER . . . Registrar of Marks and Brands
828 N. La Brea, Hollywood 38, Calif.
GLEN DAWSON Assistant Registrar
141 Anita Drive, Pasadena 2, Calif.
CARROLL FRISWOLD . . . Asst. Roundup Foreman
419 W. Foothill Blvd., Altadena, Calif.
ART WOODWARD, HOLLING C. HOLLING,
DON HAMBLIN Wranglers
LONNIE HULL Daguerreotype Wrangler
FRANK "STEVE" DOLLEY, M.D. . . Representative
2010 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.
Address Material for Publication to
The Roundup Foreman
PAUL BAILEY
P. O. Box 41073, Los Angeles 41, California

Meet the New Officers

By unanimous vote of the Westerners assembled at Rand's Roundup for the December meeting, the following officers were elected to serve for the year 1956:

Sheriff, Don Meadows; Deputy Sheriff, Dr. Harvey Starr; Registrar of Marks and Brands, Don Boelter; Assistant Registrar, Glen Dawson; Roundup Foreman, Paul Bailey; Assistant Roundup Foreman, Carroll Friswold; Representative, Dr. Frank "Steve" Dolley.

Such indispensable and indefatigable rannies as Homer H. Boelter, Deputy Sheriff in Charge of Branding; Bert Olson, Keeper of the Chips; and Lonnie Hull, Daguerreotype Wrangler; were not even given a chance to leave their posts in 1956, and the Corral hopes they never will.

Art Woodward, Holling C. Holling, and Don Hamblin are the new Wranglers.

Loring Campbell, retiring Sheriff, relinquished his badge of office to Don Meadows, and in the act was recipient of a beautiful painting by artist Clarence Ellsworth; a gesture of appreciation that has become traditional with Los Angeles Corral. Sheriff Loring and his fine group of officers climbed out of their saddles to the sound of an ovation of gratitude from the Westerners assembled. It was a good year, boys. Sheriff Meadows and his 1956 posse will be hard pressed to top it.

Three Fine Meetings

Featured speaker at the December meeting was Arthur Woodward with a factual and interesting talk on "The History of the Channel Islands." Indian life through the ages on those remote and isolated places became real and understandable under Arthur's skillful explanation and the slides with which the text was illustrated. Much interest, and a considerable share of the discussion was centered around "the lost woman of San Nicholas." Members present were grateful to Art for his meticulous photography of the "lost woman's" footprints.

At this same meeting Loring Campbell passed over the sheriff's badge of office (as well as gun) to Don Meadows, incoming boss of the posse. The retiring officers were given an ovation and thanks from the entire corral for an especially active and productive year.

In January the corral had for its speaker Frank Schilling, who chose for his topic "The Founding of San Francisco." Westerners assembled were privileged to hear a well-prepared paper on the De Anza expedition and its *journada* northward from Mexico to San Francisco Bay, where the little group of wayfarers became the colony which grew eventually into a metropolis. Frank's brilliant color-photography of every important scene along the historic route, added much to the interest of his talk.

At this meeting Sheriff Don Meadows and his 1956 officers put their teeth to the bits and started forward on the path to a new year.

February's meeting was different—a different meeting place (Zucca's in east Pasadena), and a different kind of program. Out of the vaults of Hollywood Iron Eyes Cody dug up a 1922 picture of Will Rogers, in *The Ropin' Fool*. Any ideas formerly entertained that Rogers' accomplishments were strictly on the humorous side were quickly dispelled after the viewance of this ancient opus. Aside from having a sort of piquant vitality which delighted the viewers, the picture displayed the famous Will in a repertoire of lasso and rope tricks that equalled or surpassed anything ever shown from Laredo to Pendleton. Westerners assembled were thoroughly convinced America lost a *real* cowboy in the untimely death of its beloved Will Rogers.

As a cinema companion-piece, Iron Eyes presented a short motion picture in color of his own Indian family, in full dress, native dances, and a reenacted legend narrated by Yewas, the wife and mother in the accomplished Cody family. Guests of Iron Eyes were film technicians and artists Bob Strubel, Thomas Fox, and "Lefty" Christian, who assisted and made possible the viewance of these interesting films.

Guests and visitors at the same meeting included Keith Dodson, son of member Billy Dodson; Howard Gates; and Sidney Platford, CM, and Grand Noble Humbug of E Clampus Vitus.

