



Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge 1864-1956

By CARL DENTZEL

NOT LONG before Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge left Southern California to return to his beloved Santa Fe, New Mexico, to spend his retirement, the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners honored their distinguished honorary member by making their monthly dinner meeting Fred Hodge Night.

The Westerners and their guests who filled the room on that memorable occasion will never forget Dr. Hodge's last appearance before the Los Angeles Corral. They will always remember the charm of the occasion and its highlight, the remarkable autobiographical sketch and reminiscences of a busy life recalled that special evening by Dr. Hodge.

Westerners had perhaps taken Dr. Hodge for granted and it was not until they realized he was leaving Southern California, which had been his home for almost a quarter of a century, that they thoughtfully and generously honored him by dedicating the 1956 Brand Book to him who had often lovingly been referred to as the "greatest Westerner of them all."

As one of the early members of the Los Angeles Corral Dr. Hodge had always enjoyed the meetings and special outings of the Westerners. His attendance at events and his support of the organization was outstanding. He was generous with his time, his knowledge, and could always be counted upon for a good story or an inspiring article for either the Branding Iron or the Brand Book.

When the news of the death of Dr. Hodge, September 29, 1956, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, was received, Westerners found it difficult to believe. To them Telulí, as he was affectionately known, was an indestructible institution even though he would have been 92 years old October 28, 1956. The Westerners were right for the works of Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge will live indestructably on forever as will his memory in the Westerners.



LAST KNOWN PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. HODGE
Taken at the special "Fred Hodge Night."

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

His more than three score years of writings about the American Indian, the Southwest, and the many other fields of his interests serve as an enlightening force in anthropology and history. He was a great reinforcer of the best ideas and ideals of men and an encourager and inspirer to all who sought his suggestions or advice.

Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge added dimension to all who were privileged to know him. He and the life he exemplified will always be remembered as an American classic in the finest Western tradition. Of him it can be rightfully said, as it was so often, that he was the Dean of all the Westerners.

THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

* * *

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Fall Meetings Popular

The fall meeting of Los Angeles Corral started off in blithe note by a party-type assemblage, September 20, at the La Golondrina, on Olvera Street. The affair was commemorative of the 175th anniversary of "La Ciudad de Los Angeles." Speaker was Glen Price, curator, State Division of Beaches and Parks, who spoke on "Los Angeles—on the Northwest Frontier." The solid, informative and interesting talk on Pueblo's early days was well received—and so was the stage talent provided by Señora Consuela de Bonzo, the smiling proprietress of La Golondrina. It is believed that the assembled rannies of Los Angeles Corral will remember that night's songs and dances equally as well as the phase of history they had paused to glance over. It was quite an evening.

A new eating-place was tried out for the meeting of October 18—Costa's Grill, at 525 Ord Street. Dr. Rodman W. Paul, history department of California Institute of Technology, and a Westerner, gave a scholarly and informative paper on the "Bonanza Grain Trade with the United Kingdom." Those assembled were surprised to learn the extent and importance of the California grain ships in bringing wealth and agricultural importance to the State in mid-part of the Nineteenth Century, following decline of the gold production from its streams and placers. The long-hauls of the vessels, laden with another kind of gold from California's rich valleys, is a romantic and long-neglected phase of history. Dr. Paul plans to make it the subject for a new book.

The meeting of November 15, at Costa's Grill, featured Dudley C. Gordon, professor of English and history, City College. His talk was "Charles F. Lummis, *Mr. Southwest*." Those assembled were delighted with his revelation of the life and accomplishments of the tireless and colorful figure who left behind him as monuments the Southwest Museum, fifteen great books, and a literary tradition regarding the great Southwest that will influence writers for generations to come. To further add interest to the subject, Dr. Gordon wore one of the Spanish-cut velvet suits which made the troublous Charles unforgettable to those who knew him.

At this same meeting ballots were passed by the Sheriff, to aid the nominating committee in choosing the slate of new officers for 1957.

and now he is literally a part of it. He began his career digging in the dust of the ages and now that he has melted into it, the union is perfect. I like the idea a damned sight better than a cold, impersonal marble slab somewhere in an alien ground."

