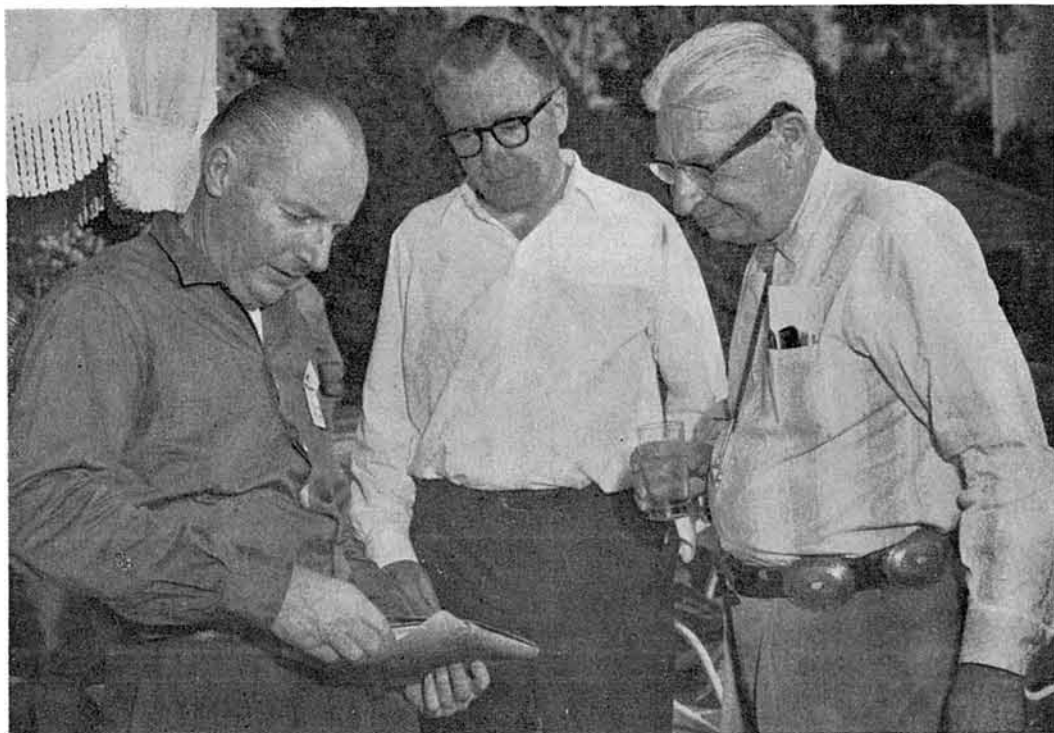




DEC. 1961

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 59



THE THREE WHO DID IT

The planning and production of a Brand Book requires a good deal of knowhow, and a great deal of labor. Skillfully authored material, of distinct western historical flavor must, of necessity, come from the book's contributors. But the real job of transforming these varied manuscripts and pictures into the magnificent books which have made Los Angeles Corral famous devolves upon that little group of men who plan and produce it. Brand Book No. 9, currently being distributed, came into being through the long, unstinted labors of the three Westerners above, shown deep in discussion of the project's many problems at one of the summer meetings. The Editor, Ex-Sheriff Henry Clifford, (center) talks manuscript with Sheriff-Elect James Algar, Art Editor, and Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter. Homer is owner of the famous lithography plant in Hollywood which produces these beautiful books.

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

L.A. CORRAL CLOSES YEAR OF REWARDING MEETINGS

In his farewell talk as a resident member of the Los Angeles Corral our indispensable Westerner Arthur Woodward outlined for us the vicissitudes of "The St. Patrick's Battalion," a seldom mentioned tragedy of the Mexican War, in a well-packed meeting at Costa's Grill on November 16.

The San Patricios, as the Mexicans called them, were an unlucky band of a few score U.S. artillerists, infantrymen, and dragoons. Rebelling against the savage punishments meted out to the armed forces in those rugged times, they deserted Winfield Scott

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THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

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P.O. Box 41073, Los Angeles 41, California

Two New Westerners Added to Resident List

Two new men, both substantial contributors to worthwhile Western letters, were elected to active membership in the Los Angeles Corral during the latter months of 1961. Both of them like to explore the ground where history was made, as well as the documents; their accomplishments, present and assuredly in future, guarantee that they will be valued and productive Westerners. The Corral welcomes them heartily.

E. I. EDWARDS, 1045 West Huntington Drive, Arcadia, is an author, editor, bibliographer and historian of high stature, specializing in the California deserts. He is author of the monumental and definitive bibliography, *Desert Voices*, the current and popular *Lost Oases of the Carrizo*, and most recently, editor of

the long-needed publication in book format of *The Whipple Report*. Other books to his credit include *The Valley Whose Name Is Death*, *Desert Treasure*, *Into An Alkali Valley*, etc. His critical comments add much to any book he undertakes, and few will challenge his accuracy or his judgment. Ed Edwards also is a collector of note, and in office hours is a business consultant to the medical profession of Southern California. Perhaps his outstanding characteristic is his overwhelming documentation of anything he produces.

