LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron

MARCH 1960 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 52

THE SHERIFFS, PAST AND PRESENT —*Lonnie Hull Photo.*

Past-Sheriff Glen Dawson shares the head table with 1960 Sheriff Henry Clifford. At the December meeting, held at Costa's, the outgoing Sheriff handed over the tin star to Sheriff Clifford and his new posse who will direct the Corral's affairs for another year.

NEW OFFICERS AND NEW PLANS

AT THE December meeting, held at Costa's Grill, a new group of officers were elected to guide Los Angeles Corral through the new year 1960. Henry Clifford was tendered the sheriff's star by the 1959 Sheriff, Glen Dawson. George Fullerton was elected deputy sheriff, and the following re-elected: Charles Rudkin, registrar of marks and brands; Paul Bailey, roundup foreman; and Bert Olson, keeper of the chips. In line with the policy defined in the new by-laws and range rules, the following were appointed to office by Sheriff Clifford and his 1960 posse: Dr. Harvey Johnson, assistant roundup foreman; Carroll Friswold, librarian; Phil Rasch, representative; Holling C. Holling, Noah Beery, Ben H. O'Connor, wranglers; Lonnie Hull, daguerreotype wrangler; Iron Eyes Cody, chief of smoke signals. Homer Boelter was sustained as deputy sheriff in charge of branding.

Arthur Woodward was the speaker at this, the last meeting for 1959. His illustrated topic

(Continued on Page 3)

THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

Address Exchanges and Publication Material
The Roundup Foreman
PAUL BAILEY
P.O. Box 41073, Los Angeles 41, California

Welcome, New CM's

Horace H. Albright, c/o United States Borax & Chemical Corp., 50 Rockefeller Pl., New York 20, N.Y.

Torun Almer (Miss), 1490 Lorain Rd., San Marino 9, California.

Mrs. Maxine Aupperle, 5012 Onteora Way, Los Angeles 41, California.

Herb Chass, Bullville, New York.

J. D. Frizzell, 3321 N. Virginia, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Paul H. Gantt, 3526 Edmunds, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Robert A. Griffin, 660 Joaquin Miller Dr., Reno, Nevada.

Highland Park High School, c/o Marguerite B. Creighton, 4220 Emerson, Dallas 5, Texas.

Howard A. Johnson, First National Bank Bldg., Butte, Montana.

M. J. Royer, 465 N. Robertson Ave., Los Angeles 48, California.

Samuel T. Smetters, 1550 E. 61st St., Chicago 37, Illinois.

Lee Starnes, 516½ Felix St., St. Joseph, Missouri.

State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia, Missouri. Atten. Floyd C. Shoemaker, Sec'y.

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

Lester B. Wood, Box 306, Breckenridge, Texas.

From the Mailbag . . .

"Dear Editor:

"Congratulations on the whole of the *Branding Iron.* It's really a top job you're doing, and with all the corresponding members receiving it (as well as the regulars) it's a very important job. I like the recent addition of 'The Western Presses' column. That gives a chance for all the publishers, booksellers, writers, and artists of the West to receive the attention that the regular newspapers should give, but don't."

W. W. ROBINSON.

Our old-timer of Los Angeles Corral, Honorary Member Edgar N. Carter, writes from Burlingame to Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, telling of his rather harrowing auto accident in October. "If the windshield had been of glass instead of heavy plastic, I would have been one more Westerner on my way to the Moon or Venus or some outpost in space," Ed declares. "We had gone to dinner in San Mateo, and on the way back—my brother-in-law driving—we ran into another car which made a sudden left turn in front of us. I was in what the cops called the "death seat." We must have been going 35 or 40 miles an hour, and before I could bat an eye I was down on my knees and nicely curled up under the hood. I banged into the windshield with my head (I was sure I had a broken neck), hit my chin against something hard as hell; tried to poke a hole in the front of the car with my knee; broke a right rib; acquired a nice three-inch black and blue mark from shoulder to shoulder and across my chest. Strangely, I didn't break my glasses, but a black impression of the frame was left wherever it touched my face. Boy, was I black and blue and sore all over!

"But Christmas, a birthday, and New Years have come and gone, and I'm about back to normal—about as normal, that is, as I can ever expect to be."

New Officers for Stockton

Stockton Corral of Westerners elected their new officers at the December meeting, and in January came out with first issue of their publication *The Far Westerner.* A copy of this fine publication is promised to every corresponding member who enters the rolls of this new and active chapter.

Officers for 1960 are: Dr. Duane Deakins, sheriff; Clifford Geddes, deputy sheriff; Dr. E. R. Hodgson, recorder of marks and brands; Merrell Kitchen, rustler chairman (corresponding secretary); Wesley Cater, keeper of the chips; Hal Altman, trail boss; R. Coke Wood, range rider; Glenn Price, publications chairman. Meetings are the second Thursday of each month, with no set rendezvous as yet.

Arthur Woodward, in costume to fit his topic, was a colorful speaker at December's meeting. He is flanked on either side by 1959 Sheriff Glen Dawson and 1960 Sheriff Henry Clifford. —*Lonnie Hull Photo.*

New Officers, New Plans

(Continued from Page 1)

was "The Historical Background of Cowboy Gear."

January's meeting, likewise held at Costa's Grill, featured Charles F. Outland, who enlightened the membership present on "The St. Francis Dam Disaster." Mr. Outland, a rancher of Santa Paula, lived through the disaster, and was able to give a rare and intimate glimpse of the monstrous tragedy which Los Angeles City would do anything to forget. His exhaustive study of the affair was quickly indicated in his informative and interesting paper, and the illustrative slides which accompanied the lecture made the whole subject come again to life. As indicative of the deep interest of his audience, Mr. Outland was kept overtime by an almost continuous barrage of questions.

This first meeting under the new 1960 officers proved a great success, and was well attended.