Tribute to Fred Hodge

Following extract is quoted from a letter sent to Jack Reynolds from Arthur Woodward, October 20, 1956, Oaxaca, Oaxaca, Mexico:

"Telulí's death while coming as a shock, was not wholly unexpected. For thirty-five years he was my friend. As a young punk in New York where I first met him I decided he was a man after whom one could well pattern his life. God knows I tried but after all there wasn't any mold for Telulí. He was cut from the original earth and hardened in the long slow fire of experience which few of us can stand. I shall miss him as the years go on, but even so I know enough about him during the past years to understand that he has not really died. Everytime I read one of his letters or notes I shall feel that he is still at his desk, head bent close to his paper, writing, writing. Whenever I submitted a manuscript to him for penciling I knew it would come back practically cut to pieces, but, by God, it was edited as no other man could do it. I have saved most of his memos and letters and have them tucked in my files or tipped into one of his numerous books, the majority of which carries his autograph in that neat, tight fist. His ashes scattered on Hawikuh was a fitting end to the discarded husk. He was close to the history of the Southwest, especially Zuni and Hawikuh,

GREEK GEORGE AND HIS GRAVE

By FLORENCE LOBA

HE first came to California almost a century ago. He lived in the State during most of the ensuing 56 years but when he died no name was placed upon his grave. No headstone was erected bearing an inscription telling of his role in one of the West's exciting episodes.

Late in the afternoon of the last day of June 1956 there was an unveiling of a small marble monument placed at the head of the grave, the inscription giving a starkly brief biography of Greek George, driver and packer in the short-lived U. S. Army Camel Corps.

George Caralambo, a Greek born in Smyrna, first set foot on United States soil in 1857 on arrival of the second boatload of camels from Mediterranean countries. Eagerly soaking up the new impressions of every hour, he was friendly, quiet, polite and quick to follow orders. As there was another George among the drivers the Americans fell into the way of calling him Greek George.

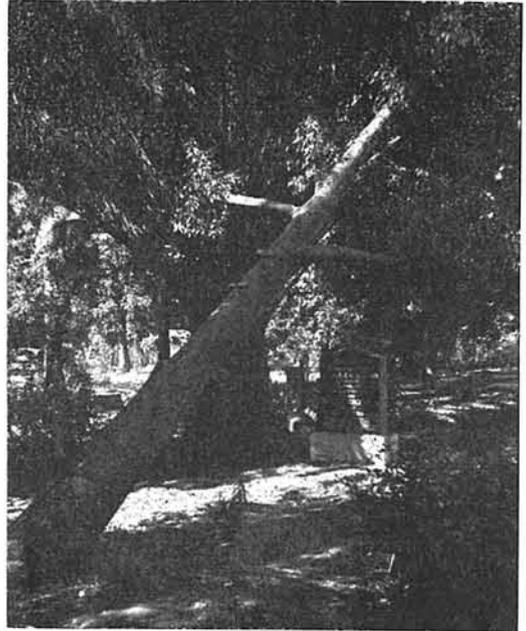
Discharged from the Army, young George was forgotten by the government that he had served to the best of his ability.

Drifting to the settlement of Los Angeles, 10 years after coming to this country, he became a citizen, as far as is known the only camel driver to take this move. At the same time he adopted the surname of Allen. He built an adobe house near what is now Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood and it was there one day in 1874 he turned into authorities the bandit Tiburcio Vasquez.

Never learning English, by middle age having forgotten all his Greek, George spoke Spanish "on California models". Of medium height, sturdy appearance, with clear-cut features and a mop of hair, his beard was so thick that one time during a fight at Fort Mohave when he was struck in the jaw by an arrow his skin was barely scratched.

One day in his old age George visited the Los Angeles home of editor George Fletcher Lummis to ask for help in procuring a pension. He came a second time bringing vegetables from the small ranch in El Monte where he then was living.

