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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 57



M. R. HARRINGTON MEETS BAT MASTERSON

Away back in 1917 while doing some archeological digging about six miles southeast of Hot Springs, Arkansas, I had the pleasure of meeting the real Bat Masterson.

He was brought out to our camp by Jefferson Davis Orear, editor of the *Arkansas Thomas Cat*, a rather explosive little paper published in Hot Springs. Bat was especially interested in what we were doing when he learned that we were employed by the Museum of

the American Indian, in New York City, where he had retired, after his western adventures, to become a newspaper man.

The picture shown here was printed in the *New York Morning Telegraph*, Sunday, June 10, 1917. Left to right the people shown are myself, the late Mrs. Harrington, and Bat. It was reproduced from the old clipping through the kindness of our friend, Lonnie Hull.

—M. R. HARRINGTON.

THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

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New Corresponding Members

Here are some new Corresponding Members added to the membership roster. Welcome into the Corral!

Charles H. Allen, 226 Woodland Ave., Kentfield, California.

Billie Ferris, 2900 Flower Street, Huntington Park, California.

James S. Griffith, 131 Pomar Lane, Santa Barbara, California.

Robert E. Gross, 318 Oceano Ave., Santa Barbara, California.

Ron Hanson, 416 S. Sixth Street, Burbank, Calif.
Nick Jackson, 130 West Second Street, Reno, Nevada.

Carl D. Lindstrom, 448 S. Hill, Los Angeles, Calif.
Charles Luckman, Jr., 9220 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Van Kirke Nelson, M.D., 430 Stratton Lane, South Pasadena, California.

Miss Ruth D. Rudkin, 847 Twenty-ninth St., San Pedro, California.

Corral Chips . . .

Russ Leadabrand, besides being one of the few book critics on California's metropolitan newspapers who are sensitive and sympathetic to books pertaining to the western scene, and western writers generally, is a real historian in his own right. His brilliant western-flavored columns in Pasadena's *Independent-Star-News* reflect his deep and abiding interest in this field, and his current series of articles in *Westways* confirms the suspicion that here indeed is a real Westerner.

The *Westways* series, under the general heading of *Let's Explore a Byway* has delightfully explored byways throughout California from Sonora Pass to the Butterfield Trail, with an intriguing background of authentic history as spice and flavor to these fine writings. June issue of *Westways* features his "Across Historic Carson Pass."

Possemember Robert L. Perkin reviewed Speaker Hassrick's discussion in the March 27th issue of the *Rocky Mountain News* under the headline, *Curator Describes Sad Plight of Sioux*. Several days later, the following creme de la creme was received from Don Bloch (PM):

A saucy young Sioux, named Sioux
Was made by a warrior named Hioux:
He caught her near waughter,
Begaught her with daughter,
Now where there was one Sioux are
tioux!

See what a headline can dioux for yioux.
—Denver Roundup.

Excerpts from *The Wasp* (Volume XVI, Whole Number 509), Saturday, May 1, 1886—and contributed by Dudley Gordon:

The irrepresible Apache is again on the war-path in the old monotonous business of murdering settlers with an impartial attention to every member of the family. From the ear and scalp-marks of the marauding party it is supposed that the recently penitent Geronimo is the leader. General Miles has now an opportunity to distinguish himself and present a fine military contrast to the inefficiency of his predecessor. But the contrast should be of so striking a character that the Eastern Apache sympathizers would spread General Miles' fame by a concerted attempt to make him infamous. It would be simply a refusal to give Geronimo and his band quarter when they meet, surrender or no surrender, but shoot them down on the spot. Their total destruction is the only solution of the Indian problem. Indeed, if a wagon-train loaded with poisoned whisky could be left in their track the result would be accomplished, and in spite of the humanitarians the scheme would be praiseworthy and its success a theme for general congratulation. The Apache must be exterminated, and in this case the end, no matter how inhuman it may appear, will more than justify the means.



THREESOME—A MONTH APART

Dr. Rufus Choate, (center) speaker at the March meeting, is flanked (left) by Sheriff George Fullerton and (right) by Deputy Sheriff Jim Algar.

Lonnie Hull Photo.

W. H. "Hutch" Hutchinson (center) either holds up, or is held up, by Sheriff George Fullerton (left) and Deputy Sheriff Jim Algar (right). Hutch was speaker at the April meeting. *Lonnie Hull Photo.*

PROFESSORS, AUTHORS KEEP WESTERNERS INFORMED

Deputy Sheriff Jim Algar, as the months of activity speed into summer, has provided Los Angeles Corral with one continuous series of fine speakers and memorable evenings. March meeting, held at Costa's, featured Dr. Rufus M. Choate. His entertaining and provocative talk on "The Life and Luck of Lucky Baldwin" was extremely well received. The discussion and interest it stirred from the floor would indicate that the controversial "Lucky" is as much a subject of controversy as ever he was.

