WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES
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CORRAL
LAW

SEPTEMBER 1964 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 70

# The Purepecha-Tarascan Heritage

by C. W. HOFFMANN
*Member L. A. Corral*

With the dazzling brilliance of a meteor across a moon-dark sky the defense of Tenochtitlan (Tainohsh-teetLAHN), "Where there is Cactus on a Stone," flames across the pages of the Conquest of México. First the fabulous splendor of the court of Montezuma the Second, then the epic defense of the capital by Cuautémoc (KWAH-ooTAYmohk) served to eclipse other peoples and events of the new world. Many people know something of the present day Tarascan Indios of west-central México, yet few recognize the name they proudly bore before the Conquet, Purépecha (Poo-RAY-Papchah), or the time-and-tragedy obliterated name their empire is believed to have borne, Purépero, "Where the Purépecha are."

The Aztecas were the great conquerors and, also, were superior to these western neighbors in the art of building (which they acquired from the Toltecs, the great scientists and builders of pre-Columbian México.) In other arts and sciences the Purépecha were at least their equals if not their superiors.

The oldest known historic document of Michoacán was written by an anonymous Franciscan Friar, believed to have been Fray Martín de la Coruña, who went about gathering the old men together and compiling the legends they had learned from their ancestors. This document is commonly called "The Relation of Michoacán," or "The Relation," and was written about 1539-40.

Until recently it was thought that human habitation of what is now México had begun comparatively late, but in May 1959 Méxican archaeologist Juan Armenta Camacho, working in the State of Puebla, unearthed four segments of the pelvic bone of a mastodon which, when fresh, had been carved with depictions of animals, presumably contemporaneous: mastodons, camels, tapirs, and others. Archaeologists date these bones as 30,000 years old, and the carving was done with the skill of one with a fairly high intellect. Méxican ethnologists classify their earliest inhabitants as "Prehistoricos;" next came the "Primitivos" (5,000 B.C. to 1,000 B.C.), sometimes called "Arcaicas," although this name is generally reserved for those of the Third Culture (1,000 B.C. to 200 B.C.). Relics of these have been found over most of México except the two peninsulas. These were the first known inhabitants of Michoacán.

Among the earliest peoples of México who lasted into the era of history were the Toltecas. According to Ixtlilxochitl (Eeshtleel-SHO-cheetl), "The Texcucan Chronicler" and the foremost native historian of ancient México, they appeared "in the dim dawn of time," but Padre Cuevos in his Historia de la Nación Méxicana is more specific. He places them at Pánuco (Tampico) about 700 B.C., arriving by sea. Toltec legendry also says they arrived by sea. One group moved north and settled beside a lake where there were tules and were known as "the Tule People" (Toltecas). A second group migrated southwest and were lost to legendry in the vastnesses which they called Michoacán, "Land of the Fishermen," and Anahuac (AnAH-wahk), "Beside the Waters." A third migration of the same people had landed in Yucatan almost a century earlier and built a civilization there with Chichén-Itzá for a capital. All this is from Padre Cuevas and Ixtlilxochitl. The latter was quite discredited by historians until Eduard Seler and Walter Lehmann, highly respected German authropologists, verified many of his statements. Centuries later the water failed in the land of the Tule People of Tamaulípas and the Toltecas followed their precoursing tribesmen toward Anahuac and some settled with their kinsmen in "The Land of Fishermen." Those who continued arrived in Anahuac circa 650 A.D. and built a

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# CORRAL CHIPS...

CONGRATULATIONS to: — Henry Clifford upon his election to the Los Angeles County Museum Alliance Board of Directors.

"The Western Writers of America" held their eleevnth annual convention June 15-18th, 1964 in Portland, Oregon at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey of the Los Angeles Corral attended and wore two hats—one as a published and one as an author, and a raincoat for the weather — Mari Sandoz won the Silver Spur award for "The Story Catcher," a juvenile book.

George Fronval, Wild West Writer from Paris, France and Sheriff of the French Corral of The Westerners, attended the convention.

J. K. Gill's and the Portland Book Co. held

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# CORRAL MEETINGS...

Temecula: situated on the old original road between Yuma Crossing, Arizona Territory, and Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, Alta, California, was invaded by a motley group of Westerners on June 20th, 1964. Dr. Horace Parker who has restored the old Temecula Hotel was our host to a deep pit Barbacoa. Mrs. Parker spent a couple of days making the best Salsa we've had in many moons. Iron Eyes Cody had his muy grande Teepee set up on the back lawn, the old original Immigration Service Jail was opened for the first time in a long, long time in case Calaboose hospitality was required for Tequila Guzzlers . . . A Hangman's Rope was in full view and all ready for use, as a warning to the unruly. . . . After a sumptuous feast, our host captivated the Los Angeles Corral with the history of this famous Trail . . . the early Spanish immigrants . . . Stephen Watts Kearney . . . Philip St. George Cooke . . . Butterfield Overland Mail . . . Carletons California Column . . . and on and on.

To Doctor Parker and his charming wife Laverne we all owe our deep gratitude for a wonderful and enjoyable day to be long remembered. I didn't stay to see the awakening of the Westerners on Sunday morning, who were bedded down all over the landscape.

July 21st meeting was held at Taix Cafe and the surprise speaker of the evening was our own Sheriff Dr. Harvey Johnson, who described his recent trip to the Rainbow Bridge in Navajo Country with colored slides of this rugged trip. This is no trip for a sissy. Visitors included Richard Dillon — X Sheriff Eckert of the Tucson Corral — Tom Clark of University of Kentucky — Dr. Clifford Merril Drury — Willard Starr — Dan L. Thrapp.

August 15th meeting was held at Casa de Adobe, our host Ex-Sheriff Dr. Carl Dentzel, as usual, provided one of his 7 course Gourmet specials. Most of us had to let out a couple of notches in our belts.

Never has the Los Angeles Corral enjoyed such a long to be remembered program as presented by Elizabeth Waldo, the charming and talented wife of Dr. Carl Dentzel. Miss Waldo is one of the world's finest concert violinists, and, accredited international authority on Musical Archaeology. She presented with her group, a musical adventure into the rich and exotic musical heritage of our pagan, yet highly cultural, western hemisphere, using at times priceless ancient and authentic pre-Columbian instruments.

origin of the name Tarascan bases on the tribal custom of presenting distinguished visitors with pretty maidens to live with. This was done with the Spaniards and, as the resultant relationship constituted marriage to the Indios, they then addressed the Spaniards as "Tarasca," "Son in Law." Not understanding the appellation, the Spaniards used it in return and soon it became a tribal designation.

