LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL

The Branding Iron

MARCH 1958 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 41

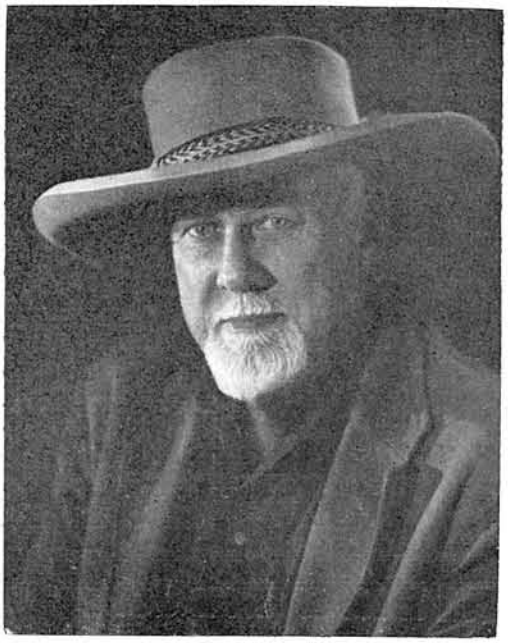
OLD HOSSES TAKE OVER NEW JOBS

DECEMBER'S meeting, at the Costa Grill, besides putting the Christmas cap on a year of exceptionally fine programs, gave the assembled members of Los Angeles Corral a happy preview of the new slate of officers, headed by Arthur Woodward as Sheriff, as the guiding hands for 1958. The speaker, CM Harry James, is an old favorite of the Corral, and his splendid paper on "The Life and Writings of James Willard Schultz" was up to the fine standards Harry has set for himself as speaker and writer though the years. This treat was especially apparent when it is realized that Harry James was a friend and confidant of the great Schultz through many of the colorful years of that grand old Indian chronicler. And Harry's talk was just as colorful as the subject he had chosen. Westerners can look forward to reading it as a part of some future Brand Book. Considering the closeness of the meeting date to Christmas, and that it was on a Wednesday night, the attendance was well representative of the Corral, and a tribute to the popularity of Harry James as a speaker.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows was speaker for the January meeting, and his topic "Some Notes on Baja California" was definitely attune to the subject of which he is a known and accepted authority. His sprightly dissection of certain filibustering expeditions to our gentle neighbor to the south was amusing, vastly informative, and greatly enjoyed by the Westerners assembled at Costa's Grill. The new Sheriff, Arthur Woodward, and his posse for 1958 were duly installed. And, if this meeting is any criterion, the new year was off to an auspicious start.

Among the visitors and guests at January's meeting were: Howard Gulick, co-author of *Lower California Guidebook;* Anson Moore; CM Ken Hamill; Mr. Van Horne; Francis Farquhar, author and editor; and CM Sam Walters.

The February meeting had a great deal to do with heavenly bodies (not the type found in Whistling Kate's Parlor House). Member Jim Fassero, one of the great telescope engineers of the world, and a man for two decades connected



ARTHUR WOODWARD
Sheriff, Los Angeles Corral, 1958

with the design and establishment of the great 200-inch instrument atop Mount Palomar, caused us to realize that not all western history was written by bad men, bad women, Custer, Bonney and Earp. In an absorbingly interesting paper, Los Angeles Westerners learned how, from fumbling beginnings, and great hopes, California emerged as the astronomical center of the world. After the talk, the assembled group were treated to a tour in screened slides of the earliest beginnings of the great telescopes which now dot the Pacific Coast. It was a unique piece of real western history, of high interest to all.

Among the visitors and guests were Harry Moock, retired vice president of the Chrysler Corporation (a guest of Lonnie Hull); Jerry Galleher; Dr. Roy Johnson; Carl Fricke; and

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THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS
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Old Hosses, New Jobs

(*Continued from Page 1*)

the secretary of the Chicago Corral, Arthur Murdock. At this meeting, in tribute to Dr. Harvey Starr, as retiring sheriff, a magnificent painting by Westerner artist Clarence Ellsworth, was presented with appropriate remarks, to the popular Sheriff who had guided the Corral through the year of 1957.