In the center of the patio of Lummis' arroyo home grew a huge, four-pronged sycamore tree. George walked round and round the tree. Finally, putting his hand on his host's shoulder and looking up at the tree, he exclaimed "Why, seguro, this is the very one! I thought so the other day when I first came to you but this big stone house and the foundation make it look different. But there is the very hollow where I tucked my alforja and I slept in the very lap of



In the morning the rays of the sun filter through the trees' foliage to light up the inscription on a small marble slab in Mt. Olive Cemetery in Whittier. The monument marks the long-neglected grave of Greek George who in his youth served in the short-lived U. S. Army Camel Corps and died near Montebello in 1913.

the great tree. For when I came here with the camels in 1858, in October, going to Fort Tejon, I camped me under this aliso with my 18 camels. And now, I find here a friend!"

As Lummis was entertaining at dinner that evening he persuaded George to remain for the affair. The visitor scrubbed himself until he shone and brushed his jeans. At dinner he sat across from Helen Modjeska and her husband Count Bozenta, conducting himself with poise and dignity. The guests plied him with questions, their host acting as interpreter.

In the evening during community singing Lummis said to George "Surely, though you have forgotten Greek, you must remember the songs your mother taught you, the songs of when you were a boy."

Urged to sing, shyly, George complied. Leaning against the door frame, he began haltingly to repeat the songs of his childhood of more than half a century before. As the words and poignant melodies carried him back to a far off land and time, tears trickled down his beard. Tears came to the eyes too of the guests who listened spellbound for half an hour.

George moved to a wooden shack at Old Mission, not far from Montebello. A widower and

(Continued on Page 7)

THE HOME OF TAOS LIGHTNIN'

by ARTHUR WOODWARD

IN THE narrow, lonesome canyon of the Rio Hondo, about six or seven miles upstream from the little Mexican pueblo of Rio Hondo and north of the Pueblo of Taos some eight or ten miles, stand the ruins of Simeon Turley's famous distillery and mill.

Today the river brawls along in front of the tumbled walls of stone and adobe. The hills, covered with pine and juniper, rise steeply in the rear of the ruins, which are located on the north side of the stream. The distillery was a large, rambling establishment and the portions of the building along the river show signs of having been burned, and the debris which has been shoveled out of the deep, gaping holes made by treasure hunters in recent times, consists largely of burned earth, stones and charcoal.

Simeon Turley is said to have been born in Kentucky in 1807 and arrived in New Mexico in 1830. He built his distillery on the banks of the Rio Hondo and by the 1840s the product of his stills was well known to all who passed through the country. It was the favorite drink of the mountain men and its potency was such that it was dubbed "Taos lightnin'." George Ruxton, who visited Turley's place in 1847,



"OLD JOHN ALBERT"
1806-1899

Photo taken at Denver, c. 1898.

—Courtesy Colorado Springs Pioneer Museum.

left the establishment just three days before the Mexicans attacked and destroyed it. Said Ruxton:

"The next morning we descended into the Arroyo, and even in daylight the track down was exceedingly dangerous, and to have attempted it in the dark would have been an act of no little temerity. On the other bank of the stream was situated a mill and distillery belonging to an American by the name of Turley, who had quite a thriving establishment. Sheep and goats, and innumerable hogs, ran about the corral; his barns were filled with grain of all kinds, his mill with flour, and his cellars with whisky 'in galore'. Everything about the place betokened prosperity. Rosy children, uniting the fair complexions of the Anglo-Saxon with the dark tint of the Mexican, gambolled before the door. The Mexicans and Indians at work in the yard were stout, well-fed fellows, looking happy and contented; as well they might, for no one in the country paid so well, and fed so well, as Turley, who bore the reputation far and near, of being so generous and kind-hearted as he was reported to be rich.

"In times of scarcity no Mexican ever besought his assistance and went away empty-handed. His granaries were always open to the hungry, and his purse to the poor.

"Three days after I was there they attacked his house, burned his mill, destroyed his grain and his live stock, and inhumanly butchered himself and the foreigners with him, after a gallant defence of twenty-four hours—nine men against five hundred. Such is Mexican gratitude."

