



G U N W O M A N . . .

by R. A. GIBSON

In the year 1903 I was acting for a time as manager of Jim Harland's Stage & Freighting Outfit at Manve, California, a station on the Santa Fe Railway Branch, Goffs to Ivanpah. One day I was busy loading lumber and mining timbers onto two wagons of a "Longline or Jerkline Outfit" when I noted that a two-horse outfit was approaching on the Colorado River road. The wagon, piled high with furniture, was much the worse for wear, the wheels wobbled from side to side and the squeal from the dry axles could be heard long before it came to a stop near where I was working. I noted that the wagon had been repaired with "Mormon Tie-rope" (bailing wire) in many places, the tires held to the felly's in the same manner. These details were noted quickly but the occupants of the wagon, a man and woman, needed a more minute sizing up, particularly the woman. The man, wore the usual Levi's of the desert and a blue woolen shirt, and had his pants tucked into a good looking pair of riding boots. He had several weeks growth of beard, was extremely dirty but withall, not unprepossessing. I noted that he had the usual six-shooter worn by all the desert men and that he wore it low on his right leg and strapped down, ready for action. The woman was short and inclined to the heavy side, wore a two piece suit of khaki which was badly in need of a bit of soap and water. What startled me was the fact that she too had a shooting iron strapped around her waist, and in addition, a 30-30 Winchester Rifle resting across her knees.

The man spoke then, saying, "My names' DeVito, Im a Skinner and looking for a job with your outfit, what are the chances and are there any old "shacks" in town where we can shake down for a few days in any case." I told him that one of our 16 animal team skimmers had quit only the day before and that if he was a good driver, he could show up at the

corral on the morrow. His wife spoke up then, a rasping voice which reminded me of the sound of rasp on a horses, hoof, saying, "Bob is a damned good skinner, don't drink and isn't afraid of anything or anybody cept me and I wouldn't hurt a fly unless." Here she was interrupted by a small boyish voice from the rear of the wagon, "You'd better be nice to my 'maw,' or she will kill you. She killed a man in Arizona and thats why we had to get out so fast—the Sheriff was after us but "Paw" was too cute for the law and here we are in California. "The woman jumped to the ground, grabbed the boy, and as long as I live, I shall never forget the threshing she gave the poor lad, the husband standing by mute—me speechless too, because of the very suddenness of the affair and the utter ferocity shown. She threw the sobbing boy back into the wagon with the same cold bloodedness and told him that if he ever made another crack about her or Arizona, she'd skin him alive and I for one, was ready to believe her.

I told them of a shack down near the Butcher Shop and as she drove away with her husband, she yelled, "Just forget what you heard and what you think and we will get along fine—hope my little fit of anger won't make any difference about the job." I may say that up to now I have kept the story under my hat, however, since they have been dead these many years, I can tell the story of "Gunwoman."

They moved into the little "Shack" and Bob was on hand when I arrived at the corral the next morning, shaved, boots polished and ready to start on his new job as skinner. I pointed out his 16 horses and he set to at once with the curry comb and brush which I'm sure surprised the animals because our late driver had spent very little time in keeping the animals fit. He had soon finished with this job—har-

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THE BRANDING IRON

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF

THE WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly in

March, June, September, December

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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 MEETINGS...

Sept. 23rd Roundup was held at Taix Cafe with Dr. Harvey Johnson in the saddle . . . Speaker of the evening was Hugh C. Tolford 2nd. V.P. and Production Chairman of Death Valley 49ers who spoke of the glory of Goldfield, Rhvolite, Ryan and other goldfields, now Ghost Towns, his many slides from the boom times brought back many memories.

Oct. 22nd Roundup was held at Taix Cafe, Dr. Harvey Johnson in the saddle with the largest attendance in many many moons, requiring extra tables to be installed resulting from the attraction of the notable speaker of the evening, Waddell F. Smith, Director of "Pony Express History and Art Gallery" and scion of Wm. Bradford Waddell of that famous trio Russell, Majors and Waddell, founders and operators of the "Pony Express" . . . prior to Waddell Smith's interesting exhibition of mementos and talk we were honored by Ex Sherriff Don Russell who brought greetings from the Chicago Corral.

* * *

French Ambassador Visits

The ebullient and enthusiastic Frenchman and Westerner from the Paris Corral, Monsieur George Fronval, is a remarkable man of many talents and collections. A number of members of the Los Angeles Corral were privileged to meet him while he was visiting in Los Angeles. Though the date of our meeting didn't give him an opportunity to attend (he left for Tucson about a week before our meeting date) he did get to such places as Iron Eyes Cody's Museum, the Arthur H. Clark Company, Paul Bailey's Western-lore Press and several others.