At the February meeting it was also announced by Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher that Brand Book VII was completely sold out. Amid the elation and the weeping over this accomplishment, it was also made a matter of record that this beautiful book had been chosen by the Rounce and Coffin Club for its renowned exhibit of the great western books of 1957, and by *The Rocky Mountain News* in its list of Ten Best Western Books of 1957.

After the main affair, a special officer's meeting was called, which hassled into the late hours over problems and prospects for the year 1958.

And the year bids fair to be a good one.

From the Mailbag . . .

The following poignant note came from the Secretary of Professor Walter Stanley Campbell, the School of Journalism, University of Oklahoma—known to millions of readers as "Stanley Vestal," and one of the great historical writers of our time. Professor Campbell has been a corresponding member of our Corral since 1953. In company with the great reading public who knew him through the magnificent books he has created pertaining to the historical West, Los Angeles Corral deeply regrets the sudden passing of this distinguished Westerner.

The Westerners,
Gentlemen:

I regret to inform you that Professor Campbell passed on quite suddenly Christmas Night.

He had been suffering from a heart condition all Fall, but had felt well during the holidays. In fact he had a very pleasant Christmas Day up to within an hour or so of his passing. He suffered little or no pain and we are quite sure went just the way he would have liked to go.

Burial was at the Memorial Cemetery on the Custer Battlefield in Montana.

I am returning herewith your membership dues invoice for 1958.

Sincerely,
Mrs. James A. Michal,
Secretary

Another note from Edgar Carter, who is still trail-herding in far-away Burlingame.

Dear Editor:

Branding Iron No. 40 tells me that my good friend Mike (excuse me, Michael) Harrison has received his Brand Book, that he had been waiting for it very patiently, had gone through it very carefully, found it the finest B. B. ever produced, etc., etc.

I echo his sentiment at its worth, but so far it has been enough for me to just hold it in my hands, admire the jacket and the inside cover decorations, and to know the book contains many pages of interesting and valuable writings. So why should I rush into its enjoyment at the moment?

It has been second nature with me to hold back the full enjoyment of something, anything, until the very last possible moment. It is so now with letters, pictures, and—books. It was so when I was a very small boy. Mother used to say to me "Son, why do you eat all of one thing on your plate at a time; the food is all good," My answer was: "I like 'em that way, best."

What I meant to convey was that I ate the things on my plate in the order in which I liked them. The things I liked least I disposed of first. It was always so with desserts and

(Continued on Page 6)

L. A. Brand Book No. 7 Is Complete Sellout

In the publication and marketing of Brand Book No. 7 a radically new plan was adopted by Los Angeles Corral. The success of this plan has been little less than phenomenal.

A special committee, each member charged with specific responsibility, took over early in 1957 the huge task of putting the Corral back in the publishing business. W. W. Robinson was chosen as editor, with Paul Bailey, associate editor; James Algar, art editor; and Paul Galleher, in charge of sales. This committee, working tirelessly and with enthusiasm, achieved a miracle. The book which grew out of the efforts of this group, teamed with the artistry of Homer H. Boelter and his lithography organization, has been acclaimed from coast to coast as a volume of great beauty and rich content, and an accomplishment that is bringing great pride to every Westerner.

An early decision of the committee was to institute a definite and well engineered plan of sales promotion. Under the direction of Paul Galleher, and aided by his associates at the Arthur H. Clark Company, upwards of five thousand circulars and announcements were mailed to every Westerner in America. At the same time promotional advertising was run in the *Branding Iron*. Results? In ninety days every copy of Brand Book No. 7 had been sold, the bills had been paid, and Bert Olson, Keeper of the Chips, had cash in hand to start the ball rolling on Brand Book No. 8.