This attack occurred on the 19th of January, 1847. Charles Autobees, an old trapper who had come into the mountains in 1825 but who had spent the first seven years of his trapping days around the headwaters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers, gradually working south until in 1832 he was trapping on the Gila, was a freighter for Sim Turley. On the morning when the revolt occurred in Taos, Charley rode hell for leather to the distillery and warned Turley, then rode north. Turley discounted the warning but later in the day a band of Mexicans and Indians, estimated to be some four or five hundred strong, descended into the canyon and laid siege to the establishment. Under a white flag the leaders of the enemy approached the distillery and told Turley that they had already killed the governor and all the Americans at Fernandez de Taos but that if Turley would surrender they would spare his life, but all the other Americanos in the distillery must die. Sim Turley responded: "I will never surrender my house or my men. If you want them you must take them."

The enemy drew off and hid themselves on the hillsides and opened fire. From the loopholes in the walls the Americans responded with their deadly rifles. All night the siege continued. The enemy closed in under cover of darkness and occupied the stables and a shed



HOME OF "TAOS LIGHTNIN'"

Ruins of Simeon Turley's mill and distillery, Rio Hondo, New Mexico.

—Photo by Barbara Woodward, 1952.

adjoining the main house. The latter tried breaking through the walls to enter the mill and living quarters but the walls were too thick. A terrific fire rattled against the fortress. Bullets penetrated the loop-holes and two men were mortally wounded. Then the mill was fired from the outside. All day the fight continued. Outside the ranks of the enemy were augmented by new reinforcements. The men inside the building knew they would either have to stay inside and be killed one by one or probably burn to death. They decided to make a break for it that night.

One of the defenders was John Albert, an American who had been born in Hagerstown, Maryland in 1806. He had gone to St. Louis in 1828 and was an employee of the American Fur Company in 1834, at which time he went into the mountains. He moved to Bent's Fort in the spring of 1837 and during that summer went down into New Mexico. In later years Albert related the account of the Pueblo uprising and the massacre of Taos. He was at Turley's mill when Autobees gave the warning. Said Albert in an interview which appeared in the "Cattlemen's Advertiser," n.d., a weekly edition of the *Trinidad Daily Advertiser*:

"I was close by but was not aware of the sweat mill I was to go through a few hours later. At that time, with a few Americans I was engaged in the manufacture of whiskey, better known by the old timers as

'Taos lightning.' Our distillery was located at Arroyo Hondo, seven miles from Taos. On the morning following the Taos Massacre, at sunrise, the Mexicans who were bent on extinguishing all Americans, surrounded and opened fire on the distillery. Our little band fought as only men can when they know that to surrender would be to die. We stood the Mexican force off all day and continued fighting them after dark. It was plain that we could not hold out much longer, and we resolved to cut our way out or die in the attempt.

"Well, I called the men together near a small side door and said to them: 'You have been talking all day of cutting your way out; now is the time, if ever.'

"With this I opened the door, fired my rifle into the besiegers and before they had time to recover from the surprise, I was among them, using a 2 pound knife as vigorously as my strength would admit. The others followed me. Some were killed on the spot, and others were caught and killed after cutting through the Mexican lines. I was the only one to make a successful escape.

"As soon as daylight appeared I cut a bee-line for the Arkansas river. I had left my coat in the distillery and lost my hat in the skirmish. This was on January 11, 1847. The weather was cold and I sorely felt the need of a coat and hat, but I did not stop to consider it.

"On the Sangre de Cristo range I killed a large deer, which I immediately proceeded to skin, head and all. Being a small man I managed to force my body into the hide recently worn by the deer, pulling

(Continued on Page 6)

Home of Taos Lightnin'

(Continued from Page 5)

the scalp over my head for a hat. The skin was soon frozen stiff, but it kept off the wind.

"A short distance of Pueblo, on Apache Creek, I espied a white man some distance away, riding on a mule. The pleasant thought came to me that now I can get a chew of tobacco, for which I was almost famished.

"I hailed the man and beckoned to him. The fellow raised in his stirrup, stretched his neck, and turning his mule to the opposite direction, made off as if the devil was after him, and I have no doubt he fully believed that I was the devil in the shape of half man and half deer—I have no idea that the fellow has stopped running up to the present date. I am a little too previous, however, in my story. My first impression at seeing the individual last-named was that he might be a Mexican, and had he proved to be such, I would certainly have killed him for his clothes. I afterwards learned that he belonged to a party of Mormons hunting in that vicinity.