RESTORATION OF THE DIEGO SEPULVEDA ADOBE

(Continued from Page 1)

has a more colorful past than the Sepulveda home, which was the center of a celebrated three-way land tussle between the powerful Lugo, Pico and Palomares families during the final decade of Mexican sovereignty. Less than two miles distant are some shapeless mounds of mud and a crumbling bit of rubble wall—all that remain of the house of Ygnacio Palomares, built in his unsuccessful part of the land contest. The third applicant, the brothers Jose Antonio and Andreas Pico, never got so far as to move onto the land.

The contest for possession of the San Bernardino and Yucaipa valleys began in 1837 when Antonio Maria Lugo asked Governor Alvarado for permission to colonize the then-vacant San Bernardino Rancho of Mission San Gabriel. In the same year the Picos made their move—a request to the governor for the rancho as a grant. The Pico Brothers had appended to their application the recommendation of the Los Angeles ayuntamiento¹ but the wily Lugo held more high cards, chief of which may well have been the fact the governor was his grand-nephew.

So it was that Lugo's son, Jose del Carmen Lugo, was authorized to settle the colonists who were to serve as a buffer against the horse-stealing Indians of the desert. Neighboring rancho owners, Juan Bandini at Jurupa, Tiburcio Tapia at Cucamonga and Bernardo Yorba at Chino were able seconders of the Lugo scheme because of its promise of security.

Palomares in 1837 had obtained a portion of the San Jose rancho, a grant close enough to covet the green rolling lands of Yucaipa, which then abounded in streams and springs. With other powerful families eyeing San Bernardino and Yucaipa even an expert land-obtainer like Jose Maria Lugo must have felt it prudent to pause. In 1834 Lugo had obtained the baronial Santa Ana del Chino but his petition for a grant of title was deferred for some reason until 1841.

The San Bernardino Valley colony of 1837 failed. Discouraged settlers with two exceptions moved away from so remote a farmland. The two exceptions were Jose Bermudez and Diego Sepulveda, the latter another Lugo nephew.

During the chaotic days when colonists were moving on and off the San Bernardino Rancho neighbor Palomares found he had more cattle than pasture and obtained some sort of tacit agreement to move cattle onto the Yucaipa grass. It soon became evident that Palomares liked the Yucaipa grass and wanted to keep it. He began building an adobe in what is now Live Oak Canyon. It may have been only a house for his foreman, but anything as permanent as an adobe aroused suspicions of the Lugo sons and their



DIEGO SEPULVEDA

From the Olvera Street painting. Courtesy of Carl Dodson and Florence Dodson Schoneman.

cousin, Sepulveda. Sepulveda started erection of a much larger house at Yucaipa. Sepulveda's house was two stories in height and maybe just by chance it had windows that commanded a view of nearby Live Oak Canyon. Palomares wasn't any too friendly about Sepulveda's improvement to Yucaipa real estate. He petitioned the governor for an outright grant of Yucaipa Valley.

The prefect Arguello favored the Palomares petition. Almost simultaneously Antonio Maria Lugo filed for an outright grant of the San Bernardino and Yucaipa valleys to his three sons, Jose del Carmen Lugo, Jose Maria Lugo, and Vincent Lugo, together with his nephew Diego Sepulveda. The governor's ear proved a better recommendation than the prefect's. The Lugo petition was granted. The Palomares petition was denied, and Palomares cattle were moved back to Claremont.²

Jose del Carmen Lugo moved into the mission asistencia buildings at Old San Bernardino. Sepulveda, still under 21, made his home on the rancho. The youngest, the unmarried Vincente, was the Beau Brummel of the Los Angeles pueblo, and San Bernardino was just too far away from the social events. Nine years after the 1842 grant of the rancho, it was sold to the Mormon colonists under Lyman and Rich, for \$77,500—which was, at least, a tidy profit from

(Continued on Page 4)

¹Englehardt, IV, 105.

²Calif. Land Commission case, 316.

CORRAL CHIPS...

Four distinguished visitors pulled chairs to the table with us at the January meeting. CM Earle R. Forrest, author of *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, *California Joe*, *Lone War Trail of Apache Kid*, and the Arthur H. Clark *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest*, came as the guest of Paul Galleher. At present Earle resides in Washington, Pennsylvania, but with a daughter now a resident of San Marino we can hope that he will sit in with us more frequently.

