



JUNE 1958

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 44



THOMAS TEMPLE, grandson of Don Juan Temple, and an authority on Southern California mission lore, addresses the March meeting on the subject of "San Gabriel Mission in Colonial Days." Flanking him on either side are two of the Corral's illustrious Ex-Sheriffs: Dr. Harvey Starr (left) and Don Meadows (right).

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

FROM MISSION LORE TO BADMEN

LIVELY meetings and interesting speakers have kept the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners entertained and alerted to history through the months of spring and on into the early summer of 1958. Costa's Grill has been the scene for all meetings thus far this year, and the hospitality of its host, CM Al Mosca, has been appreciated by everyone in attendance.

At the March meeting Thomas Temple, recognized authority on the early mission history of Southern California, and himself a descendant of one of the first families of Los Angeles, told the assembled Corral of "San Gabriel Mission in Colonial Days." Little known anecdotes and much interesting and valuable historical lore were generously tendered from the voluminous knowledge of Mr. Temple, and from his as yet unpublished writings concerning this romantic and fascinating period of the mission's history.

Westerner Merrell Kitchen was down from Stockton, and in attendance also was a flattering complement of important guests including Dr. Clifton Kroeber of Occidental College; John W. Sherman (guest of Dudley Gordon); CM Ken Hamill, Bob Robertson of Carson City, and Jules Eichorn (guests of Glen Dawson).

Speaker for April meeting was the Reverend Father Stanley Crocchiola, author of a number of books on western gunfighters, and probably better known to the blood-and-gore fans as F. Stanley. The subject he chose was "The Private War of Ike Stockton," but before the evening was ended the field had been considerably enlarged to include Dave Rudabaugh, the mysterious Dave Mather and, when thrown into an open discussion period his interested and excited questioners managed with him to turn the night

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THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

* * *

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Around the World With Westerners

CHICAGO—In the May issue of *The Westerner's Brand Book*, published by Chicago Corral, Westerner David H. Eush, of Western Union, tells of the building of the telegraph lines that completed coast-to-coast communication. His paper, entitled "Singing Wires in the Wilderness," is richly informative of this comparatively little known and less-often touted story of our historical west.

NEW YORK—"Up the Missouri and Over the Mullan Road," by Brig. Gen. Martin D. Hardin, edited by John E. Parsons, is the leading article in the New York *Posse Brand Book*, Volume V, Number 1. This record of an 1860 overland journey is reprinted from the United Service magazine of 1882, and will be continued in subsequent issues of the *Brand Book*. Also in this issue Matt Clohisy writes on Lucian Bonaparte Maxwell; and Allan Leonard Rock on "The Days of 'Pawnee Bill.'" Peter Decker contributes a reminiscent piece called "You can't Take It With You."

SPOKANE—The spring issue of Spokane *Posse's Pacific Northwestern* is packed with the kind of historical meat Westerners so avidly crave. Lead article is "Idaho . . . Fur Trader Crossroads," by Frederick A. Mark. Lowell H. Noll furnishes a companion piece under title of "Southern Idaho Vigilantism." Those two most excellently done papers on local history fill out the 16 pages in a manner that is a credit to this new and lively group.

ENGLAND—Joseph G. Rosa of Ruislip, Middlesex, contributes "Some Shooting, Mr. Hickok" to The English Westerners *Brand Book*, February, 1958. He rounds up most of the available evidence on what kind of guns Wild Bill shot and how well he shot them. Westerner Rosa is at work on a biography of Hickok. Edward H. Blackmore of Eastburne tells how to make war-bonnets that can be packed without damaging the feathers, and says the Blackfeet have adopted his method. It is well illustrated with diagrams.

KANSAS CITY—*The Trail Guide* for March, 1958 features "Kansas Frontier Police Officers Before TV," by Nyle H. Miller, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society.

DENVER—"The Personal Life of a Mining Camp" by Francis B. Rizzari in *The Roundup* for February, 1958 quotes newspapers, principally the White Pine Cone, to give an idea of the daily life in White Pine, Colorado, 1879-81. A map of the camp is used on the cover. Nolie Mumey's "Writers of Western History" series discusses Thomas Jefferson Farnham, author of "Travels in the Great Western Prairies," published in 1841.

From the Mailbag . . .