RUSS LEADABRAND, 1505 Topeka Street, Pasadena, is a younger man, coming up fast and picking sound trails. He needs no introduction to those who follow his well-researched "Let's Explore a Byway" feature in *Westways*, his work in *Desert*, or his careful newspaper work in Pasadena. Although fascinated by folklore and legendary, Russ goes to the documents for his facts. His widespread interests, mainly Californian, include the Mission-Mexican periods. Indians, early explorations, the Gold Rush, ghost towns, and the Sierra Nevada. All this he ties in with modern highways, so that the week-end historian can follow his trail. His growing collections include Indian artifacts (obtained legally, not by pot-hunting), Western Americana in print and photocopy, and Western paintings, including some of Don Perceval's.

Death Takes Don Ashbaugh

Death came to CM Don Ashbaugh December 1 at the Veterans Hospital, San Fernando, after a two-year siege with cancer, during which time, and in hope of saving his life, his right lung was removed. Funeral services were held December 5, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Don was well known to many Westerners, his writings on Nevada history having a large readership and bringing renown to the newspaper he served in distinguished editorial capacity. He had, before his illness been a speaker at Los Angeles Corral.

His immense studies on the early mining and ghost towns of Nevada had brought much fame to the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, of which he was feature editor, and had been incorporated in many magazine articles and into a book upon which he was working up to the time of his death. Besides these accomplishments Don had a distinguished career as a newspaperman—having served on two southern California papers—*The Los Angeles Times*, and *The San Bernardino Sun*. From 1930 to 1932 he served as sports editor for City News Service where he covered the Olympic Games of the '30s. Before that he was a foreign correspondent, worked on the *Stars and Stripes*, in France in World War I, and had worked for newspapers from Paris to Manila. He was a veteran of both World Wars and a writer of great talent.

Don is survived by his wife, Alice, and a son, who is a medical student in the east.

L. A. Corral of Westerners Ends Year of Activity

(Continued from Page 1)

and offered their services to the enemy. Led by red-headed Thomas Riley, they fought desperately against their old comrades in the Battle of Churubusco, (August 1847), knowing that they might as well be killed one way as another.

They were whipped, having been supplied by Santa Anna with ammunition which didn't fit their guns, and about 30 of them were recaptured. Most of these were hanged, 16 in a mass execution at San Angel in September. Tom Riley, who had deserted prior to actual hostilities, was only flogged and branded. A few St. Pats escaped, took up Mexican citizenship, and finding promises unfulfilled, died in poverty.

Subsequent discussion turned into a catalog of the barbarous and frequently crippling or fatal punishments which were inflicted, in the name of discipline, upon the "defenders of their country" a century or so ago. Nowadays, some say, it's a punishment when the sergeant refuses to tuck a recruit into bed at night. Ex-Sheriff Woodward furnished ample proof that the St. Pats had more provocation.

Nominating Committee Chairman Paul Galleher presented the following slate of elective officers for 1962, to be voted upon in December:

James Algar for Sheriff; John H. Kemble, Deputy Sheriff; Charles Rudkin (terminating his "sabbatical year"), Registrar of Marks and Brands; and Bert Olson, Keeper of the Chips. When Paul Bailey insisted that he must be allowed to resign as Roundup Foreman, William L. Wright was nominated to succeed him.

Guests at the November meeting included Forbes Parkhill and Herbert Johnson, members of the Denver Corral.

The December meeting, at Costa's on the 21st, featured another distinguished Westerner, the artist-writer Holling Clancy Holling (*Tree in the Trail, Seabird, Pagoo, Minn of the Mississippi, Paddle to the Sea*, and so forth) who is known even better as a good companion, raconteur, and scholar in any company. His subject was "The Seacoast Indians of the Pacific Northwest," and Clancy really knows them. If these so-called Siwash Indians left any limericks among their artifacts, Clancy forgot to pass them along.

Brand Book No. 9 Becomes a Reality

Every copy of the splendid new **Brand Book No. 9** which was ordered before Christmas was in the mail before New Year's Day!

This was the pledge of Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, Sales and Distribution Manager for the Los Angeles Corral's great new book, described as the "best yet." It will be given critical reviews in the March B.I.

At Manager Galleher's formal invitation, the "Brand Book Packers Association" assembled in the mailing room of the Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale, on the evening of December 19. They spent several hours on a production line, double-wrapping and boxing the entire edition for the mailbags. Labels, invoices and postage were handled by the Clark professional staff.

Hard-working Westerners who gave their efforts to this packing job, which was followed by an hour of fiesta, included Sheriff-Nominee James Algar, Ex-Sheriffs Loring Campbell, Arthur H. Clark, Jr., Glen Dawson, Sheriff George Fullerton, Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, Dudley Gordon, CM George McMannus, Ex-Sheriff Bert Olson, Sid Platford, August Schatra, Ervin Strong and Bill Wright.