At the February meeting, held at Costa's, CM Fred Vaile spoke on "The Burro Prospector—the Last of the Pioneers." The paper was based on his personal recollections of ten years of desert mining and prospecting, from 1907 to 1915. Westerner Vaile's graduation from a life amidst the desert canaries to that of an accountant specializing in oil and mining taxation has dimmed none his recollection and interest in those lonely, romantic prospectors whose interest and value to the West he grippingly recounted. Concensus of opinion was that this was one of our finest meetings.

March meeting, held a week early, and at the time of the BI's going to press, featured Prof. Otis H. Chidester, of Tucson. His topic was "The Stone-Age Seri Indians of Tiburon Island."

My Dad Was the West!

A Tribute to Billy Dodson

His old cowpuncher friends called him "Billy"—I always called him Dad. It's a question as to which was the most affectionate.

When people say "Billy," they are seeing the dust and wind and rain and heat and stillness and bawling of cattle and campfires and smelling prairie, wet cattle, dusty dirt, dirty dirt, cow chips and cool grass and cactus and pines—all rolled up in one. For "Billy" represented the old cattle man—the trail driver, the ranch foreman, the self-appointed deputy, the ranch hand, the man of the open range.

When I said "Dad," I always saw twinkling blue eyes, ruddy face, white white hair, calmness, quietude, strength, understanding, love of humanity and humility. His calm steadiness impressed me the most—particularly as I stumbled in and out of scrapes, periodically reached the emotional heights and as periodically catapulted back down again. Dad was always there—unmoved, warm and auditory and quietly consoling. His council ws always simple—and invariably correct—sometimes aggravatingly so—correct because of the years' experiences that made it true.

I never knew Dad when he rode the range—when he moved through rough talking, bragging, lonely, frightened, quiet, drinking, swearing, bronc-busting men with the calm touch of God on his shoulders—but I've seen his old friends, read other men's printed eulogies of him—and looked at those big rough and strong hands of his.

He knew the West—the real West—the West of long, lonely empty hours on the range; the poverty, the never-ending drudge of herding cattle; the eternally-slow building of the West—the West with the Big Heart and Long-Enveloping Arms—the West that held you and yet was unending in horizons.

He told us of those early days—when the West was young, and somehow the picture never resembled the Hollywood version. . . . His tales weren't of shooting up the town nor gang wars nor saloon brawls. His tales were of long, frightening rides in the rain toward a doctor 45 miles away who was needed to help some injured cowpuncher—his tales were of thrilling herd drives across the huge prairies—his tales were of simple laughter, the kind that tickles the stomach muscles way down and leaves the heart warm and mellow—of teasing times around the campfire—of jokes played on another at the dance held once a year—of the backbreaking search for a lost yearling—of the rock of the saddle—of neighborliness across the empty miles—of God breathing in the stillness

(Continued on Next Page)

My Dad Was the West!

(Continued from Previous Page)

of the hot desert and the cool hills. That was "Billy's" West—the West he told us of as we called him "Dad."

And then he moved through today's West—the Southern California of the automobile, the fast-moving freeways, the garrish drive-in stands, the big industries, the mammoth department stores, the Southern California with a gimmick for every gadget and a gadget for every guy—the beaches, the racetracks, the golf courses, the smelly piers and hangouts of the longshoreman—the politician's smoke-filled conference room, the newspaperman's empire, the glittering shopping centers—the scramble and scrabble for the dollar.

And through it all he moved calmly—this man I called "Dad," for he had the air of the old West in his lungs and the pulse of the land and pioneer man in his veins.

After all, I guess it doesn't really matter what you call a man. It's what the name brings to you—the warm, loving reverence that it breathes to him.

Some called him "Billy"—I called him "Dad."

FRANCES DODSON RHOME.

CM Ernest Richardson Dies in California

Ernest McIlvain Richardson died February 13, 1960 at his home in the Pacific Palisades, California. He was born in Wichita, Kansas, September 3, 1889, and reared on a farm in Missouri. In 1908 he went to Wyoming to work for the Burlington Railroad. It was there he met and married Mary Miller, daughter of a Wyoming sheriff who was killed in the last armed clash in Wyoming between Whites and Indians.

For thirty-two years Mr. Richardson was active in the banking and investment business in Oregon and in Minnesota. Upon his retirement, in 1944. he moved to Califoria. Since that time he has done a considerable amount of research and writing about the West. To quote his own words, "As a hobby I find the role of amateur historian interesting and rewarding—much better than sitting around listening to my arteries harden."

He was a corresponding member of the Los Angeles Westerners, and contributed to the *Denver Round-up* and *Denver Brand Book.*

CM Robert W. Baughman, and a member of Kansas City Posse, was a recent visitor to Los Angeles Corral. He is a specialist in maps and philatelic items pertaining to the state of Kansas, and is on the buy for anything pertaining to that famous state.

Two New Members

Two new and distinguished names have been added to the active membership of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. At the February meeting they were officially welcomed into the organization. In line with the policy of referendum by mail on new candidates to membership, the ballot was overwhelming for their acceptance. The new members are:

JOHN H. KEMBLE, Ph.D., a member of the faculty of Pomona College, Claremont, Calif.

EDWIN H. CARPENTER, JR., Ph.D., archivist for the California Historical Society and (in April) bibliographer of Western History at the Huntington Library.

Los Angeles Corral heartily welcomes both new members, and hopes that their sojourn with it will be pleasant and profitable. Complete biographies will be published in next issue of the BI.

Corral Chips . . .

On February 19 Sheriff Henry Clifford, and Mrs. Clifford, flew to London, England to attend the wedding of their daughter, Sarah Dwight Clifford, to Samuel Riker III. The ceremony was performed February 27 at St. Colombo's Church, London. Mr. Riker, stationed in England, is a specialist in the Russian language, and attached to the United States Air Force.

While overseas the Cliffords purchased an automobile, making an extensive tour of Europe, including Paris, Nice, Rome and Madrid. They are expected to return around March 25.

CM Don Ashbaugh underwent surgery at San Fernando Veterans Hospital for the removal of his right lung. He is now convalescing at the Sawtelle Veterans Hospital.

Our genial daguerreotype wrangler, Lonnie Hull, has been sorely missed at the last couple of meetings. He has suffered a run of ill-health that has confined him completely to his home.