April meeting brought author W. H. "Hutch" Hutchinson down from Chico to address the Corral on "Bard of Ventura—An Outline." Since the controversial Bard is to be a subject in one of Hutch's forthcoming books, those assembled heard it from the sort of expert who previously explained the riddle of Eugene Manlove Rhodes in such famous books as *A Bar Cross Man*. The heavy turnout indicated "Hutch's" popularity with the Corral, and Westerners' remembrance of the previous classic talk he gave us on the Appaloosa horse, which saw publication in the 1957 *Brand Book* under title of "Horse of Another Color."

Dr. Brainerd Dyer, professor of American History at U.C.L.A., and renowned author and columnist, was speaker at the May meeting, also held at Costa's. "California and the Civil War," was the title of the scholarly paper he presented. A lively and interesting period of discussion following the talk proved beyond any question that California's part in the Civil War is a matter of high interest to this group. Present, as visitors with Dr. Dyer, were his famous brothers Braven Dyer and Frank Dyer. Included, too, with the many visitors was George Eckhardt, former Sheriff of Tucson

Corral, and Larry Myers of *Westways Magazine*.

The Corral turned to its own membership in its choice of speaker for the June meeting—the last indoor meeting before the summer outdoor programs. Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey spoke on that odd and little-known phase of Mormon history "The Deseret Alphabet." This phonetic alphabet, discovered and developed by the Mormons shortly after their arrival in Salt Lake Valley, was a part of their audacious plan to make over the world. Paul brought along, for the edification of his audience, books and other items printed in this all-but-forgotten script, and many photographs. Ex-Sheriff Henry Clifford added much interest to the topic with his magnificent and valuable collection of Mormon money—including rare gold pieces minted with the characters of the Deseret Alphabet. The heavy attendance, and lively discussion following Paul's

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THE THREE DYER BROTHERS

Dr. Brainerd Dyer (center) was speaker at the May affair. Present with him were his brothers Frank Dyer (left) and Braven Dyer (right).

Lonnie Hull Photo.



Old-Timer Ed Carter Still With Us In Spirit

Probably the most precious possession of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners has been our center core of authentic old-timers. Time itself has dealt ruthlessly with us in this regard the past few years, which make those still remaining with us all the more precious. Let us never forget that they were the stalwarts who headed up our organization in the beginning, and have added luster and dignity continuously to it through the years.

Up in Burlingame, California, lives Ed Carter. Newer members know of him only by mention. To many others in Los Angeles Corral, Ed is still an integral part of it. This man, who is a son of the renowned Judge Carter of Fort Bridger, was a happy and essential part of our meetings and deliberations in the past. Unable further to attend, he is still with us in spirit. From far away Burlingame, Ed writes to Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher:

"Jim Algar has been sending me the regular notices about the meetings, and it has been a sorry job for me to circle the words 'will not' on the postals. I am still pretty young at heart and my memory goes back a hell of a long way. But the old legs are no longer able to run and dance and ride and climb over the Uinta Mountains toting a ten pound Marlin rifle, hunting deer and Mountain Sheep. (I put these two words in caps because they are rare birds.)

"I would like so much to drop in to hear Paul Bailey's talk about the Deseret Alphabet. I suppose it will appear in the B. I. or Brand Book. . . . I am enclosing a couple of snapshots of myself which might be handy at some future date. I never liked the first picture of me in one of the B.I. that Britz [Homer Britzman, founder of L.A. Corral] took when I first became a Westerner.

"Best wishes to everybody."

For the benefit of the new members, and a nostalgic reminder to the older Westerners, we are publishing this newer picture of our beloved Old Timer.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows returned last month from a tour of the Southwest, where he made considerable firsthand research for the book he is doing on *Arizona Charlie*. His arrival home almost coincided with arrival of a granddaughter. Grandpa Meadows never looked happier.



Ed Carter, old-timer, and one of the founder members of Los Angeles Corral. Ed lives in Burlingame, California, and this is a late photo of him.

Professors, Authors Keep Westerners Informed

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talk, showed conclusively that interest in this weird piece of history is certainly not as dead as the Alphabet. Among the many visitors present were CM Whitney Genns of Santa Barbara; author E. I. Edwards; Dr. James Masterson, of the Library of Congress; and Arthur Murdock of the Chicago Corral.

July meeting, featuring another member of Los Angeles Corral, novelist Alan LeMay, with the topic "Fact and Fiction—How a Writer Uses Research," will be the first outdoor affair of the summer. It will be held at the home of Ex-Sheriff Arthur H. Clark in Glendale. The popularity of the speaker, coupled with remembrance of last year's delightful party at the Clark residence, should indicate that July will find a lot of rare fauna and flora in Art's garden.

Sheriff George Fullerton moved his hernia to the Good Samaritan Hospital for surgical repair along about the first of June. He was greatly missed at the June meeting. After a week at the hospital, and a little time to convalesce, he is back in the stride again.

A THUMBNAIL SKETCH OF THE U.S. CAVALRY

By CM LEE MYERS

To tell the full story of the United States Cavalry would require many volumes. Even that of any single one of our famous old regiments, if told in full, would be an immense job; however, as one reads any of the numerous chapters of early western history in which the Army played its so important part references are constantly found to some phase of the cavalry story which leaves the casual reader wondering as to its full import, a question unanswered; when did so and so happen, why, what were the circumstances?