He traveled throughout our country from border to border and from coast to coast; up into Canada and down into Mexico. He probably gathered enough material to be the speaker at his Paris Corral meetings for months to come. He visited most of the Corrals in this country and spread good will wherever he went. What a guy!

C. M. Mrs. J. Gregg Layne the beloved widow of the late Active Member J. Gregg Layne passed way on Sept. 18th.

FOR SALE: Brand Books No. 1 and No. 5 from the late Percy Bonebrake's library, make offer.

Iron Eyes Cody and family presented an Indian Dance after which Iron Eyes conferred a title of "Wi Kopi Ota" (Many Stars) upon John.

CORRAL CHIPS...

Member W. W. Robinson wrote an extremely interesting condensed history of the founding of Los Angeles which Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles read before a large audience at the 183rd Birthday Anniversary Celebration at the Plaza Sept. 4th 1964.

C. M. Russell A. Roberts has published three articles on local Publishers—Arthur H. Clark Co.—Doc Parkers "The Paisano Press"—Dawson's Book Shop—and has Paul Bailey's "Western Press" in print—little gems for collectors.

Member John Terrell was given a reception at Monrovia's City Library on Sept. 13th upon the release of his latest book "Black Robe"—

GUN WOMAN...

(Continued from page 1)



nessed up and was ready to take his wagons up to the lumber deposit by the time I had finished getting the other wagon train away for its long drag over the border into Nevada.

Bob turned out to be a very good skinner in every way and we all learned to like him exceedingly, his team, though working hard, looked fine and slick like horses from a riding stable.

The only reference Bob ever made to our first meeting was after he had been there several months. He said "I can never thank you enough for having overlooked what my old woman said and did that day when we arrived and I do hope my work is satisfactory because I am very happy here and want my kids to have a bit of schooling which they never will get if I have to keep moving along." I was only too glad to inform him that he was the very best skinner we ever had and complimented him on his general work and the splendid condition of his animals, adding, don't worry about what your wife did or said—its under our hats—besides, it has no bearing on you and your work.

I saw Mrs. DeVito nearly every day when I went to the Post-Office or the Butcher shop, and, although she always wore her six-shooter, made no trouble and was well liked by the few women who lived in this small town. She remarked many times that she was very happy and hoped Bob was giving every satisfaction, once remarking that she was sorry her terrible temper had made it necessary to move about so much.

This "End of Rails" mining supply town, was well up in the mountains at an altitude of about 7500' so we were blessed with quite a heavy growth of "Scrub Cedar Trees" our one and only shade, hence always a special care on the part of our citizens. It was because of one of these trees that this story is being written.

The DeVitos had two children, a little girl about 5 who had hidden that first day, and the

little boy of about 7 who had gotten himself in dutch on that occasion, these two kiddies playing about every day without seemingly disturbing the peace in anyway, their general playground being at the corral where they loved to play at driving the big teams and in the old Concord Stagecoaches. One day I was passing the home of Mr. Murdock and saw them up in one of the Cedar trees just back of Doc's back porch, a tree that Mrs. Murdock took care of like she would an infant. The kiddies were well up in the tree and were throwing down small twigs which they brock off, so, I admonished them to get down and explained why the trees were so valuable to us. They got down at once and trotted home, Mrs. Murdock, who had come to the door, saying, "Thanks Gib" I had hoped they would get down without my having to scold them."

I went on back to my office near the Ry. Station and had only been there for a few minutes when I heard a shot and a womens' screamed. I rushed out the back door and ran towards Dr. Murdock's as fast as I could, sure in my own mind that something had happened between the Dr.'s wife and Mrs. DeVito. When I got to them, Mrs. DeVito was sitting astride of the fallen wife of Dr. Murdock and was beating the poor old lady over the head and face with the butt of her gun. and bowled the DeVito woman over just as Mrs. Munro, the butchers wife came on the scene. Mrs. Munro, powerful as any man, caught Mrs. DeVito and literally dragged her to the shack while I carried the unlucky Mrs. Murdock into her house for first aid. I found the Dr.'s lab immediately and gave what first aid I could, using carbonic solution to cleanse the wounds on the head and face and pouring a little listering in to the chest wound in order to note whether the bullet had pierced a lung.

Just then Mrs. Munro came in and when I told her what I had done and my fears that the right upper lung had been pierced, she said, "Get your horse 'Gib' and scour the hills for the Doctor—he's prospecting somewhere out North but find him quick for God's sake or he'll return a widower.