When the king fled Tzintzuntzan, the defense was organized by Timas, brother of the late, great king Zuangua (SWAHNGwah), and his daughter Eréndira (AyRAIN-dee-rah), "The Girl Who Smiles," who was the tragic Jeanne'd'Arc of the Purépecha. When a Spanish horseman was killed his mount stampeded into the defenders' lines where his reins became entangled in the brush. Eréndira released him. Discovering that this was not a man-eating demon but a frightened creature eager for human friendship and care, she stoutly refused the warriors' demands that he be sacrificed to the Goddess of Vengeance. He was her prisoner and she kept him. If we may believe the legends, Eréndira was the first native woman of the Americas to ride a horse. With the traitorous assassination of Timas the Purépecha nation died.

Christianization of Michoacán was by the Franciscans who did a noble and valiant work as protectors and evangelizers, a work to be studied in reverential awe. Following the conquest the Indios were subjected to centuries of physical and, later, economical slavery involving hardships which only a people of supreme courage and stamina could have survived. They have, and are now on their way up and out of it. We will not live to see the day when they will have regained their rightful stature, but they will! That is certain. The Purépecha Empire had an estimated three million population, of whom about one fourth were Purépecha, the remainder allied and subjugated tribesmen. The 1956 census showed 68,000 Purépecha-Tarascans remain.

These are the skeletal high points of the Purépecha-Tarascan Heritage.

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*Cronica de la Provincia de los Santos Apóstoles San Pedro y San Pablo de Michoacán,* by Fray Pablo de Beaumont, a Franciscan Frail in the 18th Century.

*Michoacán: Paisajes, Tradiciones y Leyendas,* by Lic. Eduardo Ruiz.

*Historia de Michoacán,* by Prof. Jesus Romero Flores, Professor of History, University of Michoacán.

*Los Tarascos,* by Dr. Nicolás León, noted Ethnologist.

*Historia de México,* by Elvira de Loredo and Jesus Sotelo Inclan.


# LEGEND

Distances (approximately): NW to SE — 270 Miles; NE to SW — 245 miles; N to S — 193 miles (average).
xxxxxxxxx Present day state lines
Estimated population: 3,000,000
Resources as valued by the Purépecha:
- Salt: A dietary necessity and food preservative.
- Cotton: Clothing, thread, armor.
- Copper: Hardened and used for swords; spear and arrow-tips, daggers, axes and adzes used to cut and hollow the cypress trees for boats.
- Cocoa: For preparing food and drink.
- Huamilule: a royal purple dye; color of the God of the Morning Star, Manauapa; traditionally the color of the arrow repellant jackets worn by the Purépecha.
- Gold and Silver: Ornamentation: Jewelry.

# PICTURE

Where the first religious services were held at the Pirinda (PeeREENDah) village of Guayangareo (WyAHNG-ahRAYoh), "Flat Topped Hill in a Valley," which later became known as Valladolid, and finally as Morelia. The date was the year 1530 and the two priests who officiated were Franciscans, Fray Juan de San Miguel and Fray Antonio de Lisboa.

Later the Temple of The Conception was built here and following its destruction a cross was raised by the local government as a memento, at the atrium of the church. Now a new Temple is being erected on the site, this one to Our Lady of Fatima, "The Queen of Peace."

# GLOSSARY

1. Achá Piritacua, (ACHAH peeREE-tahkwah); The Lightning God
2. Anahuac, (AnAH-wahk): Beside the Waters
3. Axayacatl, (Ashah-YAHcahtl): Sixth Aztec Leader, 1469-1481. "He With the Sweaty Face."
1. Balsas, (BAHLsahs); Pools or Lakes
1. Casíricua, (CahSEE-reekwah): The Venerable
2. Cazonci, (CahsohnSEE: King-Emperor. (Caltzontzin was the Aztec appellation.)