Every Westerner who had any part in this tremendously worthwhile accomplishment should rise and take a bow—and that includes that splendid corps who gave up their evenings to the menial task of wrapping and packaging the book for mailing.

The only moans we hear are from Westerners, collectors and dealers who failed to purchase the book when they had the chance. What melancholy warblings there are, however, are drowned out by the happy cheers of Westerners for those whose efforts made the great feat possible. It was an outstanding example of know-how and team-work.

Roster of Westerners

A new roster of all members of Los Angeles Corral is in preparation and will be issued shortly. Listings will include up to six words of special fields of interest, such as specialties and collecting. Since the project is now underway, it is asked that you please forward this information *at once,* to Glen Dawson, 141 Anita Drive, Pasadena, California.

21 Corresponding Members Added to L. A. Corral

Many new names are being added to the roll of Corresponding Members of Los Angeles Corral. To the following we bid a hearty welcome, and hope that your journey with us will be a long and profitable one.

Albuquerque Public Library, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Ted R. Cooper, 580 Siena Way, Los Angeles 24, California.

C. W. Foudray, 3930 Cherry Avenue, Long Beach, California.

Great Falls Public Library, Great Falls, Montana.

Kansas State Historical Society, Memorial Building, Topeka, Kansas.

Peter Paul Martinek, The Concord Company, 9006 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood 46, Calif.

Louis L. Merrill, Midlothian, Texas.

John P. Miller, 312 Dayton Avenue, Fresno 4, California.

Claude N. Monson, 10244 6th Avenue, Inglewood, California.

A. Mosca, The Costa Grill, 425 Ord Street, Los Angeles 12, California.

Arthur G. Murdock, 2954 West School Street, Chicago 18, Illinois.

Dr. Horace Parker, 217 Grand Canal, Balboa Island, California.

Adolphe Anthony Pesat III, 1525 Gunderson Avenue, Berwyn, Illinois.

Ernest M. Richardson, 14903 Pampas Ricas Boulevard, Pacific Palisades, California.

San Diego Public Library, San Diego, California.

F. Kerek Shecktor, 4022 Pilgrim Road, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania.

Jack W. Tupper, 1414 South Hope Street, Los Angeles 15, California.

University of St. Thomas, 3812 Montrose Boulevard, Houston, Texas.

Fred Vaile, 2608 Birch Street, Alhambra, California.

Horace H. Wagner, 1651 Ben Lomond Drive, Glendale, California.

Miss Vera Withall, 3177 Maiden Lane, Altadena, California.

For two weeks, beginning October 1, a special exhibit of Clarence Ellsworth's paintings were held at the library of Walt Disney Studios. Fifteen of his finest oils, depicting Indians and western subjects, were included in this special showing.

COW BOYS, COW-BOYS, COWBOYS

By W. I. ("BOB") ROBERTSON

Caporal Mío:—

I'm sending along another piece on a *palabra* with Eastern and Western meanings. Or, I might better say, a word that has become all but meaninglesss because of its loose, ambiguous applications.

I don't claim to be one of them etymologist fellers but "cowboys," "cow-boys" and "cow boys" have left such a plain trail from Hollywood east and all the way back to the Old Country that it sure don't take a *rastrador* to track them.

The last old-timer that I remember who called himself a "cow-boy" was an old renegade who bragged about being one of Quantrell's bushwhackers. He never laid any claim to being a cow-hand but did a lot of blowing about the men he'd killed, how he could kill a milk cow, steal her bell to toll the cow's owner into the brush where he could be shot.

My father was a peace officer at the time that old devil drifted into our neck of the woods. The old hellion sided in with an outfit that was trying to steal the water rights from some of their neighbors and my father was given the job of settling the wrangle and rounding up the old man after the water thieves had rigged him up with a camp, grub, Winchester and cartridges to hold the dam where they were taking water.

