



SEPTEMBER 1960

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 54



Amid the smoke and haze, Holling C. Holling and Sheriff Hank Clifford, baste and turn the barbecued chicken for the savory repast at the July meeting.



Oscar O. Winther, speaker at the August meeting discusses a point or two with Deputy Sheriff George Fullerton. —Photos by Iron Eyes Cody.

## SUMMER MEETINGS WELL ATTENDED

Relaxed reminiscences of the la Guerra family of old California were the feature of the June meeting. Theses were given by Fr. Joseph Thompson, a descendant of this and other old families, inheritor of a fine family archive.

July began the summer schedule of Saturday meetings in the open, with an excellent chicken barbecue at Sheriff Hank Clifford's. George

Eckhart, sheriff of the Tucson Corral, was one of the guests. The speaker was L. A. Corral's Will Robinson, who told many anecdotes about early Los Angeles lawyers, from his recent study of the subject.

Oscar O. Winther of Indiana University, a visiting scholar at the Huntington Library, was  
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Movie favorites Iron Eyes Cody and Noah Beery relax in front of Stella, nude of the nineties.

—Photo by Iron Eyes Cody.



Sheriff Hank Clifford, speaker W. W. Robinson, and Deputy Sheriff George Fullerton, head the table at the July meeting. —Photo by Iron Eyes Cody.

## THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

*Published Quarterly in*  
March, June, September, December

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## L. A. Corral of Westerners Welcomes New CM's

Norman D. Anderson, 1930 W. 169th St., Gardena, Calif.

George B. Eckhart, P.O. Box 5315, Tucson, Ariz.  
William R. Gold, 2205 Las Lunas St., Pasadena, Calif.

Willis L. Jacobus, M.D., 3540 Grayburn Rd., Pasadena, Calif.

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Robert G. McCubbin, 409 So. Walters, Apt. 3, Pasadena, Texas.

H. George McMannus, 1011 E. Lexington Dr., Glendale 6, Calif.

James W. Nielson, 3480 Mandeville Canyon Rd., Los Angeles 49, California.

Henry Schwarz II, M.D., 2010 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 57, Calif.

Julian M. Sether, M.D., 1407 So. Hope St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.

Ernest Tyler, 809 Pennsylvania Ave., Los Banos, Calif.

Univ. of Texas Library, Austin 12, Texas.

## Fine Meetings Continue

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the speaker at the August meeting, held at Art Clark's. He told of a little-considered part of the westward migration, that by rail after the tracks began to cross the prairies and sierras. Also from studying at the Huntington came one of the moving spirits of the English Corral, John Hawgood of the University of Birmingham. Other guests included Supervisor John Anson Ford and three doctors brought by Harvey Starr, all three of whom signed on as CMs.

September found the members again in Harvey Johnson's pleasant yard and swimming pool, with a typically Dentzelian talk by former Sheriff Carl Dentzel of the Southwest Museum. A particular pleasure at this meeting was to see Lonnie Hull back in circulation.

The October meeting, back at Costa's Grill, featured Westerner Ed Ainsworth, editor and feature writer on the *Los Angeles Times*. His "Ghosts on the Field of Honor," was replete with the editorial wars of yesteryear, settled with guns and gore, on the field of honor.

## Corral Chips . . .

George Eckhart, listed as a new CM, is Sheriff of the Tucson Corral, whose hobby is photographing the Southwestern missions.

True to the pioneer tradition of helping the neighbors, CM Sid Platford showed up at Harvey Johnson's the day after the September meeting to help clean up the traces.

CM Frank Glenn of Kansas City, Missouri, died on June 12.

Ed Ainsworth gave the organization a nice plug in his column in the *Times* on September 21, and only two days earlier had devoted several inches to an account of Bill Wright's study of the correct site of the Warner's Ranch station of the Butterfield stage line.

The Los Angeles County Museum has opened a new gallery for the display of part of the Vroman collection of early photographs of California and the Southwest.

After the publication of his *Grandpa Was a Polygamist* Paul Bailey attended a family reunion in American Fork rather expecting to be lynched, but he was spared.