Another visitor the Corral enjoyed meeting was Robert W. Baughman, a charter member of Kansas City's Posse of Westerners. Bob frankly stated he was here to "case the joint," in hopes of finding out from L.A. Corral how Kansas City can also begin publishing and financing some *Brand Books*. Robert says that Kansas City has already published two issues of their *Trail Guide*.

Forbes Parkhill, author of *Wildest of the West*, drifted in from the Denver corral to share grub and good fellowship with us. We understand he has a new book, come April, entitled *The Law Goes West*.

Don Doig, head of the touring bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California, appeared to be enjoying the meeting. The Corral was just as pleased to have him present.

We're going to miss the quiet and genial presence of honorary member Ed Carter for a while. Ed has moved pasture to Burlingame.

General Frank Ross is still confined to his bed at Ft. McArthur hospital. He would deeply appreciate hearing from you-all.

Art Woodward is finally perpendicular again after spending a couple of weeks horizontally at the Huntington Memorial Hospital, where he underwent some fancy surgery on his alimentary tract and some archeological probing of the duodenum. When one of the Corral members phoned him at the hospital to ask how he felt, the answer came in typical Woodwardese: "I feel like any other — would, with a yard of his gut gone!"

M. R. Harrington, curator of the Southwest Museum and member of Los Angeles Corral, has been honored by Occidental College by their conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Humanities.

CM Bob Robertson, as the Far West Trader, has moved all of his fifty years' gatherings to a new location, 1001 East Fifth Street, Carson City. Bob, who has been a consistent contributor to the BI, would appreciate a visit from any of the boys when they are up Carson City way.

WHAT'S NEW AROUND THE RANGE

Paul Galleher and Art Clark are in receipt of a letter from Honorary Member Ed Carter, now residing in Burlingame. With the letter was a newspaper clipping, and the two together mirror so much of the news and happenings of our Ed that they felt it a duty to pass them on to the membership:

1604 Chapin Ave., Burlingame, Calif.

Dear Paul and Art:

A belated thanks for the list of the Westerners. I have been down and out for some time—old ulcer flare-up, bronchitis and a hell of a fall—net result two broken ribs and a bunch of Charlie horses from my neck to my hips. Damned inconvenient to have to spend seventy-five percent of one's time in bed when there is so much to do—moving into a new home.

I'm afraid it is going to take some time to get Southern Cal. out of my system—even if you people down there are choked up with smog. It's been pretty wet up here you know.

Sincerely,

ED CARTER.

The newspaper clipping tells of Ed's presentation of his magnificent scale model of old Fort Bridger to the Fort Bridger State Museum in Wyoming. The model, which took Ed eighteen months to construct, and is valued at \$1,000, depicts the fort as it was in 1885—the time Ed lived there, and remembered so well.

Ed Carter is the son of Judge William A. Carter, of Virginia, who came to Fort Bridger with Johnston's Army, and who remained as its post sutler and influential citizen of Wyoming. Ed himself was long a resident at the Fort, and his generous gift will be a priceless benefit to future generations of Americans.

(Continued on Page 6)

The Sepulveda Adobe

(Continued from Page 3)

a nine-year-old gift. Well, it wasn't exactly a gift, for the Lugos paid \$350 or so in tallow, ostensibly for the old mission buildings, though none of the payment ever reached the church.

With the proceeds of his Yucaipa sale Diego Sepulveda built another ranch home near the present Costa Mesa, but did not occupy it for long. His father's murder by Indians while on a trip to Monterey took Diego back to Palos Verdes and the family seat. Some of the family returned to San Bernardino. His daughter Rudecinda lived in San Bernardino, a familiar sight in the city with her horses and coachman several years after other families of affluence had adopted the automobile.

The Yucaipa adobe, after 1851, became first the home of John Brown, Sr., and then of James W. Waters, two noted mountain men turned Californians. Later it was headquarters for the large Dunlap dairy and ranch.

CALIFORNIA GOLD IN AN IOWA VALLEY

by OTHA D. WEARIN

IN 1850 the cry of gold had spread across the country like a fever. Its glittering dust had settled in the minds and hearts of men and women, driving them to hardship, heartache, to the separation of families, and often had set brother against brother on the trek to the diggings.