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3. Cuarúshecua, (KwahROO-shaykwah): "That Which You Cannot See Approaching" Smallpox.
4. Cuautémoc, (Kwah-ooTAYmohk): "The Eagle Who Cames Down" This being a reference an occasion, when they were in great peril, the God of War came down and saved the Aztecas.
5. Cupatitzio, (Coopah-TEET-sayoh): The Singing River around which the town of Uruapan came into being and exists.
6. Cuitzeo, (Kweet-SAYoh): Lake and town twenty miles north of Morelia. "Larg Earthen Jar," so named for the extensive potteries formerly existing there.
6. Curunda, (Coo-ROONdah): Tamale.
1. Eréndira, (AyRAIN-deerah): "The Girl Who Smiles", daughter of Timas and final protectress of the Purépecha.
1. Guananchecha, (Wahnahn-CHAYchah): The Virgins of the Temple. See Yurisquiri.
2. Guayameo, (Wyah-MAYoh: "In The Valley."
3. Guayangareo, (WyAHNGah-RAYoh): "Flat Topped Hill in a Valley," or "Valley With a Flat-Topped Hill." Present site of Morelia.
4. Guatáppera, (WahTAHP-payrah): Cloister of The Virgins of the Temple."
1. Huamilule, (wahmee-LOOlay): Royal purple dye extracted from seashells. The color of the God of the Morning Star, Manouahpa.
2. Huitzitzilan, (WeetSEET-seeLAHN), Nahuatl term applied by the Aztecs to Tzintzúntzan, "The Place of the Hummingbirds."
1. Irécha, (EeRAY-chah): Nobles of the Purépecha.
2. Iréticátame, (EeRAY-teeCAHTahmay): "Strong and Powerful Leader" who led the Eagle People into the Valley of Tzacapu.
3. Ixtlilxochitl, (EESHtleel-SHOcheetl), "He With the Face of a Vanilla Flower" The Texcocan Chronicler, foremost among the native historians.
1. Keri Yurekua, (Kayree Yoo RAYkwah), "The Great River". The Rio Lerma and after it has left the Lago Chapala, the Rio Grande de Santiago.
1. Lienzo, (LeeAYN-soh): Linen, A cloth of finely woven maguey fibres or of cotton used by the Indios for painting.
1. Manouahpa, (MAHNoo-AHPah): The God of the Morning Star, who came as the guide for the sun.
2. Matlatzincas, (Mahtlaht-SEENKahs): A Nahuatl tribe friendly to the Purépecha, located to the east of them.
3. Michoacán, (Meech-wahCAHN): Land of Fishermen.
1. Pátzcuaro, (PAHTS-kwarroh): Where There Are Foundations for Temples.
2. Petámuti, (PayTAH-mootee): The Wise. No. 2 Purépecha priest.
3. Petatzécua, (paytaht-SAYkwah): Foundations for Temples.
4. Purépecha, (PooRAY-paychah): Those Who Come to Visit.
5. Purépero, (PooRAY-payroh): Where the Purépecha Are.
1. Pirinda, (PeeREENdah): Those Who Are in Our Midst. Name given to the Matlatzincas who occupied territory in the Purépero.
1. Sirítacua, (seeREE-tahkwah): A pleated skirt worn by Purépecha women.
1. Tarecuato, (Tahray-KWAHtoh): Mountain Dedicated to the Serpent of Fire.
2. Tariacuri, (Tahree-AHKooree): Whirlwind of Fire. (Dr. Jose Corona Nuñez translate this name as "The Priest of the Winds."
3. Tecas, (TAHcahs): People.
Tenochtitlan, (TainOHSH-teetLAHN): "Where there is Cactus on a Stone." Mexico City.
4. Timas, (TEEMahs), "He Who Creates Light."
5. Tsipaki, (tseePAH-lee), Throwing stick for the spear. Similar to the atlatl of the Nahuatlatecas.
6. Tucup Achá, (TooCOOP AcHAH): "The One High God." The first and original god of the Purépecha.
7. Tzacapu, (TsahCAHpoo): "Where the Rocks Stand Up."
8. Tzintzúntzan, (TseenTSOON-tsahn): An onomatopoetic place name meaning "Place of the Hummingbirds" for the thirty-odd varieties of hummingbirds which were native there. The Aztecas called it Huitzitzilian, The Place of the Hummingbirds.
1. Uacuxecha, (Oowah-COOsaychah): The Eagle People.
1. Xicuames, (SHEE-kwahmees): Diviners of the Future.
2. Xurica, (SHOO-reekah): Herbalist and witch doctors. (Both these words were borrowed from the Tecas, Nahuatl)
1. Yurisquiri, (YooREES-keeree): "Those Who Keep Pure Their Blood." The Virgins of the Temple of the Sun, or of the Moon.
1. Zacapu, (SahCAHpoo): "Where The Rocks Stand Up." The name of the Valley where the Eagle People first encountered the Tecas. Today the name of a town in the valley of that name in the State of Michoacán.
2. Zitacuaro, (SeeTAHK-wahroh): Where There is a Hidden Place." The name of the first town built in the highlands by the Eagle People.
3. Zuangua, (SWONGH-wah): He Who Is Strong and Valiant. The last great king of the Purépecha.

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# Down the Book Trail

INDEX TO BULLETINS 1-100 OF THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY with index to Contributions to North American Ethnology, Introductions, and Miscellaneous Publications, by Biren Bonnerjea, Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology; Bulletin 178 vi, 726 p. green cloth. Washington D.C. 1963 (but printed 1964). For sale by the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. $3.50.

The late Dr. Bonnerjea had prepared an index of the Annual Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology, the last and 48th such volume. The present index to the Bulletins had been delayed because of insufficiency of funds, but at last it appears, as a very useful volume for any students and the general reader.

The Volume contains the following portions extremely usable to any researcher. The book includes useful parts, as follows; General Index to Bulletins 1-100, p. 1-495; List of Bulletins 1-100.

*—Chas. R. Rudkin*

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# ANECDOTES

CAPTAIN RAY A. GIBSON

I will tell you the story of my part in the life of one of the last bandits of California, (i.e.) Jim McKinney.

When I arrived in Manvel, California, a small mining supply town on the Santa Fe branch which ran from Goff to Ivanpah, California, I was just out of the cradle being the ripe age of 14 years, and a couple of months. I had learned telegraphy while going to high school—working for the Railway Agent of my home twon after school. I was too young to obtain a position so taking advantage of my size, 187 lbs., and full grown, I begged Dad to give me a birth certificate showing that I was born in 1880. He protested bitterly—he hated lies—but I threatened to run away if he didn't; so I got it. It came in handy. I went to St. Paul and after three days of grilling I passed by exam at 30 words per minute and was sent to Bigelow, Minnesota as night operator—$40 per and 12 hours per day.

The moment I had enough money saved, I started West as per Greeley's advice, winding up after several months as Operator and Asst. Agent in Manvel.

We had but three trains per week so I secured a job helping the Drivers (Skinners) of the many "Jerk Line" outfits carrying freight from Manvel to Searchlight, Nevada, then a booming mining camp.

One day somewhere in the middle of 1902, I was at the Railway "Y" helping "Scroggins" load lumber when a 2-horse spring wagon was driven up by a rather good looking man who was accompanied by a stoutish woman of perhaps forty years of age. The man was "armed to the teeth" and this of course made me curious, so I was all ears. He knew Scroggins and their conversation made me more and more curious. "Scrog," as we called him, said "Jim how come you to chance coming through here —don't you know that Ed Bowers is the Deputy Sheriff here?" The man said he knew that but he and I are old schoolmates and I doubt he would do me any harm. After the pair left I asked "Scrogg," "Who is the man and why should he be afraid to come through Manvel."

"Scrog" replied, "That was Jim McKinney—wanted in California for killing a couple of chaps in Kern County and for whom "Dead or Alive," the state offered a reward of $1,000. I asked Scroggins if he was going to report this to Bowers and he almost hit me, shouting angrily, "Turn him in, I should say not—he is also an old friend of my youth—we were raised as neighbors."

I thought nothing more about this and on my off time kept helping the Skinners and Stage drivers with their loading operations, getting quite a few extra dollars this way.

I slept in the Railway Station about 25 feet from the telegraph instruments and one morning, just as day was breaking, the Telegraph Sounder started calling wildly — RUSH - EMERGENCY - Mv. Mv. Mv. Important. I was at the instrument in a jiffy and this is the message I received.

Kingman, Arizona

To Ed. Bowers, Deputy Sheriff,
Manvel, California

Jim McKinney, famous California Bandit, shot and killed two men here day before yesterday. Has stolen two horses, a bay and grey, will be riding one and packing the other. Territory of Arizona offers $1,000 reward Dead or Alive. Shoot on Sight—Take no chances, desperate. Men killed were a Cowboy and the Cowboy Pianist.

