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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 35

Roger Wells Sumner

1909 - 1956

By HENRY CLIFFORD

ROGER WELLS SUMNER died suddenly of a heart attack on June 12, 1956. It was his 47th birthday. He and his wife Dana had celebrated the anniversary in Laguna Beach; and the attack occurred after they had returned to their beach home after dinner.

Rog was a native westerner, moving to Pasadena with his family in 1912. He attended Polytechnic Elementary School, the Thatcher School in Ojai, and graduated from Stanford University in 1932. His field of endeavor was photography, with emphasis on commercial motion pictures. In his youth, during summer vacations, he operated a small neighborhood motion picture theater in the family garage. His enthusiasm for motion pictures never diminished throughout his life.

Eight years ago he produced, in color, the first major anti-smog film in Los Angeles. Recently he had worked with our fellow Westerner, Ed Ainsworth, in filming *The Fallbrook Story*. His motion picture in behalf of States' rights in the long tidelands fight with the Federal government won him the George Washington medal of the Freedoms Foundation.

Rog loved music, the West, and the great outdoors. He was one of the early members of the Maestros, a group of amateur musicians. He rode with the Rancheros Visitadores, starting in 1938, and filmed many of the rides. In more recent years he became an ardent Clamper and joined The Westerners. For the past several



ROGER W. SUMNER

Photo taken June 28, 1952, at the Westerners' Barbecue, held at the home of Henry H. Clifford, Pasadena. Roger was an accomplished musician.

years he had been working on a paper concerning Gold Rush Steamers, and planned on giving a talk on that subject to our Los Angeles Corral; but his health failed him and prevented his doing so.

Rog had a great gift for observation and for telling about what he had seen. It was a joy to listen to him, and thus share in his experiences. But greatest of all, Roger Sumner loved his fellow men; and was in turn loved by all who knew him. He will be sorely missed.

THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

* * *

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HARVEY STARR, M.D. *Deputy Sheriff*
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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

Dear Los Angeles Westerners:

We greatly appreciated your providing us last year with the roster of your membership. It has just occurred to us that we have not reciprocated, but the truth is that we haven't made one up until now. Our roster is enclosed, showing our limited 35 actives, unlimited 11 reserves, 80 individual corresponding, and 31 institutional corresponding, total 157 members since organization last year. With this support we have been able to issue three *Trail Guides* on a quarterly basis and hope to get up a hard-cover Brand Book in due time. There is a wealth of untapped Western material hereabouts.

We have also greatly appreciated receiving the *Branding Iron* and hope you have received our *Trail Guide*. If any of the three have not been received, please advise. (*Editor's Note—We've received them, KC, and they are swell.*)

We believe that such interchange of rosters and publications are a good thing for Westerner groups and that attendance at each other's meetings are enjoyable and beneficial. So far we have had visits from New York, Chicago, and Washington members. Our monthly meetings are held regularly on second Tuesdays at 6 p.m. at Milleman's restaurant on the Country Club Plaza, where Los Angeles Westerners would be most welcome.

KANSAS CITY POSSE,
James Anderson, Tallyman.

The Summer Roundup

The June meeting, held at the Mona Lisa, was given over to a round-table discussion of art and artists of the Far West. Holling C. Holling, as moderator, presided over a panel of experts, who discussed the merits and accomplishments of the particular western artist they had chosen to comment upon. Carl Dentzel presented the case for Titian R. Peale; Earl C. Adams not only discussed Charles Russell, but brought along several valuable originals of the cowboy artist's work; James Algar discussed Walt Disney, and the impact of original screen art as a new and effective medium of artistic expression; and, batting for Clyde Forsythe, who was unable to attend, was Arthur Woodward, who introduced the group to the little known work of Carl Schuchard.

George Fullerton was the speaker at the July meeting, also held at the Mona Lisa. His excellently prepared paper "Footnotes to California History," covered some of the most interesting aspects of the state's history, and proved beyond question that much of the real and true lore of our west still waits to be recorded. The enthusiasm with which the talk was received was proof that the assembled Westerners and guests appreciated the new and important sidelights of Californiana which George himself had unearthed. At this meeting a card was inscribed for General Frank Ross by his fellow Westerners. General Ross is ill and bedfast at his Laguna Beach home.