Already its fingers had touched the household of Josiah Wearin, a tenant farmer with a wife and two children, operating a stony little farm near Valparaiso, Indiana. Josiah's younger brother, Otha, with his own visions of California gold, was working by the month on a nearby farm. The two men had agreed that the older brother should make the westward journey, and the younger man would remain in Indiana to operate the farm.

Long, tedious months followed, without a word from the traveler. Heat of summer had spread over the Indiana hills before any news did arrive. On that day the younger brother was standing uncertainly before the window of the Valparaiso post office, his eyes looking hungrily and searchingly toward a letter in the hand of the postmaster. He could see that it bore the postmark of Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Postage due was fifty cents. The young farmer had no such resources. His sole possession was his own body and a good horse.

He spoke quietly to the postmaster. "Sir," he said, "my brother Sy has been gone for weeks on his way to the diggings in California. His wife Olive and I are worried as to what has happened to him. I've a job cradling wheat tomorrow. I get paid fifty cents for working from sun to sun. I'll bring the money to you tomorrow night, if you'll only give me that letter."

The postmaster read the concern in the blue-grey eyes of the soft-spoken man who looked so longingly at the letter. Finally he leaned close, speaking in an undertone. "Otha," he said, "it's strictly against the rule, but I'll let you put this letter in your pocket and take it home to Olive. I know you'll bring me the fifty cents tomorrow night."

The young man slipped the precious message into an inside pocket and hurried home to his brother's anxious wife and children. Otha had deferred his own California trek to operate Sy's rented farm during his absence. The letter he took home—the first letter Josiah Wearin wrote home to his wife, Olive Smith, in the year 1850—colorfully portrays the determination, willingness to assume hardship, and the perils of that long journey into California.

The rough hands of Josiah had but lightly touched the textbooks of the time. A pen might fit clumsily in his calloused fingers, but they were fingers that clutched the bullwhip and jerk



"You bring me the fifty cents tomorrow, Othie."

line as masters of the trail. Without salutation or flourish the letter began:

Fort Laramie, Wyo.

June 12, 1850.

"I am at the Fort Laramie, five hundred miles from Council Bluffs, that is five hundred miles from Salt Lake. That is five hundred miles from California. We have got here first rate. Our horses are standing it, and I have got a good horse as I want and a little wagon. Gilbert is doing very well, I am well now and hain't been sick an hour since I started from home. I don't fear the trip at all. I think that I will be in California before you receive this. I thought that I would write now, when I get to Salt Lake I will write again. Its healthy on the road now. I hain't seen but a few men that was sick. The damdest times that I ever saw in the world for stealing and they was one man stabbed here the sixth day of the month by his brother."

The rising tide of prices as the immigrants and fortune seekers approached the area of the "golden flood" was evident in Josiah's letter:

I saw a man sell a hundred pounds of flour for twenty five dollars, things is high. We can get three dollars per day now. I hain't crossed the river yet. I hope that you have gone to Porter County as I suspect. I hope that I will here from you when I get to Sacramento City for if I go afoot for I am bound to go. Don't forget to write me, I hope that you and Otha may take care of that wheat for things is a going to be very high."

The toilsome journey that stretched ahead of every traveler in 1850 was apparent in this statement:

"Otha I want you to do the best that you can for if anybody gets any money in California I will too. I send you some money as soon as I get it and I think

(Continued on Page 6)

Westerners Co-sponsors To Southwest Panel

The Literature and Art of the Southwest and Mexico, presented by Occidental College, with the support of the Rockefeller Foundation, will be held at the College March 23 and 24. Los Angeles Corral of Westerners will be host and sponsor to the conference session of Friday, March 23, at which the distinguished Westerner and author, J. Frank Dobie, will be speaker and guest of honor. Sheriff Don Meadows will again play an important part in the conference.

Other distinguished authors who will speak at this, the seventh annual Southwest Conference, will include Frank Waters, Jonreed Lauritzen, Ross Calvin, Kenneth Kurtz, and Franklin Walker. A cordial invitation to attend all sessions and luncheons is extended to every member and corresponding member of Los Angeles Corral.

Our Two New Members

Two new members are being welcomed into Los Angeles Corral. More than just filling the vacancies in the Corral's regular complement of fifty members, these men should enhance the the Westerners circle with their own fine talents and abilities. They are:

JAMES ALGAR, writer, artist, idea man and producer at Walt Disney Studios, is responsible for such magnificent nature and wildlife films as *The Vanishing Prairie*, *The Living Desert*, and *The African Lion*. "My great grandmother came west by way of covered wagon," says James. "The family made a stop-over at Fort Bridger." That, with his accomplishments, and talents as a historian, should just about make James Algar a Westerner. He is sponsored by Holling C. Holling.