Early in February Jim Fassero landed in Huntington Hospital. Surgery was narrowly averted, and he is now home, and on the mend.

Dr. Ed Carpenter will leave the California Historical Society on April 1 to join the Huntington Library in the newly created position of Western Americana bibliographer.

Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter has moved to Palm Springs, where he is building a home, and expects to be a permanent resident.

Lonnie Hull has retired from the Hollywood automotive business and henceforth will lead a more leisurely life. New owners are taking over the Dodge-Plymouth agency which for many years has borne his name.

DATING OF MINING CAMPS WITH TIN CUPS AND OLD BOTTLES*

by CHAS B. HUNT[1]

*Reprinted, with permission, from GEOTIMES, May-June 1959, Vol. III, No. 8.

Old mining camps, ghost towns, in fact most abandoned habitations, arouse general curiosity and interest. People visiting such abandoned places soon begin poking around for relics and enjoy imagining the way life once went on there. Part of the fun is guessing when a place was occupied, when it was abandoned, and why. This can have practical applications too, such as in the study of a mining district to learn whether the periods of activity correlate with the swings in the economic cycle or with the type and grade of ore being mined or prospected.

A favorite means of arriving at the dates is to uncover the layers of old newspapers or magazines that frequently were used to help insulate log cabins and other frame buildings. But approximate dates also can be obtained by observing the litter in the camp dump, more respectfully known by archeologists as the midden. The design or style of most commonplace articles and methods of manufacturing them have evolved greatly in the past hundred years so that such articles as tin cans and bottles can be useful for dating.

In the western United States most of the mining camps and ghost towns are less than 100 years old, and four ages of habitations can readily be distinguished by observing the accumulated litter. The oldest camps, those active before about 1900, are characterized by soldered tin cans, by beer bottles with hand finished necks made for cork stoppers, and by square nails.

Mining camps of the period from 1900 to World War I are characterized by round nails and by bottles with hand-finished necks, but by this time the beer and soft drink bottles were being made to accommodate metal caps instead of cork stoppers. Soldered tin cans continued in use throughout this second period.

The third period includes the '20s and early '30s. At camps of this period the bottles have machine-finished necks and the tin cans are crimped instead of being soldered, and these artifacts are associated with miscellaneous car parts including that familiar Ford monkey wrench known as "the knuckle breaker."

The latest period, the last 20 years, has been the era of the beer can associated with aluminum cooking utensils.

Tin cans and bottles are so uniform and commonplace today it is difficult to realize that only half a century ago the methods of manufacturing both were primitive. Figure 1 illustrates the contrast between the old type soldered tin can and the modern type having crimped ends which was manufactured after World War I. In the eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Brittanica (v. 26, p. 1000), published before the new manufacturing method was adopted, we learn that in Great Britain tin cans for preserving foods began to be manufactured in quantity about 1834, and that large quantities were shipped to the United States until about 1890, when domestic production began expanding greatly. The old method for manufacturing "tinned cans" is described as follows (v. 10, p. 613):

"The canister, which has been made either by the use of solder or by folding machinery only, is packed with the material to be preserved . . . the lid is secured by soldering or folding. Sterilization is effected by placing the tins in pressure chambers, which are heated by steam to 120° C. or more . . . Sometimes a small aperature is pierced through the lid, to allow the escape of the expanding air, such holes before cooling closed by means of a drop of solder. This process . . . is employed on an enormous scale, especially in America."

The old type tin can was not altogether satisfactory for the account goes on to state that there was a distinct limit to the length of period of preservation of canned food, and that the use of tin plate for preserving acid substances like tomatoes and peaches was highly objectionable.

About the time of World War I, however, methods of manufacturing tin plate and methods of sterilizing foods in cans were greatly improved, and these changes in manufacturing

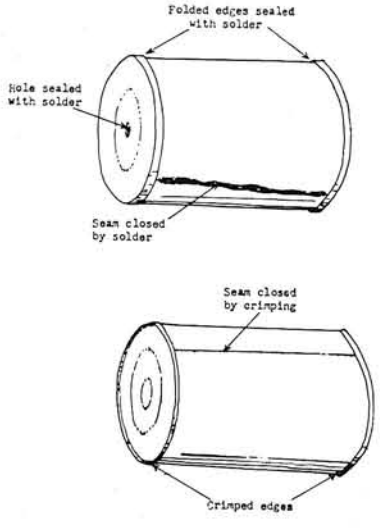


Figure 1. Old type tin can (above) and modern type with crimped seam and ends.

(Continued on Next Page)

[1]Geologist, U. S. Geological Survey, Denver, Colo.; Former Executive Director, American Geological Institute.

(Continued from Previous Page)

methods are recorded in mining camps by the appearance of tin cans having crimped ends and no soldering (fig. 1).

Finally, during the '30s the modern beer can arrived with its characteristic triangular openings and bright colored printing.

The manufacture of glass is one of the oldest industries, dating back several thousand years before the Christian Era, and may have begun by fusing sand and soda in an open fire. Not until the beginning of the Christian Era, when the blowpipe was invented, were means found for producing clear, or crystal glass (Phillips, 1941, p. 7). In this country glass manufacture is believed to have been the first industrial enterprise undertaken in the colonies. A factory making bottles and glass beads for trading with the Indians was established at Jamestown in 1607 or 1608 (Phillips, 1941, p. 16; Silverman, 1954, p. 143). But as late as 1900 the methods of manufacturing glass were not basically different from the methods that had been used during the preceding 1500 years (Philips, 1941, p. 19).

