



SEPTEMBER, 1957

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 39



Sheriff Harvey Starr, in the absence of Deputy Sheriff Frank "Steve" Dolley, who was ill, introduces the speaker, Paul I. Wellman, at the August outdoor meeting.

—Lonnie Hull Photo.



Westerner Paul Wellman, historian and novelist, tells his alert and interested audience, at outdoor meeting, "What Became of Charlie McComas." Behind the table light and cowbell is Sheriff Harvey Starr. To the far right is Westerner Iron Eyes Cody. —Lonnie Hull Photo.

L.A. WESTERNERS MAKE SUMMER A BRIGHT SEASON

SUMMER 1957 will long be remembered in the annals of Los Angeles Corral as one of the happiest and most worthwhile times in all of its more than a decade of history

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows was scheduled as speaker for the June meeting, and the membership looked forward to hearing this acknowledged expert on Baja California tell of that distant and romantic finger of land. Unfortunately Don was taken suddenly ill on the night of the meeting and was unable to attend. However, those attending were not denied a truly worthwhile evening. Sheriff Harvey Starr rose competently to the occasion and delivered a brilliant and erudite talk on "Early Day Medicine and Doctors in Southern California." Instead of failure, it turned out to be a night to remember. Don has promised to give his talk on Baja California later in the year. The meeting was

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THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

* * *

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

OFFICERS — 1957

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The Roundup Foreman

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P. O. Box 41073, Los Angeles 41, California

From the Mailbag . . .

Dear Editor:

We have appreciated so greatly the kind words in your June issue that we have printed them on our meeting notice and have sent them to every one of our resident members. The idea of course was to stimulate them to really deserve such praise in course of time.

With kind regards of our Posse,

JIM ANDERSON, *Tallyman*,
KANSAS CITY POSSE.

Dear Sir:

I have a letter from Peter Decker, Westerners, New York office, in which he refers to the "Book" ("Brand").

Now, as to me—I am not only a *Westerner*, but I am the original 1889 first Western Union Messenger Boy. Following the April 22, 1889 opening—when I went to Guthrie with my father in a covered wagon—I became Western Union's first messenger, at 12 years of age—because I was the only boy there. Am now writing that story for your Brand Book.

Yours truly,

W. A. SAMPSEL,

1054 Ingraham Street, Los Angeles 17.

L. A. Corral of Westerners Welcomes New Members

At the July meeting two new resident members were unanimously accepted into Los Angeles Corral. They are representative of the high type of membership sought by the Westerners themselves in filling the occasional vacancies in their ranks. The Corral is restricted to 50 resident members only. The two new Westerners are:

PAUL ISELIN WELLMAN, novelist and historian, was born in Enid, Oklahoma, October 14, 1898. He graduated from Fairmount College (now the University of Wichita) with an A.B. Ten years of his childhood was spent in Angola (Portuguese West Africa).

From 1919-1928 he was reporter for the *Wichita Beacon*, and served as its city editor. From 1929 to 1932 he was Sunday editor of the *Wichita Eagle*, and from 1932 to 1936 was its news editor. From 1936-1944 he wrote editorials for the *Kansas City Star*.

His career in Hollywood began in 1936 with Warner Brothers. A year later he was with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and then back again (1946) to Warners.

He served with the U. S. Army in World War I. Besides his military alumnus he is a Fellow of the Society of American Historians, member Society for American Archeology, Authors League, Screen Writers Guild, Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, American Legion, State Historical Society of Missouri, and Kansas State Historical Society (life). From 1940-1944 he served as a member of the board of trustees of the Kansas City Museum, and had much to do with the Fort Osage National Monument project.

During all these busy years Paul was a gifted and prolific writer. Among his many books are: *Death on the Prairie*, *Death in the Desert*, *Broncho Apache*, *Jubal Troop*, *The Trampling Herd*, *Angel with Spurs*, *The Bowl of Brass*, *The Walls of Jericho*, *The Chain*, *The Iron Mistress*, *The Comancheros*, *The Female*, etc. His great motion pictures include: *Cheyenne*, *Red Gold*, *Walls of Jericho*, *The Iron Mistress*, *Jubal*, *The Searchers*, etc.