Dear Secretary—

Would you kindly enroll me as a corresponding member of your organization? I enclose my check for \$3.00, which I understand is the fee for the year.

I should say, I guess, that I have been a student and collector of Western Americana for twenty-five years, with an especial affinity for material relating to open-range, trail-driving days, the artists who have, with beauty and accuracy, depicted our Old West—in particular Charlie Russell—and the works of that great living exponent of the West, Frank Dobie.

Having seen and read a number of your publications. I am not unfamiliar with the purpose of the Westerners, and realize that you have been doing a good job in recording the truth about "the West-that-was."

Vaya con Dios.

Sincerely,

JOHN P. O'REILLY.

From Mission Lore To Badmen

(Continued from Page 1)

into 1958's open forum on western badmen in general. The boys had a real ball.

Present for this outstanding meeting were more than the average number of guests and corresponding members. If your recorder has missed anyone, we do apologize. Guests: Mr. Van Dyke, lumber business; C. W. Hoffman, engineer; Lloyd Wrentsch, engineer; Hank Givens, book collector; Tom Neal, Dawson's Book Company; Dr. Jackson Norwood, M.D.; Al Ardmere, publicity; Bill Rosson, Douglas Aircraft. Corresponding Members present included: August Schatra, John D. Gilchriese, Kennedy Hamill, Arthur G. Murdock, member and Secretary of Chicago Corral.

At May's meeting Westerner Frank Schilling delivered a scholarly paper on the "Military Posts of the Old Frontier; Arizona and New Mexico." Those present were treated to a summary of Frank's years of research into the military aspects of the development of the Southwest. After the talk the room was darkened and, by screen, the assembled Westerners were taken on a photographic tour of all the early military establishments Frank had discussed in his lecture.

Enjoying the evening with the regular members of Los Angeles Corral were a number of distinguished guests including Col. George Oden, U.S.A. retired, guest of our Deputy Sheriff, Col. Charles Hoffmann; Parks Dale and Herb Lembke, guests of the speaker; Erwin Strong, guest of Glen Dawson; C. B. Foster, guest of Dan Gann; and CM Sam M. Orchard, guest of Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter.

Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz was scheduled as our speaker for the June meeting, but a special program in honor of his retirement, held in Philadelphia by the National Association of Sheriffs, prevented the popular Gene from being on hand. Sergeant Edward Vega, from the Los Angeles County Sheriff's office, pinch-hitting for Sheriff Gene, proved himself far more than just a substitute. His talk on the historical aspects and the present problems of Narcotics was something everyone who heard it will long remember. Every phase of the dope traffic, including marijuana, heroin, peyote and such lesser known sources as nutmeg buttons and airplane glue was handled with gloves-off frankness by the brilliant and informed speaker. After the talk several Westerners were seen to throw away their tranquilizers. Guests included Lyman Johnson, son of Westerner Dr. Harvey Johnson; and CM Herb Boelter, son of Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter, and CM Sam Orchard, also a guest of Homer's.



MAN OF THE CLOTH TALKS ABOUT
MEN WITH GUNS

Father Stanley Crotchiola, who writes badmen books under the name of F. Stanley, tells about western blood and bullets at the April meeting.

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

12 Corresponding Members Added to L. A. Corral

The Corresponding Membership list of L.A. Corral continues to grow month by month. Below are some of the new names recently added to our roster. Welcome, fellow Westerners.

Clem Battershell, P.O. Box 355, Calimesa, Calif.

E. Brooks Currey, Jr., 16302 Cumberland Road, Orange, Calif.

H. G. Fairman, 3235 Lombardy Road, Pasadena, Calif.

Robert West Howard, c/o American Meat Institute, 59 East Van Buren St., Chicago 5, Ill.

J. Daniel Lamon, Jr., M.D., Suite 422-24 Sainte Claire Bldg., 1st St. at San Carlos, San Jose 13, Calif.

John A. Morrison, Box 339, Big Bear Lake, Calif.
Anson C. Moore, 1080 Glen Oaks Blvd., Pasadena 2, Calif.

Jim Mourning, 11442½ Riverside Drive, North Hollywood, Calif.

John P. O'Reilly, 690 8th Ave., San Francisco 18, Calif.

Franz H. Scheel, 3619 Alabama St., San Diego 4, Calif.