There are a few basic facts behind this story that can be told in only a few words, and once told, may help to give the reader a much clearer, therefore more interesting and enjoyable perspective of this fascinating story.

The full story, of course, goes back to the Revolution and the War of 1812, when several regiments, or parts of regiments existed at various times, but these units were never permanent, their importance in warfare seem to have not been realized and they were mostly relegated to an inferior role and soon forgotten.

It was not until our expanding civilization pushed itself into the vast expanse of treeless plains and desert west of the Mississippi where they encountered the nomadic and well mounted Indian tribes of that vast region that the need for mounted troops was fully realized. Here the actual story of the cavalry began.

As a result, in 1832, the Army having been completely without a mounted force since 1821, the Mounted Rangers, of six companies and 685 men and officers, were formed. Numbering among its company officers Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone, the Rangers were ordered to the scene of the Black Hawk War on the upper Mississippi but because of an outbreak of cholera never reached the field. Three companies were soon after marched to Fort Gibson, in what is now Oklahoma, from which point they set out in 1833 for a grand tour of the western limits of that state to promote peace among the Pawnees and other tribes.

This campaign served to emphasize the faults and short-comings of the unit and helped to point up the need of a reorganization, so that in the same year Congress ordered them increased to a full regiment

of ten companies and redesignated them the First Dragoons. Jefferson Davis was a lieutenant of this new organization and was later the regimental adjutant. They were probably the first mounted regiment of our service to match horses, that is to group all of the horses of one color into a single company, and they made a very impressive showing upon the public. They were armed with a calibre .69 breech loading, smooth bore carbine and the pay of the privates was eight dollars a month.

This regiment, proving inadequate for the job at hand, a second regiment, identical in all major respects, was organized at Jefferson Barracks in the summer of 1836 and was known as the Second Dragoons. The First was employed on the western frontiers while the Second was sent to Florida to fight the Seminole Indians.

On March 4, 1843, Congress ordered the Second Dragoons dismounted, to the complete disgust of the men and officers, but relented and remounted them the following April.

Next unit to be added was the regiment of Mounted Riflemen, organized under Congressional order of May 19, 1846, originally intended as guardians of the immigrant trail to Oregon, but with the Mexican War breaking out at that time they were ordered to that theater, where, because of a lack of horses all but two companies served dismounted.

Still a third regiment of dragoons was raised in 1847 for service in Mexico and at the close of hostilities were disbanded at Jefferson Barracks.

With the acquisition of the vast new territory ceded by Mexico in 1848 the Indian problem was multiplied many fold, but a niggardly Congress turned a deaf ear to the pleas of the frontier and it was not until March 3, 1855, that two more regiments were organized. They were designated the First and Second Cavalry and were organized at Fort Leavenworth and Jefferson Barracks, respectively.

At about this time the experiment of mounting infantry for service against the Indians was tried at some Texas posts but like most make-shifts, was declared a failure and was discontinued after a short trial.

Our mounted force was now composed

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A Thumbnail Sketch of the U.S. Cavalry

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of Dragoons, Mounted Riflemen and Cavalry. While it is probable that some shade of distinction was originally intended between the Dragoons and Cavalry little actually did exist other than in uniform and name. The Mounted Riflemen, however, differed in that they were armed with percussion rifles and revolvers, but not sabers, while the Dragoons and Cavalry carried carbines of several different descriptions, and sabers. It may be well to add here that American cavalry since 1833 has been light cavalry in contra-distinction to both light and heavy cavalry of the European services. There the heavy cavalry was composed of large men and horses whose weight alone was expected to carry a point. Such a combination would have had short shrift in the arduous campaigning of our frontier country where at best our troops were never able to overtake the more mobile savages.

In April 1861, with the beginning of the Civil War, President Lincoln ordered a third cavalry regiment created, to be designated by that number. Then on August 3, of the same year the entire mounted service was reorganized. The names Dragoons and Mounted Riflemen were dropped and all six regiments were known as cavalry.

They were numbered in order of seniority of date of organization, thus: First Dragoons, became First Cavalry; Second Dragoons, became Second Cavalry; Mounted Riflemen, became Third Cavalry; First Cavalry, became Fourth Cavalry; Second Cavalry, became Fifth Cavalry; Third Cavalry, became Sixth Cavalry.

This was a deplorable move as it resulted in a serious confusion in distinction which exists yet today and caused a lessening of morale through the loss of regimental traditions and sentiment.

The color of the trimmings of our mounted services is rather complicated and much could be written on it, but roughly stated, the Dragoons wore a yellow seam down the outside of each trouser leg until the close of the Mexican War. That of the Mounted Rifles was green. Then the yellow of the Dragoon was replaced with orange. When the two cavalry regiments were organized in 1855 they were given the yellow stripe and it in turn remained the trim of the

mounted service when the three sub-branches were consolidated.