The Corral's summer outdoor meeting was held at the casa of Ben O'Connor, 1820 San Marino Avenue, Pasadena. After a king-sized baked ham dinner, served in the gardens of the O'Connor home, the assembled members next bit their teeth into a discussive evaluation of the Brand Book and its continuous publication. The speaker was Dick Nelson, of Pueblo San Diego. The title of Dick's talk was "The Old West As I Saw It and Lived It." As a real old-timer, Dick left not doubt in the minds of his listeners that he knew the things of which he spoke, and that he truly was a part of the Old West which has all but passed away.

A new corresponding member has been added to the roster of Los Angeles Corral, in the person of Rosario Andrea Curletti, of 1715 Garden Street, Santa Barbara. According to Merrell Kitchen, who had occasion to visit her in search of background material on Jack Powers, and who, incidentally, enrolled her on the spot and sold her a Brand Book, she is an authority on early Spanish California. "She is not old, not homely, and not dumb," Merrell reveals. "She is well-educated, speaks beautifully, is personable and has a great interest in the early California west, particularly the Spanish and Mexican era." *We kees your hand, madam!*

ARIZONA CHARLIE (Charlie Meadows) PERCY L. BONEBRAKE

I FIRST met Arizona Charlie when I was about 17 years of age. He was a tall man, about six feet two inches, neither fat nor lean. He wore his hair long, and a mustache and a goatee, similar to Buffalo Bill, a large sombrero, boots, and a regular cowboy outfit.

This man was no phony. He was a sure enough cowhand and had a reputation for being the best roper in Arizona. With him was Felix Mayhew.

Felix was an old-time cowpuncher, and had been prospecting in southwestern Arizona for some time. An Indian woman, either an Apache or a Papago, I don't know which, had thrown in with him, and was his constant companion.

When she learned he was looking for a mine, she took him far back in the mountains, in the desert country, and showed him a very rich ledge. I do not remember if it was gold or silver, but Felix filed on it, and it turned out to be one of the richest mines ever discovered in Arizona.

At the time I knew him, and Arizona Charlie, he had financed a small wild west show for Meadows, and they were playing it in Los Angeles, on Seventh, near Alameda Street. I was just a jug-headed kid at the time, and I hung around the show every day, and all day, for the several days it was here.

I rode a good horse and had a good California outfit, and was invited to ride in the daily parade. Of course this tickled me immensely, and I was in the seventh, or possibly the eighth, heaven of delight—the envy of all the kids in town. I'm not so sure I didn't tell them I was working in the show.

Charlie had quite a few people in the show—cowboys, cowgirls (I'm sure none were heifers), a stage coach, a bull team, string of bucking broncs, and all the essentials for a wild west ring. And it played to full capacity every performance. The show went from Los Angeles north, and then, I believe, to China and Japan.

Next time I saw Charlie was when the Klondike excitement was about a year old. Some old sourdough had told him pack animals were very scarce in Alaska, and that even burros were selling for a thousand dollars each. He was very much excited about it. At that time there were plenty of unclaimed jacks running along the Gila River bottoms, and he was planning to gather a bunch. To that end he hired some Mexicans and Indians to help him. I believe that after a lot of hard work he finally got one or two carloads together, and shipped them north from Yuma. I don't think the deal was a financial success, as I never heard that he came back for more.

Frazier Hunt, in his book titled *Cap Mossman, Last of the Great Cowmen*, says that Ari-

zona Charlie, Burt Mossman (one time captain of the Arizona rangers), and two other men, formed an expedition to prospect on Tiburon (Shark) Island in the Gulf of Lower California. This island was and is inhabited by the Seri Indians, in those days supposed to be the most savage people in this part of the Globe, and were said to be cannibals, and that they had killed every white man who had ever landed on Tiburon.

They planned to recruit ten or twelve gun fighters from along the border and go down to the island and kill every Indian on it. (The Indians there were very poorly armed. All they had were bows, arrows, and crude wooden spears.)