Brand Book No. 9 should be ordered NOW. The 550 copies are selling fast, and on March 1 the price will become \$20.00 to all comers. The advantage to CM's will then terminate.

The Branding Iron Editor Says Thanks, and Farewell

It has been a great privilege through the years to serve Los Angeles Corral as its Roundup Foreman, which includes as part of its duties, the editorship of *The Branding Iron*. This, being the last issue of our Corral publication for 1961, it will also be the last issue I shall have the pleasure and privilege of editing.

I deeply appreciate this high honor you have given me through the years, and it is with the deepest regret that the press of business, and personal health, forces me to relinquish the post. I shall always treasure the time I served as editor of the B.I.

The Corral is fortunate to have such a man as Bill Wright to take over the duties. His experience and capabilities are well known. Best wishes to you, Bill. And my thanks to L.A. Corral. PAUL D. BAILEY.

"GIT A HOSS"

By BILL WRIGHT

Personal reminiscences will always be the rich, colorful glamorous icing on the good cake of History—but the bakery keeps changing.

Civil War drummer-boys, with their rebel yells and critiques of General Grant's tactics, are gone from the public rostrum. Cowmen who commuted on the Chisholm Trail, and redded-up after the Wild West gunmen, have left us, too. Rough Riders who stormed San Juan Hill are in short supply, and veterans of the World Wars seldom glory in their memories; they have done their work, and they try to forget it.

Maybe the next crop of combat-scarred gaffers, who can lick their wounds with pride and joy, are those of us who battled those early automobubbles across the Western deserts, some forty-odd years ago.

The roads then, in the far boondocks, were no better than the Butterfield Trail. In Nevada, sometimes we had to straddle the deep ruts left by the prairie-schooners—until we slid off and bruised the crankcase. Or we juddered along an abandoned single-track railroad grade, with its crossties removed but the holes still there. In the Valley of Fire, the Arrowhead Trail was like climbing the courthouse steps, and

where there was no sand, there were boulders or gumbo mud.

The motor car then was a Horseless Carriage in crass adolescence, still the idiot bastard of a livery-stable and a blacksmith shop, with the worst traits of both parents. We poured sand or fuller's earth into slippery clutches, cornmeal into leaky radiators, ether into the petcocks at cranking-up times. We backed up the bad hills, or blew into the gas tank when fuel was low, and we pumped the steam cars by hand from bottom to top. We let half the air out of the tires to get through the sand, then pumped it in again; when we ran out of puncture-patches we wrapped the rim with rope. We built radiator-hose out of blown inner-tubes and friction tape. Our wives and sweethearts wore their hair long, because their hairpins would repair the magneto; we filled the oil holes and turned down the grease cups every day.

We coped with the six-or-twelve cylinder engine, optional at the yank of a lever. We could put \$800 worth of luxuries on a \$400 car, and still have that Ford. Whole books were published and more were needed, on roadside repairs, rebuilding, and survival. We carried spare fan belts, spring leaves,

A Scripps-Booth roadster on the Lincoln Highway in Iowa, 1915. The rescue horses are just coming up the hill in the background.





Mainline Lincoln highway in the Fallon Sink, Nevada, about 1917. Experts said this alkali crust would bear the weight, but . . .

and cotter pins; they were as vital as the shovel, baling wire, Presto-O-Lite tank, and tow-rope.

Those were cars that seared men's souls, but stirred them, too. There were Thomas Flyers, Stutz Bearcats, Mercers, Locomobiles. Most of us ate their dust in humbler machines, many with compound names. The E-M-F was famous as "Every Morning Fix-it," or "Every Mechanical Flaw;" the Krit was translated as "Keep Right In Town!" There were Kissel Kars, Cartercars, Liberty Brushes, Pope-Hartfords, Black-Fords, Regal Underslung, Paige-Detroiters, Stoddard-Daytons, big Ramblers . . .

The cross-country carousing waxed fatter and faster with Old Pacific, the Overland Girls in their Overland, the Transcontinental Funeral, the high-gear crossings, the speed dashes, Outdoor Franklin, the cars with their hoods sealed shut. Some of us saw the mobile machine shops, equipped with derricks and bridge-timber, which often followed a mile or so behind these Mad Mullahs—their crews of tough mechanics hid from the limelight. Of the road-races which laid waste the hinterlands, the Los Angeles-Phoenix was among the roughest.

Yo-ho-ho in a cloud of dust. We were a cross between sportsmen and lunatics. We loved every minute, or we would have quit. In the mass we were empire-builders. Cars got better because we busted up the weak ones; roads improved because "demand"

was no name for it—we created a howling necessity. Nowadays the roads are so regular, and the cars are so fine, that the cars can't get off the roads any more. You need a Jeep, and the romance has gone back into the horse.

In the early years of this revolution we took a terrible beating. We can look back at ourselves as a pack of cheerful idiots, and maybe it's time we assembled our cheerful saga. Do any Westerners, active or corresponding, have adventures (brief and funny) to contribute? The Roundup Foreman will try to petrify them in print . . . lest we forget.