At present Paul is at work on a book-length study of Sam Houston. His home is at 10514 Wyton Drive, Los Angeles.

JAMES S. FASSERO was born in Mark, Illinois in 1908 and was introduced to the West in 1918 when his family moved to Nebraska, where he grew up on a ranch eight miles east of Oshkosh. While there he witnessed the capture of the last four buffalo, whose ancestors once formed the vast herds that supplied meat to the builders of the Union Pacific Railroad.

In 1928 his family moved to Pasadena, California, where he attended Pasadena Junior College, was a charter member of its engineering department, and graduated from it with a certificate. In 1931 he joined the Aeronautical Department of California Institute of Technology, and in 1933 was transferred to the Astrophysics Department, where he was put in charge of designing the driving mechanism and controls for the great telescopes of the Palomar Observatory. After the telescopes were finished, he was given charge of designing the intricate auxiliary instruments used in their control.

For 25 years (1933 to 1957) he was engaged on the Palomar project, except for four years during World War II, at which time he had charge of the test photography of Cal Tech's rocket project for the Navy, which included high speed motion picture photography 100 feet under water.

Soon after arriving in California he became deeply

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"TH'HELL YOU SAY! IF CUSTER HADN'T STOPPED TO . . .!"

What appears to be a re-fighting of the bloody battle of the Little Big Horn between past Sheriff Don Meadows and present Sheriff Harvey Starr was caught photographically by Westerner Lonnie Hull, at the July meeting. No one knows for certain what the verbal tiff was about, but it is known that no body-blows were exchanged, and that Don and Harvey walked out of the meeting arm-in-arm. Their outward friendship, of course, is only a deceptive pose, and the movement now gaining strength within the Corral is to force them to put the debate on a high plane commensurate with their high standing as brothers in the West. It has been suggested, and practically acted upon, that if these men have anything new on Custer that it be publicly and properly aired, for the benefit of Westerners in general, and historians in particular, at a special Sheriffs' meeting to be held soon.

THE SUMMER ROUNDUP

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held at Costa's Grill, and among the notable guests present were Walter Gann, Ex-Sheriff of the Denver Posse, and Ed Carpenter, newly appointed head of the California Historical Society. Ed spoke to us briefly on a fascinating and little known subject: "Western Military Presses." At this same meeting it was decided, by majority vote, to edit the tapes made by Percy Bonebrake, as a possible project in publishing them for the benefit of the Corral. The decision was passed to the editorial committee.

At the July meeting, also held at Costa's Grill, Burr Belden, noted Death Valley authority, spoke to the assembled Corral members on "In and Out of Death Valley by Ox-cart in 1849." In this talk he chronicled the astonishing feat of the Arcane family in walking out of Death Valley while less astute fellow travelers suffered and perished on the salt flats and high mountains in their floundering to get out of that lethal trap. Burr Belden, always a fine speaker, held

his audience spellbound as he retraced the story of that epic of California's deserts. At this meeting the names of Paul I. Wellman and James Fassero were presented as candidates to fill two vacancies in the resident membership. After the reading of petitions, and some discussion, both were unanimously voted in as members of Los Angeles Corral. Guests and noted visitors at the July meeting included: Lindley Bynum, Gail Hamill, Robert Drake, and Fred J. Kopietz.

The traditional August outdoor meeting was held on the spacious grounds at the home of Dr. Harvey Johnson in the Chapman Woods area of Pasadena. Tender steaks, barbecued out-of-doors and served in true western fashion, were devoured by the Westerners and their guests after an afternoon of swimming in the Johnson pool, horseshoe pitching, or the more strenuous sport of elbow-bending. Speaker of the evening was the illustrious novelist and historian, and

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Two New Members

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interested in conservation of wild life, and the flora and fauna of the Pacific Coast. Commencing in 1935 he spent three years making a motion picture of the nest habits of the Bald and Golden Eagles. Other shorter films followed, including the Great Horned Owl, White Tailed Kite, and desert and mountain wild flowers. Later he assisted Dr. Carl Koford of the University of California in making an academic study of our California Condor, which study was instrumental in the establishment of a 37-square-mile Condor reservation in the Sespe Mountains.