At that time Colonel Kosterlitzky, a former Russian Pole, was, in northern Mexico, the right hand of Porfirio Diaz, then president of Mexico. The colonel's duty was to keep the peace, and take care of criminals—and, boy, did he take care of them! He was commander-in-chief of the Rurales in Chihuahua and Sonora, a hard riding, hard fighting lot of men, very similar to the Rangers of Texas.

He heard of the Meadows, Mossman and Company plans to exterminate the Seri Indians and annex the island to the United States, and promptly sent word he would have a company of his Rurales on the beach of the island to welcome them.

Somehow or other the deal lost its charm. It did not seem nearly so alluring, and they lost interest in the expedition.

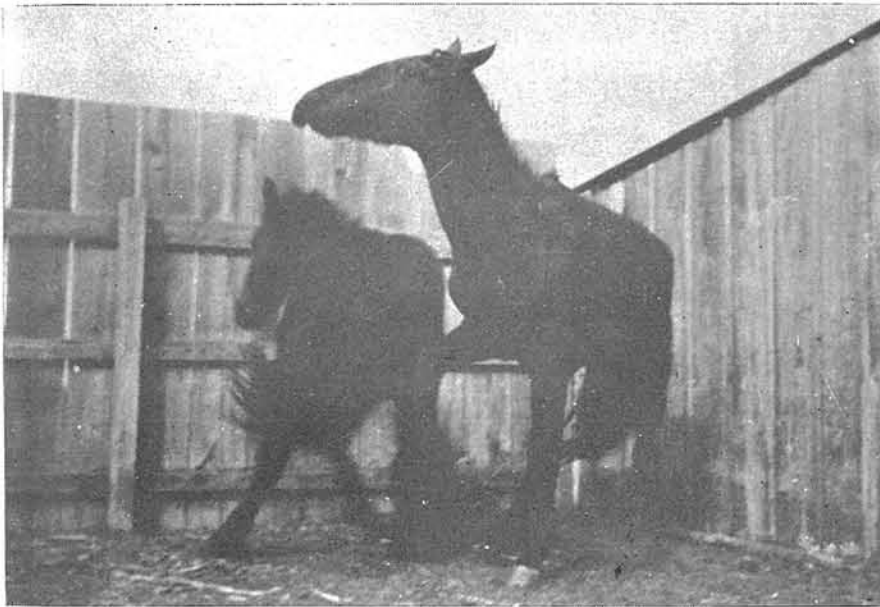
Later on Charlie acquired a ranch on the Colorado River, north of Yuma, and remained there until he died. I do not know the date of his death.

He was a pleasant sort of a person to meet; one of those fellows you liked at once; always chasing rainbows; considerable of a dare devil; and liked to have fun.

He was said to have been the best roper in Arizona, and even at this late date, when old-timers meet and the subject of roping comes up, Arizona Charlie and his feats with a rope will be sure to be mentioned.

He was, I believe, a distant cousin of a character named Don Meadows, who lives down around Long Beach.

CM John S. Du Mont, co-author of *Firearms in the Custer Battle*, has an extremely interesting and informative article in the *American Rifleman* for August, entitled "Early Snub-Nosed Colts" (the powder-and-lead variety). In it he discusses some of the early day alterations and modifications of that historic weapon which have long confused laymen and experts alike.



A "jug-head" may be matched with a sloppy "broom-tail."



A typical locoed horse. Note abnormal growth of tail and mane, characteristic of the disease.

U.S.D.A. Photographs.



The "broom-tail" may indicate locoweed poisoning, or mongrel ancestry.

WITH THE passing of the frontier, many, if not most, of the words and expressions of the old-time Western lingo have faded into disuse or have taken new meanings. New words and phrases and the change of meanings of old sayings are due mostly to the fact that old-time Westerners wrote so very little in their own language and "outsiders" have written—and are yet writing—so very much in the queer jargon that is labeled "authentic" by "experts" on Western customs.

One sample of an old word whose original meaning is all but forgotten is "broomtail" and and "willowtail." Those words are heard now and then today, but usually with no more than facetious connotations.