These six regiments were the only Regular Army cavalrymen in service throughout the Civil War, all others being volunteers.

With the close of the Civil War the Indian situation in the West had become so acute that Congress immediately authorized the formation of four more regiments, of 12 companies each, the Seventh through the Tenth, with the last two, the Ninth and Tenth to be composed of Negroes. The next increase came about in February, 1901, when the Eleventh through the Fifteenth regiments were formed, and again in 1916, was increased to a total of twenty-five regiments.

With the organization of the First Dragoons, in 1833, a regiment consisted of ten companies, which organization held until the total was increased to twelve on July 17, 1862.

The term squadron is quite frequently met with and was very flexible with the times. It has been variously quoted as containing from two to four companies, but for practical purposes can be considered as being three companies.

Last but not least, is the question of company versus troop. Troop seems to have been the term used to designate this unit, commanded by a captain, in the early days of our army, but by 1832 had been dropped in favor of company, and company it remained, officially, until 1883, when the word troop was once more adopted. Much of the confusion concerning these two words has resulted from the fact that there was a distinction between the popular and the official designation of this unit. The term troop was most popular for years before being adopted officially, hence the frequency of its appearance in our western literature.

To any who may read this with interest the following references are listed:

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Price, George F. *Across the Continent With The Fifth Cavalry*. New York: Antiquarian Press, 1959.

FREMONT'S RECRUIT "HUBBARD"

By

AUGUST W. SCHATRA

On reading about Fremont's ill-fated fourth expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1848, there seems to be some confusion as to the name and place of origin of one of the men on the roster of the expedition.

William Brandon, in his excellent book *The Men and the Mountains* identifies him as GEORGE HUBBARD, from the borderline of Iowa, and LeRoy R. Hafen, in *The Fremont Disaster* also names him GEORGE HUBBARD; placing him from Wisconsin.

Fremont, in the letters to his wife Jesse, spells him as "Hubbard," and Thomas Martin, in his narrative, also calls him "Hubbard," from Iowa. As Fremont selected the men and organized the expedition it is presumed his spelling was the correct one.

H. H. Bancroft lists Hubbard as a member of the Third Expedition, and if this were so, it would make Hubbard one of Fremont's seasoned veterans.

On the other hand, the diaries of Benjamin and Richard Kern spell him as "Hibbard," as also does the narrative of Micajah McGehee, who were all men on the expedition.

A small volume, written by Elijah M. Haines, and published in 1852 at Waukegan, Illinois clarifies the situation. It is called *Historical and Statistical Sketches of Lake County, State of Illinois*, the county being only 13 years old at the time. From the text, beginning on page 56, it says:

"In the spring of 1849 commenced the great excitement for California—the land of gold—which subsequently induced great numbers of our citizens to leave their homes for the purpose of trying their fortunes in that far off region. Among the early adventurers from this county, were George Allen Hibbard, Isaiah Marsh, George Ferguson, D. H. Sherman, William and James Steele, and Jacob Miller.

"The fate of young Hibbard; who left in the fall of 1848, being the first adventurer from this County, is most sad to relate. He had established himself at Waukegan in the mercantile trade, with the most flattering prospects of success before him, when at length the current of fortune, seemed as if by magic, to be turned against him. Betrayed and forsaken by those who professed to be his friends, he became disheartened, and at length abandoned all hope of ever regaining his former position. His proud spirit would scarce permit him to make the attempt, lest he might still be unsuccessful. Inspired by the vigor of youth, he resolved

to leave his friends and home, and try his fortune in California with the hope, that by a season of perseverance in that country, which was now well understood to be one of spontaneous wealth, he might return home in such a position as would enable him to triumph over his misfortunes.

"On arriving at St. Louis, he learned that Col. Fremont was in the city, raising a company of adventurers to accompany him across the plains; he accordingly waited upon the Colonel, informed him of his intentions, and desired to be enrolled in his service. His frankness of expression, together with his dignity of manners, at once attracted the attention of Colonel Fremont, who soon became so much prepossessed in his favor, that he enrolled him as one of his corps of adventurers, which now consisted of about fifty persons, who had been selected with reference to the journey before them. They left St. Louis about the first of December 1848. Nothing of importance occurred to impede their progress, until they had reached a chain of mountains about 1500 miles from the frontier, when their guide apparently became bewildered, and they suddenly found themselves engulfed in mountains of snow. Their stock of provisions soon became exhausted, which left them no alternative, but to abandon their mules, and make the best of their way on foot in the search of assistance. Exhausted from hunger and fatigue, several of the company, one by one, sunk down by the way-side in despair, and closed their eyes forever. Young Hibbard was among the number.

"Some three or four of the party had been despatched in advance, in quest of relief; they at length returned with the glad tidings of success. The survivors at once retraced their steps to enquire into the condition of their unfortunate companions, whom they had been compelled, most reluctantly, to leave behind them.

"They first came to the body of Hibbard, which was found lifeless, but somewhat warm. It was evident, that, could they have reached him a few moments sooner, he might have been restored; but it was now too late, his spirit had departed to that haven of peace, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary shall find rest.