When the law got after the old cow-boy, he hid out and sent word over the "grapevine" what he would do to the "damned ranger" who was on his trail. I remember mighty plain how scared we kids and my mother were when we "camped out" after dark for fear of being burned alive in the house and when we packed water from a hidden spring in the hills in case strychnine had been put in the spring at home.

This gives you an idea why I think the word "cow-boy" stinks, but old-time cowmen a generation older than I am didn't like it any better than I do. I am not genius enough to try to be an iconoclast; just thought a Westerner's viewpoint might be interesting.

Adiós.

BOB ROBERTSON

Carson City, Nevada.

IN ENGLAND, half a century before the Boston Tea Party, literary references were made to "cow boys." The cow boys referred to in the British writings of 1725 were the rustic lads who herded bossies on the English meadows or, when bored with their bucolic chore, lay "under a haycock, fast asleep."

According to a Mother Goose jingle, the primal cow boys carried horns for calling the milk givers and we may assume that they also carried osier branches as more persuasive tools of their pastoral occupation.

In America, the colonial cousins of those British cow boys at first did not differ greatly from their English counterparts in knee breeches and bare feet. Frontier conditions, though, wrought changes: knee pants and bare feet were replaced by buckskin leggins and moccasins, fur caps supplanted headwear of cloth and felt, muskets and rifles took the place of willow switches, and powder horns replaced the musical instruments of Little Boys Blue. Older boys, too, took the place of little fellows in the more serious work of tending milk cows and work oxen on the fringe of the wilderness.

During the century and a half of colonial settlement, those backwoods cow boys evolved practices, methods, customs and manners which left their settled neighbors in doubt and in some fear of them until, by the time of the American Revolution when partisan factions were bitterly opposed, wilderness cowherds were considered dangerous characters and "Cow Boy" became the contemptuous—even scurrilous—name among patriots for backwoods loyalists and border guerrillas and a synonym for sneak killer, thief and arsonist. Then the cow boy tradition, the Eastern tradition that cow boys were wild, dangerous gunmen, was born.

For a half-century or so after the first Fourth of July, "cow boy" held the place of a cuss word in the speech of frontier America and was entered in early Yankee lexicons as a tory "of a band of marauders during the American Revolution, chiefly refugees belonging to the British side, who infested the neutral ground between the British and American lines . . . and plundered whigs and revolutionists." History records that the Cow Boys were not always scrupulous in selecting only "Skinners," their whigs enemies, for victims. As the names, Cow Boy and Skinner, imply, cattle, beef and cowhides were important items in the nefarious operations of both the Crown-loving Cow Boys and the Liberty-loving Skinners. And in neither case was chauvinism a deterrent when a cow or a cowhide—or a scalp—could be taken for profit.

Early Americans, in common with most Americans, then and now in settled areas, were bored to death with everyday humdrum, social security and that mediocrity which politicians call The American Standard of Living. Those early Americans soon attached a Rob Roy and Robin Hood glamour to the border cow boys as an escape from dull reality into the mental relief of make-believe.

There were then no cow boys in the West, but *vaqueros* had been tending cattle on the Mexican ranges for three hundred years before the first Anglo-American went into the cow business west of the Sabine River. Fifty years before that paleface branded his first cow in Texas, missionaries and *rancheros* had established a flourishing range-cattle industry in California while cow boys were yet sneaking through the woods east of the Appalachians.

In the year that Sam Houston and his riflemen at San Jacinto collected indemnity from Santa Ana for damages at the Alamo, Californian cattle were driven to Oregon by the forerunners of the "buckeroos" of the Far Northwest. By that time the Cow Boys of the Revolution were dead or too old to bushwhack and the day of advent of the Texas cow boy had not come.