Los Angeles *Mirror-News* of November 1, 1961, carried a feature story of Westerner W. W. Robinson, complete with an artist's concept of his personal likeness. The flattering interview covered Bill's writing accomplishments, which as every Westerner knows, are many, and his background history as a vice-president of Title Insurance & Trust Company.

One of the points touched upon in the story, and perhaps lesser known to his Corral friends, is Bill's healthy string of juvenile books which delight and edify the younger readers. To us he is known as a great historian, a convivial friend, and an important and respected part of Los Angeles Corral. It is only natural that the *Mirror-News* should agree with us.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

JOHN DOYLE LEE, by Juanita Brooks. Western Frontiersmen Series, IX. Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co. 1961. 404 pp. \$9.50.

In all the annals of western American history there is no more tragic figure than John Doyle Lee. Loathed as the alleged perpetrator of the infamous Mountain Meadows Massacre, cast aside by the leaders and members of the church to which his allegiance never wavered, and the only person participating in the massacre who paid in full for the crime, his name for generations has been a hiss and a byword. On September 7, 1857, in Southern Utah, the Fancher party of Arkansas and Missouri emigrants were wiped out in cold blood. The total company of 140 men and women were murdered in one bloody day, and only 17 children "too small to tell tales" were spared from that gory whirlwind of hate and reprisal. Many there were who took part in the affair. Only one life—that of Lee—was forfeited in expiation of it. And John D. Lee, and the family of John D. Lee, has been the target for the shocked and incredulous horror and wrath of the world.

What kind of man was this monster? What brought him to these depths of depravity? Juanita Brooks with sensitivity, understanding, and consummate writing skill, has answered these and a thousand other questions in this great book. Her previous *Mountain Meadows Massacre* has probed the affair from its macabre darkness out into the full light of history. This same facile talent has now been turned toward making the life and times of John D. Lee just as understandable. For this, and other reasons, this new book is a masterful performance.

What is particularly astonishing is the revelation of the fact that few men have personally recorded their lives for posterity to know and see, more meticulously than did John Doyle Lee. From the first days of his conversion to Mormonism, down to those dark hours when he faced a firing squad in atonement for the massacre, Lee faithfully recorded his thoughts and reactions to the strange and adventurous life he lived. Generations later, Mrs. Brooks, as co-editor of Lee's later diaries, which the Huntington Library published under title of *A Mormon Chronicle*, and as author of the one authentic study of the massacre itself,

has shown herself eminently qualified to write the biography of Lee. Throughout her lifetime she has catalogued every scrap of information pertaining to Lee and the other participants in the affair and, drawing on all the known Lee journals and documents, her own meticulous studies and her own skills as a writer, she has produced a basic and important study of a man already lost in the shadows of conjecture and myth.

From it all emerges the tragic scapegoat whose genius as organizer, leader of men, courageous pioneer and religious stalwart have been blotted out by the crime for which he paid the supreme penalty. Dozens of geographical names which mark the great Southwest, are obtuse monuments to a man whose great qualities were later to be drowned in a single day's mistakes. His immense part in the western migration and colonization are taken from the documents and journals, into living reality through the genius of the author.

This is no arid plowing through academic dust—it is one of the most readable and interesting studies of this decade. Here is the real west—candid, adventuresome, and more dramatic than any phony effusion of movies or TV. In it is all the turbulence and mysticism of the great Mormon movement. In it is the pathos of a man doomed to die for the crimes of others, and who bravely faced his last moments with love in his heart for those who had betrayed him. It is a book which deserves a great audience.

—PAUL BAILEY.



THE RALSTON-FRY WEDDING AND THE WEDDING JOURNEY TO YOSEMITE, MAY 20, 1858, from the Diary of Miss Sarah Haight [Mrs. Edward Tompkins], edited by Francis P. Farquhar. The Friends of the Bancroft Library, The University of California, Berkeley, 1961. 4to, [10], 24 [1] p., two full page portraits in color. Printed by the Grabhorn Press.

This little book, the current keepsake printed in a limited edition for the Friends of the Bancroft Library, easily maintains the high standard of excellence of previous keepsakes issued for the Friends.

While the events described in the book were not of earth-shattering importance, except possibly to the participants, the brief section of the bridesmaid's diary is delightful. It describes the wedding and then the odd wedding journey. Apparently most of the wedding party went along by boat as

far as Stockton. There the party, somewhat reduced but still a fair sized crowd, went on to Murphy's and the Stanislaus grove of Big Trees. More fell by the wayside until at the beginning of the trail to Yosemite Valley only the bride and groom, the bridesmaid, a married couple, and three single men, besides the service people, made up the final party.

Although one learns little that is new about the mother lode country it is pleasant to read the reactions of Miss Haight to the various sights of the mining region, then very active.

Francis Farquhar's introduction, though brief, is adequate to place the *dramatis personae* in their proper relation to California politics and finance of the period.

