WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES
CORRAL
&
Headlining Brand
LAW

JUNE 1964 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 69

WALKER PASS

by ARDIS M. WALKER

It would appear that Walker Pass was the first of the passes across the Sierra Nevada Mountains to receive attention from the white man as a subject of exploration. In the Diary of Padre Francisco Garces there is an entry dated May 10, 1776 in which he stated, "I urged upon the Jamajabs that they should return with me to the San Felipe in order to follow up river to the Chemebet Quajali, but this they refused to do . . . . Although this project was unsuccessful, I accomplished the return journey by a different route." (Elliott Coues, Ed., On The Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, N.Y. 1900). Only a few days previously, on May 1, 1776, Garces had discovered the Kern River which he named Rio de San Felipe. As an object of his historic fifth entrada, he had entered the San Joaquin Valley by way of the Tejon in search of a shorter, more northern route from the state of Sonora of New Spain to Monterey than the one he had traced in his previous explorations; the one which the Anza Expedition had used by way of San Gabriel. His search would have resulted in discovery of Walker Pass had he been able to persuade his Jamajabs (Mojave Indians) to accompany him through the region which seemed to open up at the mouth of the Kern River Canyon.

Spanish desire to strengthen the fledgeling missions of Upper California and use them as buffers against possible English or Russian incursions from the north had sent Garces on his lonely entrada. Though there were souls for this pius man to save, it is doubtful that he would have set foot on the slopes of the Sierras had he not been the instrument of a nation's will to surge toward the Pacific. Through the eyes of a seer he looked with yearning along the rugged course of Kern River toward that pass through the Sierras which the Indians said led to the Chimibet Quajala. (A region east of the Sierra). Before turning back from his entrada, he had added materially to Spain's geographical knowledge of California and the Southwest. Also, he laid foundation for strengthening a legend — the legend of the Rio Buenaventura which was supposed to cut through to the Pacific from headwaters in the basin of the Great Salt Lake.

Soon another danger to Spanish outposts appeared. Young and lusty, the United States experienced an urge toward the west which was to ring through the halls of congress as "Manifest Destiny." With the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, Thomas Jefferson recast the boundaries of his nation to include most of the Mississippi basin west of the river. He then dispatched the Lewis and Clark Expedition (1804-1806) to explore the waters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers to the Pacific. In 1805 Zebulon M. Pike was sent to seek the headwaters of the Mississippi. A year later Pike started on another expedition which led him to Mexico as a prisoner of Spain. In bringing an armed force into Spanish territory, his intentions had been questioned. Whatever his intentions, he managed to secrete in the rifle barrels of his men notes of interest to the leaders of an expanding young nation. These, together with his own acute observations, no doubt awakened first interest in the possibilities of lucrative trade with Santa Fe.

Although the expeditions of Lewis and Clark and of Pike had fanned out to cover deep penetrations to the northwest and southwest of St. Louis, it would appear that there was yet to be explored for future reference a sizeable slice of continent between these two penetrations. It was from this region the fabled Rio Buenaventura was supposed to flow to the Pacific. This river, too, shaped the dreams of those who envisioned the Santa Fe trade. Manifest Destiny knew no bounds west of the Mississippi.

By 1821 Joseph R. Walker had ventured to

(Continued on page 3)

THE BRANDING IRON
OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS
Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

OFFICERS — 1964

CHARLES N. RUDKIN . . *Honorary Sheriff*
1490 Lorain Road, San Marino, Calif.
HARVEY S. JOHNSON . . . . *Sheriff*
1401 So. Hope Street, Los Angeles, Calif.
ERVIN STRONG . . . . *Deputy Sheriff*
228 Navilla Place, Covina, Calif.
AUGUST SCHATRA . . *Registrar of Marks & Brands*
2090 Los Robles Ave., San Marino, Calif.
LORING CAMPBELL . . *Asst. Registrar of Marks & Brands*
232 South 6th Ave., Burbank, Calif.
SID PLATFORD . . . *Roundup Foreman*
152 West Duarte Road, Arcadia, Calif.
E. I. EDWARDS . . *Asst. Roundup Foreman*
515 Fairview Ave., Arcadia, Calif.
BERT H. OLSON . . *Keeper of the Chips*
619 No. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
RUSS LEADEBRAND . *Editor of the Brand Book*
1505 Topeka Street, Pasadena, Calif.
EARLE R. FORREST . . . *Representative*
305 Oak Street, San Marino, Calif.
LONNIE HULL . . *Daguerreotype Wrangler*
1016 No. Orlando Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
CARROLL FRISWOLD . . . . *Librarian*
519 W. Altadena Drive, Altadena, Calif.
IRON EYES CODY . *Chief of Smoke Signals*
2013 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
BEN H. O'CONNOR, EVERETT HAGER, ERNEST M. HOVARD ..... *Wranglers*

Address for Exchanges and Material Submitted for Publication:
The Roundup Foreman
SID PLATFORD
152 W. Duarte Road, Arcadia, Calif.

THE BRANDING IRON plans to publish more original articles, up to 3,000 words in length, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions are solicited from active members, CM's, and friends.

CORRAL CHIPS...

CONGRATULATIONS . . .

To — Carl S. Dentzel, director of the Southwest Museum on being presented a Doctor of Humanities degree by Occiental College.

To — John Upton Terrell, who received the Rupert Hughes award for his "Furs by Astor" at the Los Angeles Authors Club.

To — Dudley Gordon for being awarded the Golden Apple as the most popular tutor in the State of California.

The success of Paul Bailey and his book "For Time and All Eternity" has gone to his waistline, he is getting quite corpulent on the autographing Creamed Chicken Circuit.

The Stockton Corral of Westerners has just issued their first Brand Book "The Far Westernrs" consisting of all their quarterlies from 1960 to 1963 inclusive in a beautiful binding, $12.50. It should be on every Californiana Collectors shelf.

Stuart H. Lake, perpetrator of the "Wyatt Earp" myth, died at the age of 74 in San Diego on January 27th, 1964.