But, after Anglo-Americans and Spanish Americans clashed in dispute over national issues, religious views, linguistic differences and cutaneous pigmentation, in Texas, the Eastern epithet, "cow-boy" (the hyphen had begun to be added), was applied to—and pridefully adopted by—the Anglos who shot, cut, stole and burned their way to everlasting glory in the annals of the Southwest—and a permanent place in the profound hatred of trans-Rio Bravo neighbors.

Horses and saddles were added by the *tejanos* to the cow-boy outfit and Sam Colt's six-shooters augmented the effectiveness of traditional American riflemanship. So began the legend of the Texas cow-boy and the myth of The American Cow-Boy, idol of Easterners and children between the ages of five and ninety-five.

The Texas cow-boy became and remained popular at home so long as the memories of the Alamo, Goliad and the Mexican War were fresh—and while the supply of Mexican cattle and horses across the border was ample. But, when Mexican stock and candidates for the graveyard thinned and the cow-boys turned their attention to marketing beef on the hoof, horseflesh and hides nearer home, their gringo neighbors began to speak of cow-boys in the same breath with other words that smelled strongly of vitriol and brimstone.

Easterners were too far away to hear the smoky words but the new-style cow-boys revived their Rob Roy and Robin Hood romances. The mythical American Cow-Boy was taking form.

The Texan cow-boys made the most of their title until private conferences with honest cowmen and cow-hands left them speechless at the ends of ropes tied to stout limbs of tall trees. The name, cow-boy, then suddenly became unpopular among the free-lance branders of cattle and riders of others' horses.

When the cross-country railroad and slaughter of the Indians' natural meat supply finally assured Texans of a steady market for their long-horned beeves, young trail drivers, with strong notions concerning dam' Yankees, demonstrated their feelings with six-shooters, rebel yells and alcoholic exuberance. The old cuss word, cow-boy, was revived and bestowed upon those celebrants and The American Cow-Boy became a permanent fixture in folklore and Webster's dictionary: "A cattle herder, as on the plains of the western United States."

Webster's definition was hardly accurate at the time when the epithet denoted a cattle thief plus other derogatory connotations. In the West no-one, except the rowdy who wanted to be thought wild, woolly and tough, wished to be called a cow-boy or accused of being one. In the East the Rob Roy romantics wanted to believe—did believe—that all Westerners were cow-boys.

The lexical confusion caused by the dictionary and the ambiguous applications of tenderfeet threw "cow-boy" into disuse among Westerners. "Rustler" replaced it in the sense of cow thief and it appeared more and more seldom in its old defamatory meaning. The last considerable use of the word in its true sense was in the 1880's before John Slaughter, an efficient sheriff with an appropriate surname, administered the lead cure to the cow-boys of southern Arizona.

As the use of the word died out among cattlemen and their range riders, it increased in use and application among Eastern pilgrims and city dudes until its over-use was exceeded only by its misuse. The romantic still liked to believe that cowboys were deadly marksmen with pistol and rifle but, by the latter part of the nineteenth century, The American Cow-Boy had grown to be a hero who shot only villains, stole cattle only from villains or played cards only with villains all for the noble purpose of aiding fair, pure, maidenly victims of villainy.

By the 1890's cow-boys had gone out of style in both the Western vocabulary and the flesh except for a few who had outlived their sentences and paraded like dehorned old bulls before their awe-stricken audiences of "shorthorns" from the East or gaping small-fry admirers. Range riders and cattle-ranch hands of the Southwest called themselves "cow-hands" and jocularly called each other "waddy," a mild synonym for "cow thief." "Vaqueros" still did the horseback work of the Far Southwest. In the Far Northwest "buckeroos" rode the sagebrush flats and mountain trails and "cowpunchers" worked cattle on the northern plains as far as the North Fork of the Saskatchewan. From the Rio Grande to the Bow and from the Pacific to the plains, cow-hands, cowpunchers, buckeroos and vaqueros were amused or bored—or disgusted—by the stock questions of the ever-increasing tenderfeet and dudes: "Are you a cow-boy?" "How many men have you killed?" The puerile minds of the greenhorns never perceived the differences in types of range men and they refused to forsake their fetish, The Cow-Boy.