Spokane Public Library, 3010 Cedar Street, Spokane 4, Wash.

P. K. Wiseman, 1206 Pacific Mutual Bldg., 532 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

CORRAL CHIPS...

CM Edward N. Wentworth is known to Westerners throughout America, but not so well known is the fact that his first ancestor in this country became famous by saving a garrison house in Dover, New Hampshire, in the first of the French and Indian Wars. "They let squaws in by the fire so they could sleep and get warm," Ed confesses, "and the latter reciprocated by getting up just before dawn and going out, carrying the bars for the door. Fortunately the doors swung in, and my ancestor, although nearly 80, was able, by bracing his shoulders against the wall and his feet against the door, to hold it until they got help, despite the fact that they fired some shots through the door. This is the first practical use of being tall, that I know of, in the defense of one's country. Nowadays a tall man cannot get into army tanks and other vehicles."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Dodson celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary Sunday, June 22. An afternoon reception was held at their home, 3516 Downing Avenue, Glendale, California, attended by many fellow Westerners of Los Angeles Corral, and many old-time friends associated with Billy Dodson in the cattle industry of the west. The Dodsons were married in 1908.

Registrar Charles Rudkin, after nine days of horizontal misery at Good Samaritan Hospital, is now back on his feet and gaining on the arterial spasm stroke which laid him bedfast, and which threatened his very life. L.A. Westerners were happy to note that Charlie's recovery was sufficient to allow his attendance at the June meeting. And the entire Corral wishes him the speediest return to complete health.

Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter has taken retirement leave from the great Hollywood lithographic firm which bears his name and has opened a museum, western gallery and book store at Hesperia. The new firm, to be known as Boelter's of Hesperia, will feature the finest western paintings by western artists, books by western writers, and guns and mementoes of the West. A true mecca for every Westerner.

Westerner Don Boelter has been ill, and very ill at that. Chicken pox can do these things to an older person.

Sheriff Arthur Woodward, ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey, and Representative Jack Reynolds dropped in on the June meeting of the Tucson Corral. The Tucson Westerners were not in the

WHAT'S DOING IN L. A. CORRAL

least disturbed by a state visit from Los Angeles Corral. And the food was good.

The *Los Angeles Times* on April 7, carried an intimate interview, complete with pictures, of Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel, his lovely wife Elizabeth and two sons, Dana and Paul. Flattering tribute was paid to Carl, as director of the Southwest Museum, and his abiding interest in the American Indian and his native crafts and way of life. Mrs. Dentzel, a noted musician and concert violinist in her own right, was publicly commended in the interview for her own intensive study of Hispano-Indian music, and her adaptation of it to the concert stage. In her concert appearances she is billed as Elizabeth Waldo, her maiden name. "The Dentzels are devoted parents of two attractive sons, Dana, 7, and Paul, 4," said the *Times*. "Their busy schedules are never allowed to interfere with a delightful home life, lived in a rambling casa." A portion of the Dentzels' Northridge home was built by Andreas Pico as an *assistencia* on his immense rancho of that area.

Bob Tails

by BOB ROBERTSON

Wallace (Cactus Pete) Tripp used to tell the story about the vaquero who awoke "the morning after" with nothing to show for his year's wages but a head several times bigger than his hat, a taste in his mouth like he had cheated a buzzard out of his breakfast and a stomach so jumpy he couldn't get near it before it would dodge.

This bowlegs went to the saloon where he had left his six-shooter the night before, asked for the gun and announced that he was going to take the "short cut" from this world of sin to the happy hunting grounds.

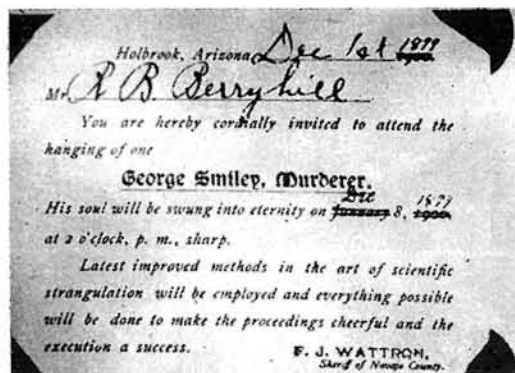
The bartender advised, "Don't talk like that. Have a snort and you'll feel better."