A. S. (STEVE) HALSTED, JR., attorney (Macdonald & Halsted, Los Angeles), was born in Pasadena, and author of a column in the *Bulletin* of the Bar Association entitled "Silver Memories." It covers items of 25 years ago of legal and historical interest. Steve was 1953 president of Town Hall, a Los Angeles civic organization; a graduate of Stanford (A.B. 1929) and Harvard Law School (L.L.B. 1932). His stentorian voice has for many years been heard on the Clampers' initiation team. Steve is sponsored by Henry Clifford.

Both of the new members were introduced and welcomed into regular membership at the February meeting.

As the BI goes to press Dr. Frederick W. Hodge is recuperating at his home from a siege of illness which sent him to the Good Samaritan Hospital.

California Gold In Iowa

(Continued from Page 5)

that I will get there in fifty days now, I go just as soon as I can."

The trail of the gold seekers was no highway of roses. There was hunger, wild storms on the prairie, unfriendly Indians, thieves, and swollen streams that struggled vainly to block the passage. The concluding paragraph of Josiah Wearin's letter from Fort Laramie is evidence of all these things:

"Do the best you can for I never will back out. It is a hard trip for the grass is coarse and if our horses starve I go a foot then. I do the best that I can that is all. If I was at home I would stay but I can make money. I know that well. But I think that I can cross here this evening. We have to trade our wagon for a boat and it is the damdest river that I ever saw in the world and wide at that. They is three companies of Dragoons here for to keep the injuns from robin us. I can't write for the wind does blow so that I can't. I am a settin on a log. The sun does shine so hot. You can't do anything about it and all sand now. Timber for two hundred miles from timber. I just now have come back from going to see a man drowned but he was saved and it was hard to save him. I can see a injun that was fixed up in a fork of a tree. The bones is there now supposed to hung. I can't write. I hain't heard from you since I started.

"JOSIAH WEARIN."

Josiah Wearin's journey ended at Coloma, California in 1850, where his trading post was established and operated over a period of a little more than three years. It was from the profits of this enterprise that Josiah and his brother Otha launched a second pioneering expedition from Valparaiso, Indiana—to the valley of the West Nishnabotna River in Mills County, Iowa. There they built their families and their fortunes on the rich, fertile loam of the middle west. More than a century later their descendants are still reaping a golden harvest after five generations on the black soil bought with yellow gold.

Corral Chips . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

Four new corresponding members have recently been added to the far-flung range of L.A. Corral. They are: Lt. Col. Roger S. Reese, 652 Funston Ave., San Francisco, California; J. R. Fuchs, 1135 N. Cottage, Independence, Mo.; W. H. Edwards, 2201 Grand Ave., Kansas City 6, Mo.; Herb A. Boelter, 828 N. La Brea, Hollywood 28, Calif. Howdy, pardners!

Paul Galleher has been chosen as Chief Executive, San Fernando Council, Boy Scouts of America.

Dr. Robert G. Cleland is at the Huntington Hospital in Pasadena, confined to his bed with a serious heart condition.

ON THE SPELLING OF KEARNY

by MERRELL
KITCHEN

FORTS Kearny and Phil Kearny are misspelled *Kearney* about as often as they are correctly spelled. This applies to old maps, diaries and records as well as more recent references. Ft. Kearny, one of the first outposts built as a protection to Oregon and California Trail travelers, was constructed opposite Grand Island, in the Platte, on the south bank of the river. It was to be named for General Stephen Watts Kearny, of Irish descent. Somehow, by a strange coincidence, the plans for the post were drawn up by Lieut. Col. James Kearney, of English ancestry, and the consequent spelling of the name with an "e".

Some used the right spelling. Israel F. Hale in his "Diary of a Trip to California in 1849" (Quarterly of the Soc. of Calif. Pioneers, June 30, 1925) does it correctly. But from his description the post seems not to have had much planning. "It (Ft. Kearny) consists of a number of rudely constructed huts built of the sods or turfs from the prairie, laid up after the manner of laying bricks. Roofs are covered with the same kind of material. Some of them had glass windows and very decent looking doors. There is a store, blacksmith shop and wagon shop. The Fort is situated near the banks of the Platte, opposite Grand Island".

