



Billy Dodson

1874-1959

A TRIBUTE . . . BY ARTHUR H. CLARK, JR.

FEW knew him as Robert Aulston Dodson, but as Billy Dodson a veritable host of those living and those gone before him knew him as one of God's noblemen.

In his 86th year, death came to Billy on Friday, October 16, 1959, at the Veteran's Hospital in Sawtelle. His relatively brief hospital confinement was an unusual experience for Billy, whose health and physique were the envy of many a younger Westerner.

Billy came of a cattle ranching family. Born at Sherman, Texas, he literally grew up in the saddle, riding trail herd, and, by the age of fifteen, doing a man's work out of the cow camps. The range in the Llano Estacado of West Texas, in New Mexico, Indian Territory, Wyoming and Montana—all were herding grounds where Billy was a familiar and respected cow hand.

He modestly claimed that his education was gained in range life, but his personality, his knowledge, and his literary bent revealed a much more substantial, though self-gained, educational background. While Billy enjoyed the history of the Western "bad man and outlaw," he was always quick to emphasize that the great majority of range personnel were God-fearing, hard working, respectable men.

While we of the Westerners knew him best as one of the last of the open-range cattle men, Billy in later years was known for his activities as a pioneer founder of the city of Tucumcari, New Mexico, as a law officer, postmaster, flour mill operator, and a veteran of the First Montana Regiment in the Philippine campaign of the Spanish-American War. After moving to Glendale in 1926 he was known as a worker in civic enterprises, a San Fernando Valley real estate man, and an ardent Democrat. A life-long Baptist and ordained deacon in that denomination, Billy was a devoted churchman of

deep yet very practical religious convictions. He was long a member and secretary of the Chuck Wagon Trailers group.

As an author, the Dodson name appeared on a book, *Ranger Cal's Boy*, and on numerous historical and factual short stories based on Billy's own experiences. Among these were three solid contributions to the printings of our Corral: "The Men of El Llano Estacado" in our first *Brand Book*; "The Cattle Industry of the Hawaiian Islands" in the fifth *Brand Book*; and "The Masons" (Jacksboro, Texas, Indian massacre) in the June 1957 *Branding Iron*. Others of his articles appeared in the *American Weekly*, and in his Southern California newspaper column, "I Remember When." A new photographic portrait of Billy appeared on the cover of the March, 1959, *Branding Iron*.

A most appropriate and beautiful tribute was delivered at Billy's memorial service at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather at Forest Lawn, where he is buried in the Dodson family plot.

Billy is survived by his widow, May, a son, Capt. Bennett Dodson, a daughter, Frances Rhome, of Las Cruces, New Mexico, a brother, James, of Perin, Texas, and a sister, Alta Ward of Las Vegas, New Mexico. Billy's son, Keith, who was known to many Los Angeles Westerners, died a little over a year ago.

Billy's presence among the Westerners will be sorely missed. In the sincerity so typical of him, he often stated that no group of men was dearer to his heart. In a lucid moment in the confusion of his last few days, he instructed Mrs. Dodson to be sure to notify the Westerners that he and Mrs. Dodson would be unable to attend the October meeting at the Casa de Adobe.

We shall never have a more truly Westerner nor a more sincere member of our Corral—May his reward be great in the land beyond.

THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

* * *

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From the Mailbag . . .

My dear Carlos (Charles Rudkin):

Thank you for sending me the September issue of *The Branding Iron*, which was waiting for me when my Sweetheart and I returned, recently, from the trip which each person and car must make to the border, once each 180 days to renew the Tourist's Card. We went up through Celaya, San Miguel Allende, San Luis Potosi (where we spent the night), then to Saltillo for the next night and I was horribly disappointed in Saltillo: had expected a beautifully shaded mountain city instead of the desert mountain town we found. Next night we were in Eagle Pass and the following night, in my old home town Carlsbad, where we stayed a week, then returned via El Paso—where we had another round of dinners, parties, etc. through my Medical Officer of WW2 who is now one of the outstanding—if not the outstanding M.D. of the city.

First night south from El Paso we spent at Chihuahua, the next night at Torreón, then across to Durango. I had wanted to come by way of Parral but will have to do so later as out-of-season rains had washed out two key bridges between Camargo and Parral. One of these rainstorms cut off an hour of daylight that I had counted on, south of Durango and we bumped and groped our way over miles of near-impassable, torn-up road, in the pitch dark, blinded by frequent vivid lightning flashes. The "road" was alternately swift, and slowly running water with the rocks sticking up above the surface and no way of knowing what was below, except to bump over it. We were mighty happy to see the lights of Zacatecas and find comfortable quarters and a warm meal at the Zacatecas Courts.

Next night we came through another torrential mountain storm this side of Celaya and had to stop and wait a few times for the deluge to let up so we could see where the road was. Reached Morelia just about eight, stopped and got some canned soup, etc., and were in the welcome snugness of our Altísimo Nido by eight-forty.

I'm teething, or sump'n, anyhow el dentista is going to separate me from one of my remaining fangs tomorrow: been a bit painful these past few days and I'll be glad to get rid of the pain.

Cheerio!

CHARLEY [HOFFMANN].

Please Pardon the Delay

In the midst of final preparation of the December *Branding Iron*, the editor found himself in the California Hospital getting an inguinal hernia hemstitched. For this reason the December issue is delayed a couple of weeks. Please forgive.

26 Corresponding Members Added to L. A. Corral

Since the last issue of the *Branding Iron*, 26 Corresponding Members have been added to the Corral roster. Welcome aboard, Westerners!

Don Ashbaugh, *Las Vegas Review Journal*, Box 70, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Robert W. Baughman, 610 No. Sherman Ave., Liberal, Kansas.

Ronald Baxter, 1455 Lakeshore Dr., Muskegon, Michigan.