He is author of *Photographic Giants of Palomar*, and is President of Pasadena Audubon Society. He has a deep and abiding interest in the historical West. His hobbies are books, birds, animals, and motion picture and still photography—and is a creditable artist in oils. Above all he is an ardent conservationist.

At present he is on specially granted leave of absence from Cal Tech, while serving as design engineer in research and Government projects at Magna Mill Products. His present assignment is the development of rapid celestial navigation instruments for supersonic jet aircraft. His address is 4622 Loleta Avenue, Los Angeles 41, California.

New Corresponding Members

Los Angeles Westerners heartily welcome into the Corral the following new corresponding members:

Alton T. Barnard, 5173 Gloria Avenue, Encino, California.

Don Bloch, Collector's Center, 1020 15th Street, Denver, Colorado.

M. C. Clark, 782 Radcliffe Avenue, Pacific Palisades, California.

Harry A. Clauson, 1071½ East Bijou, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Martin V. Covert, 2121 Beverly Place, Stockton, California.

Everett L. DeGolyer, Jr., 5311 Farquhar Lane, Dallas, Texas.

John Dunkel, 2600 Creston Drive, Hollywood 28, California.

W. R. Felton, 1709 Summit Street, Sioux City 4, Iowa.

Don W. Galleher, 1264 S. Central, Glendale, California.

James S. Griffith, 1502 N. Beverly Boulevard, Tucson, Arizona.

Kennedy Hamill, 1275 S. Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, California.

Clifford B. Kimberly, Suite 1664 Diercks Bldg., Kansas City, Missouri.

Raymond G. Knox, 2211 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kansas.

Fred J. Kopietz, 1654 Don Carlos Avenue, Glendale 8, California.

Kenneth E. Letson, 9606 11th Avenue, Inglewood, California.

Dr. McKinnie L. Phelps, 765 Humboldt Street, Denver 3, Colorado.

The Summer Roundup

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newly-accepted fellow Westerner, Paul I. Wellman. His talk, "What Became of Charlie McComas?" was a classic that kept everyone glued to their seats. If this white child, carried away into Mexico by the Apaches in 1886, grew up into the legendary white savage with red beard, in line with the evidence Paul presented, Los Angeles Westerners were recipients and first sharers of a new and wonderful piece of Indian lore. Everything pertaining to the day—hospitality, food, and the evening's superb dissertation—were in the finest Westerner tradition. It was one of the best meetings of the year. Present were many guests, including a carload of CM's from far-away Stockton, piloted by Merrell Kitchen, one of our old-time regular members.

The Stockton wayfarers were Coke Wood, who has a historical museum at Murphy's, and Cove Martin, who boasts one of the largest collections of early California photos. William Preston was the guest of Sheriff Harvey Starr. CM Fred J. Kopietz and CM Robert J. Drake of the University of Arizona were the guests of Glen Dawson. Other guests were present, whose names the editor failed to record because of a low battery in his hearing aid. The thick steaks, barbecued to a turn by Emil Schwarting, and served out-of-doors, in a masterful manner for a man who claims to be 68 years of age, helped make the evening the memorable one it was.

As *The Branding Iron* goes to press Los Angeles Westerners have just concluded one of the great fall meetings of its history. Paramount Pictures Corporation tendered its colorful facilities to the Corral for the September meeting, with a special preview showing of *The Tin Star*, a Perlberg-Seaton production starring Henry Fonda and Anthony Perkins. Chuckwagon dinner, old-time and modern western movie stars, and open-handed hospitality by the studio in its colorful party on the frontier town sets used in the picture, all added to make the night memorable. The complete story, with some of the exciting pictures shot by our own daugerrottype wrangler Lonnie Hull, will be included in the next issue of *The Branding Iron*.