No. 1, Vol. 1 of "The American West", the quarterly magazine of The Western History Association has appeared and our own Ray A. Billington provides the introductory preface, stating—"the magazine is designed to serve as a meeting ground for all persons interested in the North American West" it is edited by A. R. Mortensen of the University of Utah with an imposing staff of educators on his editorial board.

Lonnie Hull, our Daguerreotype Wrangler is a Great Grandfather.

Included in the 10 Best Western Books of 1963 as voted by the Chicago Corral are:

First White Women Over the Rockies - Clifford M. Drury, pub. by Arthur H. Clark Co.

Nevada's Turbulent Yesterday - Don Ashbaugh, pub. by Westernlore Press.

CORRAL MEETINGS...

Our March 19th meeting was held at Roger Young Auditorium. Dr. Harvey Johnson in the saddle. Speaker of the evening was Eddie Edwards who intrigued the audience with "The Mystery of the Abandoned Stake Line" to which our old Paisano Burp Belden added some interesting comments.

The April 16th meeting was held at Roger Young Auditorium, Dr. Harvey Johnson in the saddle, and the speaker of the evening was Ex-sheriff Paul Bailey who presented his talk which made such a hit at the Conference of the Western History Association at Salt Lake last October: "A Westerner Looks at Western History." An enjoyable discussion followed his talk.

May 19th meeting was held at Taix Cafe with Dr. Harvey Johnson in the saddle. The speaker of the evening was George Koenig, who presented an illustrated tour of The Manly Party through Death Valley. George is determined to establish the exact route eventually.

WALKER PASS

(Continued from page 1)

Santa Fe with William Becknell as a participant in the launching of the new trade. Trading was good, so Walker returned for more goods cached on the Arkansas River. On his return from the Arkansas, he rode upon his brother, Joel, who, with Stephen Cooper, led another contingent of traders to Santa Fe. (Joel P. Walker, "A Pioneer of Pioneers," L.A. 1953). By 1825 this new trade had received national prominence. On January 3 of that year, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, the accepted voice of Manifest Destiny, spoke in favor of a road from the frontier of Missouri to the boundary of Mexico.

In his speech Benton quoted a statement received from Augustus Storrs, "one of a caravan of eighty persons, one hundred and fifty-six horses; and twenty-three wagons and carriages, which had made the expedition from Missouri to Santa Fe in the months of May and June last."

"Some proceeded down the river to the Passo del Norte; some to Sonora and Sonotoa [sic] on the Gulf of California; and some, seeking new lines of communication with the Pacific, had undertaken to descend the western slopes of our continent through the unexplored regions of the Multnomah and Buenaventure." ("The Road to Santa Fee" Ed. by Kate L. Gregg, Albuquerque, 1952.) Thus, a half-century after Francisco Garces had turned back from the mouth of a river that seemed to cut through the Sierras from the east, other fore runners of empire were giving credence to such river. Such a river just had to exist to meet their need for westward expansion. This was a necessary part of the vision of those who dreamed in terms of Manifest Destiny.

It was obvious that further exploration of an unknown slice of continent was necessary in order to fix for all time this Rio Buenaventure which had achieved but a tenuous place in the work of makers of maps of the West. True, the last Pike expedition had brought with it official embarrassment when thought of future conquest had not been well concealed. It is not surprising then, that the United States Army granted Lt. B. L. E. Bonneville a leave of absence to enter the fur trade of the far west. Nor is it surprising that Bonneville should have chosen Walker, who had trapped and traded west of the Missouri for twelve years, as his guide and associate. Whether in the interest of trading and trapping or of Manifest Destiny, Walker was the man.

Perhaps with Bonneville, as with Pike, there were ill-concealed intentions. It would appear that Bonneville did his awkward best to inform the world in accordance with official desires. The story he gave to Washington Irving certainly played up the abortive and ineffectual trapping and trading activities of his company while it condemned as wasteful and unauthorized the magnificent exploring expedition of 1853-54 led by Joseph Walker. Yet on that expedition Walker had answered a question of national concern by laying to rest the legend of the Rio Buenaventure as well as any other river which anyone might have thought of as cutting through the granite walls of the Sierra Nevada from the region of the Great Salt Lake Basin. He discovered many other interesting things including Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees. By no means the least of his discoveries was the northern-most snow-free pass across the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Like Father Garces, Walker was told of the pass by Indians living near the deep-cut mouth of Kern River where it flowed out of the Sierra onto the plain of the San Joaquin Valley. His discovery could have been made by Jedediah Smith in 1827 or by Peter Skene Ogden in 1829-30 had these men not circled so widely to the east of the Sierras on their earlier expeditions. As it was they by-passed the unexplored region which held an imagined water course for a legendary river and a real gateway to the Pacific.

It is safe to assume that Walker's discoveries filled in much of the missing data needed for producing maps of the country west of the Rockies. Washington Irving in 1836 published his work, "Astoria, or anecdotes of enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains." He also published an accompanying map. Carl I. Wheat in his "Mapping the American West, 1540-1857" (Worcester, Mass. 1954) calls this map "another of the milestones of western cartography." He adds, "Doubtless Irving picked up his information from Captain Bonneville."

He could have added further, "Doubtless Bonneville picked up his information from Walker."

In discussing the maps which accompanied Irving's "The Rocky Mountains; or, Scenes, Incidents and Adventures in the Far West" (Wagner-Camp 67) Mr. Wheat added, "Two important maps accompanied this work. The first dealt with the sources of the great rivers and with "Lake Bonneville" and was by far the best map of the fur trade territory that had been published up to its date. The second dealt wih the country west of the Rockies and is another excellent map. Bonneville later wrote to Warren indicating that he had been the author of these two maps, and Warren remarked that the maps were 'the first to correctly represent the hydrography of this region west of the Rocky Mountains'." Had Bonne-

. . . *Page Three*

ville been perfectly frank with Warren, he would have admitted that he had obtained the basic information for his maps from the discoveries of Walker's beforesaid "wasteful and unauthorized" exploring expedition.