M. C. Clark, 5151 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 36, California.

Leo Corbett, 18611 Dixie Street, Anaheim, Calif.

J. L. Cramer, 152 So. Fairfax, Denver 22, Colorado.

Herman P. Dean, P.O. Box 1240, Huntington 14, West Virginia.

Michael Faklis, 499 13th St., Campbell, Ohio.

Wallace A. Ferris, 2900 Flower St., Huntington Park, California.

Everett G. Hager, 681 Terminal Way, Terminal Island, California.

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LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS LADIES' NIGHT AT CASA ADOBE
Two of the tables set for Westerners and their ladies in the beautiful patio.

—All photos by Iron Eyes Cody.

LADIES' NIGHT, AND OTHER THINGS

FOR THE first time in many years Los Angeles Corral of Westerners opened its meeting to the ladies. Previous to this momentous occasion, the affair of November 1949 was the last recorded instance where the frail sex invaded the corral gates to observe the peculiar carryings-on of this organization. This earlier event was held at Pomona College, and featured a night of western art with Don Louis Perceval as the speaker. The Corral's latest departure from the tried and true paths of masculinity occurred October 14, at the Casa Adobe of the Southwest Museum, and shattered all precedents by featuring a female speaker in the person of Miss Ruth Magood of the Los Angeles County Museum. Her subject was "Artist With a Camera—the Story of Adam Clark Vroman." Her lively and interesting talk was spiced with many fine slides of California pictures done by this pioneer historian and photographer.

The meeting, hosted by Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel, Director of the Southwest Museum, was held outdoors, in the beautiful patio of the Casa Adobe. Every effort was made to honor the ladies and to make them feel at home with their rannies of the Corral, including a finely catered dinner with vintage wine at every table. Since every other person was a guest, it becomes quite impossible to list those present who should be honored. But the general consensus of opinion is that the ladies had a swell time. And, with two ladies' nights in ten years, the Corral will never again be quite the same.

November's meeting was moved back to Costa's Grill, and featured Dr. Raymond Lindgren, chairman of the History Department at Occidental College. His subject was "Lords and Tin," and proved an interesting and provocative topic for an evening's discussion. Dr. Lindgren's paper covered the strange machinations of the British financial interests when tin almost became a competitor of gold in California.

Names for the 1960 slate of officers were placed in nomination by Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, chairman of the nominations committee. The committee's choice was Henry Clifford, for Sheriff, and George Fullerton as Deputy Sheriff. Election and installation of the full slate of officers and committeemen was scheduled for the December meeting. Another important piece of business was the first appearance of Brand Book No. 8. This magnificent creation, edited by Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows, with the aid of his committee consisting of Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey and James Algar, and superbly produced by Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter, brought the light of joy to every member assembled. Books were passed around and autographed like a high school graduation party. Every person who contributed either to its contents or to its production had every reason to be proud.

It was a night to remember—and guests who shared it with the members included: Charles Autland, Fred Barton, David Belt, artist Conrad Buff, Charles Clarke, John Kemble, Paul Mahoney, George Retzer, James E. Serven, and Dan Waltz. It was the largest meeting, in point of attendance, for the entire year.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Beery reflect the happy time shared by all on Ladies' Night.



WESTERNER HARLAN THOMPSON . . . AUTHOR



HARLAN THOMPSON
Pseudonym (Stephen Holt)

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is No. 4 in a series of bibliographies of authors in Los Angeles Corral of Westerners.

Harlan Thompson has written books and short stories, some under his own name and others under the pseudonym, Stephen Holt. He was born in Brewster Kansas around the turn of the century, but early moved with his parents, first to Nebraska, then to Alberta, Canada.

There on his father's famous TX cattle ranch he grew up, learning to ride, to rope cattle and to hunt in the Rocky Mountains close by. Living the life of a cowboy with his own string of saddle horses, a Sunday horse to ride to dances and two saddles, a double-rigged roper and an Association saddle for stampede competition.

He went to grade school in Calgary, Alberta, then to Los Angeles High School and to the University of Southern California, majoring in English.

In many of his books and stories a horse is the central character. The backgrounds picture the early ranches of California and the authentic ranch life of the Canadian west. He has also gathered material for stories from the moors of northern England, from a *finca* or Spanish ranch in Spain, and from the famous Kukaiau cattle ranch high on the slopes of the extinct volcanic mountain, Mauna Kea, on the island of Hawaii.

His hobbies include guiding tour groups through Europe, travel, hunting, photography, and a study of the rancho period of early California.

BOOKS UNDER THE NAME OF HARLAN THOMPSON

Star Roan, Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York City, 1952.

Spook The Mustang (Junior Literary Guild selection) Winner Commonwealth Club Silver Medal, Doubleday and Company, Inc. New York City, 1956.

Outcast Stallion of Hawaii, Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1957.

BOOKS UNDER THE NAME OF STEPHEN HOLT

Wild Palomino, Longmans, Green and Company, New York City, 1946.

Prairie Colt, Longmans, Green and Company, New York City, 1947.

Phantom Roan, Longmans, Green and Company Junior Guide selection, 1949.

Whistling Stallion, Longmans, Green and Company, 1951.

Stormy, Longmans, Green and Company, 1955.

We Were There With the California Forty Niners, Grosset and Dunlap, Inc., New York City, 1956.

ANTHOLOGIES

Chapters from Books and Original Short Stories

Story and Verse for Children, Huber, Macmillan, New York City.

Horses Horses Horses, Fenner, Franklin Watts, Inc., New York City.

Cowboys Cowboys Cowboys, Fenner, Franklin Watts, Inc., New York City.

Teen Age Grid Iron Stories, Lantern Press, Inc., New York City.

Teen Age Stories of the Diamond, Lantern Press, Inc., New York City.

Young Readers Horse Stories, Lantern Press, Inc., New York City.