New CM Ernest Tyler is a nephew of Mrs. Billy Dodson.

# BILL WRIGHT RIGHTS BUTTERFIELD BLUNDER

William L. Wright, better known to his compadres of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners as Bill Wright, chose the month of September to blow the lid off the neatly-packaged story of the Butterfield Overland Mail as it pertained to the southeast entrance into California. Several eminent historians already have been wounded in the fracas, and the faces of various members of local historical societies are wearing the vermillion hue usually associated with a baboon's bottom. The plaque, which for years has marked the old "Butterfield Stage Station" at Warner's Ranch, and which was duly marked, with bronze, and considerable ceremony is, according to Bill, attached to the wrong building, and in the wrong location. In a copyrighted feature article, appearing in the *San Diego Union*, Sunday, September 18, 1960, Bill demolishes an accepted and popularized facet of history, both with facts and pictures. A week later, October 19, Westerner Ed Ainsworth, aided and abetted by Bill's writings and research, and with Bill's permission, wrote another feature article in the *Los Angeles Times* which let the final air out of what had been an accepted part of the dramatic Butterfield legend.

Through many years of research, which took him through every musty scrap of contemporary material, and even to the tax records of the 1860s, Bill proves with documentary evidence that the building marked and accepted for the last thirty years as the "Butterfield Stage Station" at Warner's Ranch—actually the old Kimble-Wilson store—came into existence one year after the Butterfield line had abandoned its operation through the Carrizo Corridor, and moved its route via Wyoming and Nevada. Bill maintains that this building could not possibly have been the old Stage changing station. That the actual ranch building  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles northwest of the marked site was truly and rightly the Butterfield stop.

Ancient mileage tables, newspaper accounts, and the tax rolls lend strongest possible support to Bill's theory. Final proof came in a macabre sort of way to Bill's persistent and rewarding search, in the long string of murders which seemed to be the sure and certain lot of owners, stage station attendants, and the clerks and managers of the old Kimble-Wilson store—the store which historians have erroneously labeled as the Stage Station. A total of eight homicides occurred on the historic ground. And Bill deals with them entertainingly.

"Men were men in those days—while they lasted"—says Bill. In his research, he himself



The old ranch house at Warner's, the actual Butterfield stage station, according to historian Bill Wright.

commenced to get worried. "I decided to quit snooping, before I got murdered myself. There seemed to be a jinx operating." It isn't the badmen of any era that Bill should worry about. If he now gets shot in the process, it more likely will come from some of the disturbed California historians.

It is considered likely that Bill will publish his dramatic findings either as a Keepsake for the local Corral, or as an article for the *Brand Book*.

## Corral Chips . . .

On the weekend of October 15 a group of Los Angeles Westerners journeyed north to Sacramento—object, to warm up the new house and library of CM Michael Harrison. That Saturday night, after visiting the Harrisons, they met at a nearby restaurant and dined with a spirit of togetherness and conviviality. The next afternoon Mrs. Harrison served them lunch in the beautiful new home and library, which the Harrisons have recently built and moved into.

Those who made the trek were Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher and Mrs. Galleher, Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter and Mrs. Boelter, Ex-Sheriff Arthur Clark and Mrs. Clark, Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows and Mrs. Meadows, and Ex-Sheriff Arthur Woodward.

Dr. Ed Carpenter has been elected president of the Pasadena Library Club for the interim year 1960-1961. This organization, composed of librarians, library specialists, and those interested in the growth and development of library facilities, is now celebrating its fortieth year as an active organization.

# THE SWEDISH CORRAL DISCUSSES THE WEST

Recently there came into the hands of the *Branding Iron* a clipping from the Swedish journal *Göteborgs-Tidningen* for April 9, 1960, which may give some idea of the progress of Swedish interest in things of the American West. This partial translation and summary was kindly prepared for the *Branding Iron* by Mrs. C. N. Rudkin.

## WILD WEST "FAST GUNS" WERE NOT SLICKED-UP MAMA'S BOYS.

Specialist Club Picks Up Facts About Billy the Kid and His Associates.