"I arrived at Pueblo late that same night, but in doing so had to pass through a Mormon village. The inhabitants were all asleep with the exception of a large black dog, that also mistook me for the devil, but unlike the Mormon on the mule, the dog showed fight, and so vigorous were the assaults on me that I was finally compelled to shoot it. Arrived at the settlement of the mountaineers at Pueblo I was kindly received, meeting many old comrades. My story of the massacre so enraged them, however, that they pulled up twenty odd Mexicans whom they had in their employ and but for my entreaties would have shot them. . . ."

John Albert, the Pennsylvania German, died at Walsenberg, Colorado, April 24, 1899.

There are several discrepancies in his story. The attack occurred on January 19, 1847, not on the 11th as Albert states. Likewise it is reported that one or two other men also escaped the massacre.

The names of those who perished at Turley's distillery and mill as recorded in Col. Price's report were: Simeon Turley, Albert Turbush, William Hatfield, Louis Tolque, Petere Robert, Joseph Marshall and William Austin. (See *Ex. Doc.*, No. 1, Message from the President to the Two Houses of Congress at the Commencement of the First Session of the Thirtieth Congress, Dec. 7, 1847, p. 520; Col. Price's Report to the Adjutant General of Army, Santa Fe, New Mexico, Feb. 15, 1847.)

One other anecdote of this notent frontier liquor, from *Field and Farm*, Denver, Colo., Jan. 2, 1886:

During the Civil War when the 1st Regiment, Colorado Volunteers, was camped near Albuquerque, the soldiers were smuggling whiskey into camp in their canteens, much to the annoyance of the officers and subsequent disruption of discipline. The commanding officer issued an order that all company commanders

Indian Summer for Clarence

Clarence Ellsworth's summer sojourn in the midwest was almost in the nature of a triumphal return to the lands of his youth. Clarence, as a gifted artist, and his paintings, were subjects of considerable acclaim, judging by newspaper reports from the area. "To Clarence Ellsworth, 70-year-old former Fremonter," said the Fremont, Nebraska *Tribune*, in an illustrated spread of the artist, "life is a continuous succession of 'learning and doing.'"

"The latest application of his talents—which are concentrated largely on painting—is a multi-colored centennial year painting portraying an historical 1856 event, involving the first woman in Fremont. . . ."

"But Ellsworth's talents aren't limited exclusively to this type of painting—he is a Hollywood pioneer, having painted title backgrounds in the days of silent movies, illustrated books, done newspaper art work, made river excursions, and studied Indian lore."

The *Omaha World-Herald* and the *Des Moines Register* were even more lavish in the praise and publicity they heaped on Ellsworth as an artist, and son of the middle-border. Nearly every painting of the dozen or more canvasses Clarence took east with him for showing were enthusiastically purchased by those who viewed his interpretive art of the early day pioneer and the American Indian—both long the subjects of his genius with brush, oils and crayon.

To this acclaim should be the gratitude of Los Angeles Corral for the unstinting use of his great talent which has enhanced and beautified the Brand Books, Branding Irons, Keepsakes, mementoes, certificates and presentation pieces from the very beginnings of this organization.

Home of Taos Lightnin'

were to ferret out all such offenders and punish them.

Capt. Sam Robbins of Company K had his men fall in, company front, and asked them if they had any whiskey. All were as innocent as newborn lambs.

Said the Captain: "I will investigate, and if a guilty party be found, he shall be bucked and gagged, and possibly drawn and quartered. The man who would drink the Taos whiskey found in this country is not fit to live. He *should* die."

He then proceeded down the line and smelled of every canteen.

"They all smell bad; they smell of whiskey," said the Captain, fixing a stern eye upon the culprits. Then he added, "Break ranks. I'm damned if I know whether you're all guilty, or whether it's my own breath I smell."

RE: BILLY LEROY

By PHIL RASCH

In the index to Dykes' admirable *Bibliography of Billy the Kid*, Billy LeRoy receives three listings, yet, Dykes tells us, Burton Rascoe stated that LeRoy was simply a figment of the imagination of Richard K. Fox and his staff. To be blunt about it, Rascoe is demonstrably in error in this statement.