"He left an interesting and accomplished
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Fremont's Recruit

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companion, to whom he had been married, but a few months previous to his departure, as well as a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn his melancholy fate."

This statement of fact should prove that George Hibbard was not one of the seasoned veterans of the former expeditions, but a raw recruit who had made a good impression on Colonel Fremont.

Contrary to the statements of historians, George Allen Hibbard was from Waukegan, Illinois. And apparently the journalists of the expedition were good reporters.

Ex-Sheriff Arthur Woodward Honored with Doctorate

TUCSON, ARIZ., May 19—Three distinguished Americans received honorary Doctor of Letters degrees from The University of Arizona at its 66th annual commencement May 31. The honored ones were Henry R. Luce, Curtis G. Benjamin, both of New York, and our own Ex-Sheriff Arthur Woodward, of Altadena, California.

Ex-Sheriff Woodward, author, anthropologist, and former newspaperman, was in charge of the Los Angeles County Museum's department of history and anthropology for 25 years before retiring from that post in 1943. He has since acted as museum consultant to the U.S. National Museum, the National Park Service, and the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society. He serves the Arizona Historic Sites Project in an advisory capacity. During leaves of absence while with the Los Angeles County Museum, Woodward served with the museum division of the National Park Service and, in 1936, as chief curator for all national park museum programs. He was a special agent with the Office of Naval Intelligence in World War II. In 1943, Woodward accompanied the late Adm. Richard E. Byrd on a presidential mission to the South Pacific.

The seventh edition of Jim Fassero's *Photographic Giants of Palomar* is now on the press. This popular book, on sale at Palomar Observatory and at planetariums throughout America, is the all-time best-seller pertaining to astronomy and the intricate wonder of the great 200-inch telescope, in which Jim served as design engineer. The book is again being printed at Westernlore.

The Western Presses

Reviewers in the great metropolitan dailies and the slick magazines of huge circulation, and the trained literary seals of radio and TV, seem never to be conscious of the fact that some of the most significant book publishing in America is being done in the West. As a reminder of this fact, here are some recent titles from the Western Presses:

Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson, Arizona. *Kino's Plan for the Development of Primeria Alta, Arizona and Upper California*. A report to the Mexican Viceroy, 1703. Translated and annotated by Ernest J. Burrus, S.J. A rare and historically valuable document at last made available to the modern reader.

Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. *Kirby Benedict, Frontier Federal Judge*, by Aurora Hunt. An account of legal and judicial development in the Southwest, 1853-1874, as mirrored against the colorful career of the controversial Judge Benedict. *An Oregon Idyl*, by Nellie May Young. An overland journal, by early day railroad, to Oregon.

Dale Stuart King, Globe, Arizona. *Matadors of Mexico*, by Ann D. Miller. This is probably the greatest book ever done on the kings of the Mexican bull rings, and with its tasteful illustrations and lavish use of pictures, certainly the most beautiful.

The Naylor Company, San Antonio, Texas. *The Younger Brothers*, by CM Carl W. Breihan. Another addition to Carl's long list of books on the Western badmen. Also, published from the east, by Frederick Fell, New York, is his *The Day Jesse James Was Killed*.

Paisano Press, Balboa Island, Calif. *Mining Adventure*, by J. Ross Browne. The rollicking illustrated report on mining conditions in California and Nevada in 1863-1865 made available for modern readers.

Stagecoach Press, Houston, Texas. *Santa Fe Trail, First Reports—1825*. Reprints the Congressional reports written by Storrs and Wetmore in 1824.

Talisman Press, Los Gatos, Calif. *California Trail Herd*, by Cyrus Loveland. Edited and annotated by Richard Dillon. Hundred-year-old diary of a cattle drive from Missouri to the Sacramento Valley. Contemporary illustrations.

Westernlore, Los Angeles, Calif. *Lost Oases Along the Carrizo*, by E. I. Edwards. A study of the vanished palm oases along the southern corridor, and the western migration through this gateway to California. In this companion volume to *Desert Voices* is a comprehensive bibliography of books of the Colorado Desert.

Encouraging Response to Branding Iron Appeal

The *Branding Iron* is in receipt of a number of excellent articles for publication, following its appeal for support and advice in the March issue. Space limitations make necessary the holding of these fine papers for future issues, but it is our hope and intention that eventually they will all see publication.

Among the valuable articles on hand are: A bibliographical list from the California Historical Society; and "The Case of House and Lockwood," by Philip J. Rasch.

Westerner Frank Schilling Enriches U. of A. Library

A valuable and highly varied collection of western Americana was given the University of Arizona Library recently by Westerner Frank Schilling.

It includes some 1,600 slides of scenes, plants and historic places along with out-of-print pamphlets and books.

Frank has been gathering the material off and on for most of his life, but most intensively during the past 40 of his 76 years.

Among it are notes he himself made—from interviews—on such things as the medicinal plants once used by Indians.