As guide of empire, Walker was first to use the pass of his discovery. He led the major portion of the Chiles party over it in 1843. At Fort Hall Joseph B. Chiles led a small detachment northward to Fort Boise, thence across the Sierras to Sutter's Fort. Walker led the main body to the Humboldt River, then down it to the sink of the Humboldt. At that poin they turned souh past Walker Lake and through Owens Valley to the vicinity of Owens Lake. There they decided the rigors of the course ahead were too much for wagons and heavy freight. The heavy mill machinery they had freighted all the way they buried in the sands of the southern extremity of Owens Valley. Unhitching their wagons, they breasted Walker Pass carrying their friengh of empire on the backs of horses and oxen.

On November 24, 1845 Walker again led a company south from Walker Lake. By now the forces of Manifest Destiny were showing their bright and shining teeth. This time as guide to the main body of the Third Fremont Expedition Walker advanced across his pass with a military looking scientific corps and camped at the forks of the Kern River. Here he was to await the coming of Fremont to their appointed rendezvous. But Fremont, after crossing the Sierras to Sutter's Fort, had spent tedious days searching for Walker in the upper reaches of the wrong river, the Kings. Finally pulling stakes, Walker moved out of Kern Canyon and up the San Joaquin Valley to join forces with his commander.

The events which ensued tend to reveal military reconnaissance as the thinly veiled purpose of Fremont's third expedition. The Mexican War had been in the making. And Fremont was there to make his stand on Gavilan Peak, to issue commands in connection with the Bear Flag incident at Sonoma and to turn his scientific expedition into a military machine in the course of the wartime activities which followed. Thus the pass searched out by Walker in 1834 for an army lieutenant on leave became the point of access of an army of conquest which was to follow.

With Mexico humbled and California acquired as a trophy of victory, the stage was set for the real manifestation of that destiny preached for so long and loudly across the land. Even before the golden sands of the Sierras had given up their secret to James Marshall, Walker's old trace across the Sierras had become a course of empire.

People from the states, unable to await an official conquest, had formed long wagon trains and headed them for Oregon and California. Members of the Donner Party of 1846 had tasted the bitterness of starvation and death and worse than death in their struggle against winter storms of the Sierras. Their surviving remnants had pursued to an appointed end their desire to set up homes in the new land of California.

Under the spell of the gold rush of 1849 fortune hunters from all the world converged on California to accelerate mightily an already sturdy migration toward the west. By ships from the seven seas, by conestoga wagon and push cart, on mule back and on horse back and on foot they came. Some of those who did not come by way of Walker's old trace down the Humboldt arrived by way of his pass across the southern Sierra Nevada. And legends had grown in the wake of his wanderings. One of these legends passed the length of a long train of covered wagons. This train was headed for the gold fields by way of the old Spanish Trail under guidance of Captain Jefferson Hunt. A Captain Smith produced a way bill urging a route more directly west by way of Walker Pass and the San Joaquin Valley to the mines. Captain Smith demonstrated the strength of his faith in the new route by vowing to die with his face toward the west rather than to verge from the direct course toward the setting sun pictured so authoritatively on his map. The Reverend J. W. Brier, who had never been there either, expounded eloquently on the new proposal. In the end, against the advice of Captain Hunt, more than a hundred wagons turned directly west away from the Spanish Trail. The people of these wagons were a bit greedy; and they were headed for gold. But, in the end again and in spite of their haste, most of these wagons turned back to follow Captain Hunt when desert wastes to the west proved rougher and more arid than pictured on the way-bill. The redoubtable Captain Smith led an enthusiastic retreat.

The drivers of twenty-seven wagons were of more enduring, or stubborn, faith. These continued the stumble westwardly across dead mountains and dry wasters. On this trek was William Lewis Manly who survived entrappment in Death Valley to create from his adventures an odyssey of the gold rush. His is the classic story of those who trudged the desert miles toward San Fernando or Walker Pass. Most of them lived; but many of them died.

Of those who escaped by way of the pass, Pinney and Savage fled the threat of cannibalism in their party of eleven. In after years, and in their wake, nine skeletons were reported huddled behind a breastwork of desert

Page Four . . .

brush. The Bug Smasher party from Georgia made it over the pass. They were reported to have been massacred, all but two, at the Chowchilla River in the Valley of Tulares. The Mississippi Boys followed Walker's trail over the pass to the golden gulches of the Mother Lode. Thus, fully half of the Death Valley Forty-niners beat a trail to death or destiny around this southern tip of the Sierra Nevada.

One of these forty-niners took with him a bit of native metal picked up along the torturous trail to replace a lost gun sight. It is said that a gunsmith of the Mother Lode who fitted it on the gun barrel pronounced it pure silver. Promptly, the disillusioned of the gold seekers poured in a never-ending stream back over the pass in search of a Lost Gunsight Mine. Dr. Darwin E. French had made an unsuccessful search as early as 1850. On April 11, 1860 he was still interested. On this date he led the "Butte Mining and Exploring Company" over the pass, their "paramount object being the rediscovery of a mine of native silver said to have been found—in the year 1849, by a company of lost immigrants." (Weekly Butte Record, Oroville, July 21, 1860.)

Dr. S. G. George followed with another party of prospectors on the heels of the French expedition. Dr. George, too, was interested in the Lost Gunsight Mine. Returning to the pass after a fruitless excursion, his party came upon two starved and staggering figures. These were Manly and his friend, Charles Alvord, returning, too, from a vain search for the fabled mine of silver. Manly and Alvord were to recross the pass from Visalia in 1861 with wagon and team and better equipment to look once more, and vainly, for the mine. Thus was the pattern set. Walker Pass was to become another type of gateway, a gateway to phantom treasures and lost mines.

But the symbol of the silver gunsight set a physical pattern, too. The mines of Coso and Bodie and the Panamints, taking root in the footsteps of prospectors, lured a meandering thread of commerce over the pass. Concord stages rocked over the range from Visalia by way of Whiskey Flat. Freight wagons moved in their palls of dust.