That Gen. Kearny himself spelled his name the Irish way is verified many times. In "A Doctor Comes to California, The Diary of John S. Griffin, Assistant Surgeon with Kearny's Dragoons, 1846-1847" (S. F., Calif. Hist. Soc. 1943) he begins his diary: (Camp near St. Philippe, Sept 26th 1846). "We left Santa Fe yesterday—that is to say, Genl. Kearny, Staff & myself . . ."

W. H. Emory (Brevet Major, Corps Topographical Engineers) in "Notes of a Military Reconnoissance, from Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, to San Diego, in California, including parts of the Arkansas, del Norte, and Gila Rivers" (Washington, 1848) for Aug. 6, states "Colonel Kearny left Colonel Doniphan's regiment . . ."

Edwin Bryant in his *What I Saw in California, Being the Journal of a Tour . . . in the Years 1846, 1847* (N. Y., 1848), page 263, says "When the return party of Gen. Kearny (which I accompanied) . . ."

J. Goldsborough Bruff in his voluminous and detailed journals spells Ft. Kearny correctly.

Francis Parkman, in his great classic, *The Oregon Trail*, misspells it "Kearney." So do Root and Connelley in *The Overland Stage to California* and on the accompanying map. But, again, it is correct in "The Memoirs of Lemuel Clarke McKeeby" (S. F., Calif. Hist. Soc. 1924) and also on the map, a reprint of 1850.

Ft. Phil Kearny was named for Philip Kearny, nephew of Stephen Watts, and also Irish. He

was an army officer who served in the Mexican War—he was killed in 1862. This was one of the Bozeman Trail forts constructed to help protect that road from very hostile Indians. Ft. Phil Kearny also was consistently misspelled from the beginning, probably through an inadvertency. E. A. Brininstool, a very careful historian, nevertheless used the wrong spelling in his two volume *The Bozeman Trail*. It is also misspelled in Wm. G. Johnston's *Overland to California* and on the accompanying map. Also wrong on the W. J. Keeler map of 1867 reprinted in *Soldiers of the Overland* (by Fred Rogers, S. F. 1938).

In *Footprints on the Frontier* Virginia Cole Trenholm, an authority on Wyoming history, spells both correctly and alludes in a footnote to A. B. Ostrander's *An Army Boy of the Sixties*, in which he says: "I happen to be a member of the Phil Kearny Post No. 8, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic. Among our Souvenirs is an autographed photograph of General Kearny, presented to us by his son. The signature is plain P. Kearny. Mr. Kearny, the general's son, now living in Kearny, New Jersey, writes 'Our family name is spelled K e a r n y'".

Among the notes in the book are printed several letters from P. St. George Cooke and Col. H. B. Carrington, written in 1866. All refer to Ft. Phil Kearny, D. T.

Bob-Tails

by BOB ROBERTSON

One of the range riders' attempts at decoration was the practice of stretching a rattlesnake skin over the cantle binding of his saddle.

A fresh snakeskin contains natural glue which will stick tightly to leather and the mottled or "diamond" pattern of the rattlesnake's hide added a frill to a cowpuncher's "hull".

Charlie Russell illustrated this foible in his paintings, *The Roundup*, *Strenuous Life*, *The Mad Cow*, *Jerked-Down*, *Heads or Tails*, *When Horseflesh Comes High*, *Sagebrush Sport*, *Innocent Allies*, *The Call of the Law* and *The Slick Ear*.

The "dally" system of "center-fire" riders and the "tie-fast" method of "rim-fire" men ("rimmies") were everlasting themes of debate between the cow-hands and cowpunchers of the plains and the vaqueros and buckeroos of the Far West.

Both systems had their advantages and drawbacks. The ease with which a center-fire saddle could slip is shown in Charlie Russell's *Loose Cinch and Tight Latigo* and his *Tight Dally and Loose Latigo*.

Some of the "tight places" a tie-fast rimmy sometimes found himself in are shown in Charlie's *Serious Predicament* and *Wound Up*.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

RIDING GUN, by Eugene Cunningham (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1956, pp. 216, \$2.75).