Almost no period in history has been so much debated and exploited as the American Nineteenth Century. The Wild West with its "fast guns," sheriffs and bad-men has aroused enormous interest. Movies, mostly falsified and romanticized, have been produced by thousands. Novels, also mostly not true to fact, have been written, and still not much is known about Wild Bill Hickock or Jesse James.

Fifteen years ago a few Americans thought that it was time to pool the research efforts of interested private persons and founded a club, "The Westerners." But that was not enough. Interest in the Wild West is international and it did not take long before they had branches in England and Germany. And then last summer [1959] it became Sweden's turn. The man behind it was Gösta Gillberg who has long been interested in the history of the Wild West. Together with Bert Laxberg he made contact with The Westerners in California, and the Swedish society was started and on its way.

Gösta Gillberg is associated with S.A.S., but in private life he is a western enthusiast, and researches the subject intensively. He has not been working on it very long, but long enough to realize that he must specialize.

"I started like every other boy who reads books about Indians," he says, "and then I became more and more interested, but I did not start seriously to buy books from America until five years ago. Now I have gone so far that I must specialize, not because I know so much but because the subject is so big. It is simply too expensive."

Gillberg's favorite is Billy the Kid, much written about "fast gun" who was killed in 1881 at 21 years of age.

"Much has been said about Billy the Kid," says Mr. Gillberg, "but mostly falsehood. That he killed twenty-one men, not counting Mexicans and Indians, is exaggeration. Close checking shows that he cannot be blamed for more

than six or seven killings, which is more than enough."

The Swedish Westerners first got together last summer, and now, since New Year's, have completed their organization. The membership is still not large, with twenty-three on the roster, among them "Uncas" England, Harry Kullman and Bert Laxberg (who won 10,000 crowns [about \$2,000] by their knowledge of the West [on a TV quiz show]). They have one big problem: it is an expensive hobby. All the writings worth anything are published in America and the books usually cost five or six dollars each and must be specially ordered. The Gillberg library now contains about two hundred volumes of Western Americana.

[Here follows a brief sketch of the adventures of Wyatt Earp and his associates and enemies, and a criticism of the glorification of these worthies by the movies.]

"'Cowboy' was almost an insult," he says. "The plain men who for months drove cattle herds from Texas to the railroad town of the mid-west were feared by the townspeople. They came into town after working very hard, dirty, unshaven and lousy, but with plenty of money. They bathed, shaved, took a drink, and went to the brothel, and when they were drunk shot at everything, people, windows, furniture, and goods on shelves. The bar-keepers and townsmen avoided them as pests, but at the same time made a living off them. They were brutes, and no gentlemen.

"And their clothes. In the movies you can see them with fringed shirts, tight pants, and wide brimmed sombreros. But these are lies. On every authentic photo from that time one can see that they were dressed about the same as a Swedish farmhand; jacket, sloppy pants (a pistol stuck in the band at the top), and, as often as not, a cap."

[The writer goes on to ridicule the idea of pulling three pounds of pistol and hitting anything with it more than a yard away, and to show that the "honor" of the gunmen amounted to little (Billy the Kid setting an empty chamber to fire first in his opponent's gun). In fact he finds that to know the West requires careful study, not mere watching of the flickers. In addition to the text the paper gives space to pictures of Wyatt Earp (dressed up) and Billy the Kid (the usual photo in ragged work clothes), a facsimile (?) of a reward poster for Jesse James, and a photo of Gösta Gillberg and his western library.]



# THE FIRST GREAT BANK RAID

By CARL W. BREIHAN

LIBERTY, MISSOURI, FEBRUARY 14, 1866

IT HAS often been debated as to whether or not Jesse and Frank James engineered the daring first bank holdup which occurred on February 14, 1866, St. Valentine's day. Not actually the first bank robbery in the country, for during the Civil War, a band of southern prisoners who had escaped from a northern prison, robbed a bank in Maryland enroute back to the south. However, it actually was the first robbery committed by a band of organized outlaws.