In early open-range times, before farming became a necessary part of stock raising in the West, horses and cattle grazed and browsed much in the manner of wild game. The change of seasons, cycles of drouth, range plant growth and other unsteady conditions made the existence of livestock a feast-or-famine proposition. During seasons and cycles when good grass and browse were scarce, stock turned hungrily to unpalatable feed which they would not touch under more favorable conditions.

Among the least palatable plants are the "locoweeds" which are seldom eaten by stock in these days when hay and grain are stacked for

the seasons when feed is short. In earlier times, species of *Astragalus* and *Oxytropis* (the locoweeds) were a serious problem to stockmen and a menace to thousands of head of stock. Some species of the weeds are very poisonous and quickly kill the luckless animals that eat them. Others are less poisonous but no less vicious as they produce slow, cumulative poisoning and narcotic addiction that leave their victims to linger in misery until paralysis and starvation bring relief in death.

We seem to have strayed far from the subject of "broomtail" but locoweeds were probably the chief reason for the coinage of the word and its synonyms. One of the very noticeable symptoms of chronic locoweed poisoning is an abnormal growth of the manes and tails of poisoned horses—*loco* horses; hence, "broomtail," "fuzz-tail," etc.

The old range men looked with suspicion at "broom-tailed," "fuzz-tailed" or "willow-tailed" horses even when the animals' condition and appearance seemed to indicate good health. Another insidious attribute of locoweed poisoning is that it may leave poisoned animals "weedy"

even after they have survived the poisoning and regained a physically normal condition. Horses become weedy when brain and nerve cells are damaged by the poison beyond complete recovery.

Loco is a Spanish word meaning "crazy" and it required no expert to recognize a loco horse when he was crazy from narcosis, staggering drunkenly and trembling from the weakness of starvation. The narcotic addiction led the victim from wholesome feed to the search for more of the virulent weeds.

More difficult to recognize was the weedy horse that had survived the poisoning and lost all symptoms except insanity. Weedy horses often did not show signs of their former loco condition unless they became excited, tired or overheated, when they might become crazy and dangerous because of strong physical condition. Then the tail became an indicator of the horses' former habits. If a horse were broom-tailed, he might be suspected of being weedy or of poor, scrub stock. If his tail had been "pulled" (thinned by pulling a knife blade through the hair), he might still be suspected if he had not

the saddle marks that indicate long service.

When settlers from the East and Middle West crowded into the range country, many of their "cold-blooded" nags mixed with the range mustangs and produced scrubby, cross-bred "plugs" of broom-tailed, "jug-headed" conformation. The clumsy, stupid crossbreeds were no more desirable than weedy mustangs and the disdainful name broomtail, for them was appropriate.

The mustangs have disappeared with the long-horned cattle, the old-fashioned range rider and the open range, but in a few remote corners of the West small bands of broomtails are still to be found by modern "cowboys" who round up the scrubs with jeeps, pickups and airplanes for the cat-, dog- and chicken-feed market.

The dislike of old-time *jinetes* for pinto horses is shown in the vaquero proverb:

No allanes nunca morada,
Ni te metas en laberinto,
Ni enamores a una casada,
Ni montes caballo pinto.

Broadly translated, that *refran* warns that riding a piebald horse ranks with the indiscretions of "violating the sanctity of a home, getting into a brawl or falling in love with a married woman".

BROOMTAILS

By W. I. (BOB) ROBERTSON

CLAY ALLISON MEETS WYATT EARP CARL W. BREIHAN

CLAY ALLISON seemed to have the opinion that he was placed upon this earth as the self-appointed "exterminator of all badmen." At that, he did a pretty good job of it. He had the reputation of having killed eighteen men, and never received a wound in the process. In fact, he never was wounded except one time and that was accidental. He shot himself in the instep of his right foot one day while cleaning his revolver. From that time on he was a partial cripple and without support the injured member made him limp noticeably. However, Clay soon overcame this by using a Winchester as sort of a cane, and folks seldom noticed his affliction. In the saddle it was not noticed at all. It also was for this reason that much of his gunplay was done from the saddle or from a sitting position.