The Grabhorn Press has done what must be referred to as its usual lovely job of producing a book from which no owner will ever willingly part.

C. N. RUDKIN.

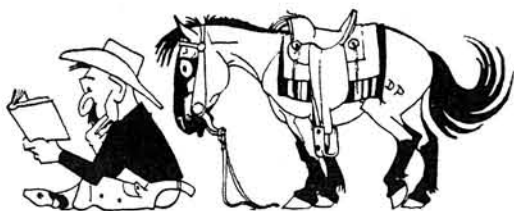


THE CALIFORNIA I LOVE, by Leo Carrillo (with help from Ed Ainsworth). Decoration by Don Perceval. Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1961. 280 pages. \$7.50.

Ed Ainsworth deserves more credit than he will likely receive, not only for putting the material into shape, but also for capturing the unique flavor of Carrillo in every one of the highly colored and it must be said, rather theatrical roles he assumes throughout the book.

Here at last we have the tall tales of Spanish-California history that have become legends among the descendants of the Lugos, the Del Valles, the Sepulvedas, and all the rest of them. That these versions often vary rather considerably from those of the "Damne Yanquis," as Carrillo delighted to call us, is of no consequence. They are true California folk tales, although the reader should bear in mind that his telling of them may differ even from those told by the Palomares and the Forsters, and from the ones I used to hear so long ago from U.F. Del Valle at Camulos. This is not really important, but the fact that Carrillo and Westerner Ed Ainsworth have set them down and preserved them for us is. Unfortunately, Leo took his movies far too seriously and his history often suffers a bit as a result.

The California I Love is more than Leo Carrillo's nostalgic paean of praise for his native state. It is the rich and salty autobiography of a man who lived life to the full, who was liked by everyone, and who



in turn seemed to like everyone. This is particularly evident in the beautiful tribute he pays in "Fate With a Chinese Accent," to the wonderful old Chinaman, Leong Chung, who dominated Leo and the whole Carrillo family for so many years.

What a career the man had—actor on stage and in films, radio, and television, an eminent rancher, and in his later years a member of the State Park Commission dedicated to the preservation of our historic landmarks.

Beyond all else, Leo Carrillo was a story teller in the grand manner. Anyone who ever heard him tell his Chinese Interpreter story for example, will ever forget the experience. Ed Ainsworth has handled this whole bookful of tall tales in the same high-wide-and-handsome fashion. It's great stuff! And Westerner Perceval has certainly "Donned" it up in fine style.

Too bad the book is so expensive, and it's too large to go into a stocking. But what a fine Christmas gift it did make!

HARRY C. JAMES.



ANGEL'S FLIGHT, by Walt Wheelock, introduction, W. W. Robinson; illustrations, Ruth Daley. La Siesta Press: Glendale, Calif.: 1961. 36 p.; illus.; printed wrapper. \$1.00.

This history of a minor but highly interesting landmark of Los Angeles, by CM Wheeler, is one of the fortunate circumstances mentioned by Bill Robinson in his foreword. It is well that Walt Wheelock has been interested enough to search out the facts presented here, which include much information about the development of Los Angeles street transportation, by horse or mule, by carreta, more or less fancy carriages and wagons, horses or mule drawn cars, cable cars, and electric lines.

The book is well and interestingly written and beautifully illustrated with seven halftones, five of them full page, and many finely executed engineering drawings by Ruth Daley, making clear the construction and operation of this curious funicular railway, which now seems to be doomed

(Continued on Next Page)

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

to disappear when the revamping of Bunker Hill is complete.

CM Wheelock is the author of two other works from the same press which may have an appeal to Westerners. From his hobby of high mountain climbing have resulted *Climbing Mount Whitney*, by Walt Wheelock and Tom Condon; and *Ropes, Knots and Slings for Climbers* by Walt Wheelock; both published in 1960 but not previously noted in the *Branding Iron*. The first of these is a practical guidebook to the mountain and its trails, the second is a must for any mountain climbing anywhere.

C. N. RUDKIN.



DAVE RUDABAUGH, *BORDER RUFFIAN*, by F. Stanley, Denver, Colo.: World Press, Inc., 1961. 216 pp. \$5.00.

"Who was Dave Rudabaugh?" I have asked many of my Westerner friends over a period of years. I first read about Dave Rudabaugh in 1931, in Stuart N. Lake's *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal*. Subsequent reading of other books dealing with Western badmen, as they currently appeared, yielded little that I hadn't already read. Two of the more recent books, Frazier Hunt's, *The Tragic Death of Billy the Kid*, and Lee Hamlin's, *The True Story of Billy the Kid*, are mentioned to illustrate that the usual information concerning Rudabaugh, happened to be required, because for a brief period, this badman was lighted by the spotlight thrown on Billy the Kid by numerous writers.

In 1957, F. Stanley was a guest speaker at a meeting of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, speaking about "The Private War of Ike Stockton." Preceding the meeting, I had a delightful conversation with F. Stanley. Something he said brought up the question of Rudabaugh, and before long many gaps in my ignorance were closed. For the first time I realized Rudabaugh was a notorious badman who moved on the stage, not as a bit player in one act, but played a role in many acts over a period of a decade and a half.