School Textbooks (adaptations of short stories and novels).

Whistling Stallion, Oxford Book Company, New York City.

"Champion," Short Story, *Boys Life*.

Reading For Significance, American Book Company, New York City.

"Greenhorns," Short Story, *Boys Life*.

"Reading For Significance," *Boys Life*.

FOREIGN IMPRINTS

Wild Palomino (Das Gelbe Pferd) Benziger Verlag Einsiedeln, 1949, Zurich, Switzerland.

Prairie Colt (Het Rode Paard) Uitgeverij De Vinken N.V., Den Haag, Denmark, 1950.

SHORT STORIES IN MAGAZINES

TEENS; BOYS LIFE; OPEN ROAD FOR BOYS

ARTICLES

Brand Book, Los Angeles Corral of Westerners.

Kootenai Brown, *Squaw Man*, 1958.

T. S. KENDERDINE'S CALIFORNIA TRAMP *(Continued)*

By DUDLEY GORDON

EDITOR'S NOTE—*The first installment of Kenderdine's California Tramp was published in the December 1958 (No. 47) issue of the Branding Iron, under the title of "Los Angeles In 1858."*

(Late in 1858 Kenderdine, hitherto an ox team driver under General Johnston, set out from Salt Lake in the company of a Mormon freighting party. For a fee they agreed to allow him and a few other ox drivers to accompany them to California. Upon arrival in San Bernardino he was informed that that was the end of the line. He had believed he would be conducted to the coast. "Tough luck, Bub," they told him, "It's only ninety miles to San Pedro.")

Since there was no livery stable in shrinking San Bernardino, and since he had only his \$20 steerage fare on the steamer to San Francisco, he set out on foot. Parting with the Mormon wagoners with little regret, he headed westward toward Los Angeles.

His appearance was unprepossessing and almost comic as he trod along carrying his few goods in a bedraggled carpet bag. His boots were slung across his shoulders along with his overcoat and blankets. His rifle, which he had carried all the way from Salt Lake without shooting at an Indian, began to feel heavy. From his belt dangled his cooking utensils. His shabby clothing was stained and disheveled from weeks of open air travel and lying on the ground. On his blistered feet he wore a pair of thin Indian moccasins.

Though his spirits were at low ebb at first, the beauty of the area soon uplifted him. Near at hand the land was bare of green vegetation and, for some distance, the chaparral was higher than his head, but beyond, the view of the mountains appealed to him.

He wearily trudged along the dusty road for twenty miles before he came to the first settlement (Cucamonga?). Meanwhile he saw nary a horseman nor vehicle traveling East or West.

On his right lay the range of the Sierra Nevada as far as his eye could see. Mt. San Antonio rose abruptly for thousands of feet, the upper part white with snow, clear and sharp in the December air.

Off the road, at intervals of four or five miles, he could see the distant white walls of ranch buildings. Meanwhile the day turned warm and his load became so heavy he was forced to dispense with some of his superfluous clothing. Thereafter he trudged on in a lighter mood.

Eventually he reached the bank of a stream which waters the valley. Its cooling water provided a welcome relief. After crossing the stream he climbed a bluff and found himself on a bleak, dry plain. Before long he met a rancher whom he persuaded to buy his cumbersome rifle for five dollars—one fourth of what it had cost.

As darkness descended he heard the blood-curdling howls of coyotes which spurred him on. This proved fortunate because he soon be-

came aware of a thundering noise—the pounding of the hooves of a large herd of cattle which plunged across the trail just behind him. Grateful that he was not trampled to death, he hurried on and soon his suspense was ended by the sight of a campfire. Around it were some of the men he had known on the trek from Salt Lake. Just beyond lay a stream of water, where he slaked his thirst after twenty miles without a drink. Here he spent a cold night. By daylight he was on his way, a little rested and much hungered.

While plodding along he resorted to the device which was used when he was a boy attending a singing geography school. He chanted the names San Bernardino Mountains, Sierra Nevada Mountains, Upper California and Monterey with the peculiar change of voice which he remembered from his school days until something else drove the subject out of his mind.

The country improved as he advanced westward and occasional bands of horses and cattle he met showed the results of improved pasture. Soon he came to a ranch which was the halfway place between San Bernardino and the City of Angels. Here he obtained something to eat and stopped long enough to make some mental notes of the place. He observed that the houses were of one story and surrounded a courtyard which was filled with a motley assortment of people of all ages, sizes and colors. These were the retainers of the owners of the ranch and were little better than slaves, but they led an easy life and appeared contented. All the work they did consisted of herding cattle and cultivating a little ground to raise the grain and vegetables required. The patriarchal Don lived in stately pomp on the leagues of his domain and was unweary by the doings of the outer world. His chief riches were his flocks of sheep and herds of horses and cattle. He followed the customs of his forefathers and had his fields plowed with crooked sticks and harrowed with branches of trees. His carts were clumsy and made wholly of wood, the wheels being sawed off ends of logs, and the frame held together by wooden pins. These cumbersome, heavy carts were hitched with rawhide ropes to from one to three pair of half-wild oxen. The yokes were laid behind the horns, to which they were attached with leather thongs. These rig-outs were driven by two men, one on each side of the column, each driver equipped with a goad pointed with a nail with which he prodded the sides of his victims, accompanying each thrust with a wild cry. The tumult attending the movement of these carts was eardrum-shattering.

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Kenderdine's admiration for the Californian's horsemanship was considerable. Never had he seen such headlong drivers who were always on the full jump. They sat their saddles firmly and defied the efforts of their wild animals to throw them. With their lassos they performed wonders. With practiced skill the plaited leathern rope was thrown at full gallop, and in an instant a wild bull or horse was floundering in the dust. Sometimes the strain would break a lasso, but the lassero would pick up the severed end while at full speed, and with a dexterous coil around the saddle horn, would secure his prey. The horses were trained young, and skillfully performed their duties.