Clay Allison was born in Tennessee and during the Civil War was a spy of note in the services of the Confederacy. Eventually he was captured and sentenced to be shot. On the very evening of the day preceding his appointed execution, he killed his guards and escaped. He came west and in the early 1870's owned a ranch on the Washita River. At that time there was a strip of land running from the Texas Panhandle across the western slope of the New Mexico Rockies; from the Canadian River on the south to Los Animas, Colorado, and Dodge City, Kansas, on the north. It was on the eastern edge of this strip where Clay established his ranch. Later he came to Texas and located a ranch on the Gageby Creek, a tributary to the Washita River, and this is when he won his reputation of being "a killer of badmen." This was in the year 1877.

Clay was a handsome man. He was six feet two inches in his stocking feet, and weighed around 175 pounds. His hair was dark and he usually wore a small mustache and a clipped chin beard. His dancing blue eyes were referred to by many as "X-ray eyes," since they had the illusion of peering right through one.

Usually Clay Allison was a temperate man and fairly easy to get along with, but it was best not to cross him when he had been drinking. On one of his sprees it is said that he galloped full speed through Dodge City, Kansas, a la Lady Godiva style—stark naked except for his boots, hat, and sixguns and cartridge belt. Others state that the incident occurred at Canadian, Texas, but the general opinion seems to agree that it happened at old Mobeetie. Whichever the case, it did happen and shows to what extremes Clay would go when he had been drinking or as a joke. Another time while under the influence of liquor he suddenly developed a toothache. He went to the dentist, where that gentleman obligingly

extracted Clay's tooth without asking a fee. Upon his return to the saloon, Clay's mouth still ached and he discovered that the dentist had pulled the wrong tooth. Quickly he returned to that unfortunate man's office; struck him over the head with his sixgun, and then proceeded to yank out all of the dentist's teeth.

Allison was twenty-six years old at the time of his meeting with Wyatt Earp. The people of Dodge City feared the young killer from Texas and told Earp to steer clear of the crazy hombre. But, as might be expected, Earp was just as anxious to meet Allison as Clay was to meet him. The morning of the meeting, Wyatt Earp was standing on the steps of the saloon on Main Street, and as soon as Allison was seen riding into town, all the citizens sought cover.

Allison acted boldly enough, all right. He slipped from his saddle and approached Wyatt Earp, who, in the meantime, had stepped into the street and was awaiting Allison's next move. Allison stepped up to Earp and said: "Are you Wyatt Earp?"

"I am," simply stated the marshal of Dodge City.

"Well, I've been looking for you a long time."

"So? Well, now you've found me."

"Yep."

That was all Allison said.

Several witnesses stated that Allison's right hand was not in sight of Earp since Clay was standing sideways; his left side pressing hard against Earp's body. Although Earp could not see Allison's right hand he had felt what the man planned to do. He had seen the flexing of muscles in the man's face and had felt the muscles of Clay's body go taut against his own.

At that moment Clay had his sixgun half out of his holster, when suddenly he looked amazed and almost frightened, if such a term can be used in connection with such a man. Suddenly the gun dropped back into place and Allison elevated his hands towards the sky. Why? Well, in some manner Wyatt Earp had drawn his .45 and jammed it hard against Clay's left side; ready to pour a lethal dose into his body if he insisted in going through with his draw. Almost a half minute passed before Allison broke the silence: "Well, guess I'll go around the corner."

Earp flashed his famous smile.

"Go right ahead, Allison, but if I were you, I'd never come back." That was all he said. Mr. Earp seldom wasted words and was always a rather silent sort of an hombre.

Clay Allison left Dodge City before the sun

(Continued on Page 7)

Corral Chips . . .

Clarence Ellsworth has spent the summer in Hastings, Iowa, and in other areas of the mid-west states. A very successful summer for Clarence, in that he has sold nearly every western painting he had executed before taking his trip east.

Just about the time Percy Bonebrake was looking his spryest, the old ticker acted up again, and sent him to bed. But Percy is up again and, toward Westerners, his old cantankerous self.