In the early 1880s Arthur Pond, alias Billy LeRoy, was a notorious highwayman operating in the San Juan and Gunnison areas of Colorado. On March 1, 1881 he was brought before Judge Hallett, in the U. S. District Court of Pueblo, Colorado, and sentenced to ten years in the House of Correction at Detroit, Michigan. Returned to his cell, LeRoy exclaimed: "Great God! ten years to serve. There'll be no stages to rob then!"¹

Deputy U. S. Marshal Sim W. Cantril was delegated to take LeRoy to Detroit. About 3:30 a.m. on April 4, 1881, the train was about five miles west of Fort Hayes, Kansas. There are two versions of what happened that morning. The simpler story is that Cantril left his seat to go to the water closet. On his return the brakeman informed him that he had seen the outlaw jump off the rear platform.² Much more colorful is the other account, which describes how a confederate put croton oil in the drinking water. When Cantril retired, LeRoy was given a dress identical with that worn by his girl friend, who then went to another car. When Cantril returned, he found only a young man with his "lady friend" on his arm, and was informed that LeRoy had jumped off the train. Cantril left the train at the first stop, while LeRoy rode into Kansas City and made his escape.³ A reward of \$200 was offered for his recapture, but so far as the writer is aware, it was never claimed.

Whichever account one chooses to accept, it is clear that LeRoy actually did exist. So far as the writer has been able to discover, he had no connection of any kind with Henry McCarty, alias Billy the Kid.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

¹*Pueblo Daily Chieftan*, March 3, 1881.

²*Rico Dolores News*, April 16, 1881.

³*Santa Fe Daily New Mexican*, April 9, 1881.

Greek George

(Continued from Page 3)

impoverished, he died there, aged 84, in September 1913.

Simple funeral services were held in the shack and paid for out of public funds. His body was laid in Mt. Olive Cemetery in Whittier near the grave of pioneers of that area.

For 43 years the unmarked resting place was neglected, never visited except perhaps by the ghosts of Greek George's beloved camels.

CORRAL CHIPS...

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners have on hand a few copies of *Trapper Jim Waters*, by Arthur Woodward. The price is \$2.00.

W. W. Robinson of the LACorral has compiled *A Map of the Missions, Presidios, Pueblos and—Ranchos of Spanish California* (Auto. Club So. Cal., L.A. 1956, 46x32 inches, \$1.00). Of unusual importance it shows the location and gives a brief history of 280 of the more than 500 ranches in California granted before 1846. No one is better qualified to produce such a comprehensive work for, "W. W." is the authority on land in California. To condense so much in so little space required great discrimination and the results are admirable.

Marion Speer and Rosa A. Rowley were married at the First Baptist Church in Carson City, Nevada, on September 29, 1956. The kids are doing all right.

Genial Billy Dodson made the news along about election time, when the *Los Angeles Times* pollsters happened to interview him regarding his prognostications as to candidates. Not only did that newspaper carry his interview, but also his picture. With it was the revelation that Billy's first vote—in 1892, for Grover Cleveland—was illegal. He rode 60 miles through Texas mesquite, to cast it, at age 18.

Your Brand Book

The new Brand Book is 90% sold out. Members or their friends wishing copies of this beautiful book are urged to make their purchases while there are still copies available. The price is \$10.50 to members or corresponding members. To those outside the Corral the price is \$15.00

A suggestion: Can you think of a more acceptable and desirable Christmas present than a corresponding membership in the L. A. Westerners for that historically minded relative or friend back east, and inclusion with it of the current Brand Book? The two together costs only \$13.50—which is considerably less than the non-member price of the book alone.

New Corresponding Members

Los Angeles Corral extends a hearty welcome to the following new Corresponding Members: Talbot Jennings, c/o John Harris, 1726 Ensley Ave., Los Angeles 24, California.

Harry B. Robinson, Box 386, West Glacier, Montana.

George H. Scott, 329 Mayo Bldg., Tulsa 3, Oklahoma.

John Hutchinson Cook, 29 Farnsworth Ave., Bordentown, New Jersey.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

LOWER CALIFORNIA GUIDEBOOK, Gerhard and Gurlick. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, 1956, 8 vo., 218 pp., ill., 20 maps, index. \$6.00 cloth; \$5.25 paper.