Our traveler soon came to know the typical Mexican answer to a question. Upon seeing a vaquero standing in the dooryard of a rancho, he approached and asked the distance to Los Angeles. The reply, was "Quien Sabe? Muchas millas." This native was typical of many Californians. He was gracious, friendly and soft-spoken. His costume was that of a semi-bandit with broadbrimmed sombrero, serape, leather leggings and jingling spurs. His spirited horse was equipped with clumsy wooden stirrups.

Many times on the journey Kenderdine got ready for a foot race when he encountered scattered herds of wild-looking cattle. The patriarch of the herd would paw the ground, blow ferociously and belligerently eye the traveler. But nothing happened. The younger stock were less warlike and could be scattered by a lusty shout. The wild cattle were of a dun color and with slender, sharp-pointed horns.

Along the road water and shade were scarce. To obtain a drink often required a long detour to an out-of-the-way rancho. An occasional live oak tree rising in solitary grandeur above the level plain provided a welcome respite. Prickly pears, some of them six feet high and scattered over acres of ground were abundant.

At dusk he came within sight of the lights of El Monte. It was a welcome sight for it indicated that the end of the journey was near. Upon entering the town he found a hotel and enjoyed the luxury of an open fire and a meal outdoors where there was a table, benches and knives and forks to eat with. His food and lodging absorbed most of the money from the sale of his gun.

After a restful night's sleep on the floor, he arose early and hurried toward L. A., passing through the streets of the tiny village under scattered shade trees. With flower gardens in view, his eyes felt refreshed after long exposure to blinding desert scenery. He then emerged into a valley which was the most beautiful one he had ever seen. In contrast to the harsh tans, browns and greys of the deserts, here he found restful, vividly green fields extending from the hills to the mountains.

Passing through a range of green hills via a winding canyon he came to a broad plain which extended to the ocean. Soon he came in sight of the City of the Angels whose white walls gleamed in the sun. As he entered the town he observed that the local architecture varied but was predominantly Mexican. Most of the buildings were one-story adobe houses. An occasional large brick store announced the presence of the invading Yankee and seemed at odds among the houses of sun-dried bricks, most of which were roofed with reeds and grass, over which had been poured a coating of bitumen, from springs of the material nearby. Some of the houses extended a considerable distance, at intervals pierced by gateways opening into gardens adorned with orange trees and vines. These belonged to the better classes and were roofed with tiles. A rural, quiet air pervaded in the suburbs, but the business center was noise and confusion. It was here that the greatest contrast in the population of the city was apparent. Plainly-attired nuns and fashionably dressed American women were seen together, as well as the swarthy Mexican, in his attire of shirt and drawers, along with the yankee dude. Chinese, Indians and Negroes abounded; in fact, all the odds and ends of humanity were in contact here chattering and jabbering in their many tongues. It was a strange scene rarely witnessed in so small a place.

Occasionally an ox team would come creeping into town, laden with wine casks in transit to the coast and following after a troop of burros with backloads of firewood packed from the neighboring mountains. Now and then the scene would be varied by the appearance of a horseman, who, fully equipped with a Mexican rider's outfit, would gallop by with a rattle of spurs and a stir of dust. For a pueblo of 3,000 people, Los Angeles seemed to be a busy place.

Much of the bustle of the town came from excited speculators who were buying and selling building lots at inflated prices. The dusty roads, unpaved sidewalks and abundance of mangy dogs were accepted without question.

The visit to the town made a favorable impression upon Kenderdine. It so nearly came up to his expectations of it. He had heard of its beautiful women, its gallant men and pious priests. If he could have shut the innovation of the Yankee quarter from his sight, he might easily imagine himself in a town in Spain.

Too fatigued to see all of Los Angeles, the weary traveler contented himself with sitting at the corners of streets in the old part of town and watching the passersby. It entertained him to see numerous people doing their shopping on horseback while he recalled that in the previous two days he had not seen a vehicle or rider traveling during sixty miles of walking on the main

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road between Los Angeles, and San Bernardino, and on to New Mexico or old Mexico.

Shortly after sunset he left Los Angeles in the company of a fellow ox driver of the plains and they began a night's march to San Pedro—twenty-five miles away. They passed through a street lined with gardens of orange, fig and other semi-tropical trees and bordered with hedges of willow and long extensions of grape trellis. He later learned that these picturesque roadside borders were screens for expert throwers of the lasso, who practiced on travelers their noted skill and choked and robbed them—Mexican and American alike.

At about ten o'clock the December night air was shattered by the shrieking of wheels, the crack of a whip and the familiar talk indulged in by an oxdriver to his team. They soon overtook an oxdrawn wagon carrying a cask of wine so large that in the dim light it looked as large as a Heidelberg tun. The driver was companionable, and for a couple of hours they shared his company. The wine was from a local vineyard noted for the fine quality of its product and was destined to slake the thirsts of San Franciscans. Riding on the wagon eased Kenderdine's blistered feet.

Eventually, a peculiar noise broke upon his ears. Never had this midlander heard it before, but he rightly guessed it came from the surf lashing the shore. Emerging from a maze of ravines and sloughs, he climbed a sandhill and, to his great joy, had his first glimpse of the waters of the Pacific, which the sun was just beginning to silver from his position on the summit of the mountains behind him. He felt much as Cortez must have when, from a "lone peak of Darien," he first saw the same sea. But the conquistador, if had walked all night lugging a pair of blankets and an unseemly carpet bag, with nothing to drink and little to eat, and wearing tight boots, with blisters on his ankles as big as quarter dollars, he would have felt about as our traveler felt. Still the sight of the waves rolling gave him a thrill of wonderment.