One of the most easily recognized changes in bottle styles occurred about the time of World War I, along with the change in method of manufacturing cans. Before that time the necks of bottles were finished by hand; after that time they were finished by machine (fig. 2). In the modern machine-finished bottle, the seams from the mold extend the whole length of two sides and even across the lip of the neck. Prior to World War I the necks were finished by hand, and the seams on bottles made during earlier periods end at the base of the neck which is a layer of glass wound around the partly finished bottle. The hand process of bottle manufacture has been described as follows (Powell and Rosenhain, 1910, p. 95; see also Thorpe, 1912, p. 730):

"A bottle gang . . . consists of five persons. The 'gatherer' gathers the glass from the tank furnace on the end of the blowing-iron, rolls it on a slab of iron or stone, slightly expands the glass by blowing, and hands the blowing-iron and glass to the 'blower.' The blower places the glass in the mould, closes the mould by pressing a lever with his foot, and . . . blows down the blowing iron . . . When the air has forced the glass to take the form of the mould, the mould is opened and the blower gives the blowing-iron with the bottle attached to it to the 'wetter off.' The wetter off touches the top of the neck of the bottle with a moistened piece of iron and by tapping the blowing-iron detaches the bottle and drops it into a wooden trough. He then grips the body of the bottle with a four-pronged clip, . . . and passes it to the 'bottle maker.' The bottle maker heats the fractured neck of the bottle, binds a band of molten glass round the end of it and . . . shapes the inside

Figure 2. Old type bottles with hand finish necks (left) have mold seams ending at the neck, commonly in a curve. On machine finished bottles (right) the seam extends to the top.

and outside of the neck. . . . The finished bottle is taken by the 'taker in' to the annealing furnace. . . .

"The processes of manipulation which have been described, although in practice they are very rapidly performed, are destined to be replaced by the automatic working of a machine."

The change to machine methods had been anticipated by the invention of the Owens bottle machine about 1900 (Silverman, 1926, p. 897), and machine-made bottles began reaching mining camps in quantity after World War I.

An earlier change in bottle style occurred about 1900. During the nineties and earlier, beer and soft-drink bottles were made to receive cork stoppers, but after 1900 they were made to receive metal caps (fig. 3).

The color of glass fragments scattered about abandoned mining camps can also be helpful in determining the period of occupancy. Camps active before World War I are characterized by abundant purple fragments whereas camps younger than World War I generally have little purple glass, and a high percentage of clear glass. The purple glass at old mine camps originally was clear, but exposure to sunlight causes photochemical changes in the manganese oxide in the glass and these changes cause the purple coloring (Alway and Gortner, 1907, p. 4-7; Gortner, 1908, p. 157-162; Lucas, 1922-23, p. 72-73; Hoffman, 1937, p. 229, 3649). When glass manufacture was largely by hand the manufacturer could adapt the process to the material at hand, but when the methods became mechanized the materials had to be adapted to the process, and less variation in composition could be allowed. Since the advent of machine-made bottles, about the time of World War I, the materials used in making glass have contained fewer impurities that would change the color of the glass.

That the purple color in old glass is due to

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Previous Page)

manganese oxide in the glass has been shown by numerous chemical analyses (see for example Alway and Gortner, 1907; Gortner, 1908; Lucas, 1922-23; Hoffman, 1937). Invariably purple glass contains high percentages of manganese—more than 0.1 percent and in some examples as much as 1.0 percent. The intensity of the color is correlative with the manganese content.

That the purple color also is due to exposure has been demonstrated by a number of experiments in which some glass was partly covered with paint and exposed to sunlight. When the paint was removed the exposed part was colored whereas the protected part was not (Rosenthal, 1917, p. 734). One can satisfy himself that this is so by finding glassware partly buried in the ground; the part that was buried remains clear while the part that was exposed has become purple (Simpson, 1905, p. 236; Alway and Gortner, 1907, p. 5, 6) (fig. 4). The color change is by no means peculiar to deserts and high altitudes; it occurs also in tropical and temperate regions and at low altitudes (Rueger, 1905, p. 1206; Crookes, 1905, p. 73).

The length of time required for glass to become purple depends partly on the composition of the glass, especially its manganese content, partly on the color of the background. Given

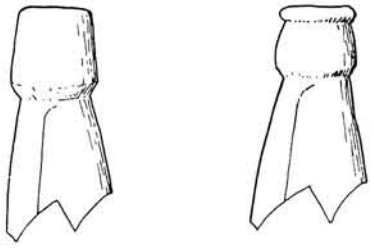


Figure 3. Neck of pre-1900 beer bottle, made for cork stopper (left); after 1900 beer bottles and soft drink bottles were made for metal caps (right). Both these necks were hand finished.

optimum conditions the color change can occur in less than a month (Gortner, 1908, p. 162). Exposure of less than a year produced violet color in most old glass containing appreciable quantities of manganese, and in some bottles the coloring occurred before the gummed paper labels were destroyed (Alway and Gortner, 1907, p. 5). The color becomes more pronounced as the time of exposure is lengthened. Background colors seem to affect the rate of color change too. Violet colored backgrounds accelerate the color change, presumably by favoring the ultra-violet rays; black and brown backgrounds seem to retard the change. Backgrounds of white, yellow, blue, and red seem to have no influence. Backgrounds containing manganese have no effect (Gortner, 198, p. 162).

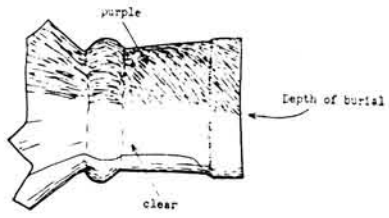


Figure 4. Rim of old jar with hand finished neck that was partly buried and partly exposed. The exposed part is purple; buried part remained clear.

Few modern bottles made of clear glass become purple. This is because their manganese content generally is low, not because the time of exposure has been insufficient. Modern clear glass like liquor bottles or grocery bottles is likely to contain less than 0.001 per cent manganese and only 0.02 per cent iron. Despite the fact that some old-style bottles contain little manganese and are clear, an abundance of purple glass at a mining camp nevertheless suggests a pre-World War I date because so much of the utility glass of that era contains enough manganese to produce the color.