After the turn of the new century, when the West had been reduced to a shambles of bones, plowed ground and dust and the range was cut to pieces with barbwire and sheep trails, old-time vaqueros, cow-hands, buckeroos and cow-

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COW BOYS, COW-BOYS, COWBOYS (*Continued from Page 5*)

punchers had become as scarce as buffalo, longhorns and mustangs. The younger crop of ranch hands was hemmed in by hay fields, haystacks and homesteads and they had few chores to do horseback. Ranch work became farm work and many riders quit and went to town.

With the passing of the open range and open-range jobs, new employment had to be found by men who had never worked any way but horseback. Some went to town to become "stable bucks" in livery barns, teamsters, storekeepers, bartenders, bankers or politicians.

Others remained in the country and took jobs as packers, freighters, forest rangers and, as a last resort to keep from having to herd sheep, some became guides (later nicknamed "dude wranglers"). A few of the old riders remained on the erstwhile ranches to learn to tolerate wire fences, plows, hay, windmills, mules, muley cattle, hogs, straw hats, brogans, rubber boots and "Mexican serges" (blue denim overalls that were to become the "Levis authentic blue jeans" of dude ranches and Hollywood "westerns").

All those old-timers who kept the habits of wearing Stetson's "Big Four," "Dakota," "Roundup" and "Bronco" hats and smoking Bull Durham cigarettes were "cowboys" in the starry eyes of nice,young school ma'ams from New England, in the wild dreams of adventure seekers from New York and in the distorted imaginations of painters and authors who did not know the difference between sage and hollyhocks.

Then it was when The Cowboy, Rob Roy of the Plains, matured. Fred Remington set the fashion in his studio "back east." The hoosier dentist, Zane Grey, began a mass production that made the dime-novel output look like a plugged nickel, the riding and roping contests of ranch hands were standardized and made competitive with Bill Cody's Wild West show, Hollywood burgeoned with two-gun wonders mounted on silver-caparisoned, windmill-tailed Pegasuses, Phil Rollins became the "eminent authority" on The Cowboy and dude ranches mushroomed from California to the Black Hills.

Others were not slow in getting aboard the band wagon. Pool-hall buskers and barroom troubadours with guitars and nasal tenors blossomed out in ten-gallon hats, pimp shirts and pretty panties and yodelled, "Roll on, little doggies, roll on" and "I just *love* herdin' cattle;" "sky pilots" stood on street corners in chaps and tall sombreros and exhorted the strays to consider the promise of green pasture and still water up the dim, narrow trail across the Big Divide; radio stars recited horrendous, "authentic cowboy" stories; sideshow barkers ballyhooed everything from Joaquín Murieta's head to Al Jennings' pocket knife; cartoonists and pulp authors loaded the stands with Real Range Romances; merchants filled their windows with Tom Mex, Jean Audrey and Boy Dodgers suits ranging all the way from Monkey Wart dollar-ninety-eight bargains to Medicine Square Garden creations. And kids swarmed in cowboy—and cowgirl—garb, snapped cap pistols and yelled, "Yippee!"

The East was not to lose its estray hero who had ranged west. The Wild West show, formalized into rode-ee-oh (misspelled *rodeo*), has gone to Madison Square Garden, Hollywooden heroes crash across screens in every hamlet, and Appalachia has its quota of dude ranches where transvestites in "authentic cowboy gear" can call each other "podner" and talk of "critters," "doggies," "palominos" and "six-guns." Even Sullivan's refutation of the Constitution's provision, "the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed," can be circumvented. Wooden, plastic and metal models of frontier six-shooters are available for the modern two-gun cowboy.

The wanderer has returned with fatted calves to the home of his ancestor, the cow boy of the wild and woolly range drained by the Hudson river. The cowboy was produced by the East.