Curious circumstances preceded the actual robbery. On Jan. 20, 1866, the sheriff of Harrison County attempted to execute a warrant for the arrest of William Reynolds at Pleasant Hill, Missouri. Reynolds was under indictment for crimes allegedly committed during the late war. However, the sheriff was unable to arrest Reynolds as two ex-guerrillas, N. P. Hayes and George Maddox, prevented his doing so. The sheriff swore in a posse of citizens and a quick fight resulted; Reynolds and Hayes were killed and Maddox captured. Numerous threats were received that guerrilla bands were going to attack the town in an effort to liberate Maddox. These rumors persisted and excitement reigned supreme in Pleasant Hill until the news of the daring bank robbery at Liberty, Mo., broke upon the town. The armed citizens then fully realized that the threats had been a diversion in order to keep attention from the neighboring towns and thus assure the success of the bank robbery.

On that eventful day a band of armed men rode into Liberty from several directions, meeting in the square, where the leader deployed his men at strategic points. It was quite early in the morning and no one paid any attention to the two men who entered the bank and confronted the cashier, Mr. Bird, who was alone, except for the company of his small son. Under threat of instant death to himself and his son, Mr. Bird was forced to open the vault, and the robbers stuffed two saddlebags with about \$70,000. The robbery had been executed with such precision and speed that no one knew of it until too late to prevent it. (The old Clay County bank building on the northeast corner of the square still stands, and is the most frequented historic spot in Liberty. Tourists may actually go into the old bank vault from which the money was taken.)

One of the great tragedies of the holdup was the death of a young lad named Wymore, who was accompanying Henry W. Haynes, a close friend of E. T. Estes of Kansas City, walking to the William Jewell College. On their flight from the town the bandits were firing indiscriminately and yelling with savage fury. Mr. Haynes quickly jumped behind a tree, but young Wymore was

not so fortunate as he was pierced by a bullet and was killed. These two young men were not interfering with the bandits in any way, and it is not known if Wymore was killed intentionally to show the citizens what they would do, or if the outlaws accidentally killed him. At any rate, several days after the robbery, the Wymore family received the following note:

We regret the death of your son and hope you will believe it was an accident as we had no cause to kill him and never really meant to do so. You have our deepest sympathy.

Jesse and Frank James.

Now this note could have been sent by anyone to excite suspicion in the direction of the Jameses and does not prove that they committed the robbery, or it may have been the work of some crank. On the other hand, one David Duncan, who owned a store at Cedarville, three miles from the James home, stated that he met them after the Liberty bank had been robbed, and first stated that Frank and Jesse James were in the gang; then he thought best to say that he did not know for sure, which, of course, was safer for him. (He probably changed his story at the advice of friends.)

A posse followed the trail of the outlaws as far as the Mt. Gilead church, where it was seen by the tracks that the party had divided into small groups or singles so the pursuit ended.

The majority of the Clay County residents firmly believed that Jesse and Frank were there or at least had instigated the whole affair. Friends of the Jameses stated that Jesse could not have been there as he was still suffering from a terrible lung wound he had received at the close of the war. Records indicate that Jesse lay for nearly a year after receiving the wound, seen and attended only by Dr. Lankford, of Kansas City, who nursed him back to health. Jesse received the wound in May of 1865; the robbery was in Feb. of the following year. It is possible that he could have been present, but dangerous and foolish to ride a horse. We state all these facts not in defense of Jesse, but only to bring all the incidents and material before the reader so he may draw his own conclusion, whichever it may be. The robbery of the Russellville, Kentucky, bank in March of 1868 was actually the first type to be publicly attributed to the James gang.

Jim White and J. F. Edmunson were arrested in St. Joseph shortly after the robbery on suspicion of being implicated, but were released for lack of evidence. Many believed that these two,

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## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

THE EARP BROTHERS OF TOMBSTONE, by Frank Waters. Chas. N. Potter, N.Y., 1960. 240 pp., cloth. \$5.00.

THE BLOND RANCHERO. Memories of Juan Francisco Dana, by Rocky Dana and Marie Harrington. Dawson's Bookshop, L.A., 1960. 133 pp. cloth. \$6.00. Limited to 500 copies.

BUCKING HORSE PORTFOLIO, by Don Louis Perceval. Thirteen Line Sketches. Westernlore Press, 1960. \$2.50. Limited to 200 copies.