Bottle glass at old mine camps also is likely to have its surface corroded; some surfaces are beautifully iridescent. This property of old utility glass resulted from excessive alkalis, especially sodium (Morey, 1925, p. 392), in the mix. Most of the utility glassware at old mine camps is known as soda-lime glass and is a mixture of soda, lime, and silica (Morey, 1933, p. 742). Pure silica would be the most desirable material for most glass except the cost of manufacture is prohibitive because both the melting point and viscosity are high; other oxides, alkalis, are added to lower the melting point and viscosity (Morey, 1933, p. 743). Fluxes like sodium carbonate and sodium sulfate (Finn, 1938, p. 891) supply the alkalis that make melting easier but sodium especially makes the glass more susceptible to corrosion (Morey, 1925, p. 392). The alkali content in glass was not well controlled until machine methods were adopted, and glass at old camps is likely to have corroded and iridescent surfaces.

The history of changing styles in tin cans and bottles has an interest all its own. For those who would pursue the subject more deeply, a bibliography is added.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

ALWAY, F. J., and GORTNER, R. A., 1907, *Studies on the soils of the northern portion of the Great Plains region: the third steppe,* Amer. Chem. Jour., v. 37, p. 4-7.

AVERY, S., 1905, *Changes of color caused by the action of certain rays on glass,* Jour. Am. Chem. Soc., v. 27, p. 909.

BLAU H. H., 1940, *Chemical trends (in glass),* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 32, p. 1419-1423.

CROOKES, W., 1905, *On the colouration of glass by*

(Continued on Next Page)

Dating of Mining Camps

(Continued from Previous Page)

natural solar and other radiations, Chem. News, v. 91, p. 73-74.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, 11th edition, 1910, Article on food preservation, v. 10, p. 612-614.

FETTKE, C. R., 1918, *Glass manufacture and glass sand industry,* Topographic and Geol. Survey of Pennsylvania, 278 p.

FINN, A. N., 1938, *Potash in the glass industry,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem. v. 30, p. 891-892.

FRINK, R. L., 1913, *The requirements of glass for bottling purposes,* Trans. Amer. Ceramic Soc., v. 15, p. 706-727.

GORTNER, R. A., 1908, *Some effects of sunlight upon colorless glass,* American Chem. Jour., v. 39, p. 157-162.

HOFFMAN, J., 1937, *Photochemical changes of manganese glass,* Chemical Abstracts, v. 31, p. 2293, 3649.

LUCAS, A., 1922-23, *Effects of exposure on colourless glass,* Cairo Scientific Journal, v. XI, p. 72-73.

———, 1948, *Ancient Egyptian materials and industries,* London, 570 p.

MOREY, G. W., 1925, *The corrosion of glass surfaces,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 17, p. 389-392.

———, 1926, *A half-century of progress in the glass industry,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 18, p. 943-945.

———, 1933, *Phase equilibrium relationships determining glass compositions,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 25, p. 742-748.

———, 1936, *The composition of glass,* Scientific Monthly, June 1936, p. 541-554.

MURRAY, W. S., 1934, *Indium glass, Jour. Ind. and* Eng. Chem , v. 26, p. 903-904.

PHILLIPS, C. J., 1941, *Glass: the miracle maker,* Pitman Publ. Co., N.Y., p. 424.

POWELL, H. J. and ROSENHAIN, W., 1910, *Glass,* Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th ed., v. 12, p. 86-97.

ROSENHAIN, W., 1919, *Glass manufacture,* 2nd ed., New York, 258 p.

ROSENTHAL, H., 1917, *Art of coloring glass,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 9, p. 734-737.

RUEGER, C. E., 1905, *Changes of color caused by the action of certain rays on glass,* J. Amer. Chem. Soc., v. 27, p. 1206.

SHARP, D. E., 1933, *Chemical composition of commercial glasses,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 25, p. 755-764.

SILVERMAN, A., 1926, *Fifty years of glass-making,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 18, p. 896-899.

———, 1927, *Glass: one of man's blessings, in Chemistry in Industry,* edited by H. E. Howe, The Chemical Foundation, New York, p. 139-157.

———, 1954, *What's new in glass,* Jour. Ind. and Eng. Chem., v. 46, p. 143-147.

SIMPSON, E. S., 1905, *Coloraton of glass by solar radiation,* Chem. News, v. 91, p. 236.

THORPE, E., 1912, *A dictionary of applied chemistry,* Longmans, Green and Co., London, v. 2, p. 719-739.

Last Call for Brand Books

Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, in charge of Brand Book sales, announces that Brand Book No. 8 is almost out of print. The few remaining copies are on a first come first served basis. "Members who have not availed themselves of this beautiful book have this one last chance of avoiding eternal disappointment," Paul warns.

The Western Presses

More and more important and valuable books are being issued by Western presses. Here are samples of some of the late ones:

ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., Glendale, Calif. *Handcarts to Zion,* the story of a Unique Western Migration, by LeRoy and Ann Hafen. With contemporary journals, accounts, reports, and rosters of members of the ten handcart companies. Vol. XIV of this publisher's magnificent Far West and Rockies series.

GLEN DAWSON, Los Angeles. *The First Expedition to California.* Translated, and with introduction and notes by Westerner Charles N. Rudkin. From La Pérouse's *Voyage Autour du Monde,* 1797. Handsomely printed by Cole-Holmquist . . . *The Blond Ranchero,* by Marie Harrington. The story of Juan Francisco Dana. Printed by Westernlore.

HOWELL-NORTH COMPANY, Berkeley, Calif. *Pony Express—the Great Gamble,* by Roy S. Bloss. The full, unbiased story of this most curious of all Western adventures.

LOS ANGELES BAR ASSOCIATION. *Lawyers of Los Angeles,* by W. W. Robinson. Westerner Robinson has produced another superb local history, this time of the lawyers who from 1846 have lent their color to a colorful community.

PAISANO PRESS, Balboa Island, Calif. *Willie Boy,* a Desert Manhunt, by Harry Lawton. Illustrated by Westerner Don Perceval. Willie Boy was a Chemehuevi Indian who went murderously berserk, and this is the story of Southern California's last big manhunt.

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA PRESS, Tucson. *Arizona Place Names,* by Will C. Barnes. Revised and enlarged by Byrd H. Granger. A beautifully printed giant of a book, with enough Arizona lore between its covers to keep Westerners enthralled for weeks.