From the Mailbag . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

candy, and I don't know but that this plan of enjoyment has applied to many other phases of my life.

At any rate I am holding back the pleasure of reading the new Brand Book, as I imagine a tipler does his toddies in anticipation of the days ahead when I can meet, in its pages, one of my old friends, or discover a new addition to the gang and make a new friend.

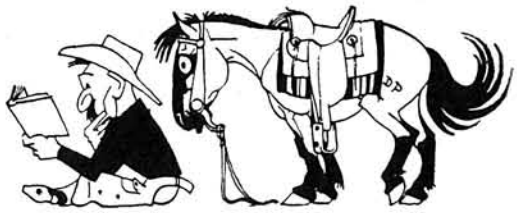
Your item in the B. I. has already brought me three mighty nice letters and which I will answer without too much delay. As the teacher remarked after a small boy asked him what Jacob leaned his ladder against: "Any other little boy want to ask a question?" may I ask: "Any other little Westerner want to write me a letter?" Sincerely,

EDGAR CARTER,
1604 Chapin Avenue,
Burlingame, California

CM John W. (Jack) Morrison of Long Beach, California passed away in January. Jack was corresponding member for many years, and a discriminating collector of western books. Those of us who knew him will miss him.

Dan C. Bryant and Marion Speer, because of attendance difficulties, have changed their status from Resident Members to Corresponding Members.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .



1540-1861. MAPPING THE TRANSMISSISSIPPI WEST, by Carl I. Wheat. Volume one. THE SPANISH ENTRADA TO THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE, 1540-1804. San Francisco: The Institute of Historical Cartography: 1957: $60.00

This magnificent volume, 10½ by 14½ inches and containing some 278 pages of which 50 are beautifully reproduced maps, was designed by Edwin and Robert Grabhorn and printed for the Institute by the Grabhorn Press. The issue is limited to 1000 copies.

A "bibliocartography" lists and describes 276 maps, and in itself is a very valuable contribution to the history of the American West.

The first 184 pages of the volume are devoted to a coordinated history, not only of the maps, but of the explorations which led to their making. The development of knowledge of western North America is clearly and even beautifully set forth, from the stage of imaginative art work on so-called "maps" to the fairly descriptive publications of about 1800.

It is as fascinating as reading a well-written novel to follow the gradual replacement of the early imaginary geography of the West by authentic maps based on first-hand observations.

Henry R. Wagner's *Cartography of the Northwest Coast of America to the Year 1800* covered more than adequately the development of knowledge of the coastal outline of North America. Accordingly Wheat has given little space to the actual Pacific coast. In fact the two books, Wheat and Wagner, now combine to furnish a practically complete account of the cartographic history of all of western North America, up to the year 1800.

Where this volume I ends, in 1804 (there are several slightly later maps discussed which reflect earlier ideas or explorations), there was still much to be learned about our Transmississippi West. All those interested in the development of our great West will be waiting impatiently for the remaining volumes. No collection, private or institutional, which purports to cover western history can be considered adequate without the series.

In discussing a work of the beauty and sound value of this one what follows may sound picayunish and like unworthy fault-finding. However in the general perfection it bothered this writer to find some evidence of carelessness in some transcriptions from manuscript maps. Only one example will be cited. On page 118, Note 3, there is copied a legend from his map "(180) 1779 Anza," describing an action in which certain important Comanches were killed, among them their *sumo Pujacante, o saierdote*. The map reads *sacerdote* and the correct sense is preserved in the paraphrase in the text on the same page where the casualty is described as "the tribe's leading Medicine Man."

But even though very minor flaws like this may be picked up here and there, this magnificent volume, and presumably its successors, will remain for a long time the prime and indispensable source book on the cartography of the American West.

—C. N. RUDKIN.