The buckeroo took a big "snort," gagged and shivered but remained firm in his decision. "Nobody as loco as me has any right to live," he stated. He took another snort, buckled on his pistola and left.

In about an hour, the self-destroyer walked into the saloon looking a little brighter and asked for a "shot on tick."

"Sure," said the bardog. "But I thought you were going to take a shot of lead instead of likker. Did you change your mind?"

"Naw," answered the vaquero, "all I could get was a runnin' shot and I didn't want to just cripple myself."



INVITATION NO. 1

Sheriff Wattron's invitation, intended for the interested citizens of Arizona Territory, finally reached the White House in Washington.

As a rule western badmen, when caught, were usually given short shrift. There were some, of course who went through the usual legal trials and unless their lawyers were lucky, or the jury wasn't packed, they paid the penalty in proper fashion.

The two invitations to the hanging of the murderer George Smiley differ from the usual run of such legal documents in that they are the product of a Sheriff who, harassed by the ambiguity of a Territorial statute, decided to do something about it.

The first of these was issued December 1, 1899 at Holbrook, Arizona. Sheriff F. J. Wattron of Navajo County soon discovered that his unique invitation had indeed started something. Politicians, when caught with their breeks hanging low can utter more squalls than a bee-stung bobcat when they are punctured by the shafts of ridicule. Sheriff Wattron's arrow, launched into the Arizona air from the quiet environs of the desert metropolis of Holbrook, flew as far as the White House, via the wires of the Associated Press. President William McKinley, so it is alleged, was shocked and indignant over the unseemly language of the Sheriff's little invitation.

The President in turn, so it is said, let Governor Nathan Oakes Murphy of the Territory of Arizona know his Excellency's displeasure and, in turn, Mr. Murphy is alleged to have popped Sheriff Wattron on the button with a strong note of rebuke.

In rebuttal, the doughty upholder of the law in Navajo County let fly with another invitation, this time couched in careful terms and, as a head-

HUMOROUS HANGING AT HOLBROOK

By ART WOODWARD

ing to the convicts, and no doubt aimed at the framers of the Statutes, was printed:

"Revised Statutes of Arizona, Penal Code, Title X, Section 1849, page 807, makes it obligatory on Sheriff to issue invitations to executions, form (unfortunately) not prescribed."

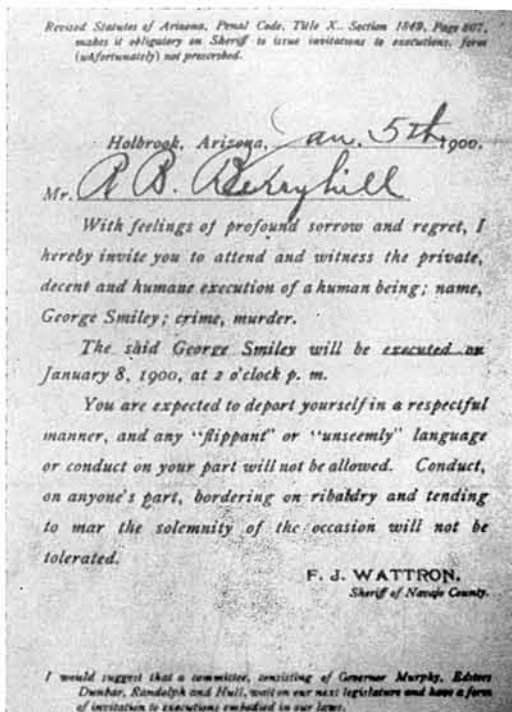
At the bottom, also printed on the form, the Sheriff cut loose at a more direct target.

"I would suggest that a committee, consisting of Governor Murphy, Editors Dunbar, Randolph and Hull, wait on our next legislature and have a form to executions embodied in our laws."

Copies of these invitations were presented to the Department of Library and Archives in Arizona by the Hon. Lloyd Henning, Senator from Navajo County, in January 1943. These copies are in the library collection of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society in Tucson, from which they were obtained.

INVITATION NO. 2

In the more decorous form shown below the sheriff of Navajo County reissued the invitation to party which sent George Smiley, via tight-rope, to his eternal reward. Note the postscript.