Signed, Henry Lovin
Sheriff Mojave County
Territory of Arizona

Just as I was signing the name of Lovin, McKinney rode by my bay window almost near enough to be able to read what I had just written. I recognized him at once as the man who had passed through Manvel some months previously and was startled.

I looked at him and he glared at me through the window. M y first reaction was, "Gee, I better shoot him, or he will kill someone else."

My 30-30 was standing at my right hand beside the safe, I picked it up, checked it, then thought: I have no authority as an officer, nor could I bring hyself to shoot a man in the back. He rode up the street to Nate Mounts Corral and I streaked it out the back door and ran like the wind to the house of the Deputy. His wife told me Ed was out on the range looking after his job as foreman of the Rock Springs Cattle Company.

Not finding Bowers, I ran over to the home of Mr. Blake, J.P. of our little town, only to find that he too, was down at Fenner, a small station on the Santa Fe, west of Goff. I then returned to the office and from my bay window could see McKinney talking to Nate Mount and apparently watering and feding his horses.

I then sent two telegrams, one to Lovin at Kingman and another to John Rolf, Sheriff at San Bernardino—these telegrams alike, and reading:

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"Jim McKinney arrived in this village a few minutes ago and is presently watering and feeding his horses at Nate Mounts' Corral. Bowers out on the Range and our Justice of Peace at Fenner.

Signed, R. A. Gibson, Operator."

That same afternoon about 3 o'clock a special train came in with one passenger coach and a stock car loaded with horses. I got quite a thrill when 10 men and 2 Walapi Indians got out of the Coach, followed by one of the tallest chaps I had ever seen. This man was Lovin himself and he came right into the office, asking "Where is the California Bee Hunting Sheriff?"

I said, "I advised you by telegram that he was out of town and no one knows where nor when he will return, and further, don't you call him any belittling names as he isn't afraid of anyone and is a damn fine officer."

Lovin put his arm around me and said, "Forget it kid, I mean it as a joke." Then he suddenly asked me if I knew the trails between Manvel, The Manse Ranch, Pahrump, Resting Springs, etc., and if I had a horse. I had and he then said, "Raise your right hand,"—I did, and he said, "you are now a Deputy and I want you to show us the way."

We pulled out almost immediately and camped that night at Ivanpah Station, the end of Rails, pulling out next morning toward Mesquite and the Manse. Just this side of the Springs we met Ed Green, skinner for Harsha White, owner of the Manse Ranch and we were wondering why he was almost as green as his name. He said he had camped at the Spring last night and in the early morning decided to kill a cotton-tail for breakfast. As he came around from behind a Mesquite, he found himself looking down the mouth of a rifle and was just about scared to death. It was McKinney, although he had no idea who the man was nor that he was close to death. McKinney asked Green what he was looking for, and Green manager to say, "Cotton-tail for breakfast." McKinney said, "It's a damn good thing you didn't see one just as you came around the bush or you'd be in Hell now."

We said good-bye and rode on toward the Manse. Now this Ranch was a grand spot to rest up a bit. White had lots of Muscatel wine aged over many years and about the consistency of whole cream so the boys proceeded to get nicely filled and in hardly any time. Well, we got away the folowing day and proceeded with the Indians tracking McKinney easily after leaving the Pahrump Ranch just West of the Manse.

When we reached Resting Springs, Phy Lee, who lived there with his family, jumped the Arizona Sheriff about having me along. He said, "Lovin, how come you brought this kid along—why he isn't more than a kid, and further you have no right as Sheriff from Arizona to swear him in. Better send him back to Manvel at once." Lovin said, "Well, by God, he is a man grown and is holding down a man's job, so I thought it was OK." Well the long and short of it was—I, accompanied by the Sheriff, returned to Manvel where he took a train toward Kern County. While we were riding back I told him of my having picked up the rifle and then deciding that as a non-officer I had no right to shoot the bandit, and further, that I couldn't shoot anyone in the back. Lovin laughed and said, "Why in H--- didn't you raise the window, yell 'McKinney', and when he turned, shoot his damned head off." I thought of this many times after McKinney killed the two men in Bakersfield but I'm still glad I used a bit of judgment and that I can still sleep in peace.

Signed, *Captain Ray A. Gibson*

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NOTE — SID:

Joseph Doctor write the whole story of McKinney, "Shot Guns on Sunday," except the above part of which he knew nothing, since his research did not cover my part of the country. Also, during the last year I've read two other articles re: McKinney, one in "True West" of Austin, Texas, and the other in "Westways." My story fills in the missing spots.

I heard afterwards that the Mexicans captured McKinney and turned him loose after California refused to pay the reward—how true this is I can't say.

Capt. R. A. G.

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A few anecdotes of my "Swamper" and "Skinner" days from Las Vegas to Beatty (Bullfrog) Mining district, Nevada.

The Railway was completed from Salt Lake to Colton and the first cargo train arrived in Las Vegas in 1905. At this time I was Swamping on a 16-horse Jerk Line outfit belonging to Rose & Palmer who also had a general store in Beatty. They also had a 12-Mule team and we were both sent to Las Vegas to pick up full loads of merchandise for Rose & Palmer and Brin and Brumlien. At this period Las Vegas boasted of a blacksmith shop, a general store, a good sized honky-tonk and some 12 tents (see picture in Chamber of Commerce in Las Vegas.)

# The Purepecha-Tara . . .

(Continued from page 1)

new nation, again beside a lake; so they retained their name as The People of Tolan, The Place of Tules, at what is the present archaeological site of Tula, State of Hidalgo, fifty miles north of Mexico City.

The Tecas of Michoacán were sparsely settled when about the year 1200 A.D., as The Relation tells us, and archaeologists agree, there arrived in the Valley of Zacápu (SahCAHpoo) a tribe of nomads calling themselves Uacuxecha (Wa-COO-saychah), "The Eagle People." Their leader was Iréticátame (EeRAYtee-CAH-tahmy), which means "Strong and Powerful Leader." The Tecas accepted the newcomers, provided wood for them to burn on their improvised altars, and Iréticátame married the sister of the Teca chief. The natives called the nomads "Purépecha" (PooRAY-paychah), "Those Who Come to Visit." As the two tribes intermarried, forming a new tribe, that name was retained—and still is.