Frank Waters is a true Westerner, unafraid, direct in his speech and having contempt for anything that is fictitious. Single handed he has met the Earp brothers and with a deadly salvo of words has blasted them out of existence as heroic characters. Television watchers and readers of pulps will take this carnage with the same degree of enthusiasm as students of Western history have accepted the exploits of the Earps. Neither camp has any regard for what the other believes.

Built up from the recollections of Mrs. Virgil Earp, fortified by careful research in newspapers and official documents, the activities of Wyatt, Morgan, Virgil, James and Warren Earp are followed throughout their respective careers. Waters has produced a sensational book. His revelation of the true events which erupted during the lives of the Earps would lead to legal complications if his statements were not backed up by tangible evidence. In fact lawsuits have been threatened.

Hardly successful in anything they undertook the Earps' led a life that would not have attracted any great attention except for sensational publicity. The great moment in the careers of three of the Earps reached its climax at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone in 1880. Waters presents this affair in a much different version than romanticists have accepted. As a frontier marshal Wyatt Earp's tenure was of short duration; in fact, almost every glamorized event in his career has been exposed as a fabricated yarn. *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone* will probably begin as great a controversy over details as that fomented by the life of Billy the Kid.

A lot of the evidence used by Waters was gathered by our own Corral Member John Gilchriese.

A book in great contrast to the Earp story is *The Blond Ranchero*, the memories of Juan Francisco Dana. For ninety-eight years Don Juan lived on the great 38,000 acre land grant

called Nipomo in southern San Luis Obispo County, California. There is no high point in the Dana story; the whole is a delightful sequence of building, branding, marrying, visiting, shooting, laughing, happy days at a time when life was unhurried and serene. Beginning during Mexican days and extending over the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, and being on the Camino Real over which everybody of importance traveled, events on Rancho Nipomo had their historical significance. Though a mild individual Don Juan watched and remembered many stirring episodes in the annals of California, and without dramatic inflation told them to his grand-children. His narrative has much that is source material on the Days of the Dons. Marie Harrington is the wife of our fellow Westerner, M. R. Harrington.

*Bucking Horse Portfolio*—An inspiration by Paul Bailey has been the assembling of thirteen drawings by Don Perceval into a neat portfolio. To members of the Los Angeles Corral the work of Don Perceval is well known from his generous contributions to their publications. His art is as great as that produced by Remington, Borein and Russell, and the portfolio of bucking horses will be treasured in every art collection through the years to come. The edition is limited to 200 copies.

DON MEADOWS.



MY SIXTY YEARS ON THE PLAINS, Trapping, Trading and Indian Fighting by W. T. Hamilton, with an introduction by Donald J. Berthrong, Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 184 pp. \$2.00.

There are surely few better bargains among western publications than the fifteen volumes designated as the Western Frontier Library and published by the University of Oklahoma Press at \$2.00 each. Not only is the binding and printing acceptable, but each is a reprint of an item which in the original edition is of such scarcity and price as to be beyond the reach of many collectors and many students. Fifteenth in the series and just published is Hamilton's *My Sixty Years on the Plains*, the first edition of which, in sufficiently good condition for acceptance by most collectors seems seldom to be quoted for less than \$40.00. For \$30.00 this whole series of reprints can be obtained, with the added incentive of original prefaces or introductions by authorities on some phase of western history. To mention a few: No. 3, *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid* has an introduction by J. C. Dykes; No. 6, *A Sketch of Sam Bass the Bandit*, an introduction by Ramon Adams; *Wah-to-Yah and the Taos Trail* has a valuable preface by A. B. Guthrie, Jr.; and *The Great Diamond Hoax*, by Asbury Harpending, has a foreword by Glen

Dawson, which adds materially to the value of this reprint.

Hamilton was born in England in 1822 but soon after his parents moved to the United States, finally settling in St. Louis. He made his first trip west in 1842, and became associated with Old Bill Williams in the fur business. He never returned to the east. Because of his association with Bill Williams the book is source material concerning him, and is of particular value covering the years 1842-1860. Hamilton's activities included trapping, trading with the Indians, scouting for the army, and a brief fling at mining gold during the rush. The book was first published in 1905, and Hamilton died three years later, on May 25, 1908, at Billings, Montana.