Dave Rudabaugh, Border Ruffian, is a worthwhile book, and will be appreciated by the student and reader of accounts dealing with Law and Lawlessness, and the Badmen of the Western Frontier.

The book starts with a study of Rudabaugh's parents, the life in Kansas, and

Dave's birth in 1854, the environment that spawned this youth into lawlessness, and made his name feared along the cattle trails before he had arrived at his majority. It mentions his acquaintance with Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp, and other personalities on both sides of the law and order fence. It portrays the attempted train robbery at Kinsley, Kansas; his days as a hired gun in the so-called Royal Gorge War, when the Santa Fe and Denver, Rio Grande, and Western Railroads battled for Rights-of-Way; the lawless days in New Mexico, and Arizona; and finally, the timely end at Paral, in the Mexican State of Chihuahua.

The book presents an excellent bibliography. Unfortunately, the weak point in the book is the absence of an index. I will always complain about any book with this lack.

The book is not a rehash of other writings. F. Stanley (Father Crocciola) did extensive research on Rudabaugh. Court House Records and Criminal Docket Records have been studied at Colfax, Socorro, Santa Fe and Bernalillo Counties, New Mexico; Wheeler and Hemphill Counties, Texas; and Kinsley County, Kansas.

The newspaper files researched are: *The Ford County Globe*, *Kinsley Graphic*, *Dodge City Times*, *Las Vegas Gazette*, *Albuquerque Journal*, and *The Tombstone Daily Citizen*. Documents in several private collections, and pertinent magazine articles were studied in order to present a full study on Rudabaugh.

F. Stanley now has quite a roster of books and booklets. To produce these, he has done a great deal of spade work, breaking the sod of myth and fiction to get the facts. May El Buen Padre long continue his efforts to preserve for us the history which his zeal has brought to light.

HARVEY E. STARR.



STEPHEN WATTS KEARNY, *SOLDIER OF THE WEST*, by Dwight L. Clarke. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 448 pp. \$5.95.

In Brand Book No. 7 *Westerner* Dwight Clarke gave us a foretaste of the meticulous scholarship he was putting into his study of Kearny, the misunderstood general who played such a vital part in wresting the American West from Mexico in 1847. This particular article on this great military man proved one of the finest contributions ever included in a Westerners publication. Few people then realized that out of it would,

(Continued on Next Page)

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

a few years later, come one of the most satisfying and scholarly books ever done on a controversial military man.

The bitter private war between Stephen Watts Kearny and John C. Fremont during the California conquest served to obscure and eclipse the amazing accomplishments of one of America's greatest soldiers and leaders of men. But not even the venomous dramatics of Fremont, the pyrotechnics of Senator Thomas Hart Benton, Fremont's roaring father-in-law, nor the ignominy of public ridicule, has prevailed against the amazing record of this soldier, explorer, builder of Jefferson Barracks and other western posts, self-effacing hero, and virtual father of the United States Cavalry. In this great and eminently readable book, Dwight Clarke has succeeded in settling all the dust, setting the record straight and revealing in justice and in honor this truly great American.

He traces the career of Kearny in the military, from 1812 to 1848—a career which began on the termination of his student days at Columbia University. It was the War of 1812 which decided him to a career of soldiery. By 1819 he was chosen for the abortive expedition to the Yellowstone. In 1825 he successfully managed that long march. Then for ten years his time was occupied in establishing, training and drilling America's first cavalry units, including the First Dragoons. He constructed Fort Towson, and served as mediator to the Five Civilized Tribes in what is now Oklahoma.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, Kearny was rated as one of the army's most capable officers. His record in that conflict, in spite of officerial jealousies, was outstanding and unique. He accomplished the bloodless conquest of New Mexico, and, arriving in California, collided headlong with Fremont, who, a law unto himself, refused to obey Kearny, his superior officer. Because he forced a court-martial on this popular hero, for insubordination, the baying pack of Fremont admirers have condemned Kearny's every act from that time forth.

It has been Dwight Clarke's great calling to re-light the background of this great American, and re-state the record that all may see. In this he has admirably succeeded. It is a fine, sound, well-written biography; and one that will stand for many years to come. PAUL BAILEY.

THE PLAINSMEN OF THE YELLOWSTONE, by CM Mark H. Brown, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1961. \$7.50.

Like a painter, Mark Brown has spread upon a giant canvas a panorama of the history of the Yellowstone River Basin, a panorama which reaches from the first recorded description of the River, by Trudeau, through La Verendryé to the Parlor Houses of Miles Town. In scope, and in detail, this history of the great tributary of the Missouri surpasses anything this reviewer has read.