Isolated and alone the last frontier of America is fading under progress. More Californian than Mexican the long peninsula that extends southward from Tijuana to Cabo San Lucas is growing modern under a stable government, economic development and improved roads. A land of mystery is disappearing. The country is exposed and illuminated by Gerhard and Gullick's *Lower California Guidebook*.

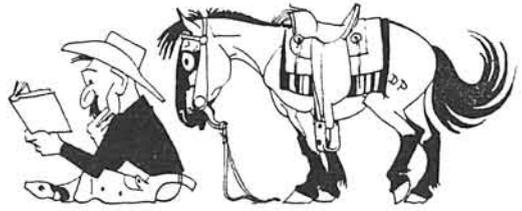
The authors know their Mexican country. Traveling by jeep or pleasure car, or sometimes on horseback, they have followed the caminos and trails over mountains, deserts and plains, always keeping a faithful log of their jornadas. Back in the land of libraries and smog they have dug out historical information to interpret what they have seen. Then, to re-check their data, they covered the path again. Their Guidebook is a revelation of solid directions to a fascinating realm.

On the roads described the distances are recorded in tenths of a mile, a dangerous procedure in a country where lines of travel are unstable. But such notations will not detract from permanent value. Checking the guide against field notes made in Baja California almost thirty years ago the agreement of details is remarkable. Roads may change but the barrancas, missions, canyons, towns, dry-lakes, bays and mountains are perennial and will always serve as points of reference. The twenty maps in the Guidebook will take care of future irregularities.

Sometimes the reader will wish that more historical and economic information was included in the text, but such was not the purpose of the book. The authors had the knowledge but not the space for inclusion. In general the book contains just about everything that a traveler will want to know about Baja California. Hunting, fishing, foods, fiestas, money, climate, customs, books and people all get attention. From intimate knowledge the authors have revealed a land of clear skies, progress, roughness and accessibility. Lower California still has its rugged aspects, but the horrors of travel below the border are permanently debunked for all but pavement pioneers.

No one should go south of Tijuana without a copy of Gerhard and Gullick's *Lower California Guidebook* for a traveling companion.

DON M.



BEFORE BARBED WIRE, by Mark H. Brown and W. R. Felton, with 124 photographs from the famous L. A. Huffman originals. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$10, 256 pp., map end-sheets.

The authors of the widely popular *The Frontier Years*, combining their talents for lucid writing with the lens artistry of L. A. Huffman, pioneer photographer of Montana, have brought forth another invaluable and graphic study of the Great West. It is every bit the equal, and at points surpasses their previous and companion volume.

As before, the Huffman photographs are the center core of the offering, but the running text, by Brown and Felton, is much more than just an adequate string for the beads. As one reads, and peruses the photographic record of another day, the illusion becomes secure and real—of a time when the open range was the order of things; of a time when there was no barbed wire.

The pictures, astounding when considered against the background of slow lenses, wet plates, and cumbersome equipment, takes the reader into the cow and sheep camps so surely that one can verily smell the acrid smoke of hot iron against flesh, the sweat and dust of the trail, the stifling closeness of a fleece being shorn from a bleating sheep's belly. This is how they did it—before barbed wire—told in an unforgettable way.

This big, beautiful book is divided into four main sections: I, L. A. Huffman, Frontier Photographer; II, Their Latchstrings Hung Out; III, Woollies; IV, With Coats of Arms on Rawhide. The latter section covers everything from border war to hired men—and all incomparably illustrated. Notes, bibliography and index round out the book's general usefulness.

No one who has scanned *The Frontier Years* will want to be without *Before Barbed Wire*. Together, they are an accomplishment for which the authors and publishers should be proud. And Huffman, likewise, would have been proud—could fate somehow only have allowed him to see it.

PAUL B.

Arizona Silhouettes, in conjunction with Harper Brothers are now releasing a limited edition printing of *My Confession*, which is the memoirs of Samuel Chamberlain on his experiences in the Mexican War, and recently published in Life Magazine in a series of three issues. This diary has several references to the famous "Great Western," of BI fame.