MERRELL KITCHEN.

FORTY YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS, a true yet thrilling narrative of the author's experiences among the natives, by Daniel W. Jones. Westernlore Press: Los Angeles: 1960. 378 pp., limited to 1000 copies, \$8.50. Great West and Indian Series XIX.

Westerner Paul Bailey has done it again.

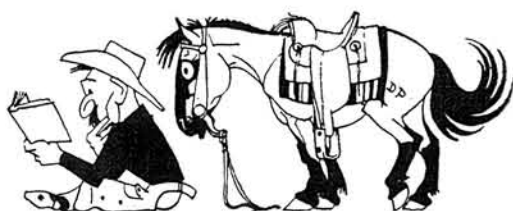
Added to the nine or ten remarkable books of Mormon history which he has written, edited, or published (or any combination of these) is the latest Westernlore publication, the autobiography of Daniel W. Jones, a Mormon convert, who spent a long life working for the best interests of the Church.

After meeting Mormons in 1850 during a trip from Santa Fe, where the Mexican War had ended for him, he was baptized in January, 1851. During the next thirty odd years he managed to be in on, and a definite part of, most of the leading events of Mormon and Utah history, the Indian troubles under Chief Walkara, the rescue of the Hand-cart Company, the invasion under Albert Sidney Johnston, the first efforts to colonize Arizona and Mexico, and the successful establishment under difficulties of the colony on the Salt River, now one of the more prosperous Mormon communities.

But during this time things did not always go as pleasantly as this might indicate. Jones seems, by his own account, to have been a rather difficult man to get along with, and he did have about as much trouble with his fellow Mormons as he did with the enemy, whether that meant Indians, the United States Army, or unfriendly non-Mormon Arizona settlers.

He lost his wife and children and was several times reduced to landless poverty, after acquiring a good farm, by the jealous opposition of neighbors. Brigham Young seems to have been a consistent friend, almost from his conversion until the death of the President.

The book makes little pretense of literary merit, but as a source book on the history of



Utah it is priceless. Westerner Bailey and his Westernlore Press deserve the heartfelt thanks of all those interested in Utah and the Mormons, in the West for that matter, for making available this long out-of-print autobiography.

C. N. RUDKIN.



THE GILA TRAIL, The Texas Argonauts and the California Gold Rush, by Benjamin Butler Harris. Edited and annotated by Richard H. Dillon. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 175 pp. \$4.00.

Just at a time when one imagines that every Overland Journal must surely by now have seen publication, along comes another. And, oddly, in the last few years have come some of the very best of the crop. From the archives of the Huntington Library, and published for the first time, comes the reminiscences of a man who crossed the sun-scorched Gila Trail and his experiences in the Mother Lode mining camps in 1849-50. Highly readable, colorful and salty, the volume is wonderfully enhanced by a superb introduction and splendid editing of Richard H. Dillon, librarian of the Sutro Branch of the California State Library.

Harris was no walking peasant. His little gem of an account, exceptionally well written and lucid, makes the dramatic first days of Anglo-California come excitingly alive again. And for those students and collectors who think they have everything, just wait until they discover what Harris has to say about those early-day characters he rubbed elbows with such as Jim Savage, Judge David S. Terry, and John Glanton—to mention only a few.

This book is California and the West's 1960 historical bonus. Both Richard Dillon and the University of Oklahoma Press are to be commended for making this unpublished gem available to Westerners and Americana fans everywhere.

PAUL BAILEY.



APACHE, NAVAHO AND SPANIARD, by Jack D. Forbes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 304 pp. \$5.95.