Steve Dolley, Bob Woods, Bill Robinson, Carl Dentzel and George Fullerton were among those who made the trip to San Francisco for the joint meeting of the Zamorano and Roxbourg Clubs. Each of them came back from the north with a prize book in his possession—gift of the San Francisco book dealers.

After a meticulous and careful head-count it appears that CM Michael Harrison was the only member of Los Angeles Corral who made the trip to the Westerners conclave at Denver in August.

Among the Westerners who aided E Clampus Vitus to again run the Jackass Mail after 99 years was Sheriff Don Meadows, Holling C. Holling, Arthur Clark, Jim Gardiner, Jack Reynolds, Charlie Rudkin, and Paul Bailey. The encampment was at Cuyamaca on the weekend of September 15. The special run of the Jackass Mail on its 99th anniversary was made from Lassitor's station to Julian. Special commemorative stamp for the occasion was designed by Westerner Holling C. Holling. CM Sid Platford is Grand Noble Humbug of Platrix Chapter E Clampus Vitus, the chapter which staged the event, and commemorated the famous Jackass Mail with a bronze plaque. From reports, coming out of San Diego County, there was considerably more history made at this clambake.

Arthur Woodward, in his southern expedition, has finally reached Oaxaca, in Mexico. This field trip, which is reported to be strictly of a scientific and explorative nature, and which will tie Arthur up until late in December, has for its objectives the following studies: (a) The ethnological and soporific properties of Mexican beer, as leveled off in the mugs at Pepe's, on the sleeping fringe of the Portal de Las Flores y Zocalo; (b) the uselessness of razors in high and wet altitudes; (c) the final and definitive search for the bed in which The Great Western slept.

Arthur can be reached (for archeological, anthropological or ethnological inquiries, that is) by writing Lista de Correos, Oaxaca, Oax. Mexico.

Clay Allison Meets Earp

(Continued from Page 6)

had set and kept his distance from that day on.

What happened to Wyatt Earp? Well, he spent his last days in peace and quiet amid the sporting circles of California, and passed away at his home in Los Angeles on January 13, 1929.

Allison? Clay later settle on Seven River, New Mexico, and lived there many years. One day he became obsessed with the idea that one of his cowhands had wronged him and was going to dispose of that individual accordingly. At once he started for the location where the cowboy was, but stopped on the road at the home of an old freighter friend of his. The man saw that Clay had been drinking and was pretty well "soused up," so he tried to persuade Clay that he should forget his venture and have dinner with him instead. After dinner, Clay walked outside and saw a loaded freight wagon standing close by, and he suddenly became possessed with the idea that he now was an expert freighter besides being a gunman, rancher, and what-have-you.

Upon the driver's seat he leaped; gathered in the reins, and with a wild yell, set the horses off at a fairly fast clip. Of course, the two teams responded to his yelling and kept going faster all the time. Suddenly the front wheels struck a hole in the road and Allison was thrown between the wheels of the wagon. The rear wheel passed over him and he died of a broken neck.

Bob Tails

by BOB ROBERTSON

Uncle Quitman Reed, who ranched at Mud Spring, was an easy-going Texan who believed a man should take his time and think before acting. Uncle Quit's sample of how that idea worked was a shooting scrape he saw in Berdoo when D Street was The Great White Way of that lively town.

He said, "One feller shot six times and the other shot three times. Well, the feller that shot six times got hit three times and the one who shot three times didn't git hit a-tall!"

Early-day vaqueros had many beliefs concerning the qualities and defects of horses indicated by their colors. A seeming contradiction of those beliefs was in the old proverb,

Clor no importa si el potro no trola

(color does not matter if the colt does not trot).

The trotting gait, if an inherent trait, was considered a defect and, if an acquired habit, a fault, by Spanish horsemen.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

A BAR CROSS MAN. The Life and Personal Writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, by W. H. Hutchinson. Univ. of Okla. Press, 1956. 432 pp.