I ran to the corral, saddled up and for the next hour rode the tops of the hills looking for the Dr. and his grey pony. I was about to give it up and try the hills to the West when I spotted the Dr. and his horse coming down a long valley. I lost no time in getting to him, explained what had happened and told him to ride as he never rode before if he would see his wife again. I did not try to keep pace with him but came in about two miles behind the Doc, proceeding directly to his house where all the towns' people were gathered.

(Please Turn Page)

The Doctor was operating on his poor wife, several of his neighbors doing odd chores such as heating water and handing the Doc. such instruments as he called for, the job finally being completed and the people ordered home by the Doctor. I went into the house and asked the Doctor if I could be of any service, was told that nothing more could be done for the moment and to go home as he had another job to do at once but without any help. I took it upon myself to warn the Doctor that he must not attempt to take revenge on Mrs. DeVito as she was angry enough to kill him but to this he refused to listen. I went over to the Sheriff's house but found that he had been away for several days, so, thinking that the Justice of the Peace was next in command, ran over to his store only to be told that he was taking no action until the Sheriff returned. This refusal made me boil over and going to the station wired the Sheriff at the County seat all details mentioning too that the Deputy was away and that the J.P. would take no action.

One of our Jerkline Teams had come in that afternoon and just before the team was outspanned, the Butcher and about 10 men came to borrow the outfit. I found that they were going down the line to an old mining camp where years before they had sported a small one cell Iron Jail and this they proposed bringing up to our village to house the DeVito lady.

They came back into town just before dark and while they were unloading the Cell, Mrs. DeVito walked up with her 30-30 and asked, "What are you going to do with the cute little Doll House boys" none making reply until, I spoke up with, "They aim to have this ready for you when the Sheriff or his Deputy arrive and if I were you I'd go over to the J.P. and give up.

She snarled like a wildcat and said, "There aren't enough men in this berg to put me into that mouse-trap" raised her fife and told the gang to get to "Hell" back to their own Wiki-ups and be dam quick about it." She turned on me then and said, "I thought you were my friend, you've been dam good to Bob else I'd let you have it, now 'git' before I forget all that." I "GOT" since there was no use putting up any argument with an angry armed woman who had already shot a man in Arizona, maybe for less reason, anyway, I did not linger. That night the men of the town met at the Post Office to talk it over, it being finally decided to await the arrival of the Sheriff or his Deputy, meantime everybody was asked to keep an eye on the lady and not to let her get away even if we had to form a vigilante division to arrest her.

The next day Bob came into town, I met him at the Corral to be the first to tell him what had happened. He was struck dum and cried

like a baby, saying "I've been so happy here, the first decent job I've had for ever so long and now I've got to pull up stakes again because of my wife's rotten temper." I was sorry for him—he was so decent and I hated to think of losing him as a driver. I took care of his team and he went home to the wife who continued to pace back and forth in front of their shack. I finished caring for the horses and went over to see the Dr. and Mrs. Murdock. As I came around the corner near the shack I heard Mrs. DeVito saying "Drop that gun Dr., you dam Sawbones" and git before I drill that empty head of yours." The Doctor, who probably figured that she meant what she said started for his house on the double and I followed him. He told me that while Mrs. Murdock was badly beaten up—he felt that she would pull through if no complications set in and that Mrs. Munro was going to be the nurse. With this information I went over to Bob's house and asked him to take a walk with me since I had something serious to say to him.

I told him I had wired the Sheriff who would no doubt come with several deputies to make the arrest and unless he, DeVito, could control his wife, somebody might get killed and I could not see any other way out unless he hitched up his own team, loaded his furniture and made a getaway into Nevada. He broke down a bit but reckoned I was right; we returned to his house and told his wife what had been decided and while she cussed a bit, said she was supposed they had better "git goin" because she did not propose being taken by anyone and put in that dam "Mouse-trap."

I helped them load up their belongings, no one in the village showing up during these operations and no one the wiser until the following morning when someone noticed that the bird had flown, and spread the news.

That very afternoon, just before sundown, the Sheriff and two deputies came in on a special train with their horses and hearing that the lady had started for the border, left in hot pursuit. They caught up with the outfit just after it had crossed the line—Mrs. DeVito sitting in the tail end of the wagon thumbed her nose to them and said "Go on back to your Alfalfa patches boys, IM in Nevada now and by the time you can get out extradition papers, I'll be somewhere else—Adios."

"Remembering that because I had not killed McKinney the year before and that because of this two good men were killed by McKinney and Schultz, I decided to help DeVito and his wife out of the State knowing that Mrs. DeVito would probably kill a few of us if she were held in Manvel."