In 1861 the Boundary Survey Party of that year, with jaded horses and mules and three unwearied camels, pushed over the pass to Visalia early in April.

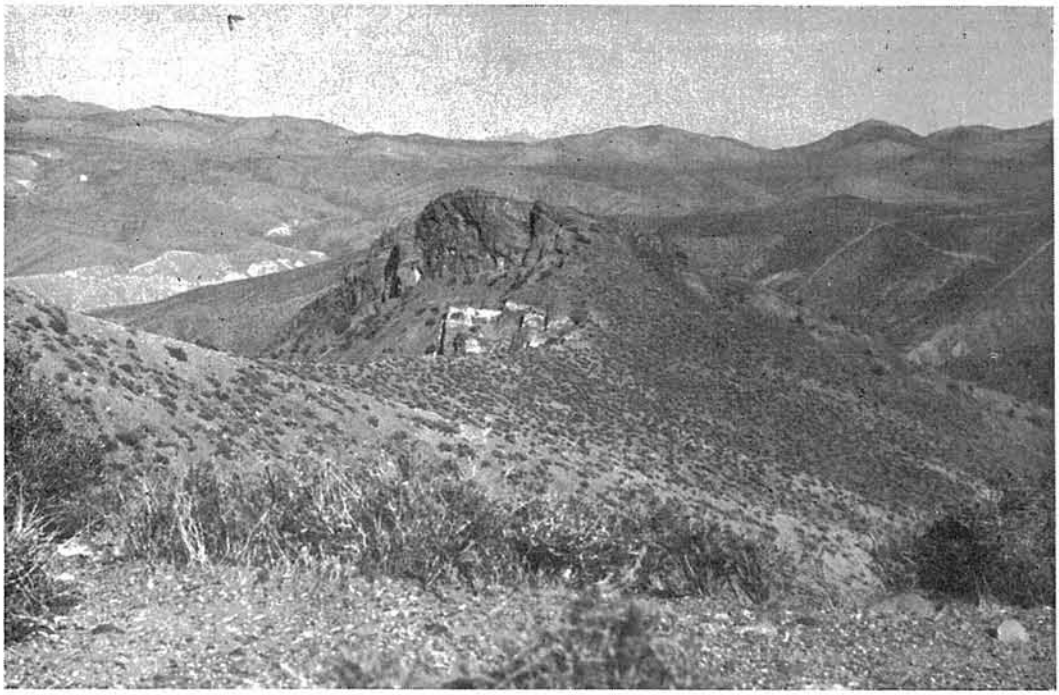
Also in 1861, Joseph Walker returned to Kern River. At the mining camp of Keysville he organized his last exploring expedition. After more than 40 years of strenuous pathfinding, it would seem that he remembered a frontier which had been by-passed in his country's surge to the Pacific. He led his companions from Keysville over the pass he had discovered more than a quarter of a century before. Through Death Valley they went, and on to the Colorado and into the country of the Navajos. From the state of Colorado they doubled back through New Mexico to the Future state of Arizona where they discovered the mines of Prescott and laid foundations for a new commonwealth.

In April of 1863 Captain Moses McLaughlin proudly led his men of Companies D and E of the Second Cavalry California Volunteers over Walker Pass after having tarried to slaughter 35 men of the Tubatulabal Indian tribe at Whiskey Flat. Later he proudly herded hundreds of Owens River Indians like cattle over the pass to the Tejon Indian Reservation. ("Judas of the Kern" by Ardis Walker, Westways, March, 1958). Tubercio Vasquez, another man to whom history accords no good repute, swooped down from the pass to rob Coyote Hole stage station and the stages and freight teams that coursed the dusty expanse between Bodie and Los Angeles.

Now the old trace across the pass has merged into a surface of graded asphalt. Over it move shining cars pulling streamlined boats and trailers. A new migration is on. Fun-seekers and fishermen from metropolitan Southern California now give the pass its greatest use, spending leisure hours of recreation on the river and lake behind Isabella Dam. Kern River now flows out of its gateway at the edge of the San Joaquin plain properly harnessed against flood by the new dam.

Not far from this gateway, in the city of Bakersfield, a group of citizens meet from time to time. They call themselves "The Cross-country Highway Association." They plan a new highway of the future to strike due west from a junction in Kingman, Arizona across Walker's Pass to the coast of the Pacific. From where they sit they can look to the dry foothills of the South Sierras where Francisco Garces first learned of a route of empire which followed up his Rio de San Felipe to a region beyond the Sierras which the Indians called Chimibet Quajali. These hills on which they gaze also screen a forgotten Indian village where Joseph Reddeford Walker secured guides who led him over the pass of his discovery. The gateway that opened to the magic phrase, "Manifest Destiny."

. . . *Page Five*



Zeroing In On The Gunsight

by GEORGE KOENIG

Editor's Note: *When we asked Westerner George Koenig — atuhority on the Death Valley area — for a quick piece on the Lost Gunsight, he responded immediately with this excellent article.*

As any armchair adventurer will tell us, the "Lost Gunsight" silver, legendarily discovered by the Death Valley 49ers, lies "somewhere in the Panamints." Mindful of the scope of that geologically tormented land, it is little wonder the Gunsight has remained lost for a century and more.

But, sparing readers the awesome array and argumentative details involved, the old 49er accounts turn up some intriguing possibilities.

According to Jayhawker John Colton, his contingent caught up with the "Georgians" high in the Panamints on the *second* morning, about 3 A.M.

"The Georgia boys were old silver miners," he wrote, and "told us upon our arrival in camp that there was immense wealth of silver in sight where we camped. One of the boys showed me a chunk of black rock he held in his hands and told me it was half silver . . . that there was all the wealth in sight we could ask."

Purportedly it was from this silver sample that one of the men fashioned a makeshift gunsight, giving name to the silvery treasure that has been sought for over a hundred years.

But not only was the site of the *silver* find lost, but there is lost *gold* as well! For at this camp the Jayhawkers ligtened their burden by wrapping several thousand dollars of gold coin in a blanket and burying it under a greasewood bush.