Dr. Richard A. Harvill, President of the University, commended Frank for the gift. In his cordial letter of thanks he stated:

"I am very grateful for the collection of colored slides and unbound items, including magazines, brochures, pamphlets, reprints, etc., and your lecture and personal notes that accompany the slides that you have presented to the University of Arizona Library. This is an outstanding addition to the University's collections, for which we are grateful.

"One of the most basic needs of the University is more of the type of material that you donated to us."

Frank, who is retired and now devotes most of his time to tracking down southwestern history (his specialty is old forts) lives in Torrance, California.

CM Harry James, in May, postcards from Istanbul, Turkey, from somewhere in the vicinity of Sultan Ahmet's blue mosque. He made no mention of how he happened to get there, but did disclose the fact that he expected to be in London from August 11 to 15—at Duke's Hotel, St. James Place.

The editor promptly passed this information on to the Sheriff of the English Corral of Westerners. The letter subsequently received, from English Westerner Colin W. Rickards states: "I have passed your letter to Barry Johnson, our editor, who handles most of the meeting arrangements. He is, I think, the nearest we have to your Tally Wrangler. We will dearly love to entertain Mr. James when he comes in, and we will see what we can do."

Looks like a nice summer for Harry, and we're reasonably certain that the Duke's Hotel, and the hospitable English Westerners will somehow compensate for any nostalgia that may still plague him for having to leave Sultan Ahmet's blue mosque. Anyway, in London, there'll not be any of those damned Turkish sand fleas.

B.I. Dons New Type-Dress And Stirs Comments

As will be noted, the editor has attempted a bit of re-styling, typographically, in this issue of the *Branding Iron*. Its columns have been set in the new Linotype Caledonia,, which adds greatly to its readability. To preserve a bit of the historical atmosphere, its headings are set in Old Towne and Rugged Bold. We hope you like it.

Incidentally, a number of letters were received after our column of self-criticism in the March issue. This is a sampling:

"It would help if you machine-punched the B.I. for filing in loose-leaf notebooks. I keep mine that way and expect that others do also. If the additional dues could provide for a few more pages, I know I would be happy—if this isn't putting too much burden on you. There is an old saying about not riding a free horse to death."

"I believe that quarterly is as often as we should expect such a splendid publication, and if they were issued oftener it would become a full-time task putting them out."

"I thought the last *Branding Iron* very fine."

"Unfortunately the space available in our journal makes it impossible to give much more than the bare bones to historical articles."

"Los Angeles Corral deserves a better publication than you are putting out in the *Branding Iron*."

"I think, as a publication, it can hardly be improved upon. It is a credit, both to the editor, and to Los Angeles Corral. I, for one, am grateful, and prize every issue."

And so it goes.

Thanks for the comments, waddies. We promise to do the most we can, with what we've got.

Jim Gardiner has packed his travois and moved his tepee to Reno, Nevada. He promises to occasionally drop in on the Corral meetings, but Los Angeles Westerners will miss his genial countenance unless he does a real commuting job of it.

Margaret F. Brown, daughter of Westerner Earle Forrest, and wife of CM Thomas P. Brown, underwent heart surgery last month. Margaret is now convalescing from the delicate and dangerous operation.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

FIVE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UPPER MISSOURI, by Edwin Thompson Denig, edited and with an introduction by John C. Ewers. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. XXXVII + 217 pages. \$4.00 . . . SPOTTED TAIL'S FOLK, A History of the Brule Sioux, by George E. Hyde. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. XIX + 329 pages. \$5.00 . . . THE ASSINIBOINES, From the Accounts of the Old One Told to First Boy (James Larpen-teur Long), edited and with an introduction by Michael Stephen Kennedy. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. LXXV + 209 pages. \$5.00.

These three volumes on Indian tribes recently published by the University of Oklahoma Press adhere to a publishing precedent without equal among the University printers of the country. It goes without saying that the contents measure up to the format. Much of the knowledge of north-west Indians comes from the writings of Indian traders before 1860, but few left as valuable and complete account as Edwin Thompson Denig. Denig was first induced to consider a career in the western fur trade by Alexander Culbertson, who had had three years previous experience. Denig became employed by the American Fur Co., first at Ft. Pierre, then at Ft. Union. In the summer of 1843 Denig assisted John James Audubon in collecting bird and animal specimens. He was associated with Charles Larpen-teur who took a dim view of Denig's drinking. In a letter to Alexander Culbertson Dec. 1, 1849, he wrote "I would also request as a great favor if you will bring me up a keg say 6 galls of good old Rye, to have the pleasure of drinking your health occasionally. I can hardly look upon myself as the infernal drunkard represented and presume as no accident happened to the 2 g^l keg of last spring, the 5 g^l keg will be equally safe." As was the custom with traders, Denig took an Indian wife, Deer Little Woman. He did, in fact, have two Indian wives at one time.