Felix the Indian Pays His Debt

By

M. I. MCCREIGHT

The Lusitania took to the bottom of the sea Elbert Hubbard who had arranged to write and print one of the romantic tales of the old West. Either it had not yet been written, or if so, it had not been printed, and went down with him to waste in the salt water of his cabin. That awful tragedy is chargeable to the German nation. They have paid dearly for it in the years since.

That story nearly parallels that of Crow Dog who had given his word to his jailer that if he would permit him to go to see his wife and children, he would return in time to be hung at the time fixed for execution—and he did—to make good his word. That was a trip from Deadwood to Rosebud—not difficult, because it was summer, and he had a good pony to ride the 150 miles and back.

Felix was the son of Chief Flying Hawk. His log cabin was at the Pine Ridge native village of Porcupine. He was married and had several children—was educated to a degree of reading and writing. Like his father, he had been favored with small loans to help over emergencies, and always they were promptly repaid.

Felix had solicited \$35 to help with cattle feed to market time. A check for the amount was sent him—the record being merely the cancelled check—and this promptly overlooked or forgotten. In this case Felix had fixed a certain date for payment, and he had travelled north a hundred miles or more to get employment to earn a sum great enough to meet his promise. One mid-winter mail brought the writer a letter from Felix. "Why do not tell me you get money for I borrow"—and this was to spur the looking up of the record—now long forgotten—and nothing to show that a \$35 loan had been paid. A letter to Felix gave him the date of the loan, but that no payment had so far been received.

A month went by. A registered letter from Rapid City, South Dakota spilled out the currency and silver coin to the amount of \$35. The letter had been mailed months ago, but the address on the envelope though being plain, he had forgotten to add the "Pa." for completing the place of destination—and the letter had lain in the post office all these months. On receipt of the note telling him that no money had been received, Felix went in the cold and deep snow the 100 miles from his home, to Rapid to investigate, and thus to make good his word; then apologized for the delay.

Would a white man have done the same? Fifty-seven years of running a bank fails to uncover a similar record. It is the regret of this writer that Hubbard was taken before he could have made from this another *Message to Garcia*—as he said he would do.

From the Mailbag . . .

Excerpts from a letter to Phil Rasch, from the English Corral of Westerners:

Dear Phil:

Many thanks for your letters, keeping me up to date. I'm afraid that there is no excuse for my delay which would justify as long an abstinence as mine has been: however, here we are again.

We held, last Saturday evening, the first meeting, formal that is, of the English Westerners at a London hotel. Whilst the attendance was anything but overwhelming, it is at least a start. With our scattered membership it is quite impossible for us to hold regular monthly meetings, and so we plan now to perhaps have one every six months, first in London, then elsewhere; say Birmingham, Manchester, or such, then back to London again, and then into the provinces once more. Our first Publisher's Award for the best factual and fiction books of the year went to one publisher, Corgi Books—an offshoot of your Bantam Book people—who published Gene Cunningham's *Triggernometry* and the Frederick Manfred novel about Hugh Glass, *Lord Grizzly*. The award was in the shape of a flat base-board on which was affixed a mounted Indian with bow and arrow, and a plaque detailing the books and the presentation details. Our guest of honour was the Editor, and one of the directors of, Corgi Books, or Transworld Publishers, Ltd., as they are known properly. We had no formal discussion or presentation of any paper such as your—and most other Corral's—wont, but merely an open assembly in which all sorts of plans and questions and ideas and suggestions were put forward. It was, all in all, a most enjoyable evening.

Keith Dodson Passes

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners tenders its deepest sympathy to Westerner and Mrs. R. A. Dodson in the passing of their son Keith, May 15. Death followed a surgical operation, and interment was at Forest Lawn. Keith was 37 years of age.

Los Angeles Corral Issues New Roster

Los Angeles Corral, concurrently with this issue of the Branding Iron, has issued its first printed roster. It is planned to keep the roster in type, making additions and deletions at least yearly. It is hoped, besides being an extremely valuable record of all fellow Westerners, to record in this roster the activities and interests of every regular and corresponding member of L.A. Corral. Please send additions and corrections to Westerners Directory, c/o Glen Dawson, Asst. Registrar, 550 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles 17.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

A JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF A CORPS OF DISCOVERY, by Patrick Gass. Annotated by Earle R. Forrest. (Minneapolis: Ross & Haines, Inc., 1958. 317 pp.)