According to the legendry of The Eagle People, before they began their centuries-long migration the gods who had ordered it had told them that they would live in a new land, have a new time and become a new people with a new name. When they had entered the Valley of Tzacápu the guiding, snow white eagle shad suddenly spiraled upward until lost in the heaven; then Pirítakua Achá (PeeREE-tahkwah AhCHAH), "Lightning God," had driven his fiery shafts into the ground before, behind, and on both sides of them; so Irétícátame had announced this was their new land and this was the Year One. Through the intermarriage with the Tecas they became a new people with a new name; so the prophesies were fulfilled.

Who were the Uacuxecha? Whence came they? Three theories justify consideration: (1) that they followed the historic path of migration from Asia across Bering, thence southward. This was probably true and the 13th Century arrival was a retro-migation. (2) Toltecs, driven out of Yucatan by Mayas, according to the Codice Plancarte, fled by seaworthy canoes (such as Columbus reported seeing thirty miles offshore) along the Tabasco and Vera Cruz coasts, landing at the mouth of the Alvarado River. Ascending this, they crossed the Sierra Madre, descended the Atoyac to where its confluence with the Mixteca formed the Balsas which they followed to build Guayameo (WyahMAYoh), "In the Valley." Ascending a tributary of the Balsas (or Mixteca) they founded Zitácuaro, "Hidden Place," (which is now a meal stop on the Guadalajara-México City bus route and was a pre-conquest fort along the Purépecha-Azteca frontier.) Thence the Eagle People marched to Tzacápu.

There is another theory which many students accept, as does this writer: (3) The last of a series of retro-migrations from the Lake Titicaca region of Peru. There are linguistic similarities with the Aymará and Quechua Indios of Peru; they can converse, albeit with difficulty. Etymologists classify place names along a probable route as Purépecha, and legendry gives strong support, as do tribal customs. The Relation states that "when the Uacuxecha met the people of the lakes, they found people of their own race."

The Purépecha adopted the Teca calendar and a few Teca words, but the nomads were the more virile people and their religion, customs and language prevailed; a language different from any other in México.

One hundred and sixty years later the sixth and seventh chiefs, brothers and inseparable companions, ruling jointly, were in the vanguard of a war party descending a wooded slope overlooking a great lake when the priests discovered four large, properly placed, flat stone surfaces, and exclaimed, "Petatzécua!" (Paytaht-CAYkwah), "Foundations for Temples!" A temple for each god of their trinity, with an altar stone for the sacred fires in the center of the triangle so formed. The priests decreed their discovery a good omen and that a city should be built there. It was, and they called it Petatzécua, adding the suffix "ro" so the name meant "Where There Are Foundations for Temples." Usage has corrupted this to Pátzcuaro (PAHTS-kwarroh).

With the building of Pátzcuaro the tribe became a nation, thereafter ruled by kings, the first of whom was called "characu" because he was a baby when his father was killed. Two interim rulers were appointed until "Characu" matured: Zétaco (SAYtahcoh) and Aramen (ArahMAIN). They became dissolute and it is believed that they were executed for violating the Cloister of the Virgins of the Temple.

When the youthful "Characu" was called to the throne he declined the crown until he could prove his worthiness. Then he led an army to punish the tribe which had murdered his father and uncle, the sixth and seventh chiefs. Victorious, he was crowned Tariacuri, "Whirlwind of Fire," and ruled from 1400 to 1440 A.D.

By our standards the Purépecha were short of stature although taller than neighboring tribes. The men averaged 1 meter 60 Cm. (approximately 5'3"), while the average woman stood 1 M. 48 Cm. (approximately 4'10½"), and it was rare for an individual to vary more

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than 10 CM. (4") from the average. They carried themselves with quiet dignity and self-assurance. The skin was dark brown; the face was broad with a strong, straight nose, the dark brown eyes were wide-set and had a mongoloid cast. The lips were full and mobile and the teeth strong and even. Tooth decay was rare and they had no wisdom teeth. Exhumed skulls show that the warriors filed notches in their front teeth. They were quick to laugh and equally quick to intense anger, although homicide was rare. They were capable of rapid mobilization and were readily adaptable to military control. They obeyed orders with intelligence and rapidity, made long marches and sustained effort on a minimum of food. A man could carry a ten-day supply of rations in addition to his weapons. He ate twice daily, his menu comprising tortillas, chili, frijoles and fresh or dried fish, and meat, if available. Today Tarascans perform a long, hard day of labor with only a few tortillas and frijoles for food, not sufficient for one light meal for the average norteamericano. For festive occasions the Purépecha ate—as do his present day descendents—curundas (cooROON-dahs), a seasoned core of ground meat encased in moist corn meal, then steamed. His favorite meats were venison, wild pig, rabbit, squirrel, armadillo, turtle, duck and other birds. Chocolate was a favored drink. These people bathed frequently and used medicinal, thermal springs for the treatment of rheumatism, skin disorders, sterility, and, by the women, for recovery after parturition. Veneral infections were unknown until after the coming of the white man. There was no hair at the axillae or elsewhere on the body and the beard, like that of most other peoples of México, was scant and scraggly, there being no hair on the upper lip for the width of the nostrils.

The women were gracious, vivacious and quick of movement, physically strong and of exceptional endurance. They matured early, enjoyed a brief zenith of life, then aged rapidly. This premature aging resulted from doing the same hard work as the men, undergoing the same hardships, plus bearing, nursing and helping provide for many children. The laugh of the Tarsacan woman of today has a musical lilt rarely heard elsewhere.

Clothing differed sharply according to class or social status. The Irécha, or nobles, wore a robe or fiinely woven cotton which came to the knees; on the head a silver or gold semi-lunar diadem and, frequently, the plumes which indicated his family or clan. He wore a necklace, or necklaces, and earrings. At war he painted his face, arms and legs and covered his body with a quilted cotton jerkin, dyed purple (the color of Manouapa, the Morning Star God); his sandals were of woven leather. Military commanders wore, through the perforated upper lip, the bezote, a ring of gold, silver or obsidian to indicate rank. A dagger of hardened copper and a sword of the same metal were worn at the belt. An Irécha's weapons were a copper pointed spear and a tsipaki (tseePAH-kee), or throwing stick. In war the common man wore a band of cloth wrapped around his waist and fashioned into a breechclout. He wore sandals and painted his arms, legs and body. He carried an obsidian-headed spear and a tsipaki. His war club was spiked with obsidian and his dagger was of the same material; or he might carry a bow and a quiver of obsidian-headed arrows, or a sling and a large pouch of smooth stones. Their military advance and flank guards were also hunters seking fresh meat.