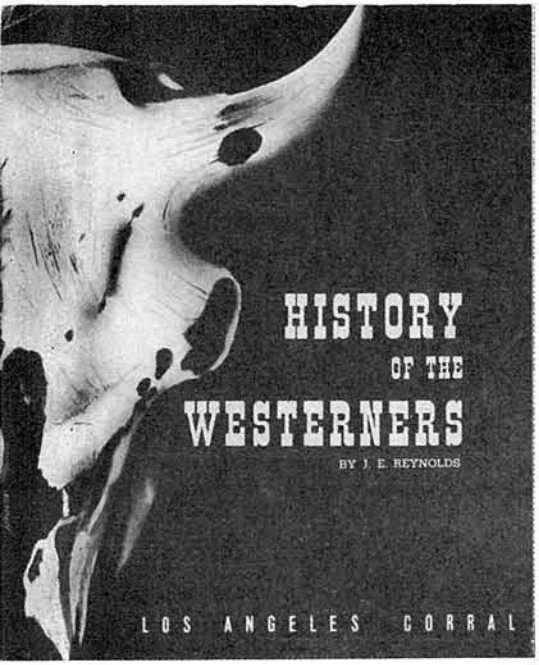
Westerner Jack Reynolds has announced the publication, in April of *A Southwestern Century,* a bibliography of 100 books of non-fiction about the Southwest, by Lawrence Clark Powell. The edition will be 500 copies, printed by Carl Hertzog, illustrated by Tom Lea, and bound by Ward Ritchie. Price for this beautiful book will be $7.50.

Range War Averted

Sheriff Arthur Woodward and his officers, on March 1, met at the Statler Hotel with Robert West Howard of Chicago Corral to hear first-hand Chicago's plans for the establishment of a Westerners Foundation at College of the Pacific, Stockton, California. Lively discussion centered about the unseemly haste of the Chicago group to invade our state with any plan without first consulting the only Corral in California. Westerner Howard's diplomacy and tact smoothed somewhat, without decision, the ruffled feathers of L. A.'s officers. Guns were put back in their holsters and some talk followed that may bring the scattered Corrals much closer to each other in purpose and spirit through the coming years.

New Westerner Keepsake

Collecting California and the West, by Henry H. Clifford, a four-page Keepsake issued by Los Angeles Corral through the generosity of Westerner Clifford, is included in this month's mailing of the Branding Iron. In conformity with the recent discussion of the Corral officers, it is issued as Publication 42, in sequence with the BI. The keepsake is a nicely printed, lavishly illustrated item, with much pertinent information concerning book and mail collecting for those interested in California's earliest days, and with a generous addition of factual history pertaining to the Gold Rush.



HISTORY OF THE WESTERNERS

by J. E. REYNOLDS

With General Bibliography, Notes. Portraits. Handsomely lithographed, small 4to (8 x 10 inches), 20 pages, heavy wrappers are printed in color.

Price — $2.00 net prepaid

". . . An excellent job and it is sincerely hoped that it will be made available to all Westerners everywhere."
—*Corral Dust, Potomac Corral.*

"The most thorough history yet written of the Westerners . . ." — *Westerners Brand Book, Chicago Corral.*

THE ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS THE WESTERNERS, to be logical, should have germinated in the United States, but it did not. Actually the idea began in far-off Sweden, in the mind of an American.

WHO ARE THE WESTERNERS — WHY are they organized — WHAT do they do — WHERE are they located — when do they meet — HOW many corrals or posses have been organized — HOW do they function? All these and many more questions are answered in this informative work.

IN THIS MONOGRAPH, Reynolds points out the main historical arteries of international Westerners organization, with brief historical outline of their origins and purposes.

THIS WORK HAS BEEN REPRINTED from the WESTERNERS BRAND BOOK NUMBER 7. A special, colorful wrapper has been prepared for this separate edition.

ALL WESTERNERS everywhere will find this a must, for the enlightenment of their friends and associates.

LIBRARIES will find it useful in helping to acquaint the public with basic information on this growing historical group.

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