Unlike many histories which are said to read like fiction, *The Plainsmen* does not. But it is a very readable history; so readable, in fact, that it is hard to put down, once one has started. Whether he is describing the travels of La Verendryé or the brave but misguided men who followed Fetterman, one sees again the rolling hills and distant mountains of the Basin. One sees the turbid river, straining to reach the mighty Missouri, and one hears again the chuffing of the river boats as they inch their way upstream; and the shouts and shots of men as they go about the daily business of living and finding the means of life in the valley.

The story ranges from Deadwood to the Jefferson and wherever it goes the land, the people, the life are depicted with a clarity unusual in so carefully detailed a volume. Like the Battle of the Alamo, Custer's stand on the Little Big Horn River had no messenger of defeat. A pity for one might have learned much. One knows for certain only that Custer was wiped out, and through it all the mighty pageant of the settlement of the Yellowstone River goes on. According to Brown the settlers from the States did not have the same quarrels with the Indians as in other localities. Whether because of numbers or wisdom the battles were largely between the Hostiles and the Long Knives, or Walk-a-Heaps.

Brown also bemoans, as does this reviewer, the absence of a significant amount of data on the parlor houses of the era. Whether because men are reticent on such matters in their memoirs, or whether there is an unwritten prohibition of mention of the favored places is not known. The fact remains there is no careful history of harlotry in the development of the West and, consequently this very colorful aspect of Western development has been neglected by journalist and historian alike. And the fact that most Western fiction has glorified

(Continued on Next Page)

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

the "white hat" has resulted in a startling lack of stories of "the girls" who followed the Frontier west. Stories of Civil War gallantry on both sides abound. Stories of heroes among the troops, and stories of their red counterparts are found on every hand. But stories of the women who made the Frontier bearable for the men of the first wave of settlement simply do not exist. So it is that while we have a splendid history of the Plainsmen of the Yellowstone and any number of histories of the great trails west we have no similar stories of the parlor house of the prostitute.

From Verendryé to Calamity Jane to Butch Cassidy, Brown tells the story of the Yellowstone, the *Roche Jaune* of French times. Liver-eating Johnson figures here, as does Muggins Taylor. So do the "Virginian" and "Trampas". In his book, Brown has recorded the trials and tribulations as well as the triumphs of many of the characters who make up the *dramatis personae* of the Valley. The hide hunters and railroad builders; the horse thieves and the photographer Hoffman, all pass across Brown's pages. Nelson Story's steers and John Burgess' sheep seem to use the same range in comparative peace much as did the settler and Indian.

Perhaps it was some magic in this vast domain, perhaps it was only as it was meant to be, but except for the famous battles and campaigns of the Blue Coats against the Sioux, there was the same open sky, then as now, the same Empire of Grass, the same rolling hills, and the same winding rivers as are to be found today. And so the mighty Yellowstone rolls on and the descendants of its Plainsmen are there today, strong and virile, although no longer free to roam as they could before barbed wire came to the Yellowstone.

It is not possible to do justice to such a monumental work in a limited space. This reviewer has traveled the Yellowstone, and well remembers its fertile look and thrifty stock. Now with eye half closed he can see the clouds of dust raised by marching columns, the thin blue line of soldiers winding over the hills to the Rosebud and back again, the steamboats on the river, and the winter snows against which man and beast had to fight for life. Mark Brown brings them all back once more, as though one could have been a participant in their struggles.

BEN H. O'CONNOR.

Last Ellsworth Painting Given to Retiring Sheriff

It has been months since Clarence Ellsworth passed from the circle of Los Angeles Westerners, and his custom of presenting each retiring Sheriff of the Corral with one of his matchless oil paintings is something few Westerners will ever forget—leastwise those retiring officers who, in the past, have been lucky enough to have been a recipient of Clarence's artistry.

At the December meeting, a final painting, finished by Clarence Ellsworth just before he died, was presented to retiring Sheriff George Fullerton. The gift was made through the generosity of Iron Eyes Cody.

L. A. Corral Board Meets During Christmas Week

Members of the Los Angeles Corral's retiring and newly nominated Boards of Directors met on December 18th at Sheriff George E. Fullerton's home, to correlate the problems and policies of 1961 with those anticipated for 1962, and to work out a smooth transition.

Recommendations of the retiring board were largely accepted by the nominated one and will be presented to the Corral when the incoming directors are in position to act formally. There are, of course, a number of hold-overs.

Present at the joint meeting were Retiring Sheriff Fullerton, Sheriff-Nominee James Algar, Ex-Sheriffs Henry H. Clifford, Glen Dawson, Paul Galleher and Bert Olson, and ex-officio Directors (retiring or nominated) John H. Kemble, Ben H. O'Connor, Charles N. Rudkin and William L. Wright.

The unusual congestion of Corral affairs just at this time means that about half-a-dozen Westerners devoted three evenings to Corral business during the week before Christmas, occasioning some muttering among their wives.

Unlucky Westerner Warren F. Lewis will report at St. Vincent's Hospital on January 1 for a cataract extraction; his other eye has been less than par for years because of a retinal detachment. Several months ago Warren dislocated a shoulder, which may require surgery. All his friends in the Corral wish him the best of good fortune, and might send him their messages at St. Vincent's Hospital or (later) at his home, 1401 Cedaredge Ave., Los Angeles.