Lou Miller, 408 South Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Peter Pappas, 2115 Vine Street, Alhambra, California.

Michael M. Pollock, 511 Melrose Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Carl P. Schlicke, M.D., East 826 Overbluff, Spokane, Washington.

Hervey R. Sheldon, 615 Jackson Street, Pueblo, Colorado.

Victor C. Wilson, 401 Sherman Avenue, Box 192, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho.

THE END OF JIM COURTRIGHT

By MERRELL KITCHEN

WHEN JIM COURTRIGHT was city marshal of Fort Worth it was his consuetude every Monday morning to collect the assessments imposed by the city council on the saloons and gambling joints. The levies were heavy and the keepers came to the conclusion that the best way out was to put sawdust in Sunny Jim's beard. They sent up Kansas-way for Luke Short.

Up there on the plains Wild Bill Hickok and Courtright used to practice the draw, using blank cartridges. Wild Bill had proclaimed that no one was faster than Jim Courtright. This verity was generally accepted in Texas and elsewhere. But the gamblers sent for Luke Short as he was a quiet, cool sort of thumber and the most logical solution for the purpose at hand. They paid Short a salary, but he did not seem anxious to tangle with Sunny Jim.

Two months passed, and the gamblers were getting restless for action. On Monday morning, February 8, 1887, Courtright made his rounds as usual. He went into the White Elephant saloon. At that moment Charles Bishop, driver of a C-spring hack, having breakfasted, was drowsing on the top seat, awaiting a fare. While Courtright was inside having a drink, he was jostled by a gambler, while another surreptitiously lifted his revolver and replaced it with a similar one whose cartridges had been extracted of their load.

Courtright finished and went outside. Short began to argue that the taxes were too high and that the gamblers were not going to pay them. After a period of wrangling Courtright turned to walk away, and Short, having a suggestion of a paunch, made a movement to hitch up his trousers. Courtright interpreted this as an attempt to draw—as Short intended. Courtright's gun snapped. Short, nervous, drew and shot Courtright in the right thumb. This fact was positive evidence that, in case of later questioning or doubt, Courtright had drawn first, since no one would be foolish enough to believe an expert gunman like Short would aim lower than the height at which his opponent fired. Courtright, astounded at his gun's behaviour, tried to shift it to his left hand, and stumbled toward a doorway to get out of the line of fire. Short kept shooting, and Courtright fell dead.

The revolver, without bullets, was at once retrieved by a gambler and Courtright's own placed by his side. As he did this one pointed a finger warningly at Bishop up on his hack-seat, and the implication to keep his mouth shut was plain. Bishop, of course, comprehended fully what had taken place, but, did not divulge it until years later. When news of the killing got around all the gun-slicks of Dallas (bitter rival of Fort Worth) and environs came over to ascertain

how Luke Short could have beat Jim Courtright to the draw. They never found out.

This account was related to me by Tom Moran of Stockton. Charles Bishop, the one-time hack-driver of Fort Worth, roomed at his house for fourteen years, and Mr. Moran is very probably the only one to whom he ever told it. Mr. Moran has one of the largest private libraries in Stockton and is a man of remarkably retentive memory. Bishop was a nephew of Col. Alexander, of Missouri, who, well known in that state, was a big land and slave-owner.

Any errors in this telling are probably due to misapprehension on the part of Bishop rather than Mr. Moran's conveyance. Courtright, at the time, was not city marshal (that was some time earlier). He had inaugurated his own racket, under the guise of the T. I. C. (Commercial Detective Agency), to shake down the gamblers for his own private benefit. Luke Short was not sent for up north. He was right in Fort Worth at the time, and conducting his own gambling hall. And he refused to pay the T. I. C. levy.

Another discrepancy, at first thought, might be the exchange of pistols. To a gunfighter his guns were a part of him, and any attempt to remove one from its holster must almost surely be noticed. But it must be remembered that Courtright had been drinking heavily and had gone down a long way since the time he had been city marshal. Thus it is not beyond the realm of possibility. This is the assumption of Charles Bishop, and surely as credible as the one that, by a fluke, Luke Short out-drew Long-haired Jim Courtright.