During winter the mountain dwellers clad themselves in animal skins for warmth. The poorer class of women normally wore a plain cotton blouse and skirts, or sirítacua (seeREE-tahkwah), a skirt pleated on the sides and back and falling straight in the front. These women used no footwear and bathed their feet many times daily. The wealthy women wore finely woven leather sandals, often jeweled. Mountain dwellers built their houses of mud-chinked logs while lowlanders depended on adobe or tepetate with a minimum of timber.

Marriage outside the clan or even a particular branch of the clan was tabu and the cause of general family distress; intermarriage between members of the same immediate family was not uncommon. The illnesses to which they were most subject were typhoid, malaria, pneumonia and rheumatism. They were well-formed and well-muscled, obesity being extremely rare. Some primitive people do not permit an infant to live if born deformed but this writer has found no record of such practice of euthanasia by the Purépecha. Insanity was rare. To the traveler of this region who has been appalled at the prevalence of cataract-blindness, and the many instances of empty sockets from which glaucomatous eyes have been extirpated, it will be interesting to learn that like social diseases, smallpox and measles, glaucoma was unknown before the Conquest.

Anthropological studies indicate that the average Purépecha was taller and stronger than the Azteca or the Otomite in youth and maturity; however, the Otomies remained the more vigorous after maturity.

The Purépecha cut, carved and polished gems, wrought gold and silver, and by "cold hammering" hardened copper for weapons, axes and adzes. Their non-use of iron is attributed to inability to produce the high heat necessary to preparing the ore. They mastered the process

of embalming. The namesake son of the King of Pátzcuaro was killed by Achá Pirítacua (AchAH PeeREE-tahkwah), The Lightning God, and the embalmed body was kept as an object of worship for more than a century, until disposed of by the Spaniards.

The Purépecha were, and are, lovers of colorful beauty. Their lacquers, made from vegetable and mineral earth sources, are still exquisite, and their ancient methods are still in use. Outside the towns every home had its well tended flower beds; inside the home a smouldering punkwood sent its smoke-food up to the gods whose figurines adorned the family altar. Often there were fruits and flowers as additional offerings. This practice, like many others, has blended into their Christianity and one may see a cross, or other symbol of this faith, flanked by statuettes of ancestral gods upon present day private altars. The Indio sees no inconsistency in this.

The Purépecha-Tarascan walks with a smooth, easy, distance-consuming stride which is deceptive in appearance; he seems to be sauntering as he passed you but minutes later he is a mile ahead. Their strength and endurance are incredible; a common sight is a slightly built woman of less than five feet stature with a load, obviously near her weight, supported by a broad band across her forehead and resting on her back as she leans forward, walking steadily toward the market many miles away. The male Tarascan sees to it that all horses, burros and women are loaded to capacity before he deigns to become a burden bearer, but the same man will get work where he will carry heavy loads of brick up the inclined walkways to where the brickmasons work for ten hours a day without appearing to tire.

Tariácuri was the great organizer and systematizer. He created a standing army to which each tribe within the kingdom provided an allotted number of equipped warriors. He built fortresses at key positions along the frontiers for protection against raids or invasions, organized local governments throughout the kingdom, subordinate and responsible to the central government at Pátzcuaro, and established courts of justice in each center of population supplemental to the original court at the capital.

Justice was swift and impartial and punishment severe by our standards. No rank or wealth protected the guilty. The humblest fisherman or woodcutter could go before the royally appointed judge, who had been selected for his judicial qualities, and receive justice even though his complaint was against a wealthy and powerful chief. None was above the law, as witness the executions previously recounted and those of two sons of the knig of Pátzcuaro (grandsons of Tariácuri) for violation of the guatáppera (wahTAHP-payrah), the Cloister of the Virgins of the Temple; this without royal intervention.

Tariácuri established a daily courier service radiating from and converging upon the capital; the farthest point in the kingdom was in daily communication with the king. These runners were the king's messengers and no man delayed them. Were the message written or memorized? Authorities disagree. It has not been proved that they had a written language. If so it was one of pictographs and symbols, such as the disputed Lienzo de Jucutacato (hooCOO-tahCAHtoh), "linen," from a village near Uruapan (Ooroo-AHpahn), which depicts the wanderings of a nomadic people. Pre- or post-Conquest? Its partisans are violent but the case is unproven. Anent this subject, the title of one of the important Purépecha court officials translates "The Scribe." Tariácuri regulated commerce, assigned certain products to certain areas and encouraged inter-community trade and barter. He limited the numbers and powers of the priesthood and assigned them specific duties:

The king was the highest priest. Second was Petámuti (PayTAH-mootee), "The Wise," who communicated the will of the gods to the people. And third was Casíricua (CahSEE-reekwah), "The Venerable," whose duties were many: He was (a) the principal preacher and (b) healer in charge of all Xuricas (SHOO-REEKAHS) who healed by herbs, mineral baths, poultices, potions, incantations, etc.; (c) historian, preserving for posterity the history of the Purépecha, past and present. (Was this in writing?) And (d) he had charge of the Xicuames (SheeKWAHmays) who divined the future by gazing into still waters. (Crystal gazers?) It should be noted Xicuames and Xurimas still exist, the latter, voodo or witch doctors, claim to heal the sick, generate or destroy love, separate or reunite lovers or married people, and destroy enemies. They claim limitless powers and actually some of the effects on their victims pose real problems to the medical profession. The real Xurica, herb doctors, had some remarkable remedies, purgatives, diuretics, coagulents, poultices and broths using chlorophyllic action, and medication made from moulded bread.

Theirs was a Nature Religion. First, the self-creating One High God, Tucup Achá, created the Fire God, then retired from the scene. Next came the Sun God, who was given the Moon Goddess for a mate; they were father and mother to all Purépecha. Last of the high trinity was The Lightning. Then came innumerable lesser gods. High among these were Taras, the worship of whom *might* have originated the tribal appellation "Tarascans." There were temples

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and priests of each principal god, and two orders of priestesses in charge of the Cloisters of the Virgins of the Temple of The Sun and The Moon, respectively. The cloisters were guatappera (wahTAHP-payrah) and the virgins were guananchecha (wahnahn—CHAY-chah), or yurisquiri (yooREES-keeREE), "Those Who Keep Pure Their Blood." Membership was voluntary and four times each year were "Regular Times of Choosing," when each maiden might remain, or return to the world, without prejudice.