WARD RITCHIE PRESS, Los Angeles. *Anaheim: The Mother Colony,* by Mildred Yorba MacArthur. Local history at its best. Superb photographs.

WESTERNLORE PRESS, Los Angeles. *The Cahuilla Indians,* by Harry C. James. Foreword by M. R. Harrington. Illustrated by Don Louis Perceval. From the teamwork of these three Los Angeles Westerners has come the definitive work on these all-but-forgotten people.

The Library of Congress, Division of the Blind, has selected Westerner Lee Shippey's latest book, *Luckiest Man Alive,* as a "talking book" for the American sightless. The recording of the book, at government expense, is being done at the American Printing House for the Blind, in Louisville, Kentucky. The popular book already has been cut in Braille.

PAUL I. WELLMAN
A BIBLIOGRAPHY

PAUL I. WELLMAN
Westerner Novelist and Historian
—*Jules LeBaron Photo.*

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is No. 5 in a series of bibliographies of authors in the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners.*

Five-and-one-half-million books, published in fourteen countries, in many languages, that is the literary score in writing of Westerner Paul I. Wellman! This amazing accomplishment rates him as one of the most popular novelists America has produced, and interestingly, many of his greatest books are laid in western theme—with pioneering as the solid basis for their drama.

Oddly, too, his earliest years were spent in Portuguese West Africa, where his parents took him at the age of eighteen months. His father was a physician, and here Paul lived until he was ten years of age. At this age he was sent back to the United States by his parents, in order to safeguard his health, and, for a number of formative years, he lived with his aunt, in a land of real drama—Utah. His aunt, being no Mormon, carefully insulated the growing boy from any strange ideas concerning this sect, but Paul could not avoid contact with the Mormon folks around him. His sympathy and warmth for them continues to this day.

His first literary efforts were in the student newspaper produced by the student body of the private "gentile" school he attended for two years in Provo, Utah. He had his first story "accepted" by the school paper. Today, with a rich lifetime of notable writing behind him, he cannot even remember what this first piece was about. Four years were spent in Utah. Besides his two-years sojourn in Provo, he lived a year in Salt Lake City, and another year at Vernal, in Uintah County—even then the last outpost of the "Robber's Roost Gang." This western idyll was interrupted by his parents' return to the United States. He was yanked back to Washington, D. C. The marriage of his parents eventually broke up, and he traveled to Cimarron, Kansas, with his mother.

At Cimarron he met firsthand some more of the west just emerging from pioneer days, and learned firsthand what it was to know poverty, and earn for himself. His first job was as a farmhand at $25 a month. He became a cowboy, and a good one, on a Kansas cattle ranch, earning himself enough to enter the University of Wichita, and laboring on the side until he could graduate. His first real job was as cub reporter on the *Wichita Beacon,* where he rose to city editor. From there he went to the *Wichita Eagle as* Sunday editor, and then became a special editorial writer on the *Kansas City Star.*

It was his interest in the historical west which provided the springboard from newspaperdom to letters. The series he wrote for his news readers on Indian battles of the west, eventually became nucleus for his great book *Death on the Prairie.* A number of publishers rejected this first literary offering, but eventually it was published; followed the next year by *Death in the Desert.* A great writer and historian had found his way to the eager hearts of America's reading public.

Paul has authored five motion pictures, and his magazine and newspaper contributions are too numerous to classify, but a bibliography of his 22 great books follows:

DEATH ON THE PRAIRIE. 1934: Macmillan.
DEATH IN THE DESERT. 1935: Macmillan.
BRONCHO APACHE. 1936: Macmillan.
JUBAL TROOP. 1939: Carrick & Evans.
THE TRAMPLING HERD. 1939: Carrick & Evans.
ANGEL WITH SPURS. 1942: Lippincott.
THE BOWL OF BRASS. 1942: Lippincott.
THE WALLS OF JERICHO. 1944: Lippincott.
THE CHAIN. 1947: Doubleday & Co.
THE IRON MISTRESS. 1948: Doubleday & Co.
THE COMANCHEROS. 1949: Doubleday & Co.
THE INDIAN WARS OF THE WEST (a republication of *Death on the Prairie* and *Death In the Desert.* 1950: Doubleday & Co.
THE FEMALE. 1950: Doubleday & Co.
GLORY, GOD AND GOLD. 1952: Doubleday & Co.
JERICHO'S DAUGHTER. 1954: Doubleday & Co.
PORTAGE BAY. 1955: Doubleday & Co.
RIDE THE RED EARTH. 1956: Doubleday & Co.
GOLD IN CALIFORNIA. 1959: Houghton, Mifflin.
INDIAN WARS AND WARRIORS—EAST. 1959: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
INDIAN WARS AND WARRIORS—WEST. 1959: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
THE FIERY FLOWER. 1959: Doubleday & Co.
STUART SYMINGTON. 1960: Doubleday & Co.
A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS (in process). 1960: Doubleday & Co.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

THE TRUE STORY OF BILLY THE KID, by William Lee Hamlin. Caldwell, Idaho; The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1959. 364 pp. $6.00.

It is unfortunately true that irresponsible publishers have long found it profitable to print nonsense about Billy the Kid. The latest atrocity to be perpetrated on the gullible is a mixture of fraudulent reporting, ignorance of the subject, and general carelessness mislabeled *The True Story of Billy the Kid*. The most objectionable feature is that the author repeatedly presents his fictional aberrations as though they were quotations from official records. One example will suffice.