Upon reaching San Pedro he was disappointed to find that the town was no larger than when it was visited by Dana of *Two Years Before The Mast* fame. There were two houses and a smith shop on the bank and a warehouse under the bluff. A steep road led from the plain to the beach.

There were but two vessels in the harbor, one, the *Senator*, which was to carry him northward and which he was pleased to see had not gone, and a sailing vessel, both anchored some distance off shore for fear of being driven aground by sudden winds. The bay was a dreary sheet of water, surrounded by bleak shores, bare of trees and verdure. Here on account of the insecurity of the harbor and the labor of moving cargoes, San Pedro was called by sailors the "Hell of the Pacific Coast."

A rope had been run ashore, and back and forth along this a lighter was pulled until the passengers were on board, the freight having been previously loaded. There was a heavy swell on the bay and the traveler feared the lighter might swamp; but he finally reached the steamer safely. After some difficulty and with the aid of down-reaching arms of the sailors, he climbed on deck.

The *Senator* was on her up trip from San Diego and, for passengers, had a motley crowd of dignified Spanish gentlemen, pompous army officers, enterprising Yankee merchants and adventurers of all kinds. Kenderdine, greatly fatigued since he had had no sleep since leaving El Monte, crawled into a rude berth in the steerage and was soon in deep sleep. When he awakened he found that the *Senator* had up-anchored and was plowing her way through the darkness. San Francisco was ahead—and no more walking.

Corral Chips . . .

Warren Lewis was victim of an automobile accident in November which came perilously close to snuffing out his life. He was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital in a state of shock, in which condition he remained for ten days, the surgeons unable to set a fractured pelvis and a fractured leg. Eventually he was brought through the crisis, and the broken bones repaired. He is now on the road to recovery, despite the fact that the weights and pulleys will keep him at the Good Samaritan, and bedfast, for many weeks.

Ed Ainsworth, feature writer on the *Los Angeles Times*, has been hospitalized with a heart attack. He is now at home, and recovering. The medics have promised that, if he takes care of himself he will soon be a well man.

CM Don Ashbaugh, Sunday editor of the Las Vegas, Nevada *Review-Journal*, has had anything but a dull year. First he broke an arm, and after that was healed, he suffered a heart attack. After a long bout back to health, he again has been hospitalized—this time with a stubborn bronchial infection. He is at the San Fernando Veterans Hospital.

Notification comes to Los Angeles Corral of the death of Mrs. John K. Rollinson, an honorary corresponding member. Since the passing of her husband, the esteemed writer and Westerner John K. Rollinson, some years ago, she has resided at 2107 Mar Vista Avenue, Altadena.

Sheriff-Elect Henry Clifford attended the joint meeting of the Society of California Pioneers and E Clampus Vitus at San Francisco early in December.

Historical Symposium Called for February

The Southern California Symposium to be held Friday and Saturday, February 5 and 6, at Los Angeles County Museum, will have as general theme "Historical Sites and Societies."

Father Maynard Geiger of Santa Barbara Mission will speak Friday evening on the general subject of California Missions Today and their cultural importance. Saturday morning the program will be on Historical Sites and Societies, a panel discussion, with John Henderson, Los Angeles County Librarian, as chairman. Members of the panel are:

Jerry MacMullen, Serra Museum, San Diego, "Coastal Historical Sites."

Dean Painter, San Bernardino Historical Society, "Desert Historical Sites."

Richard Bailey, Kern County Museum, "Location of Historical Sites by Jeep."

Miss Dee Simpson, Southwest Museum, "Pre-historical Sites."

Don Meadows, Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, "Historical Sites of Orange County."

Charles Outland, Ventura Historical Society, "Water and Oil Historical Sites."

The Saturday noon meeting will feature the Plaza project of Los Angeles.

26 Corresponding Members

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John R. Handchin, 4166 Neosho Ave., Mar Vista 66, California.

J. Leonard Jennewein, 420 West McCabe, Mitchell, South Dakota.

Vernon R. King, 5641 Buffalo St., Van Nuys, Calif.

Wilbur R. King, R.R. 6, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Henry E. Kuehl, c/o Reynolds Eng. Co., 501 38th St., Rock Island, Illinois.

Paul A. Mason, 14434 Hamlin St., Van Nuys, Calif.

Thomas S. McNeill, 207 Avenue G, Redondo Beach, California.

Mountain States Tel. & Tel. Co., 931 14th St., Rm. 03, Library, Denver, Colorado.

E. H. Munroe, M.D., 2232 No. 7th St., Rm. 2, Grand Junction, Colorado.

A. A. Paddock, Boulder, Colorado.

C. J. Schneberger, 305-6 Howes Bldg., Clinton, Iowa.

Carl J. Smalley, 803 Granada Bldg., Santa Barbara, California.

University of Kentucky Libraries, Acquisitions Dept., Lexington, Kentucky.

Charles T. Waller, Box 963, Salina, Kansas.

William P. Wreden, 405 Kipling St., Palo Alto, California.

Wyoming State Library, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Ben O'Connor, on November 7, took unto himself a bride—Janet McGuire Russell. The happy couple are now at home at 813 Glenview Road, in Glendale.

Newspaper Book Critic Praises Brand Book

EDITOR'S NOTE—Following is a review of Brand Book No. 8 (somewhat condensed) by Russ Leadabrand. It appeared December 6, in the Pasadena *Independent Star-News*.

There are all kinds of clubs and organizations in Southern California. Some watch birds, some explore caves, some like to practice public speaking.

The Westerners are devotedly interested in western history. Most of the members collect something along these lines: Pony Express handbills and tickets, arrowheads, Indian blankets, antique firearms, branding irons, cavalry insignia, uniform buttons. Their likes are many.

What they have in common is a monthly meeting where they put away a huge steak dinner, tell lies and listen to some western historian of note talk about the subject close to their heart.