According to Colton, it was $5,000. Another source says it was $6,000, and that it belonged to Tom Shannon. Still another tallies it as about $2,500 that various members dumped into the blanket.

Whatever the amount, it would now be worth a minimum of twice the face value because of the increased price of gold, not to mention the numismatic values over which collectors would drool.

Unfortunately, two days distance from Death Valley can be a lot of places. But for direction one can start with the Jayhawkers sighting, from the Death Valley camp, snow-filled crevices protected from the sun, on a high peak. This indicates the east, or sheltered side, of one of the Panamint ridges.

They had also headed "west" from the Death Valley camp. but ironically, and unknown to them, the sun set in the *southwest* at that time of year, turning their sun-directed "west" into "southwest." Too, the snow seemed "within a distance of 10 miles" which, even with the desert's deceptive clarity, at least eliminates distant peaks.

But this much seems sure—that the gold and silver lie together, in the highlands between Death Valley and Panamint Valley. For Mecum also notes that "we burned our wagons and packed our cattle . . . to Silver Mountain" and that the gold was "buried at Silver Mountain, and not where we burned our wagons."

Popularly, the emigrants exited via present day Towne Pass. But this "ain't necessarily so"; for Lt. Wheeler's 1871-5 maps show Towne Pass as *south,* not north, of Pinto Peak.

Putting the pieces together points to the Jayhawkers following the winding washes and skirting the deep gullies up the steep sides of Tucki Mountain. With the poor condition of the men and their few slow-moving oxen, they apparently struggled up the steep slopes and into camp not far from the future site of Skiddo.

Intrigueingly, although they melted snow for water, one of the Brier accounts notes the camp had a small spring and some grass.

Was this Emigrant or Jayhawker Spring? Possibly. But between Skiddo and a route south of Pinto Peak are a series of six small seeps including Greer and Burro Springs—at the head of the easy grade and short scouting reach of the famed 1849 inscription in Jayhawker Canyon, just above the silver-like Antimony mines near the old Stibnite-Antimony mill in Wildrose Canyon.

Now, treasure hunters, since you have been zeroed in, all that remains is to get out your maps, sharpen your pencils and don your hiking boots. And don't forget a stout sack for the gold and silver of the 49ers that lies buried at an old camp site where snow can lie sheltered from the sun, near a small grassy spring, two day's distance from Death Valley and just before descending into Panamint Valley.

Somewhere between the upper end of Harrisburg Flat and the series of small springs near Pinto Peak, look for an ancient mesquite bush. There, buried or shifted by cloudbursts, may still be found the Gunsight silver and the Jayhawkers gold.

Close at hand, and perhaps to spur you on, or at least to serve as a consolation, you will find severatl varying-sized boulders carved with petroglyphs and inscriptions dating back for several decades. Among these is the "WBR 1849" of William B. Rood, Jayhawker, witness to the Gunsight silver and the burial of gold that was not worth its weight to carry on the tragic trek out of "The Valley Whose Name Is Death*!"

---

*Snitched from Westerner E. I. Edwards' classic of that name.

Alan Le May

Vaya con Dios

Word has just been received as we are going to press that our old Compañero Alan LeMay had passed away. Alan seldom missed an L. A. Corral Meeting and will be sorely missed. He was born June 3rd, 1899 and served as 2nd Lieutenant Infantry U.S. Army 1918, and as 1st Lieutenant F. A. Illinois National Guard, 1923-24. A member of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences, Phi Gamma Delta, author since 1927, his recent screen plays are "Along Came Jones," "San Antonio," "Cheyenne," "Gun Fighters," "Tap Roots," "The Walking Hills," "Rocky Mountain," "Jeannie," "Blackbeard," "Flight Nurse," "The Searchers," "The Unforgiven," "By Dim and Flaring Lamp." He was also a writer and producer—"The Sundowner," "Quebec," "High Lonesome," — also a contributor of serials, short stories, articles to *Colliers, Cosmopolitan* and *Saturday Evening Post.*

Bob-Tails . . .

BOB ROBERTSON

[My grandfather] Samuel Volturner Tripp learned the bricqlayer's trade before he left Ohio to go to California in 1850. He built brick houses and stores in Shasta City, Sacramento, San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

Some of the brick buildings on Aliso Street in Los Angeles, which were torn down to make room for the Union Station, were erected by Tripp when that part of el Pueblo was the horse-and-mule and cariage-and-wagon market.

★ ★ ★

[My uncle] Shasta Tripp (eldest son of Samuel V. Tripp) was left by his father to hold a "squat" in Vallecitos (now Rainbow) in San Diego County until the land could be surveyed and a formal claim could be filed. Possession and occupation were necessary to hold land until such claim could be made.

Shasta was then just a boy but he managed the home, since his mother had died, when his father was working away from home.

A neighbor coveted the land on which the Tripps had "squatted" and, during the absence of the father, made a deal with Shasta to trade the land for—of all things—a shotgun!

When Sam Tripp came home, the neighbor had possession of the land—nine points of law in his favor under a squatters' rights—, Shasta had a shotgun, and the Tripps had to look for a new squat. It would probably take more than a machine gun to chisel someone out of a small piece of the same land today.

★ ★ ★

Shasta (Uncle Dick) Tripp caped one summer at Little Bear Lake (now Arrowhead) in the San Bernardino Mountains where he herded horses and cattle on summer pasture. His main chore was to keep the gentle stock from straying away with the wild cattle and horses that ran in the mountains at that time.

One day he heard 'a hell of a commotion" and slipped through the brush to see what was making all the uproar. In a small clearing he saw a black Spanish bull and a grizzly bear fighting a horn-and-claw duel, "each one trying to out-beller the other."

The bull managed to evade the sledge-hammer slaps, which could have smashed his skull like a peanut shell, until he got a horn in under the bear's ribs and ripped the vitals out of *el oso*. The bull "hooked and tromped" the carcass until he thought it satisfactorily dead and then staggered off into the brush.