In 1950 Earle R. Forrest published *Patrick Gass*, a pamphlet relating the biography of the last survivor of the Lewis and Clark expedition. In the present work—a full sized book—he has presented the diary kept by Gass from May 14, 1804 to July 26, 1806. To this Forrest has added an introduction describing Gass' life, photographs, a map, and geographical and explanatory footnotes. Gass was born before the Revolution; his last child survived until 1926. Thus the lives of this man and his daughter spanned almost the entire existence of our nation. Gass was no ignorant frontiersman. He had received some education in his early years and wrote his diary with the avowed purpose of making money from its sale. In this he was largely disappointed, but he left to us an invaluable eye-witness account of one of the significant events of our history as seen by a man in the ranks. The book is limited to 2000 copies. For those interested in the Lewis and Clark Expedition it is an essential item.

P. J. RASCH.

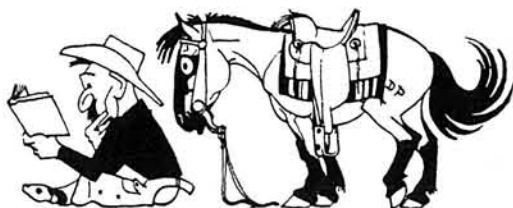
GREAT WESTERN HEROES, edited by Rafer Brent. (New York: Bartholomew House, Inc., 1957. 191 pp. \$1.00.) (Paper.)

The "heroes" who allegedly "tamed the West" are Henry (miscalled Hendry) Brown, Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett, Wyatt Earp, Sam Bass, John Slaughter and William Cody. It is difficult to see how bank robbers, train robbers, publicity hounds and other of their ilk can be said to be heroes or to have tamed the West. This reviewer managed to get through the chapters on Brown, Earp and Garrett before giving up in disgust. It is painfully evident that the writers have done no research whatever on their subjects and have simply rehashed conventional material with a complete disregard for historical accuracy. Completists may want this book; all others are advised to save their money.

P. J. R.

A hundred and fifty years have passed since Patrick Gass reached the mouth of the Columbia River with the Lewis and Clark expedition. The journals of his adventure have been published several times. Now a new edition has appeared with a biography and original photographs by Westerner Earle R. Forrest. (Ross and Haines, Minneapolis, 1958, 317 pp., \$8.75.)

Patrick Gass was an exceptional person in many ways. After his strenuous crossing of the



continent with Lewis and Clark he craved further excitement, so when the War of 1812 broke out he joined the Army as a private and saw enough action to keep him satisfied. At the battle of Lundy's Lane he lost an eye. When the war ended he drifted to the western frontier and for many years eked out a meager existence as a carpenter and horse trader. He was sixty years old in 1831 when he fell in love and married a girl in West Virginia who was forty years his junior. He gave up his roving habits and settled down to life as a farmer. Six children were born during the sixteen years his young wife lived, and after her death a family held the old adventurer to the farm. There he died in 1870 at the age of ninety-nine.

Though Gass and Lewis and Clark made history during days long gone Earle Forrest's notes and pictures bring old events into modern focus. Forrest has covered the country where Gass wandered and lived after his trans-continental crossing. His original photographs of people and places create a clearer understanding of the old westerner who faced life for almost a century.

DON MEADOWS.

More than a year ago the best of all guide books on Lower California made its appearance. It was soon out of print, so the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Glendale, have come forth with a new edition which contains corrections of changing roads and information on new roads to follow. Notably is a log of the extension of the camino south from San Felipe on the gulf coast. Gerhard and Gulick know Baja California from first hand experience and this re-vamping of a book not yet old shows the changing conditions in the frontier just south of us. Information on hunting and fishing spots add value to an already valuable book. Price for maps and the whole 220 pages of indispensable Americana is only \$6.00.

DON MEADOWS.

PAGEANT OF THE PIONEERS, by Clarence S. Jackson. Harold Warp Pioneer Village, Minden, Nebraska. 96 pp. Illus. 38 in full color. Price, regular edition \$4.00; limited, signed, boards, case bound ed. \$6.00.