One can do no better than to refer to Eugene Cunningham's *Triggernometry* for a brushing-up on this subject. Mr. Cunningham is perhaps the foremost authority on Texas bad men.

CORRAL CHIPS...

Westerner Ben H. O'Connor, A.I.A., has become an associate with the architectural and engineering firm of Austin, Field and Fry.

Deputy Sheriff Frank "Steve" Dolley is slowly gaining strength from the siege of illness which hospitalized him and which for weeks has confined him to his home.

At the August meeting of Kansas City Posse a special paper, written by Joseph G. Rosa of the London, England Corral of Westerners, was read to the assembled Westerners by member Martin E. Ismert. The paper, by our British compadre, was "Wild Bill Hickok at Hays."

Westerner Jack Reynolds and wife spent most of the month of September in Mexico. Their itinerary included a leisurely tour of the Southwest and Texas and a fortnight in Mexico proper.

Westerner John Goodwin has returned from his motion picture assignment in Washington, D. C. The particular location was for "House Boat," starring Cary Grant and Sophia Loren.

L. A. Corral is proud of the calm and convincing manner Sheriff Harvey Starr conducted his pulpit portion of *The Tin Star* night at Paramount Studios. Amid the embarrassing booboes made by everyone, from master-of-ceremonies to movie stars and hosts, our Sheriff seemed to be the only un-nervous person on the lot.

YOUR BRAND BOOK

Publication Committee Chairman W. W. Robinson, and Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, in charge of sales, announce that the Seventh Brand Book, at its present rate of sales, will be completely sold out within thirty days. According to Ex-Sheriff Homer H. Boelter, Deputy Sheriff in Charge of Branding, the new book will contain over 300 pages.

The price to resident members and corresponding members is \$12.50. All others, \$17.50. To avoid disappointment the committee urges that all membership orders be placed without delay. And, to refresh the mind and memories of all Westerners as to the exciting and wonderful project they are sponsoring, the book's table of contents is again printed in the Branding Iron:

ARTICLES AND AUTHORS

HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOR—Story of the Appaloosa Horse.....	W. H. Hutchinson
A CHARLES RUSSELL SKETCHBOOK.....	Hitherto Unpublished Drawings
ICE AGE WESTERNERS.....	M. R. Harrington
FREMONT AT THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF CAHUENGA.....	Dwight Franklin
FREMONT'S BLUFF.....	Richard H. Dillon
DORA HAND—Dance Hall Singer of Old Dodge City.....	Earle R. Forrest
ATTACK ON CASTLE JAMES.....	Carl W. Breihan
PRELUDE TO THE LINCOLN COUNTY WAR—The Murder of John Henry Tunstall.....	Philip J. Rasch
OLD FORT UNION STIRS TO LIFE.....	Harry C. James
SADDLE-TREES.....	Bob Robertson
KEARNY: Soldier of the West.....	Dwight L. Clarke
CALIFORNIA IN LITHOGRAPHS—19th Century Prints from the Robert B. Honeyman, Jr. Collection.....	Warren R. Howell and Laura R. White
NARROW GAUGE RAILROADS OF COLORADO.....	Marion A. Speer
KOOTENAI BROWN, SQUAW MAN.....	Harlan Thompson
THE BOOKS OF OREGON HISTORY.....	Webster A. Jones
ONLY KNOWN COPIES OF EMIGRANT GUIDES.....	Glen Dawson
THE DOCTOR IN EARLY LOS ANGELES.....	Harvey E. Starr, M.D.
THE WESTERNERS—A Monograph History of all the Corrals and Posses.....	J. E. Reynolds
JUANA MARIA—Sidelights on the Indian Occupation of San Nicolas Island.....	Arthur Woodward
THE FABULOUS GREATHOUSE BROTHERS.....	George E. Fullerton
THE GENESIS OF "ARIZONA CHARLIE".....	Don Meadows
WIFE AT PORT ISABEL: A Pioneer Woman's Colorado River Letters.....	Frank S. Dolley, M.D.