Alexander Culbertson survived Denig by 21 years. In the 1930's Missouri Historical Society purchased some manuscripts from a descendant of Culbertson, whose authorship was unknown. In 1949 editor John C. Ewers reviewed the manuscript which he saw closely resembled the style of Edwin T. Denig's published work *Indian Tribes*

of the Upper Missouri. Photostatic pages were sent to the Federal Bureau of Investigation who confirmed that the manuscript had indeed been written by Denig. This is the first publication of these valuable journals, which comprise detailed information on the Sioux, Arickaras, Assiniboinés, Crees and Crows.

George E. Hyde many years ago served as a research assistant to George Bird Grinnell and has been a thorough student of the plains Indians for over half a century. His *Red Cloud's Folk* is one of the definitive volumes on the Sioux. Printed in 1937, a new edition was necessary in 1957. In the recently published *Spotted Tail's Folks* he covers as thoroughly as could be done, the history of Spotted Tail and his Brule Sioux. Spotted Tail's reputation has been somewhat besmirched by the leaders of other Sioux tribes, who considered him somewhat of a recreant because he did not have the propensity of Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and Crazy Horse for constant warfare with the encroaching whites. Spotted Tail however held his own in his counselings with government officials, and the reader of this book becomes convinced that he was one of the great Sioux Chiefs. There is a bibliography and index and a few photographs.

The Assiniboinés is a reprint of *Land of Nakoda*, which was a W.P.A. project, and printed in a small edition in Helena, Montana in 1942. It has been out of print for 15 years. James Larpen-teur Long gathered the material during the depression years from innumerable interviews with the twenty-five oldest members of the Assiniboiné tribe. He states that only legends never before published have been used. Long was a descendant of the Indian trader Charles Larpen-teur and was part Assiniboiné. He was fluent in the language and also knew the Indian sign language. In his long introduction, which, by the way, adds a great deal to the book, Editor Kennedy lists the various spellings of the name Assiniboiné. By actual count there were seventy-seven, and a few of the variations were: *Asseenaboine*, *Assenipoulacs*, *Assiniboési*, *Assinipovals*, *Assinneepoetuc*, *Ausinabwaun*, and *Essinaboin*. This is one of the handsome volumes of the Civilization of the American Indian Series, and is No. 58. *Spotted Tail's Folk* is No. 57.

This is an increasingly valuable series, and it is presumed most Westerners will be proud of the ownership of the whole set.

MERRELL KITCHEN.

SILVER, GOLD AND BLACK IRON, by Donald C. Kemp, Capt. U.S.A. (Retired), CM Los Angeles Corral.

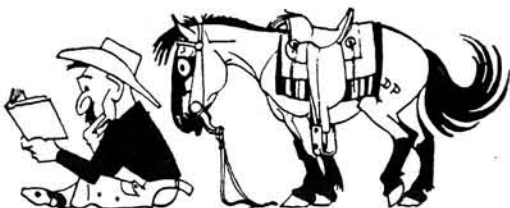
In this his latest book Don Kemp has written in pleasantly reminiscent fashion, of country this reviewer has known from boyhood.

On a rainy, cold night in 1908 or 1909 this writer, then a small boy, spent the evening and night in the Gold Miner Hotel in Eldora, the heart of the Grand Island Mining District. Blissfully unaware that the Grand Island Mining District existed, or that his future friend, Don Kemp, would later write affectionately of the District, this writer shivered at the foot of his Uncle's bed and only hoped that the seeming desperadoes who participated in the game at the green covered table in the lobby downstairs would not force his Uncle to use the pistol reposing under his Uncle's pillow. He did not dream that many of these seeming desperadoes would become family friends of some years standing.

Nor did he know that in later years he would ride the trails of the District boot-to-boot with the author Don Kemp, and spend many a night hunkered down by a campfire listening to tales of the District. He did not know then that the friends of his boyhood would come to life in the pages of Kemp's book; that Mrs. S. A. Martin, Mayor Harpel and others, would be characters in a drama enacted in the alpine region of southwest Boulder County. He did not know that Champ Clark would be the center of the great who-dun-it of the District, or that Mr. Fatty Mills, of Nederland, would be a business and civic leader of high praise in pages printed years later.

So Don Kemp has written a book of interest to every Westerner. A history of a District he knows as the palm of his own hand. He was born in Central City, in Gilpin County; his father founded the townsite which became Eldora; he and his brother, with their mother, lived there until World War I when Don went to Mexico with the Colorado National Guard and later joined the mounted service of the regular army, retiring in 1938, when the United States Army in its infinite wisdom, reduced its mounted service to a token force.

He later returned to Boulder County where he has made his home in summers, going to Guanajuato, Mexico in the winter to escape the bitter cold winds of the eastern slope of the Rockies. As a resident of Boulder County he has been peace officer, game warden, wrangler, as the occasion demanded. Most of all he has been a historian



of the District and of Gilpin County, about which he has written in *Colorado's Little Kingdom*.

And when this reviewer has ridden the trails of the District with Don Kemp, as he has on many occasions, he has learned much of what happened so many years ago. Much that he wanted to learn, much that puzzled him; and it is all there in Kemp's book, *Silver, Gold and Black Iron*. Every Westerner should read it.

BEN H. O'CONNOR.