Uncle Dick said that fight was a draw as he found the bull dead a few days later. He said, "That bear didn't leave enough good hide on the *toro* to make a set of saddle strings."

(D.M.: Uncle Dick and a pardner killed another grizzly at Big Bear with a muzzle-loading rifle and a Remington cap-and-ball six-shooter. But I'll have to refresh my recollection of that incident before I can give you details. B.R.)

★ ★ ★

In ranch veterinary, the term "proud" or "pride" is applied to the epididymis, the coiled portion of the male gonad attached to the spermatic cord.

If castration of a colt is not properly done and the proud, or a portion of it, remains attached to the cord, the castrated colt may retain the aggressiveness of a stallion and be a nuisance by trying to mount mares and by figthing other horses.

Such a colt is said to be "cut proud" or "proud-cut' in the Anglo vernacular and *aperillado* in *ranchero* lingo. In *ranchero* terms, if the *perilla*—the pride—is cleanly removed, the castrated *potro* is said to be *desperillado.*

★ ★ ★

Homer Clark said he and his partner were baching in camp one time when their work gave them little time to keep the camp tidy.

Homer's dad dropped in on the boys one night when they were cooking a late supper by the light of a very smutty lantern.

The old man looked at the smoky light and remarked, "By God, if you had two lanterns like that, you'd be in total darkness."

★ ★ ★

As a dudism, "Frontier" is now applied to the Colt Single-Action Army six-shooter of whatever caliber.

Originally, "Frontier Six-Shooter" was the name given a pistol bored for the .44 Winchester Central Fire (.44 W.C.F.) cartridge, the "frontier ca'tridge" introduced by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company in its Model 1873 repeating rifle.

The Colt Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company adapted its single-action army model of 1873 to the new frontier cartridge in the 1870's and, in the early 1880's, that company included the Winchester rifle cartridge in the list of calibers for a double-action army and frontier model. In the middle 1890's, the Colt company introduced its Bisley Model which was also made in .44 W.C.F.-caliber—and other calibers, too, of course. All those Colt models in that caliber (.44 W.C.F.) had barrels stamped, "Colt Frontier Six-Shooter."

Besides the Colt models, Remington, Smith and Wesson and Merwin and Hulbert brought out competitive types of frontier (.44 W.C.F.-

caliber) six-shooters in single- and double-action, pocket and holster models.

The "Mexican" holster, the most popular type in the West a half-entury and more ago, was a one-piece pattern in which the pocket part was passed through slits cut in the back flap which was folded over to form the loop for the cartridge belt.

★ ★ ★

Oliver Winchester's name did not become prominent in the gun world until after his company produced the Model 1873 Winchester rifle and its improved cartridge, the .44 Winchester Central Fire (.44 W.C.F.). The 1873 model was the first repeater to use center-fire ammunition.

The Model 1866 Winchester rifle continued to be called a "Henry" after its prototype, named for its inventor, Tyler Henry. (The "H" stamped on the basses of Winchester rim-fire cartridges, pays honor to the inventor, Henry.)

★ ★ ★

Shooting out the lights in modern saloons and casinos would call for some target practice and good marksmanship where the bright lights are small incandescent bulbs and slim neon tubes.

The playful trick of "shooting out" the lights, in the days when the "bright lights" were coal-oil lamps and lanterns, was much simpler since it was not necessary that the bullet hit the light fixture. Concussion from even a fairly small pistol load will snuff out a kerosene light at a distance of several feet. Heavy .44 and .45 blackpowder loads will "shoot out" the lights at a greater distance in a closed room.

★ ★ ★

The old black-powder system of naming cartridges was seldom an accurate key to a load's exact dimensions. For example, the .38-40, by actual calibration and powder measure, is a .40-38 (.40 inch, caliber; 38 grains powder).

SNAKE DANCE TRIP

This is a story of a trip I took with my sons, Iron Eyes, Jr. and Little Eagle Cody, with Tom Humphrey, a Hopi friend for more than 25 years. We drove al around Hopi land for a week visiting old friends. Some of them said Earl Forrest visited them, but we mised him until we were at the Mishongnovi village where the snake dance took place. I made a couple of pictures here.

When we went down the hill Earl Forrest also made a picture looking up where the Snake Dance took place. Some of the Hopis started to yell, "Don't take that picture," but it was too late, he had already taken it. Suddenly the Hopis surrounded him to get his camera. It was quite a scene, from where I was standing. All I could see was Earl with his hands high in the air, holding his camera, and talking to them. The Hopis told me to keep out of it, that they would settle it by taking his film from the camera, which an official did, and gave him back his camera, minus the film. After the snake dance we visited around the villages and we remarked that we didn't think it wrong to take pictures after the dance. They said he was a friend of the Hopi and they wouldn't hold it against him, and they laughed about it. I am sure he will go back again next year with us. Maybe I can get permission for him to take pictures, like I did.

Sincerely,
IRON EYES CODY

Fashions on the Plains

In 1838, Father De Smet, the famed Jesuit explorer and missionary to the Indians, was stationed near the Council Bluffs on the Missouri River. In a letter to a friend he described a Pawnee princess, whom he saw at a trading post in Bellevue. Her name was Pack-Up-And-Get, and she was a daughter of Big Axe. He wrote of her:

"Mademoiselle wore for coiffure, when she made her appearance in the great council lodge, the principal feather of the righ wing of a female goose and a *bandeau* of blue beads interlaced with small cords. Her skirt of crimson curtain cloth was fastened at the neck with a deer's foot and pizzle, and adorned with seven silver spangles . . . The draperies of this garment descended gracefully to the loins, covering her blue petticoat, which hung to her knees. Her leggins or gaiters were decorated with figures, worked in porcupine quills and embroidered with sky-blue silk. A blue-red blanket was thrown negligently over the princess' shoulders.

"Her Royal Grandeur's moccasins were adorned with little beads of assorted colors, ingeniously worked in the form of toads (*crapeaux*). She had employed a great profusion of vermillion to add to the natural pink of her complexion, while Spanish brown and Venetian red had been mingled to paint her hair where it was parted in front. This long growth, the princess' natural ornament, did not cover her shoulders, but it was plaited and tied together on the back of her head, as to

. . . *Page Nine*

display a read and positive phrenological bump.