But the Westerners are more than steak and storytelling people. For the last eight years they have published a series of exceptionally fine books.

These publications, called "The Brand Book" have attracted attention among lovers of fine books all over the country. Each publication was a limited edition, and each has gone out of print and now commands handsome rare book prices.

The main article in the current issue has a strong local appeal. "A Maynard Dixon Sketch Book" was authored and designed by former Altadena artist Don Perceval.

When Perceval moved away from Altadena several years ago he moved into the former Tucson studio home of the late Maynard Dixon. In taking over the home Perceval fell heir to Dixon's collection of sketches. It was a fantastic find. Dixon's pictures are highly prized, his sketches were a dramatic delineation of his growth as an artist.

From the mountainous collection Perceval has prepared a chronologically arranged sketch book of the famed western artist. There are hundreds of sketches in the section. And indeed the entire book carries a Maynard Dixon flavor with dust jacket and end papers made up of Dixon sketches.

Even minus the Dixon spectacular, the Brand Book would be worthwhile.

It contains an article on the last battle of the U. S. horse cavalry by Col. C. W. Hoffman. There is a nostalgic bit about trail herds by a man who knew such a life, Robert A. (Billy) Dodson.

Paul J. Wellman, well-known historian and novelist, is in the book with an exciting treatment of the dynasty of western outlaws. "Frisco's Celebrated Saloons"—they called it Frisco and no one objected—is a colorful slice of yesterday by Richard H. Dillon.

The Murder of Huston J. Chapman, a chapter of early day lore from New Mexico, is chronicled by Philip J. Rasch. Death Valley buffs will enjoy the article on Death Valley guns by James E. Severn.

Earle R. Forrest has contributed a piece on Dodge City's colorful Boot Hill, and it's not quite the way it's pictured on TV.

Southland historian and publisher Paul Bailey has an offbeat epoch of migration in an article bearing the title "Westward by Handcart to Utah."

Former Altadenan Harry C. James recalls James Willard Schultz, the famous Blackfoot Indian authority. And Altadena's most colorful historian Arthur Woodward has contributed "Historical Sidelights on California Joe," trapper, gold hunter and scout.

Final article in the book is "Astronomy in California" by James S. Fassero, dedicated to the giant eyes perched atop Southern California's high mountains.

As you can see, it is a remarkable volume, one with permanent value.



MEMORIES OF THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME!

The above photo, by Lonnie Hull, has nothing to do with the story below, but depicts various Westerners in various pursuits. Locale is the traditional outdoor summer party at the spacious and beautiful home of Dr. Harvey Johnson, in Pasadena.

December's Meeting Proves Important and Interesting

December's meeting of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, at Costa's, featured, as speaker, Ex-Sheriff Arthur Woodward, whose paper "The Historical Background of Cowboy Gear" was backed by projected slides, pictures, and many historical samples of the gear itself. To back his thesis of the evolvement of saddles, chaps and horse accoutrements from Spain to the New World, and finally to the working tools of the present day, Arthur went back to the first dim paintings of Mexico, and the present equipment as used in isolated areas of that nation. On display were many rare and interesting items collected over a lifetime of travel and study. There was much meat to the lecture; and it was truly an evening for the experts.

At this meeting the recommendations of the nominating committee were sustained by the membership assembled. Henry Clifford was elected sheriff for 1960, and the badge of office passed from Sheriff Glen Dawson to Henry, who will serve the Corral in that high office for 1960. Elected with the new sheriff was George Fullerton, deputy sheriff; Charles Rudkin, registrar of marks and brands; Paul Bailey, roundup

foreman; and Bert Olson, keeper of the chips. In accordance with the new Range Rules and Articles of Incorporation, these officers automatically become directors of the association. All other offices left vacant will be appointive, and the full slate of those directing the Corral's affairs for 1960 will be announced at the meeting for January.

The retiring sheriff was presented with the traditional painting done by our own illustrious artist, Clarence Ellsworth. Sheriff Dawson's treasure proved to be a reproduction, in oils, of Dawson's Book Shop as it appeared in 1912, when the famous establishment occupied modest quarters at 518 South Hill Street. The painting, definitely authentic, since its basis was an original photograph of that day, showed the elder Mr. Dawson standing in front of the establishment, holding a baby in his arms. That baby was Glen Dawson, the retiring sheriff. Along with this especial honor to Sheriff Glen went an ovation of thanks by those present to all the retiring officers of Los Angeles Corral, who so ably brought the organization through a splendidly successful year.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

I FOUGHT WITH GERONIMO, by Jason Betzinez with Colonel W. S. Nye. The Stackpole Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, pp. 214, \$4.95.

The autobiography of an Apache Indian who is now nearly one hundred years old. He has been successively on the warpath with his cousin and lifelong associate Geronimo; a prisoner of war in an ancient Spanish fort in Florida; a student at the Carlisle Indian School; a steelworker in Pennsylvania, and a blacksmith and farmer in Oklahoma. His wife was a white missionary of pure Dutch descent. Colonel Nye, who accepted the responsibility for rearrangement and paraphrasing Mr. Betzinez's manuscript, contends that this represents personal knowledge gained from Jason's own experiences and those of his close associates, and is the Indian version of the frontier campaigns in the Southwest, the bloody strife which gave prominence to Cochise, Victorio, and Geronimo.

From personal experiences are accounts of stirring raids and battles, desperate affairs, the despair of the hunted, and the humiliation of surrender. Jason begins his story with a massacre in Mexico which established the pattern for many subsequent treacheries and raids. He tells how his band was exiled to a desolate reservation in Arizona, breaking out in 1882 and remaining on the warpath until they surrendered to Gen. George Crook, and again later to Gen. Miles.

There are many interesting photographs and maps, as well as pen and ink sketches drawn by John Russell Bartlett in 1852.