In his later years William Henry Jackson, that grand old man known as "Picture Maker of the Old West," toiled ceaselessly at his easel, seek-

(Continued on Page 8)

Those Busy Book Writers of L. A. Corral

Los Angeles Corral is proud of the dedicated and conscientious writers who are so much a part of its organization. Among the recent books authored and/or edited by our members are:

RED MAN, WHITE MAN, by Harry C. James. The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas. \$5.00. Westerner Harry James has followed his *The Hopi Indians* with a poignant novel based on the frustrating problems of white man's way of life when superimposed on the ageless beliefs and customs of the Hopi, when a Hopi youth tries desperately to reconcile them both. As with Harry's previous book, Westerner Don Perceval turns in another matchless job of illustrating.



GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF PACIFIC COAST OUTLAWS, by Charles Howard Shinn. Edited by J. E. Reynolds. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, \$5.50. This rare work of Shinn, concerning the life and exploits of Sheriff Harry N. Morse, has been republished with equally rare illustrations, and most ably edited and annotated by Westerner Reynolds. Its jacket and endsheet illustrations are by Westerner Clarence Ellsworth.



OUTCAST STALLION OF HAWAII, Harlan Thompson. Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y. This is a new one by Westerner Harlan Thompson for the young reader, with its scene laid on the famous Kukaiau Ranch on the "big island" of Hawaii. In it Harlan brings in the ancient customs of the Hawaiians and the modern ranch life on the island. This western is just about as far west as one can get, but the boys love it. Another juvenile from Harlan's prolific pen is **WE WERE THERE**, with the California Forty-niners. This one, about the California Gold Rush, is published by Grosset & Dunlap.



RIDE THE RED EARTH, Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday & Co., Inc., \$3.95. A great pulsing historical novel about an 18th Century adventurer (Louis Juchereau de St. Denis) who was trapped by the Inquisition in Mexico, and by love for a beautiful Spanish woman. The scene is laid in early Texas and Mexico. Around the odd and almost incredible historical figure of St. Denis, Westerner Paul Wellman has written one of his most exciting novels.



ON THE BLOODY TRAIL OF GERONIMO, by Lt. John Bigelow. Edited by Arthur Woodward. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, \$7.50. In 1886, in *Outing Magazine*, there appeared a serial, written from the hot field of the Arizona Apache campaign. The journal, penned by an obscure

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Page 7)

ing to re-capture on paper and canvas the pioneer days of his youth. How well he succeeded in leaving for posterity the early days on our western trails is ably portrayed in this selection of his sketches and paintings of this new volume compiled by his son—an honored Westerner of the Denver Corral.

Born April 4, 1843, W. H. Jackson almost lived out his century and only started out alone on his Great Trek, June 30, 1942.

Through the eye of his camera and by his never still pencil and brush, Jackson has left us a colorful heritage which, in these days of reaching for the stars, is priceless for those of us who feel a kinship for Mother Earth.

Perhaps such an evaluation of his works should be left to a more unbiased reader. It was my good fortune to have known him, and heard first hand some of his tales and to have met him at the time when he was busy at many of the colored sketches reproduced in this latest book. He made photographs by the thousand and one of my most cherished volumes is *The Story of the Ancient Missions and Churches of America*, Photographs by W. H. Jackson, Text by Stanley Wood, The White City Art Co., 1894.

Here are twenty-four large photographs made by Jackson, 1884-1894, of the missions of New Mexico, California and the churches in Old Mexico, as he has noted on the fly leaf, "mostly of earlier period." Each plate was autographed by Mr. Jackson in my office, Sept. 7, 1939.

There have been several books published dealing with the old "Picture Maker's" life but never have so many of his colored illustrations been gathered together in one volume as in this latest testimonial to his observant eye as arranged by his son Clarence. Some of these have been reproduced in color in previous publications but that does not detract from the value of this book. Here is W. H. Jackson at his best.

ART WOODWARD.



Editor's Note: The two reviews of the Patrick Gass book, by two eminent Westerners, were in type before the duplication was noticed. You decide which one you want to read. We liked 'em both.

army lieutenant in the heat of the chase, and illustrated in great part by an equally obscure young artist by the name of Frederic Remington, has at last been published as a book. Sheriff Arthur Woodward has done his usual great job of editing and annotating this "lost" piece of Americana. The book contains the original illustrations, including the rare and little known first illustrations of the great Remington.