Hamlin states that at the Dudley Court of Inquiry Mrs. McSween was sworn in by a young captain of cavalry, who in due course inquired whether she knew the origin of the fire which burned her home. ' "My home was fired by a group of men under the command of Sheriff Peppin, Deputy Sheriff Marion Turner, James J. Dolan, and others," Susan said clearly.' After a verbal attack on Dudley, Mrs. McSween continued her story "calmly, unemotionally." Dudley's counsel waived cross-examination, but Lieutenant *Poague* sprang to his feet and asked some questions which boomeranged on the defendant. What actually happened was this: a middle aged captain of infantry asked what Mrs. McSween had observed. She replied, ". . . I saw one man Jack Long pouring coal oil on the floor of my sister's house. I want to correct that it was not Jack Long pouring coal oil it was another man whose name I do not know." Actually she was a confused witness and became almost incoherent at times. Dudley's cross examination covers six typewritten pages. Pague said nothing at all. Later in the trial he was called to the stand and testified that Robert Beckwith had been buried at Fort Stanton and that he himself had read the burial service. This is a fair cross section of the book; any part of it taken at random is likely to be about as far from the facts. As might be assumed from the above, the tale which it tells is greatly biased in favor of the McSween side and cannot, by the greatest stretch of the imagination, be accepted as an impartial examination of what happened.

There is nothing whatever to indicate that Hamlin is familiar with the vast amount of research of the Kid's early life, the career of Tunstall, the life of Chisum, and other essential material which has appeared in the *New Mexico Folklore Record, New Mexico Historical Review,* the *Brand Books* of the various corrals of the WESTERNERS, and elsewhere in recent years. As a result such long-exploded fables as the one that Murphy was a member of the California Column, that the Kid stabbed a man who insulted his mother, that Beckwith killed McSween, and that the Kid killed Beckwith are solemnly repeated.

Sheer carelessness in the handling of facts and names is evident throughout the book. Thus we read Purrington for Purington, Poague for Pague, George for Huston Champan, etc. *ad nauseum*. According to Powell, there was no Lieutenant Leffenwell in the Army. Ike Stockton was not hanged; he was shot. The doctor who treated George Cot was Appel, not Gordon. The list of men killed during the troubles does not include Meeten, Huff, Cullins, Bowers, and probably others. One picture shows Billy as a Texas Ranger; if the reviewer's memory is to be trusted, this was published in the *Los Angeles Times* several years ago, whereupon a number of gun experts wrote in to point out that some of the weapons shown in the photo were of a type not manufactured until after the Kid's death.

A supposed highlight of the book is the testimony given by the Kid at Dudley's Court of Inquiry. Hamlin's material, which is presented as though it were quoted from the record, is purely fictional. Actually the Kid's testimony dealt mainly with whether he had been fired upon by soldiers while escaping from the burning building.

The best that can be said for this book is that it will stand as a reproach to the scholarship of the author and the responsibility of the publisher.

PHILIP J. RASCH.

LOST MINES OF OLD ARIZONA, by Harold O. Weight. 76 pp. Twentynine Palms: The Calico Press. $2.00.

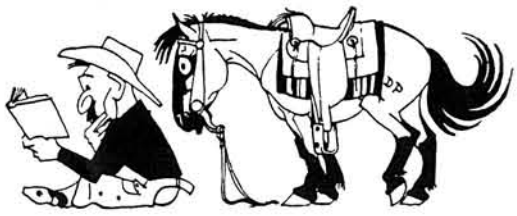
As No. 4 on the popular Southwest Panorama Series pertaining to desert lore and lost mines, this is one of the author's best. A western magazine recently made a survey of their audience's reading taste. Ghost towns, and lost mines, topped the list. If this be any criterion, *Lost Mines of Arizona* should have long and vigorous sale.

This booklet, however, must never be mistaken for some slick pandering to the phony lure of sensationalism. It is written by a solid scholar, a meticulous researcher, and an acknowledged expert on the deserts of western America. Harold Weight has jeeped every dim trail of the west, and has written some of the finest and most scholarly papers ever to come out of the west, pertaining to his specialty. A portion of the material used in this work appeared first in our Westerners Brand Book of 1950. With other additions from Mr. Weight's storehouse of knowledge pertaining to lost mines, it becomes something worthy of any Westerner's shelves.

Its nine chapters include "The Buried Gold of Bicuñer," "Waybill to the Lost Jabonero,"

"The Lost Frenchmen Diggings," "Where Three Ledges Meet," "Phantom Silver of the Trigos," "The Richest Mine in the World," "Gold of the Red Cloud Trail," "John Nummel's Lost Silver," and "Alvarado's Gold." Twenty superb photographs and a two-page map of the Arizona regions enhance the text. You're a sick jackass indeed if a reading of these chapters doesn't stir your yearnings to explore these fascinating spots. *Lost Mines of Arizona* is a saddle-bag of western lore for $2.00.

PAUL D. BAILEY.



1540-1861. MAPPING THE TRANSMISSISSIPPI WEST, by Carl I. Wheat. Volume III. From the Mexican War to the Boundary Surveys, 1846-1854. San Francisco: The Institute of Historical Cartography: 1959. xiv+350 pp., + 82 maps; folio. $60.00. (See also *Branding Iron* No. 41, Mar. 1958, and No. 48, Mar. 1959.)

With Volume Three this great work is more than one half finished. The high standard set up by the first two volumes has been more than adequately lived up to.

In Chapter XXI, with which this volume opens, the reader is brought face to face with our old friends of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, Emory, Abert, Simpson, Sitgreaves, Parke, Marcy, etc. With the outbreak of the Mexican War there begins a concentrated effort on the part of our government to learn the geography of the Southwest, as a result of which Wheat must record a great many more maps per year than in either of the previous volumes.

And with the war at an end cartographical efforts do not slacken. First there is the effort to find out just what it is that our blood and tears and "manifest destiny" have brought us. And then with the discovery of gold there comes a spate of maps, both good and bad, some to assist the emigrant on his way and some, apparently, merely to make a profit out of his necessity. Wheat lists no less than 85 maps in the "Bibliocartography" for the year 1849. Not that these are all commercial ventures. Here appear names of Simpson, Whipple, Wilkes, and many other old friends.

As in the two previous volumes, a fascinating feature of the work is the entertaining as well as beautiful way in which the story of the maps is made to yield the history of the country and the time. The importance of this may be best appreciated by this short list of some of the more important events of the time covered: the Mexican War, the Mormon colonization of Utah, Gold in California, the boundary disputes with our northern neighbor, not completely cleared up until 1872, and the Mexican border disputes, with the Gadsden Purchase. (These last force the inclusion of some eight maps published after 1854.) Each volume of this great work, as it appears, makes more and more clear the indispensability of Carl Wheat's great work to any considerable library of Americana.