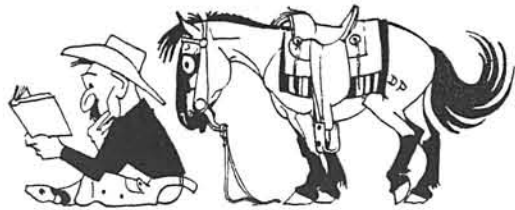
W. H. Hutchinson, "Old Hutch" of Chico, California, may well be called the outstanding Rhodes scholar of the day. With this book he throws new light on the many facets of the character, thoughts and writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes. The plain facts of Rhodes' life have been written about and discussed by many, including Gene's wife May, whose *HIRED MAN ON HORSEBACK* presented Gene as she knew him. Nonetheless, it has taken someone like Hutchinson to gather together the facts, the fiction, the correspondence and the comments, place them all in one pot, add his own savory remarks, and end up with a meaty and flavorful *piece de resistance*.

Rhodes' first 37 years were lived in New Mexico, except for two of those years spent at what is now the College of the Pacific at Stockton, California. These 37 years as a cowboy and rancher moulded the man for the rest of his life, and, incidentally, provided the background for many of the tales of Gene's prowess as a fighter in physical, political and moral fields. In later years in New York and California he remained constant in his devotion to New Mexico, always feeling he could write better and would feel better if he had the means to return and live in the land he loved.

Plagued by ill health, overpowering debts and family obligations, Rhodes had to keep writing to meet his many bills. Publishers' checks and royalties disappeared as soon as they arrived, often to pay up back debts, and just as often to be distributed among friends and relatives. Rhodes was constantly borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, but it is typical of his straightforward honesty that he prided himself on always repaying a loan promptly and with proper interest. This is more than can be said for those who borrowed from him.

The major portion of this book is devoted to Rhodes' correspondence, much of it previously unpublished, and it is through his letters that we find the man: honest, witty, ruggedly individualistic, in short, a "good man and true." His friends and correspondents were many: old-time cowboys, critics, publishers, relatives, school mates, as well as men of prominence in the field of Western history, art and writing, men such as Walter Prescott Webb, Maynard Dixon, Eugene Cunningham, Bernard DeVoto.

In his letters, Rhodes refused to consider himself as a writer of "Westerns." He begged his publishers not to advertise his books as such, in



one letter stating, "The fact remains that a 'Western' has come to mean worthless, trashy blood-and-thunder stuff . . . in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is precisely the man who would most enjoy my books, if he read them, who shudders away from them because they are labeled as 'Westerns' . . . A man who is looking for a 'Western' and buys one of mine, doesn't get what he wants."

In another letter, to Vincent Starrett, Rhodes wrote, ". . . I took real men for my models, yes, and by heck I did a good job in showing them as they were. But I *did not* write about other *real men within my knowledge* whose lives were disgusting and shameful . . . To make it brief—the best men I know are the most interesting to me . . . and they are the ones I write about."

Rhodes felt that he, Andy Adams, Owen Wister and a few others were offering historical material to the reader, authentic first-hand pictures of western life as they lived it and observed it. He was bitter in his constant denunciation of the "popular" western fiction writers, whom he had no hesitancy in naming and whose works he labeled "every book false on every page in letter and spirit."

The best summary of Eugene Manlove Rhodes' personality and work begins on page 382 of this beautiful book. It is the obituary published in the Santa Fe *New Mexican* after Rhodes' death in June of 1934, ending with the words "He was New Mexico's truest interpreter and spokesman and he will always be enshrined in her heart."

JACK REYNOLDS.

New Corresponding Members

Los Angeles Corral extends a hearty welcome to the following new Corresponding Members:

Paul Keil, 659 South St., San Pedro, Calif.

Dr. William R. Ross, President, State School of Education, Greeley, Colorado.

Carl E. Steiger, 25 Wisconsin Avenue, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Sid Platford, 152 Duarte Rd., Arcadia, Calif.

Arthur J. Anderson, 1014 E. Main Street, Stoughton, Wisconsin.

Allen W. Farley, 711 Huron Building, Kansas City, Kansas.

Carl Hertzog, 500 Wellesley Rd., El Paso, Tex.

Lynn S. Gillham, Manager Alisal Ranch and Resort, P.O. Box 497, Solvang, California.

Rosario Andrea Curletti, 1715 Garden Street, Santa Barbara, California.