Ray Gibson

LOS ANGELES 1884-1914 IN BOOKS (A partial list)

C. M. ANNA MARIE HAGER

As a person suffering from a severe infection — a bookworm bit me many years ago and to this day, I'm still troubled with California. I've attempted to bring together a few titles for friends interested in discovering what did the Los Angeles of the period 1884-1914 include, or claim, for its residents. Not all titles are included, I reserved the right to be selective and not all will agree with the list herein presented. My only hope is that some will be new items, others, though, of familiar title will intrigue the reader into getting re-acquainted with the basic materials available on the City of Los Angeles.

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL

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Dynamite ("Times" Bombing)
 New York, Viking Press, 1931
- ADAMS, EMMA HILDRETH
To and Fro in southern California, Oregon and Washington Territory
 Cincinnati, Cranston and Stowe, 1888
- ATCHISON AND ESHELMAN
Los Angeles, Then and Now
 Los Angeles, Atchison & Eshelman, 1897
- BARTLETT, DANA
The Better City, a Sociological Study of a Modern City
 Los Angeles, The Neuner Company, 1907
- BAUR, JOHN E.
Health Seekers of Southern California, 1870-1900
 San Marino, Huntington Library, 1959
- BURNS, WILLIAM J.
The Masked War ("Times" Bombing)
 New York, Doran, 1913
- CARR, HARRY
Los Angeles, City of Dreams
 New York, Appleton-Century, 1935
- DUMKE, GLENN
The Boom of the Eighties in Southern California
 San Marino, Huntington Library, 1944
- COHN, ALFRED A., AND JOSEPH E. CHISHOLM
"Take the Witness" (Earl Rogers)
 New York, Stokes, 1934
- COLE, GEORGE L.
Medical Associates of My Early Days in Los Angeles
 Los Angeles, Phillips Printing Co., 1930
- Deep Water Harbor in Southern California:
Port Los Angeles vs. San Pedro
 Los Angeles, Evening Express Company, 1897
- EDSON, CHARLES FARWELL
Los Angeles From the Sierras to the Sea
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- FRIEND, HERVE
Picturesque Los Angeles County
 Chicago, American Photogravure Co., 1887
- HANCOCK, RALPH L.
Fabulous Boulevard (Wilshire Boulevard)
 New York, Funk & Wagnalls, 1949
- KELLEY, ALLEN
Complete Report on Construction of the Los Angeles Aqueduct
 Los Angeles, Standard Printing Co., 1916
- KRESS, GEORGE H.
A History of the Medical Profession of southern California
 Los Angeles, Times-Mirror Press, 1910
- LINDLEY, WALTER AND JOSEPH POMEROY WIDNEY
California of the South
 New York, D. Appleton, 1888
- LOS ANGELES
Pen Sketches of Los Angeles
 Los Angeles, Morehouse & Elston, 1896
- LOS ANGELES
An Illustrated History of Los Angeles Co., California . . . and Biographical Mention of many of its Pioneers
 Chicago, Lewis Publishing Company, 1889
- LOYER, F., AND CHARLES BEAUDREAU, editors
Le Guide Francais de Los Angeles
 Los Angeles, Franco-American Publishing Company, 1932
- LUMMIS, CHARLES F.
Los Angeles and Her Makers, a Record
 Los Angeles, Outwest Magazine Co., 1909
- MCWILLIAMS, CAREY
Southern California Country, an Island on the Land
 New York, Duell, 1946
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Immanuel and the Fifty Years, 1888-1938
 (Immanuel Presbyterian Church)
 Los Angeles, Immanuel Presbyterian Church, 1938
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Into the Streets and Lanes, 1887-1947
 (Episcopal Church)
 Claremont, Saunders Press, 1948
- MATSON, CLARENCE
Building a World Gateway
 Los Angeles, Pacific Era Publishing Co., 1945
- MAYO, MORROW
Los Angeles
 New York, Knopf, 1933
- NADEAU, REMI
Los Angeles from Mission to Modern City
 New York, Longmans Green, 1960
- The Water Seekers*
 New York, Doubleday, 1950