GREAT ARTISTS

Don Perceval	Dwight Franklin
Holling C. Holling	Bob Robertson
Clarence Ellsworth	Carl Fallberg
Clyde Forsythe	Collin Campbell
Charles Russell	

Honeyman Collection of Early California Lithographs
Rare photos, Huntington Library, and other sources

CORRAL CHIPS...

Ex-Sheriff Loring Campbell, professional magician as well as noted antiquarian book collector, started the fall tour of his professional program of legerdemain on September 18. This season he has booked many high schools and colleges for his magic act.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows landed in St. Francis Hospital, Santa Ana, for the better part of a week. "My pet ulcer blew up again," he confesses. "But I'm home again, living on baby food and wishy-washy diet. I'm still lacking pep and a good deal of enthusiasm, but I'm getting along fine."

Colonel C. B. Benton is working on some new and interesting Ed Borein material. Too, he is the only Westerner to have a preview look at the James Warner Bella manuscript, which will appear in Holiday Magazine as "Thirty-nine Days To Glory."

Ex-Sheriff Bert Olson, with his family, spent a cool vacation at Lake Tahoe. Upon their return to Beverly Hills, Bert immediately began his practice of the altar march, which practice reached a consummation on September 21 in the fashionable and beautiful wedding ceremony for their daughter Susan.

Nearly a month in the green and verdant San Juan Islands of Puget Sound was the choice of Westerner Holling C. Holling after the final polish and completion of his latest juvenile classic (which has to do with hermit crabs and the sea). For their vacation Mr. and Mrs. Holling had a yacht, no less, at their disposal.

Westerner Glen Dawson, active in Scout work in the Southern California council, last month flew to Cherry Valley, Catalina, as a resident Scoutmaster for the permanent camp maintained for boys on the Island.

Ex-Sheriff Bob Woods made a mid-September journey north to attend a number of meetings and events sponsored by the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco and other groups of interest to bookmen and collectors.

Westerner Jack Reynolds was in attendance at the testimonial meeting to Tom Lea, held in El Paso this month, in honor of the artist-author and his latest and greatest creation, the *The King Ranch* (in two magnificent volumes). Present also at the affair were Carl Hertzog, designer and printer of the work, and Westerner J. Frank Dobie.

As President of the Pasadena Audubon Society, Westerner Jim Fassero is practically living at the Los Angeles County Fair, Pomona. In the Society's beautiful exhibit at the Fair, Jim not only genially greets the friends of wild life and conservation, but his own special color photography of California's wild flowers is having a constant screening with special sound track, to the delight of visitors to the Fair.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

BADMEN OF THE FRONTIER DAYS, by Carl W. Breihan, Robert M. McBride Co., New York, cloth, 315 pp., illus., \$4.95.

Every rightminded Westerner will grab this newest book of Westerner Carl Breihan, for Carl is as fast with his prose as his badmen are on the draw. Carl comes up here with a choice collection of frontier hold-up artists, tough customers, bawdy-house battlers, train-robbers, and sadistic killers—a bouquet of beauties most of whose portraits show them lying in their coffins or hanging from trees.

A common mistake made even by avid Westerners is to dismiss early-day badmen in favor of Twentieth Century killers like Al Capone. Breihan's opus defends the early day rangeland boys against all contemporary and citified newcomers. His Henry Plummer, for example, who operated in Nevada City, California, in Lewiston, Idaho, and in Virginia City, Montana—usually while holding jobs as marshal or sheriff—killed 15 men personally and directed subordinates in the killing of over a hundred others.