"The princess had been prodigal in her toilet of that perfume so much admired by the Indians, the essence of the skunk, the odor of which is unsupportable to civilized noses, and which announced her approach to the assembly, even before her form appeared . . .

"A black and blue spot above the left eyebrow, which the princess had received from the mule of her father, as she was attaching a bundle on his back, appeared to render her countenance the more interesting."

From BLACK ROBE, by *John Upton Terrell,* to be published by Doubleday this fall.

Lummis on Cowboys . . .

While hiking across the continent in late 1884 Charlie Lummis wrote from Denver to a Chillicothe, Ohio newspaper: "Many kind friends have written me, expressing doleful fears that I will be eaten up by cowboys. They need not be alarmed. These cowboys are among my most hospitable friends, and do their utmost to make my trip enjoyable. Their kindness is rough, but it is honest and earnest, and perhaps not so much less welcome than the salvy, hypocritical show of friendship supposed by society to be proper measure for all alike. When these rough, profane, muscular fellows of the plains, as ready with the trigger as with the tongue, like a man, he knows it directly, and can rely on it. If they don't like him, he will know htat, too, without the aid of a diagram. Well, if a man has any trouble with such people, it is his own fault. Let him leave off his sirs and frills, kep his nose from tilting upward, mind his own business, take a rough joke in good part and yet let no one bully him; let him know how to mingle with these men as one of them, still preserving his self-respect, and my word for it, he will be as squarely treated as ever he was in his life anywhere. If a lot of people who think no dirt of themselves were half as white at heart as these despised cowboys, this world would have a healthier atmosphere."

—Submitted by The Golden Apple Kid

Bienvenido New Members

Elected to regular membership: Dr. Ray A. Billington of the Huntington Library; John (Sky) Dunlap; George H. Koenig; D. E. Vance; Robert G. Cowan; and as C. Ms., James Layne, son of our old Companero Gregg Layne of local historical fame, and Wes Simard, Sheriff of the Stockton Corral.

From the Mailbag . . .

7440 Alexander Court
Fair Oaks, California 95628
March 27, 1964

Mr. Sid Platford
152 West Duarte Road
Arcadia, California

Dear Sid:

I enjoyed reading Art Woodward's review of Dornbusch's bibliography of Charles King's works, but I'm afraid the old boy is slipping.

If he will refer to the Chicago Westerner's Brank Book for March, 1952 he will find that Don Russell did a bibliography of King books, and his book-length novels in periodicals — especially Lippincott's.

And speaking of inscribed editions, I have three in my library. In my copy of *The Colonel's Daughter or Winning His Spurs,* the author says:

> "A Story begun withoua an idea of plot—written hap-hazard from month to month as the United Service Magazine happened to need 'copy' and yet—it seems the most popular of the lot—probably because scenes and characters were novel—if the story was not."

This inscription is dated June 15, 1898 at San Francisco.

The second is *A Conquering Corps Badge and Other Stories,* and is inscribed to General (Oscar Fitzaland) and Mrs. Long, "The Armstrongs" of old. This inscription is dated December, 1902.

The third inscription is in *Marion's Faith* and reads as follows:

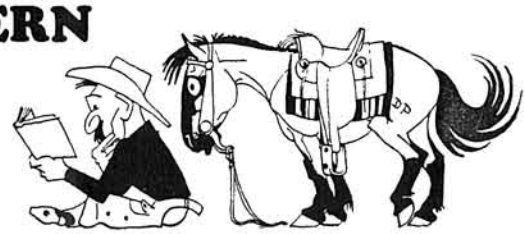
"A sequel *I* thought the equal of *The Colonel's Daughter* — but the public didn't." This inscription is also dated June 15, 1898, at San Francisco.

Thought you'd like to have these bits of "Kingiana" to add to those Art mentioned in his review.

Sincerely,
MICHAEL HARRISON

Wanna bet that if you run this in THE BRANDING IRON, *that you'll get a rise out of Arturo and the reference to "the old boy slipping."*

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .



A GUIDEBOOK TO THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA, INCLUDING LAKE ARROWHEAD AND BIG BEAR. By Russ Leadabrand. Los Anegles. The Ward Ritchie Press. 1964. 118 pp.

Companion to his A GUIDEBOOK TO THE SAN GABRIEL MOUNTAINS, both in format and arrangement of material, the new Leadabrand book opens a vast scenic wonderland to the knowledge and enjoyment of its readers. The scope of its coverage includes—among other equally fascinating areas — the Cajon, Arrowhead, Big Bear, Crestline, Rim of the World, Holcomb Valley, Miller Canyon, and the San Gorgonio Wild Area. Thirty-three excellent photographic plates and an orientation map enhance the book's beauty and reference value.

Despite the author's reminder that "It is only a guide," the book is of paramount *historic* interest. Of even greater advantage than his explicit directions telling us *how* to get there, is the wealth of material he has assembled telling us all we shall find upon our arrival.

The Leadabrand Guidebook Series offer a unique convergence of brilliant literary skill and informational benefit. The value that attaches is cumulative in its effect; for, as important as these fine books are today, they are certain to gain in stature of usefulness as time goes on. With consummate finesse, Leadabrand accomplishes far more than a mere objective approach to his subject. It is not required that his readers actually travel these wilderness trails in order to enjoy them. The author has that happy faculty of focusing his subject upon the inner perceptiveness of his readers. He brings the San Gabriels and the San Bernardinos into their homes and into their hearts. They know instant camaraderie with the forests and the lakes, the quiet trails and the cooling streams, the vanishing landmarks and fading memories of yesterday's historic places and events.

Avid readers of Russ Leadabrand will hasten to acquire several first edition copies of this important new book before it, like its predecessor, goes quickly out of print.

—E. I. EDWARDS

THE BUNKER HILL STORY, by Pat Adler. La Siesta Press: Glendale, Calif.: 1963. 36 p., illus.; attractive wrapper by Walt Wheelock; $1.00.