Those who do not know Indians well will be surprised to learn that they are an emotional race, voluble and with a lively sense of humor. Those who really know the Indian will rejoice that more truth about him is disclosed, factually, and with a tolerant and philosophical attitude.

PAUL GALLEHER.

THE SEA DIARY OF FR. JUAN VIZCAÍNO TO ALTA CALIFORNIA, 1769, translated and with an introduction by Arthur Woodward. Glen Dawson: Los Angeles. 1959. (Early California Travels Series XLIX.) xxxii, 29 p., end-paper map of the Channel Islands and full-page map of the east end of Santa Cruz Island. Printed by Mallette Dean. \$10.00.

Ex-Sheriff Art Woodward gives to the public a manuscript of the voyage of the *San Antonio*, the second of the supply ships which supported the expedition which founded San Diego Mission. This manuscript, discovered by Mr. Wood-

ward in the *Biblioteca Nacional de México* in Mexico City in 1940, furnishes the first authentic details of the voyage.

Mr. Woodward's *Introduction*, more than half of the book, is what gives most of its value to the diary. Fr. Juan, although a keen observer of ethnological detail, apparently seldom knew where the *San Antonio* was. It is only through Woodward's detailed knowledge of the landscape and the archaeology of the Channel Islands that he is able to act as our guide in tracing Fr. Juan's erratic travels.

Vizcaíno's text furnishes many details of the life of the Indians as he observed it on the islands; Woodward's explorations two and a half centuries later confirm these details by his archaeological finds. Or, to put it another way, Fr. Juan's on-the-spot account of the ways of the Indians confirms the deductions made by the archaeologist from the dry bones and the dust heaps.

The fresh material presented in this little book makes it easily one of the very best and most valuable of the long series of *Early California Travels*.

CHARLES N. RUDKIN.



NORTHWEST COAST OF AMERICA & CALIFORNIA: 1832. Letters from Fort Ross, Monterey, San Pedro, and Santa Barbara, by an Intelligent Bostonian. Los Angeles: Printed for Glen Dawson: 1959. (Early California Travels Series XLVIII.) [8], 20 p., The Plantin Press. \$3.75, to subscribers only.

This little volume includes an interesting sketch of a visit to the Russian settlement at Fort Ross in 1832 and brief comments on conditions in California during the period when Echeandía and Zamorano were uneasily sharing the governorship while they waited for the appointment of a successor to the exiled Victoria. The anonymous writer comments on the loose morals and weak policing of the country, citing a murder and a near-murder, for which, he says, no satisfaction or punishment is at all probable. The following comment illustrates how far from the truth even an *Intelligent Bostonian* can get: "It is the wish of many in California, that Mexico should cede this territory to the United States. I know of no use it could be to us, as the trade now carried on by the Padres at the Missions would eventually cease."

The letters include comments on the sea-otter trade and on the musical ability of the natives. Although decidedly light-weight compared with some of the earlier "Early Travels," its chatty conversational style makes it easy and amusing reading, and leaves a good flavor in the mouth.

CHARLES N. RUDKIN.

LOS ANGELES FROM THE DAYS OF THE PUEBLO, W. W. Robinson. Published by California Historical Society; distributed by Lane Publishing Co., Menlo Park, California. \$1.50.

Westerner W. W. Robinson, with this book, emerges as the undisputed dean of California's regional historians. The great mass of factual history which this author has published over a lifetime will serve generations unborn as the priceless bridge which ties modern California to the romantic and pastoral era now forever gone. Robinson has served his beloved state far greater than he can ever realize.

His *Los Angeles* is an attractive, popularly priced local history packed with more text and more rare and valuable illustrations than usually found in volumes at six times the price. It starts at the pueblo's earliest beginnings and brings the story of this fascinating and historical metropolis down to the present day of smog and freeways. An exceptionally valuable portion is the inclusion of a "Historical Guide to the Old Pueblo," with the remaining important sites (and others long-since vanished) superimposed on a map of the present-day, for the easiest possible location of the places and structures which made history.

In spite of its modest price, color is used for both cover and a sectional area of illustrations. To anyone and everyone interested in Los Angeles, this beautiful booklet is both a treasure and a bargain.

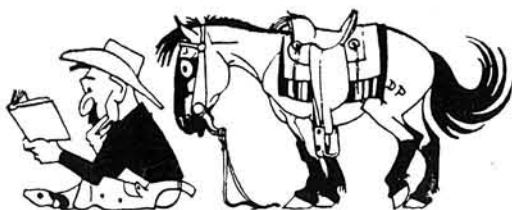
PAUL BAILEY.

I'VE KILLED MEN, by Jack Ganzhorn. 256 pp. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. \$5.00

The title of this book is as murderous as any connotation to which the would-be purchaser would most likely gain. It most certainly deserves a better sales-handle than the one so unfortunately given it, for underneath the smoke and false whiskers, one finds here a real Arizona classic.

Ganzhorn's claim that he was the "fastest man on the draw" in frontier Arizona, and his tendency to go a little maudlin at times regarding his kin and buddies, are quickly forgiven as the reader sinks teeth into the meaty substance of this journal. The bum raps of Ganzhorn's youth in and about Tombstone and Tucson, his escape from relatives in the east, during which time he killed his first man (a homosexual bindlestiff in a boxcar), provide ample motivation for the exciting career of gambler and frontier toughy which follow.

No one can deny that Ganzhorn was plenty neat on the trigger after reading about his hair-raising exploits as a scout with General Funston during the Philippine Insurrection. The book is candid and soul-searching—there is no self-sparing in this tale. The book is dramatic—no finer picture has ever been drawn of the Gringo-



Mexican border battles, nor participant experience in the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. The book is informative—Ganzhorn's slant on the Earps of Tombstone makes it worth the price for any Westerners library.