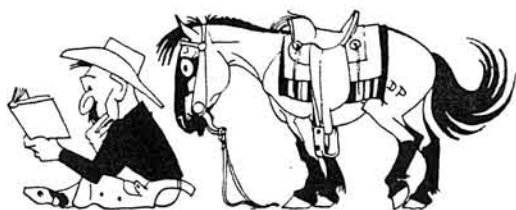
This gruesome book has deadly fascination. It opens up with the fabulous story of John Murrell, the "first really topflight criminal appearing on the American frontier." Murrell organized a crime syndicate in the 1830's, specialized in slave stealing, and masterminded a gigantic Negro insurrection. King Fisher, the fantastic dude, is here, thumbing his nose at the Texas Rangers in the 1870's, a dime-novel pistoleer and killer. So, too, the Reno Brothers and Rube Burrow superlative train-robbers; the incredible Sam Bass who terrorized Texas; Billy the Kid (in a terrific summary); Harry Tracy, Oregon outlaw, one of the most vicious killers of all time; the Daltons and Billy Doolin—with side-lights on lesser or better known specialists in sudden death. A perfect tie-in with the current movie and TV madness for "westerns" this Breihan potpourri of frontier assassinations, saloon murders, fast-riding posses, and daredevil courage.

W. W. ROBINSON.



LUCKY 7: A COWMAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Will Tom Carpenter, edited with an introduction and notes by Elton Miles, Illus. by Lee Hart. (Univ. of Texas Press, Austin, 1957, pp. 119, \$3.50.)

In 1947 Walter Prescott Webb expressed the wish that a diary written by a Western cattleman could be found which stressed the everyday routine of cattle raising rather than the Indian troubles and the outlaws of the time. In 1950 Elton Miles, who teaches at Sul Rose State



College, Alpine, Texas, mentioned this desire of Mr. Webb's with the result a student told him his father had just such a manuscript. This had been written in pencil on tablet paper and composition books by W. T. Carpenter. Mr. Miles edited the manuscript, leaving the salty language as written by the old cowhand and the result was the book *Lucky 7; A Cowman's Autobiography*.

Will Carpenter was the seventh child in the family and thus considered himself the "Lucky 7." His family had come from Missouri in 1854. He had very little book-learning, preferring to become a cowboy right off. He made cattle drives to Abilene, Dodge City, Bowie Station, Arizona, and Last Chance Gulch (Helena). He finally married and settled down on his own ranch in Texas after an adventurous life all over the west. Since records of this kind are becoming very rare, it is all the more valuable for portraying with unaffected candor a bit of the old wild west.

MERRELL KITCHEN.



CALIFORNIA DONS, by Ralph LeRoy Milliken (Academy Library Guild, Fresno, 1956, pp. 268, \$3.00.)

The author, Ralph Milliken, lives in Los Banos. Many years ago Señor Don Estolano Larios, of a well-known Spanish family, went to visit him for two weeks and remained three and a half years. During this time Señor Larios furnished Mr. Milliken with four hundred typewritten pages based on the story of his life and the Mexican era. Señor Larios also translated a manuscript now in the Bancroft Library, "*Vida y Aventuras de su Padre, Manuel Larios* that he had written in 1878 at the request of his friend, Thomas Savage, for Mr. Bancroft. The manuscript concerns Don Manuel Larios, once a soldier, who became owner of twenty-five thousand acres of land and the leading Don of San Juan Bautista. Mr. Milliken incorporated all this information into a book which he titled *California Dons*. He chose a fictional style to make it replete with charm and nostalgia for the days of the dons.

Some names are fictitious, but much is given on the Larios and Higuera families. Don Manuel Larios had thirty-nine children. He received two grants of land from the Mexican government. One, Rancho de San Antonio, four thou-

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Down the Book Trail

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sand acres, adjoined Mission San Juan Bautista. The other, Rancho de Santa Ana y Quien Sabe, consisted of forty-four thousand acres and was owned in partnership with Don Juan Miguel Anzar, brother of Padre Anzar, Franciscan monk in charge of Mission San Juan Bautista.

MERRELL KITCHEN.



WOVOKA, THE INDIAN MESSIAH, by Paul Bailey. (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1957, pp. 223, illus., \$5.50.)

It is an anomaly of the white man's dealing with the Indians that the Ghost Dance which ended in the Wounded Knee Massacre should have been misconstrued as a military uprising rather than a religious ceremony. This reprehensible misconception has by now been effaced by the lapse of sixty-seven years and the efforts of reputable historians whose study and research have long since established that far from being an uprising, the Ghost Dance was merely an incipient religious revival.