Gene Cunningham, whom most collectors know as the author of one of the standard books on outlaws, *Triggernometry*, has written a good many westerns not only under his real name but pseudonyms which include Gordon Shuford, Buck Stradleigh, Leigh Carder, John Starr and sea stories as Alan Corby. A few biographical points rather than a routine review of his new book, *Riding Gun*, will probably show why it is well worth reading.

He grew up on the frontier, Texas and around there. He says "All I know from life-long belonging is what really happened to what kind of people—since I don't get my *background and people from books*, I don't care how many books are wrong. All I go to books for is chronology."

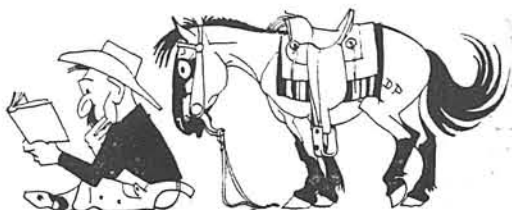
At 17 an apprentice on a sailing craft, and "damn' if I didn't find Texas supply 13 percent of the 76,000 Navy-strength . . . went ashore on landing parties as Infantry and toted Colt-Brownings, Benet-Merciers, Lewises, 3-in. field pieces, against insurrectos, Yaquis—".

Back from adventuring in Guatemala in early 20's, went into free-lance writing, then back to the old range, Tarrant and Dallas and Dallas and Denton and Parker and Palo Pinto Counties and on to the Big Bend. Headquartered in El Paso and his office became a rendezvous for old-timers, gunmen and their tales—"they knew they could trust me (when they said you mustn't write that I *didn't*). The tales they told! Sometimes one would linger—to whisper: 'That was a damn lie.' And maybe I could say I know. I have the record! They took me out to stand on Judge Fountain's grave . . . They gave me part of the rope that hanged Jim Miller—and one of Wild Bill's derringers—and sketched the Old Trail and forty little ones—thieves' trails—I listened and remembered and sometimes put a dictaphone in the car and drove 500 miles to listen to a bit about Bass Outlaw. Well, all this is in my fiction. All I do is speed up—arrange—eliminate. I don't make psycho-analyzing folk of my Southwesterners *because they were simple folk in reality*."

For all his adventurous career Mr. Cunningham is reticent and some facts are difficult to come by. As he wrote "My lifelong effort has been to prevent anyone getting enough facts about me to write a truthful account."

Riding Gun, his latest, is, therefore, based on fact and experience and a top western writer's easy facility for expressing in true western lingo and vernacular an actual part of the wild west.

MERRELL KITCHEN.



CM Harry C. James is author of *The Hopi Indians*, published by Caxton, and due March 15. It is an important book, by a man who has known the Hopi people intimately. Harry is an adopted member of the tribe, and counts many of them as his friends. To their story he has brought the accuracy of the historian and warmed it with his personal enthusiasm for and appreciation of these simple yet highly complex people. The Foreword is by Dr. Frederick W. Hodge, and special art work by Don Perceval—both members of L.A. Corral.

Every member fortunate enough to receive a copy of Homer Boelter's Christmas presentation book is hoarding it. Not only is the book an outstandingly beautiful example of fine lithography, but is a western Americana collector's item as well. Titled *An Early California Christmas*, it concerns itself with the Christmas eve birth of a child on the DeAnza expedition. Don Louis Perceval is responsible for its splendid illustrations. Narration is by Lindley Bynum. Textual excerpts are from the Bolton translation.

Glen Dawson has just released volumes XXXI and XXXII of his popular Early California Travels Series, in the usual limited editions. The first mentioned is *The American Occupation of La Paz*, authored by Westerner Don Meadows, and printed at Cole-Holmquist Press. *California All The Way Back to 1828*, the second item, is the journal of Michael C. White. Introduction and notes are by Westerner Glen Dawson, illustrations are by Westerner Clarence Ellsworth, and printing was done by Westerner Paul Bailey at his Westernlore Press.

University of Oklahoma Press is bringing out a new one by CM W. H. Hutchinson, entitled *Cyrano In Chaps*. It is a biography of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, and, knowing Hutch and his abilities, it should be a real item indeed.

The New Brand Book Gettin' Mighty Close

The long-awaited BRAND BOOK—No. 6 on the series by Los Angeles Corral of Westerners—is coming off the press as the BI goes to press. An announcement will be mailed to all Westerners of record, just as soon as books are available—which should be early next month.