At last Bunker Hill is rapidly disappearing. About the 1870's the hill became a fashionable area which grew up until about 1900 with the finest mansions of the time. Of course there were examples of Queen Anne style of architecture with simpler examples suggested by Sir Charles Eastlake. Perhaps the so-called "Mission" style with its black tables and chairs with rigid square legs and the Mary Ann architecture also bore a large proportion of the final growth of Bunker Hill.

Mrs. Adler is giving us a good and moving picture of Bunker Hill as it became from pasture hills to Queene Anne mansions, to Mary Ann balloon-framed houses, to elegant hotels and apartments, to tenements, and finally to rubble and rubbish.

We all may regret the vanished glories, for they are really gone. But we can still hope that a few fine old homes on Bunker Hill Avenue, the crest of the Hill, can be relics of a long dead century. Might not bits of hill with parks hold the few restored old houses?

"The Bunker Hill Story" is the second of a trilogy; the first of it is "Angel's Flight" by CM Walt Wheelock (1961, BI 59). The final and third of the series is "The Passing of Bunker Hill" by Mrs. Adler and Walt Wheelock, planned for 1964. All three stories eventually joined will together supply the interesting history of the Bunker Hill which has been.

—CHARLES N. RUDKIN

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, 1850-1876, by Edwin H. Carpenter. La Siesta Press, Glendale, Calif., 1964.

Once printers and publishers were more colorful individuals than they are today. Forthright, vitriolic, opionated, blunt, biased and versed in fisticuffs and firearms they crusaded for any cause that appealed to their fancy. They helped to build the West by fighting for principles. Two members of the Los Angeles Corral, Ed. Carpenter and Walt Wheelock have teamed up to produce a list and publish more than three hundred names of men who sticked

. . . *Page Eleven*

type and spread ideas through the ten southern counties of California. Some in the list are tramp printers who could only report "paso por aqui," while others like J. J. Ayres published and edited the Los Angeles Express almost a hundred years ago. Book collectors will find the list of value in working up bibliographic notes, and others will be interested in discovering how prevalent printing was in the cow country.

A companion publication of La Siesta Press is a brief study of campaign newspapers by Pat Adler, together with an offset example of "The Broad-Axe" printed in Los Angeles in 1875. True ephemera, the "Broad-Axe" had the sole purpose of beleaguring Black Republicans in a local election. No holds were barred, and more libel than logic was used by snologostering candidates. A delightful bit of southern Californiana. The publication is Number One of a projected "California Heritage Portfolio" to be produced by the Siesta Press.

—DON M.

Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts. Dan L. Thrapp. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla. 432 pp., i-xvi., illus. $6.95.

In the Los Angeles area, the real Far West, most populous area of the west, it is incredibly true that western books are the most neglected and rejected items in the book sections of our great metropolitan dailies and the indigenous magazine, radio and television outlets serving this tremendous book audience. Erotica, triviality, and books on poodles and Beatles are never neglected by Pacifica's book reviewers and critics. Sound studies on what made our west really great, and the books that preserve our historical legacy, seem usually to fight a losing battle for recognition by these oracles of the written and printed word.

Were it not for a few brave and dedicated souls who still dare call attention to the writings of our western heritage, all knowledge of such works would be always and forever swallowed up in the musty silence of neglect and indifference. Were it not for such reviewers as Russ Leadabrand, Lawrence Clark Powell, and Dan L. Thrapp, the curtain of oblivion would long ago have fallen, in this area at least, on the writing efforts of anyone attempting a book on a western theme. God bless you gentlement! There is a deep need of thee!

And now, from the pen of one of these lonely and courageous critics, has come a book —a book of real western flavor—proving once again that these men are not poseurs or phonies, but are real practitioners of the craft, and believe to the marrow of their bones in what they preach and defend. All these men are skilled and accomplished writers of western theme in book form, and, so long as they are allowed to remain articulate, there is still hope for the literary world of the west.

Dan L. Thrapp, who reviews western books for the Los Angeles Times, when he is not squeezed out of space by the fictional antics of Lady Pizzlepuff, the cute poodles, or the hirsute Beatles, has written one of the most readable and needed western books of our time. In his *Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts,* he records the dramatic and heroic life of one of the least known but most essential characters in the long and harrowing battle to win the west. Al Sieber was no hothouse petunia. He was real man, every inch of him—rough, tough and gutty.

Generals Crook and Miles unblushingly have taken credit for successfully throttling the Apaches, and finally bringing these recalcitrant and bloody fighters into abject submission. Without Al Sieber, and his Tonto Apache scouts, the Apache wars would probably still be with us. It was Sieber and his corps of tribesmen who harried the renegades, chased them deep into Mexico, and battled them on their own ground and in their own way. Against the wily Apache, with their ghost-like tactics, the U.S. Calvary, with all its bravery and equipment, was impotent and powerless. Dan Thrapp tells how the real was was fought and won, and the deserved place Al Sieber, chief of scouts, had in winning it.

Time and again Sieber's courage was tested and proven—not only in Apacheria, but in the bloody carnage of the Civil War. There was that day at Gettysburg, when Sieber charged with 262 men of the First Minnesota Volunteers against Cemetery Ridge—with 215 casualties, and where Sieber himself lay gravely wounded.

In his capture of the Apache Kid, Al suffered another wound—in the foot, and it plagued him for life. He served his country well. His courage and feats of endurance are proverbial and legendary. But until now, the facts have been scattered, wild and inconclusive. It took the genius of Dan Thrapp to gather Al Sieber and his world of courage into an impressive book. That he vindicates this great soldier against the trumped-up and malicious charges that turned him out of the army in disgrace, is a measure of the importance of this book. But it is far more than this. Meticulous in its research, flawlessly written, eminently readable —it is one of the great historical studies of our decade.

The only problem Mr. Thrapp is likely to have is to find enough western-minded reviewers to give it the attention it so honestly deserves.

—PAUL BAILEY