The most complete and well-rounded account of Wovoka, who founded the spiritual phenomenon, and the results which ended so disastrously, are now published in book form by our own Paul Bailey of the Los Angeles Corral. Heretofore the most complete record was found perhaps in *The Ghost Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890*, James Mooney. This was published by the Bureau of Ethnology in 1896 and is quite scarce. A short and readable version appeared in the *Montana Magazine* for Summer 1956. This was written by Dorothy Johnson, who, along with Mari Sandoz, are probably the two foremost women writers on the Indians and the west. Westerner Bailey, author of many books on the west, including *Jacob Hamblin and Walkara, Hawk of the Mountains*, now considered classics in their field, may have achieved in *Wovoka* his greatest work.

Wovoka, a Paiute Indian, was born in 1858 in Mason Valley, Nevada. Settlers came into that valley, pre-empted the land, and the Indians were forced back into the hills, or became menials to the whites. Wovoka worked as a farm hand for David Wilson, grew up with his oldest son Bill and being a visionary and dreamer, absorbed part of the white man's religion into his own prophetic mind. The fervor of his prophecies spread to all the Indians of the plains, who had the fanatic hope the buffalo might again appear and their life be as before; and it all ended suddenly and forever in the Massacre at Wounded Knee. Wovoka had taken the name of Jack Wilson, after the white family that had befriended him, and by this name he was known until he died in 1932.

MERRELL KITCHEN.

THIS IS THE WEST, edited by Robert West Howard. Sponsored and copyrighted by the Chicago Corral of Westerners. Signet Books, 35c.

In *This Is The West* we find something dramatically new in publishing by Westerner groups. Chicago Corral has guided this book into a high-selling paper-back production, and next month will see it come forth in hard covers.

While it has decidedly more popular swing to it than the more conservative and sometimes more scholarly *Brand Books* issued by various Corrals and Poses around the country, there is still no signs of the shootin'-tootin' corn which usually mark the West as packaged in the lurid paper sandwiches one finds cluttering up the news-stands. Represented in this peculiar and interesting package are twenty-five of America's topnotch authors and historians, including Walter Prescott Webb, Reginald R. Stuart, Don Russell, Stanley Vestal, Ramon F. Adams, James D. Horan, Wayne Gard, Badger Clark, Col. Edward Wentworth, and Howard Driggs.

The book is divided into six sections: Part I, "The Land;" Part II, "The First Westerners;" Part III, "The Doers and the Doing;" Part IV, "The Tote;" Part V, "The Saga;" Part VI, "The West You Can Enjoy." In addition there is a cookery section on authentic western recipes, a bibliography of all-time Books of the West, and a directory of every Westerner Corral and Posse in the universe.

If this is a sign that Westerners in general are doing something more than vocally deploring the lousy tripe that goes for "Westerns," it is indeed an auspicious beginning—and a hell of a lot of western lore for 35 cents.—PAUL BAILEY.



Two of California's most noted authors have combined to write a distinguished book about the Malibu. It will be published in a limited edition of 300 copies as *The Malibu*, by Dawson's Book Shop, and priced at \$20. Part One of the book, which is an historical study of the area, is authored by Westerner W. W. Robinson. Part Two of this elaborate and beautiful creation is authored by Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell.



Westerner John J. Lipsey, of the Denver Posse, has authored an interesting booklet, *Alias Diamond Jack*. The nicely printed, nicely illustrated item, released under Westerners copyright, concerns itself with the life of Leland Varain, *alias* J. A. Varain, *alias* Louie Alterie, *alias* Diamond Jack, a California-born Chicago gangster who was exiled to Colorado, was banished from the state, and who returned to Chicago to die a true gangster's death in 1935. It is recommended to those Westerners who have grown a little weary of Wyatt Earp, Billy the Kid, and the Custer Massacre, and would like some lore of the West with modern trimmings.