The Western Presses

As interpreters of the regional scene, the Western Presses continue to do a laudatory job. Fine volumes, rich in the lore of the west, of exceptional craftsmanship continue to be issued by these regional houses. Here is a winter sampling of the output:

University of Arizona Press, Tucson, Arizona. *Lord of Beasts, the Saga of Buffalo Jones*, by Robert Easton and Mackenzie Brown. In this story of Jones, the buffalo hunter, is sung the requiem to the great beast that once populated the American plains.

Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. *John Doyle Lee*, by Juanita Brooks. See review elsewhere of this great biography.

Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. *Photo Album of Yesterday's Southwest*, by Charles E. Shelton. These 197 photographs are the selection of Mr. Shelton, publisher of Desert Magazine, out of thousands of historical photographs. Nostalgic, interesting, and important.

The Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif. *Thirty Explosive Years In Los Angeles County*, by John Anson Ford. An exciting biography of an exciting community in an exciting era.

The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas. *The Younger Brothers*, by Carl W. Breihan. Another book-length study of western gunman by CM Carl W. Breihan.

Old West Publishing Co. (Fred Rosenstock), Denver, Colorado. *Indians, Infants and Infantry*, by Merrill J. Mattes. The frontier journal of Andrew and Elizabeth Burt.

Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, Calif. *Photographer of the Southwest*, Adam Clark Vroman, 1856-1916. A rich selection, of high historical value, from the great collection of this tireless photographer of the West. Selected and edited by Beaumont Newhall, director of George Eastman House, and Ruth I. Mahood, curator of history of the Los Angeles County Museum.

Sage Books (Alan Swallow), Denver, Colorado. *Treasure Tales of the Rockies*, by Perry Eberhart. Colorado lost mines and buried treasure. *The Towns of Tintic*, by Beth Kay Harris. The story of that great mining area.

Stagecoach Press, Houston, Texas. *A Campaign from Santa Fe to the Mississippi* (Being a History of the Old Sibley Brigade), by Theo. Noel. 4th Texas Cavalry. A reprint in limited edition of this rare 1865 journal, by a colorful and interesting publisher.

University of Texas Press, Austin, Texas. *Six Thousand Miles of Fence*, by Cordia Sloan Duke and Joe B. Frantz. Life on the great XIT Ranch of Texas.

Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, Calif. *On Desert Trails*, by Randall Henderson. Testament and philosophy of the beloved founder and publisher of Desert Magazine. *Bahia, Ensenada and Its Bay*, by Thaddeus Brenton. Freedom, farce and frustration in Baja California.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows has been elected Noble Grand Humbug of Platrix Chapter E Clampus Vitus for 1962. This is the highest office in this unique historio-social organization. Westerner Sid Patford will serve as the chapter's Grand Noble Recorder.

Auction Is Planned For Book Deficit

Added expenses, not anticipated, has increased the production costs of Brand Book No. 9 to a figure higher than the selling price. In hopes of offsetting this unfavorable position, and to make up the deficit, a special Corral auction is planned for April 1962. Anyone wishing to contribute to the auction show, please send materials to John Kemble, care of Pomona College, Claremont, California.

Books, prints, maps and antiques are desirable. Especially wanted are books written and autographed by members of the Westerners. Water colors and sketches are also very welcome. As a suggestion, John Kemble himself has promised a copy of his *Panama Route*, and will autograph it to the high bidder.

Ex-Sheriffs Glen Dawson and Paul Galleher will officiate as auctioneers. It is imperative that the Publication Fund be replenished without delay. An auction should be a painless and enjoyable way of doing it.

Holiday Authors Party At Dawson's Book Shop

On November 20, Ex-Sheriff Glen Dawson, at Dawson's Book Shop, staged an author's party which drew many famous names and a host of interested patrons to the evening affair at the famous book store. Among Westerner authors present, to be seen and to autograph their books, were: Ed Ainsworth, author of *The California I Love*; Dwight L. Clarke, *Stephen Watts Kearny*; W. W. Robinson, *Lawyers of Los Angeles*, *The Malibu*, *Story of San Fernando Valley*; Earle R. Forrest, *The Snake Dance*; E. I. Edwards, *Lost Oases of the Carrizo* and *The Whipple Report*; and Paul Bailey, author of *Grandpa Was a Polygamist* and *Sam Brannan*.

Other authors present, and their books, were: Ruth I. Mahood, *Adam Clark Vroman*; John E. Bauer, *Christmas on the American Frontier*; Chuck Shelton, *Photo Album of Yesterday's Southwest*; Martha Boaz, *Fervent and Full Gifts*; John Anson Ford, *Thirty Explosive Years*; Robert C. Gillingham, *Rancho San Pedro*; and Mr. and Mrs. Everett G. Hager, *Cumulative Index, Westways*.

Refreshments were served to the many guests present.

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