If a youth saw a guananchecha and wished to marry her he indicated her to a priest who informed the priestess in charge. The youth was then required to work around the cloister while the maiden observed him from a hidden window. The day of the next full moon was designated as a special Time of Choosing and he waited outside the cloister door at sunset when, if her decision was affirmative, she came out. They would be married at moonrise. Most marriages occurred on this "Night of Greatest Love."

Tariácuri extended the kingdom south to the Pacific and north and west to natural defense lines, now called the Rio Lerma and the Rio Grande de Santiago, which the Purépecha called Keri Yurekua (Kayree YooRAYKwah), "The Great River." During his reign, and later, several tribes asked to become part of the kingdom and share its advantages. Concluding that the realm was too great to be properly governed from one capital Tariácuri decreed that upon his death it should be divided into three kingdoms, two subordinate to the senior king, or Cazonci (CahsohnSEE). He designated boundaries, capitals and kings and assigned each a color for plumes and standards: Patcyuaro, white, for the feathers of the water birds; Tzintzuntzan (TseenTZOON-tsahn), green, for the feathers of the many varieties of their hummingbirds. (Tzintzuntzan is an onomatopoetic name meaning "Place of the Hummingbirds;" it bespeaks the whirring of their wings, as does the Nahuatl name given it, Huitzitzilán.) To Coyuca he assigned the color red for the feathers of their brilliant macaws. The Cazonci, or Emperor, used all three colors in his personal standard and his plumes: the first recorded use of the combination in Méxican history, and now the colors of their national flag.

Successive kings overcame insurrections and repelled invasions, two of these by the redoubtable Aztecas. Circa 1470, Axayácatl led an army of 2400 in a surprise attack. The Purépecha and their allies, the Matlatzincas from Tolocan (now Toluca), had just defeated and punished an invasion by the rebellious Tecas of Tarecuato, 100 miles west. The returning army met the Aztecas beside Lake Cuitzéo and after two days of bloody battle defeated and pursued them across the mountains. One outhority writes that only 300 survivors reached the Azteca capital, Tenochtitlán (TainOHSH-teetLAHN). Then the Matlatzincas asked that they be given an area within the Purépero where they might live free from the constant Aztec raids for slaves and human sacrifices. They were assigned an oval-shaped area comprising the Valley of Guayangarea (WyAHNGahRAYOH) and extending north to the shores of Lake Cuitzeo where they had fought so valiantly against the Aztecas. Here they could have their towns, do their farming and use their own language and religion. They might hunt where they pleased. Soon these settlers became known as Pirindas (PeeREENdahs), "Those Who Are In Our Midst." They lived in harmony with their neighbors and were prompt and loyal allies in every war. Moctezuma 2nd tried to avenge his father's defeat by subjugating Michoacán but was disastrously defeated.

When the Spanish invasion came, the Purépecha—after a long line of fighting chiefs and kings, and at a time when more than ever before they needed strong leadership—found themselves with a weakling King-Emperor. How this occurred is a dramatic story too long for this narrative.

The Aztecs pleaded Purépecha assistance in destroying the white invaders but the Cazonci, fearing a Tenochca trap, replied, "You will so arrange it that when the fighting ends there will be no whites and so few Purépecha warriors left that you can come and enslave our country as you have twice attempted before!"

Meanwhile Cortés, following the strategy of Genghis Khan, "Divide and Conquer," made no move toward the Purépero until Tenóchtitlán had fallen. When the Spanish-led Indio hordes came, for the first time in their history a Purépecha king did not lead his army into battle, and when the news of their defeat arrived the weakling king and his household fled across the mountains to Uruapan. From his haven there beside the Singing River, Cupatízio (Coopah-TEETseeoh), he was later cajoled into returning only to undergo unspeakable tortures and finally death at the hands of Beltrán Nuño de Guzmán, one of the most diabolic humans ever to mar the pages of history. The martyred Tangaxhuan 2nd (Tahngax-WAHN) was the seventh and last king of the Purépecha. Before these unhappy people ever saw a white man some 300,000 of them had died of the wind-borne "white man's disease," smallpox, which they called cuarushecua (kwahROO-shaykwah), "That Which You Cannot See Approaching."

The most commonly accepted theory of the

A short distance west of Las Vegas is a Spring called "TULE" and it was our custom to fill the barrels here for the trip to Ash Meadows, rather than at Indian Springs because we could drive right alongside "Tule" and save a lot of work.

As we approached Tule on our first day out, we noticed a scarecrow had been erected in the road directly in front of the Spring and that a large shack had been built nearby since we had been in Las Vegas. Tommy Williams, a tough little Welshman, drove the teams right over the scarecrow and at this moment the door of the shack opened and a big "Dutchman" came charging out and yelling, "Dot Spring is now mine Spring—I haf made der millright claim—now you must pay for der vater—2 dollars per barrel." Both of us were angry and both of us were under the impression that a running spring could not be fenced off, nor a charge made for the water. Tommy went over the tongue with one bound and started cussing the "Dutchman," however, since he held a double barreled shotgun the cussing wasn't too strong. I was on the left side of the lead wagon and while the heated argument was going on, slipped my .44 from the bedroll and then jumped over the hitch between the wagons and stuck the gun in the "Dutchman's" back, taking the shotgun away and ordered him into his shack with the threat to blow him apart if he came near us again. I kept the shotgun and finally sold it in Bullfrog. Several other teams had the same experience—one or two smaller outfits paying and making it bad for the next teamsters. I might say here that the so-called owner of Tule never came out when we were going through after that.

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On another trip, same team, same driver—we had picked up a nice appearing fellow who had offered to help us if he could have his bedroll carried to Beatty. Tommy said, "Sure, pile aboard."

He was a very well read man and from his knowledge of the world and his many stories, kept us well entertained every evening.

Our route, after leaving Indian Springs, was via Cactus Springs and into Ash Meadows where water was plentiful and easy to get at. It had rained a bit the night we spent in Ash Meadows but none of us thought it had spoiled the road. However, while we were crossing a rather damp place, the leaders swung off the road just enough to pull the front end of the lead wagon off the old track and down went the front end to the axles.

Now Tommy Williams was probably the world's most accomplished cusser and probably, too, the vilest. He let off a string of oaths such as no one ever heard before and the last, but vilest, was his final word. "God, you sent this G — D — rain down to torment me. Why in H — and what in H — did I ever do to you, G — D — you." Now, I had been a long time out of Sunday School and knew a few cuss words, but never had I heard anyone cuss the Maker, Himself.