C. N. RUDKIN.

THE VANISHING FRENCHMAN; the Mysterious Disappearance of Lapérouse, by Edward Weber Allen. Rutland, Vt., Charles E. Tuttle Company, c. 1959. $3.75.

As compared with LaFayette, who perhaps did no more for the revolting colonies than did Jean François Galaup, Comte de Lapérouse, little has been published in English about the latter. Of his journal of an around-the-world voyage making him the first non-Spanish visitor to California, there has been no complete English translation since 1800.

Mr. Allen has been a Lapérouse *aficionado* for many years. His bibliography of the subject was published in The California Historical Society *Quarterly* in 1941.

The author's vast amount of information about Lapérouse has been cast into a form suggestive of the *Arabian Nights*. A group considering the establishment of a National Park, are exploring Lituya Bay, which Lapérouse discovered and named Port des Français. They spend their evenings on the Forestry Service vessel telling yarns about their predecessor in the bay.

The story is not told in exact chronological order, but each episode is well worked out. Except for the setting the book is not fiction, yet it is, by its style, given much the effect of a novel. Anyone interested in the early exploration of our west coast, or in true tales of sea adventure, or even of the American Revolution as it was fought in Hudson's Bay, will find this little book well worth an evening or two.

C. N. RUDKIN.

Editor's Note: Westerner Rudkin was the translator and editor of *The First Expedition to California,* taken from La Pérouse's *Voyage Autour du Monde*. The book is published by Glen Dawson and beautifully printed by Cole-Holmquist Press.

(Continued on Next Page)

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

LAWYERS OF LOS ANGELES, by W. W. Robinson. Los Angeles: Los Angeles Bar Association. $7.50.

Lawyers have had their noses in everything that has happened in southern California during the past one hundred years. Legal matters are usually boring and/or too complicated to understand, but not when they are worked over by our fellow Westerner W. W. Robinson. In a fat, delightful book of 370 pages W. W. tells the story of *Lawyers of Los Angeles.* In clear simple prose the foibles, cases, extra-curricular activities and personalities of the legal profession in the Cow County have been described with comprehension and humor. The book is more than history; it is an interpretation of a city that grew from a small adobe village to a sprawling community of several million people. Lawyers, good and bad, directed the growth though the populace was unaware of the fact.

Court etiquette has changed considerably from the days in the 1850's when Judge William Dryden, to dodge bullets fired by opposing attorneys, shouted from the barricade of his legal bench, "Shoot away, damn you, and to hell with all of you," to the sage decorum employed by attorneys and jurists in the more recent Julian Petroleum and Beesemeyer financial scandals.

Through many years of writing Mr. Robinson has turned out poetry, children's stories and books about land titles, rancho history and city building in a style that is colorful and awarding. *Lawyers of Los Angeles* called upon all of his skill in producing a book that is accurate and enjoyable reading. Robinson's *Lawyers of Los Angeles* will always stand beside Newmark's *Sixty Years in Southern California* in any collection of Californiana.

DON MEADOWS.

WILLIE BOY, a Desert Manhunt, by Harry Lawton. Paisano Press, Balboa Island, Calif. $5.95

Old-timers will remember the last great manhunt that took place in and around the Mojave Desert fifty years ago. Willie Boy was a Chemehuevi Indian who loved an Indian girl. When her father refused to sanction a legal marriage the law of the tribe was resorted to. The father was killed, the girl was kidnapped, and when she could not keep going in the desert heat, was shot by her lover. Willie Boy committed suicide. Posses from two counties set out after the Indian killer. That in brief is the story told in an exceptionally good book called *Willie Boy,* by Harry Lawton, and published by the Paisano Press.

The desert tragedy might have been a gruesome yarn if the law had stayed out of the picture. When the sheriffs of two counties assisted by several posses and a score of newspaper men caught up with Willie Boy he had been dead for eight days. There is grisly humor in the whole affair. Even a president of the United States became involved. Built up from official records, newspaper accounts, personal interviews and a study of the desert terrain Lawton's book is an honest, well written story that is dramatic without recourse to cheap sensationalism. Harry Lawton is a young Riverside newspaper man. Objective in approach but not journalistic, the writer produces fine literature as well as sound history. Designed and illustrated by Westerner Don Perceval together with twenty-four full page photographs, the book is most attractive. From an artistic and literary standpoint the publication is outstanding, and the history it covers, though minor, makes *Willie Boy* a fine bit of Californiana.

Two other accounts of the West have been recently issued by the Paisano Press: *A Peep at Washoe and Washoe Revisited* and *The Coast Rangers,* both by J. Ross Browne. Reproduced by lithography from the original articles in *Harper's Magazine* the hundred year old stories are basic historical items in any collection of Western Americana.

DON MEADOWS.

CM John O. Bye, of 2743 E. 103rd St., Seattle, is author of a new book, *At the End of the Rainbow.* This is a novel built upon episodes that were typical of life in the early-day West, and centered upon the dramatic battle for the range country. A theme which this, the author of the now out-of-print *Back Trailing* is thoroughly familiar. Copies may be had directly from Westerner Bye.

Another recent book is *Stockton Album,* by CM V. Covert Martin, of 2121 Beverly Place, Stockton. This, the first general history of Stockton, has twenty chapters of text, and 255 rare photographs selected from the famous Martin collection of 2,000 historical pictures. It is a big and beautiful book of 8½ x 11 inches, limited edition, and every copy numbered.

In January the Stockton, California Corral of Westerners issued their first publication—*The Far-Westerner.* It is an auspicious beginning in publishing, with twelve pages of material of high value to scholars and collectors. Included in issue No. 1 was "River Steamboats of Stockton," by V. Covert Martin, including four pages of rare photos of the great steam-wheelers that once majestically made the circuit up and down river to San Francisco Bay. Concluding article is a reprint of "The Temper of the West," by James Bryce.