For those wearied to disgust with ersatz westerns, and who prefer their history written in the first person—here is something extra special.

PAUL BAILEY.

GOLD VS. GRAIN: THE HYDRAULIC MINING CONTROVERSY IN CALIFORNIA'S SACRAMENTO VALLEY, by Robert L. Kelley. 324 pages, Glendale. The Arthur H. Clark Company. \$9.50.

Dr. Kelley has done a tremendous job in assembling between two covers the hauling back and forth as between the valley farmers (not all of them by any means) and the hydraulicking miners, and what a battle it was.

One of the sources of enjoyment is a comparison of what took place in those days with what is happening right now in California in connection with water for reclamation (irrigation) and the development of public power. So many of the events that took place back there in the '70s and '80s find their parallels in what is taking place today. For instance—a state divided; Democrats versus Republicans on straight party lines; a ruling of the State Supreme Court that the Drainage Act was constitutional as compared with a recent decision of the same Supreme Court affecting the 160 acre limitation; the argument that it was unfair to tax one part of the state for the benefit of the other; the political trick of attempting re-apportionment of the state in order to swing a vote in the legislature. These and many more—the dates are only different.

This fight has been touched on by other writers, but no one to my knowledge—other than in official reports and court cases—has assembled the mass of information necessary, in order that a layman might understand just what took place in those hectic days.

Again, it would be quite possible to apply this to the matter facing the people of California today as regards the building of dams, reclamation works and the development of power.

In brief—I think this is a great book and one that adds considerably to the history of the state of California.

MICHAEL HARRISON.

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

The Western Presses

Books of high interest to Westerners and collectors of Americana continue to be issued from presses of western publishers. Slowly but surely book publishing is coming of age in the Far West. They said it couldn't be done, but here are some late samples:

ARIZONA SILHOUETTES, Tucson, Arizona. *David King Udall, His Story and His Family, 1851-1938*. Family journal of an Arizona Mormon pioneer.

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY. *Los Angeles from the Days of the Pueblo*, by Westerner W. W. Robinson. See review in this issue of BI, by Westerner Paul Bailey.

ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., Glendale, Calif. *Forty Years on the Frontier*, as seen in the Journals and Reminiscences of Granville Stuart. Edited by Paul C. Phillips. A two-volume-in-one reissue of this great western classic. *Gold vs. Grain: the Hydraulic Mining Controversy in California's Sacramento Valley*, by Robert L. Kelly. See review in this issue by Westerner Michael Harrison.

GLEN DAWSON, Los Angeles, Calif. *The Sea Diary of Fr. Juan Vizcaino to Alta California, 1769*. Translated and with an introduction by Westerner Arthur Woodward. *Northwest Coast of America & California: 1832*. See Westerner Charles Rudkin's review of these books in this issue of the BI.

HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, San Marino, Calif. *L. J. Rose of Sunny Slope, 1827-1899*, by L. J. Rose, Jr. Story of a California pioneer. Historical notes by Westerner W. W. Robinson. Printed by Grant Dahlstrom.

SAGE BOOKS, Denver, Colorado. *Prof. Oscar J. Goldrick and His Denver*, by Dr. Nolie Mumey, Ex-Sheriff of Denver Posse. Mumey's meticulous historical studies are always in demand.

SUPERIOR PUBLISHING CO., Seattle, Washington. *Pacific Slope Railroads from 1854 to 1900*, by George Abdill. *Pacific Coastal Liners*, by Gordon Newell and Joe Williamson. Texts extremely well illustrated.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS. *The Central Desert of Baja California*, by Homer Aschmann. A valuable new work on a real frontier: Lower California.

WESTERNLORE PRESS, Los Angeles, Calif. *The Fighting Parson*, by Reginald S. Craig. Biography of the controversial Col. John M. Chivington. *This Is Our Valley*, Santa Maria Historical Society. The story of Santa Maria.

Westerners Experience The Pains of Labor

To get Brand Book No. 8 in the mails, Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, committeeman in charge of promotion and sales, called a group of willing hands to the task on November 20, 1959. It was held in the superbly equipped mailing room of the Arthur H. Clark Company, and before the Westerners assembled allowed themselves to relax over beer and schnapps, the entire edition was jacketed and wrapped for shipment throughout America.

Those present, besides chairman Galleher, included Sheriff Glen Dawson, Deputy-Sheriff-Elect George Fullerton, Ex-Sheriff Arthur Clark, Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows, Ex-Sheriff Loring Campbell, Ex-Sheriff Bert Olson, Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey, Dudley Gordon, Richard Galleher, and August Schatra. Aiding the Corral in the all-important but arduous task of typing invoices and mailing labels was Mrs. Paul Galleher.

Sellout is Certain On Brand Book

Brand Book No. 8 proved an instantaneous success. According to Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, committeeman in charge of sales and promotion, orders for the book have been pouring in from every quarter of America. "Any Westerners, either resident members or corresponding members, wishing copies of this beautiful and valuable book should make their wishes known to us at once," warns Paul. The edition is extremely limited, and is certain, just as last year, to be a sellout. And members have the advantage of the \$12.50 price."

Lee Shippey's Book To Go Into Braille

Westerner Lee Shippey's latest book *The Luckiest Man Alive* will be transcribed into Braille, for the use of the blind, early in 1960. The popular book, published by Westernlore Press, tells the story of Lee himself who, struck down by almost total blindness at the age of twenty was able, in spite of the handicap, to build a successful career and maintain a philosophy which has taken him cheerfully over many rough spots of a remarkable life. The "career," incidentally, covers the writing of eleven published books, one successful play, innumerable magazine articles, and the honor of being the dean of America's columnists—his almost fifty years of daily newspaper writing being unmatched by any living writer.

The brailing of the book will be done by the Transcribers Guild in San Diego.