While he was cussing, a voice, semingly out of the heavens, said, "How dare you take my name in vain—who said you were a driver—let the kid (meaning me) drive. You were asleep on your wheeler!" Both Tommy and I were startled and both of us looked at the rider who was perched on the front end of the lead wagon atop the cargo. He looked very solemn as long as Tommy and I were looking at him, but when Tommy turned away toward the swinging team, this fellow winked at me and pointed to his throat. I knew at once that he had pulled an "Edgar Bergen" on us. I know this; however, Tommy never did find out and that in the many trips to and from Beatty/Las Vegas, I never heard him take the Maker's name in vain. He had learned his lesson.

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On another trip from Las Vegas an ex-U. S. Sailor asked to go along with us. Tommy was still the Skinner and agreed to take the "Gob" if he would help us take care of the horses. He, too, was good company—had served one hitch and after his discharge decided to visit the bullfrog district, then go to Arizona to become an Arizona Ranger or a Border Customs Officer.

On this particular day he and I had been busily yarning and quite forgot to gather up dried roots with which to cook our dinner; so, on arrival at the Indian Springs, I said, "Gilbert while I am out-spanning and taking care of the teams, go up to the house and ask the lady for an armload of wood. Tell her I'll pay for it tomorrow." He went away whistling a sailor tune of some kind, perhaps a "shanty", when suddenly I heard Mrs. Lassiter yell, "Drop that load of wood or I'll drill you, you dam thief." Gilbert was merrily trudging our way and when she yelled, he turned his head the least bit and yelled back: "Go to hell, you won't shoot anybody!" She didn't, although from stories about both her and her husband, I was not too sure that she wouldn't. There is a sequel to this and this happened in Death Valley in 1956 during the Death Valley 49'er encampment.

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I was sitting on the porch of the Ranch house and saw two old men get out of an old broken down jalopy. Something about one of them struck a cord of my memory. I got up and asked the one who seemed somehow familiar, "Tell me, are you by any chance Bert

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Gilbert?" He answered, "Yes, but I'm sure I don't know you. Where do you know me?" I asked him, "Were you in the U.S. Navy in your youth?" "Yes, but I still fail to place you." "Did you ever beg a ride from Las Vegas to Beatty away back in 1905 and did you ever steal an armload of wood from the woodpile of the owner of Indian Springs?"

He said, "By God, you are Gibson, The Swamper—put it there," and held out his hand. Fifty-one years is a long period and I had quite forgotten the episode. Because of me he became a steady visitor to our encampment and told me a lot of stories regarding his life after 1905. He gave Mrs. Gibson a lot of jade recovered from a stream up near Monterey or Pacific Grove.

He, like many of my friends of those days, is gone.

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Maybe you've heard the one the Ex-Supt. of Death Valley Monument told on Chief Johnny Shoshone. It seemed that one winter Johnny was pretty ill and Mrs. Goodwin spent quite a bit of time and trouble taking good things for Johnny to eat. When Mr. Goodwin was retired, Mrs. Goodwin, seeing Johnny quite recovered and sitting in his usual place on the Wall said, "Johnny, aren't you sorry to see me go?"

"No," said he, "LOTS OF WOMEN."

—Capt. Gibson

## *Down The Book Trail . . .*

(Continued from Page 8)

THE NAVAJO RECONNAISSANCE, A MILITARY EXPLORATION OF THE NAVAJO COUNTRY IN 1859, by Captain J. G. Walker and Major O. L. Shepherd, with foreword, annotations and index by L. R. Bailey, Los Angeles; Westernlore Press; 1964. x, 113 p., illus., end-paper maps, 8¼x5½ in., blue cl., dust jacket, 600 copies, $7.50.

CM Lynn Bailey has here given four accounts of travels through Cañon de Chelly, the Moqui (Hopi) region, Navajo Mountain, and Mt. San Mateo (Mt. Taylor), as obtained from the original National Archives.

His foreword describes the difficulties of Col. Doniphan's expedition against the Navajos in 1846, those of Lt. Col. John M. Washington in 1849, of Col. L. V. Sumner in 1851 (founder of Ft. Defiance), and of the work of Henry L. Dodge, Agent, in 1851-1856 (murdered by Apaches), who in general made efforts toward peace for the Indians. But Major Brooks had great difficulty with the tribe in 1858. In 1859 Captain Walker and Major Shepherd made serious and effective expeditions into the Navajo areas.

The expeditions were those of Captain Walker, to Cañon de Chelly (for its whole length) and to the Navajo Mountain, and of Major Shepherd to the Moqui country and to Mt. San Mateo.

All of the four journeys furnished great value to all of the broad areas of the Navajos. The trips are very interesting original accounts which will have given to the military much useful information to be used a little later. Especially it led to the 1864 account of Kit Carson's successful expedition into Cañon de Chelly.

Lynn Bailey's accounts of both the foreword and of the four original campaigns are well written up and will be a rare bit of collectanea.

—*Charles N. Rudkin*

## *Corral Chips . . .*

(Continued from Page 2)

autograph parties at which 100 authors attend-

W. M. Morrison, 2221 Parrott Avenue, Waco, Texas, has just issued their annual book Sale Catalog No. 209 "Americana". 124 pages, 8½x11" containing hundreds of items.

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Los Angeles Corral members Dr. Carl Dentzel and W. W. Robinson are doing a valiant job as members of the Cultural Heritage Board in trying to restore Los Angeles first cemetery which is presently blacktopped as a parking area for a few judges.

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Ed Ainsworth had some nice comments in his column on the Walker Pass article in the BRANDING IRON.

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The Western History Association will hold its annual conference October 29-30-31 at Oklahoma City.

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We erred in naming the speaker for the April 16th meeting. It should have read Dr. Clifford M. Drury, C.M., whose subject was "First White Women Over the Rockies." Man, did we get reminders . . . skoose, please!

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FOR SALE: Brand Book No. 1 and Brand Book No. 3 from the late Percy Bonebrake's library. Make offer.

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Gun Collectors: Some of you old timers remember Bannermans Catalog; send 35c for a sample copy of "Shotgun News", Box 878, Columbus, Nebraska and spend an evening with this Guntrader's paper. Sure interesting!

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It is with regret we announce the charming wife of Honorary Member Ed Carter passed away on July 13th at the age of 94 — "Vaya con Dios."