THE DESERT WAS HOME, by Elizabeth W. Crozer Campbell, with a foreword by Lloyd Severe. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press: 1961. [6] 265 pp., of which 23 are full-page halftone plates, \$6.75.

Mrs. Campbell's book is a really important piece of Americana, giving us as it does, a comprehensive and detailed account of one of the last phases of the homesteading of government land, and a good picture of one of the last bits of unspoiled desert country, now rapidly being "suburbanized." It may serve as an excellent companion-piece for Shumway's *Your Desert and Mine*, discussed in the *Branding Iron* for March 1961.

Mrs. Campbell tells how she and her husband, a World War I Veteran suffering from enemy gas, moved out to the Twenty-Nine Palms Oasis to try the effect of the desert climate on his health. Finding it good they homesteaded a quarter-section in that area.

Mrs. Campbell then proceeds to discuss the good and bad features of a homesteader's life on the desert. The writer can from his own experience testify to the truth and the accuracy of her account, although his desert knowledge was gained in another area, but not too far away.

The book does not attempt a formal history of the Twenty-Nine Palms area. It is essentially an intimate autobiography of one homesteader and the story of one quarter-section. Mrs. Campbell's nostalgic account should help one to understand the homesickness that is felt by the old desert

(Continued on Back Page)

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

dweller when he must be long away from it, and when he sees the sad effects of population growth and suburban development on the last foothold of raw nature in the land.

As a writer Mrs. Cambell is not unknown to Westerners. A series of Southwest Museum Papers form an important contribution to the work begun by Westerner Mark R. Harrington, showing that the pre-history of the early peoples of the Southwest can be extended backward several thousands of years further than had been believed. His thesis, once an object of ridicule to many archeologists, has now become the standard of general acceptance. Mrs. Campbell's helpful papers were No. 7, *Archeological Survey of the Twenty-Nine Palms Region*, No. 9, *The Pinto Basin Site—an Aboriginal Camping Ground in the California Desert*, and No. 11, *The Archeology of Pleistocene Lake Mohave*, all out of print.

In spite of the important contributions to the archeology of the Southwest by herself and her husband, her account of the doing and happenings of her desert years leaves room for less than a full page of the book for a word about their archeological research, and there is not a moment of boredom for her or for her reader in the whole book.

Westerner Paul Bailey and his Westernlore Press have made a beautiful job of the book. The many illustrations are really beautiful reproductions of the photographs and help greatly to bring the life of the desert home to the reader.

—C. N. RUDKIN.



In April of 1959 Volume 1 No. 1 of *CIVIL WAR TIMES* appeared in the periodical market. The publisher's claim of more than 12,000 circulation after almost two years is evidence itself of the popularity and interest of the subject. Especially is this true in this Civil War Anniversary period.

Mr. E. J. Stackpole, the publisher from whose press many important military history volumes have been published is well known in this field. We can do no better than quote from T. Harry William, Louisiana State University professor of History and a leading authority on Lincoln and generals of the Civil War who says: "The magazine is alive and interesting and at the same time meets the sober requirements of scholarship."

FREE GRASS TO FENCES, by Robert H. Fletcher. Illustrations by Charles M. Russell. Published for the Historical Society of Montana by University Publishers, Inc., New York. Large format; 236 pages; \$12.00.

Condensed in this magnificent book is the complete story of Montana's cattle industry, from its earliest beginnings during the time of the mountain men down to the latest Miles City roundup. If ever there can be a testament to an industry and a way of life, this book probably approaches its nearest possibility.

Robert H. Fletcher, author of *Don't Fence Me In*, knows the northwest rangeland and its history as does no other man. The old-timers of Montana's stock-raising history were his friends, his acquaintances, and his relatives. Their individual parts in the raw and woolly past are known to him, and in this book he brings them all to life.

"Today, the years of rawhiding and conflict are over—conflict between cowboys and Indians, between cattlemen and sheepmen, cattlemen and homesteaders, cattle barons and small ranchers. But cattle raising is still king in Montana. In that northern land the 'throne of grass' has never withered away." In concentrating the whole vivid and turbulent scene into one volume, the author has made it commendably certain that the story behind the fight for "the throne of grass" will likewise never wither away from the consciousness and memory of the historian, scholar and western buff, now that the days of the old-timer are forever gone.

As a source book, on the western cattle scene, a book whose roots are earthy and factual, this volume should never be overlooked. Its many photographs are invaluable in framing the scene, but the lavish use of color plates, black-and-whites, and sketches of the immortal Charlie Russell makes this a bonus book to the collector as well. In this reviewer's opinion *Free Grass To Fences* is something really built for Westerners.

PAUL BAILEY.

Death Takes Father of Carl Dentzel

Edward Paul Dentzel, former mayor of Beverly Hills, prominent builder, and father of Carl Dentzel, died in April at age 79.

He leaves his wife, Emma, and two sons: Carl, director of the Southwest Museum and Ex-Sheriff of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners; and William, Van Nuys attorney. Los Angeles Corral extends its sympathy to Carl and the family in this deep personal loss.