Dr. Forbes, who heads the Social Sciences Division at San Fernando Valley State College, has by this scholarly book made clear some of the more obscure areas of history dealing with

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## Down the Book Trail

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Apache-Navaho-Pueblo-Spanish turmoil between 1540 and 1700. It concerns itself with the peaceful balance of power and trade which existed between the Southwestern tribes up to the time of the Spanish thrust northward from Mexico into what is now Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

The destruction of this era of comparative peace among the tribes, and the fruitful balance between them, by the Spanish invasion of their lands, the enslavement of thousands of natives by their conquerors, and the despoiling of their cherished possessions, brought blood and turmoil which finally ended in 1620 by the complete subjection of the tribes and the era of forceful Christianization.

Spanish exploitation of the Pueblo Indians, however, and their slave operations among the Apaches, again brought open rebellion among the former, and turned the Apaches into dangerous raiders with an abiding hatred toward all Europeans which lasted until the close of the 19th Century. The final dramatic clash of these cultures reached its height in 1680 with the well-planned revolt which flung the Spaniards completely out of the Southwest. The reconquest of this great area was to take many years, and cost the Spaniards dearly in blood and treasure.

Extensive research by Dr. Forbes in Seville, Mexico, California and New Mexico, has produced for students of the great Southwest an illuminating and highly important book.

PAUL BAILEY.



The Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial, held each August in Gallup, New Mexico, attracts many thousands of visitors each year. Some Westerner *aficionados* criticize the show as being something in the nature of the Redman's annual bust and jam session. True or not, the Inter-Tribal organization has become sponsor of another project which should be of interest to Westerners generally—an Indian book club. The book list, which they publish periodically as a part of their literary venture, lists hundreds of in-print titles—all pertaining to the American Indian. Copies of this most valuable listing can be had by writing The Ceremonial Indian Book Club, P.O. Box 1029, Gallup, New Mexico.



Finding a "Strange As It Seems" syndicate feature on Billy the Kid contained at least two erroneous statements, Westerner Phil Rasch wrote to the paper in which he saw it, the *San Pedro News-Pilot*. His letter was quoted in "The Pilot's Log" in the September 30 issue of the paper.

## First Great Bank Raid

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together with Bill Chiles, Ol Shepherd, Red Monkers and Bud Pence, were positively among the band. Others believed that Arch Clements, Dick Burns, and Andy Maquire also were in the band. It is a known fact that Maquire soon after spent money freely, ran away to St. Louis with the daughter of Mr. Deering of Independence, Mo., and was later captured at the old Seventh Street depot in St. Louis and returned to Liberty where he was promptly lodged in jail. In the same jail were several others suspected of being implicated in the robbery. Shortly after Maquire was returned to Liberty, he and those suspected were taken from the jail by an irate mob and hanged.

Bud Pence had a brother named Don Pence, who also had been a guerrilla under Quantrill. One day he learned that Stephen Major, a neighbor of the Jameses had sold some cattle for a large sum, and conveyed the news to Jesse. This was shortly after the Liberty affair and Jesse and Frank James, with Don Pence, went one night to the Major home with intent to rob him. Mrs. Major knew who they were, and was afraid if she went upstairs to tell her husband, they would come in and kill him. So her sister detained them, and Mr. Major jumped out of an upstairs window and ran in his stocking feet to the home of Mr. Benton, a neighbor, and saved his money.

Another aftermath of the Liberty robbery was the arrest of an ex-guerrilla named Joab Perry, who was lodged in the jail at Independence. He was arrested on June 10, 1866, and on the 14th, a group of well-armed men galloped into town at midnight. They immediately rode to the jail and demanded the release of Perry. Jailer Bugler refused to give up the prisoner and a number of shots were fired into his home. Bugler was instantly killed and his young son seriously wounded, but recovered, to be later (of all things) accused of complicity in the train robbery at Glendale.

If anyone knew the identity of the raiders who failed in their purpose to release Perry, they said nothing. Everyone knew the desperate character of the Jameses and Youngers, and to mention their suspicions might have brought about terrible reprisals.

Ex-Sheriff Arthur Woodward spent most of the summer and a goodly part of the fall knocking around the Great Southwest. His leisurely motor tour covered Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Oklahoma and Texas—where he visited museums, old military posts, and historical sites, and in the process gathered much material for future writings. A highlight of the trip was a long visit, in Texas, with that dean of all Westerners, J. Frank Dobie.