- NORTON, R. H.
Reminiscences of an Agitator: with a Diagnosis and a Remedy for Present Economic Conditions (Direct Legislature and Recall)
 Los Angeles, Glass Book Binding Co., 1912
- PERRY, LOUIS B., AND RICHARD S. PERRY
A History of the Los Angeles Labor Movement, 1911-1941
 Berkeley, University of California Press, 1963
- PHILLIPS, ALICE MARY
Los Angeles, a Guide Book
 Los Angeles, The Neuner Company, 1907
- POTTER, BERNARD
Los Angeles—Yesterday and Today
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- RAMSAYE, TERRY
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 San Marino, Huntington Library, 1955
- BOYLE, LOUIS M.
Out West: Growing Cymbidiums, Orchids and Other Flowers
 Los Angeles, Times-Mirror Press, 1952
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Greater Los Angeles and southern California their portraits and Chronological Record of Their Careers
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 Palo Alto, Stanford University Press, 1927
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Historical Review: Seventy-Fifth Anniversary, Los Angeles Lodge No. 42, F.&A.M....
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- ARISS, JEAN
The Quick Years
 (1900-1930's)
- BELFRAGE, CEDRIC
Promised Land
 (1857-1936)
- BURTON, M. A.
The Squatter and the Don
 (1870's-1885)
- CAMPBELL, JOHN B. T.
Rose of Los Angeles
 (1890's)
- CARSON, ROBERT
The Magic Lantern
 (1914-1927)
- COMFORT, J. L.
From These Beginnings
 (1910's)
- DAGGETT, MARY (STEWART)
Yellow Angel
 (1890's-1910's)
- DEFORD, M. A.
Shaken With the Wind (1903-1928)
- ELWOOD, MURIEL
Against the Tide (1879-1890's)

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL...

FARGO, DOROTHY

Water of Gall
(1887-1888)

HALL, WILBUR

Mr. Jory
(1892-1930's)

HARRADEN, BEATRICE

Hilda Strafford
(1890's)

HOPKINS, U. N.

A Winter Romance in Poppy Land
(1907)

MARION, FRANCES

Westward the Dream
(1874-1914)

MATHEWS, AMANDA

The Hieroglyphics of Love
(1870-1880's)

ROBBINS, HAROLD

The Dream Merchants
(1911-1938)

SANFORD, FREDERICK R.

The Bursting of a Boom
(1870-1880's)

SINCLAIR, UPTON B.

Oil!
(1912-1918)

VAN DYKE, THEODORE S.

*Millionaires of a Day: an Inside History of
the Great Southern California Boom*
(1870-1880's)

WATERS, R. J.

El Estranjero
(1890's)

WHITE, STEWART EDWARD

The Rose Dawn
(1880's-1910)

WOLF, VICTORIA

Fabulous City
(1869-1890's)

WOOD, MORRISON

The Devil is a Lonely Man
(1870's-1910's)

THE LONG WALK, a History of the Navajo Wars, 1846-68, by L. R. Bailey. Los Angeles: Westernlore Press: 1964. vi, 252 p., illus., end-paper maps, 12 mo., blue cl., dust jacket.

CM Lynn Bailey has detailed the terrible lives of the Navajos at Bosque Redondo. Indians who had been accustomed to sheep and corn as food were forced to use white wheat flour, usually wormy. Many were dying from the brackish water of the Pecos river due to dysentery, and of the failed crops ruined by alkali and army worms, and sickened by women supplied by the soldiers with syphilis and gonorrhea. The few sheep were taken from Mexicans and Comanches, while foodstuffs, tools and animals were stolen from tribal agencies such as that of Lorenzo Labadie.

General James H. Carleton had developed an Apache and Navajo reservation at Bosque Redondo on the Pecos river, which did not work properly. Land, alkaline water and crops were failures year after year. Meat was not supplied enough. Dr. Steck has charged that the reservation was merely a concentration camp in which many Indians died from starvation, dysentery and diseases. Bosque Redondo was attacked by Mexicans from New Mexico and by Comanches from the Llano Estacado, sheep, horses and children were stolen, the latter sold as slaves.

The Navajos of 1864, so badly handled by Kit Carson and his aids, his own men, the Utes, and the Mexicans, were made to live at Fort Sumner, near the Staked Plain, on alkaline water and bad food. But at the end most of them were saved by the efforts of some of Congress, and eventually in 1868 they were allowed to leave Bosque Redondo, 700 Navajo's with 1350 horses, 20 mules, 950 sheep and 1026 goats, for their former and present reservation.

But Bailey has not only told of the reservation at Bosque Redondo. He tells of the bad treatment from 1846 until 1864 by Apaches, Utes, Mexicans and a few Pueblos. Of course it can be often shown that the Navajos were the attackers, but the quotations from early National Archives, the Navajo tribal historical files, as well as earlier reports, diaries and monographs, seem to prove clearly that the Navajos were getting the worst of it.

At the end came Kit Carson's destruction of (Turn to page 10)

the posse.

If you see the captain, tell him hello for me and thanks.

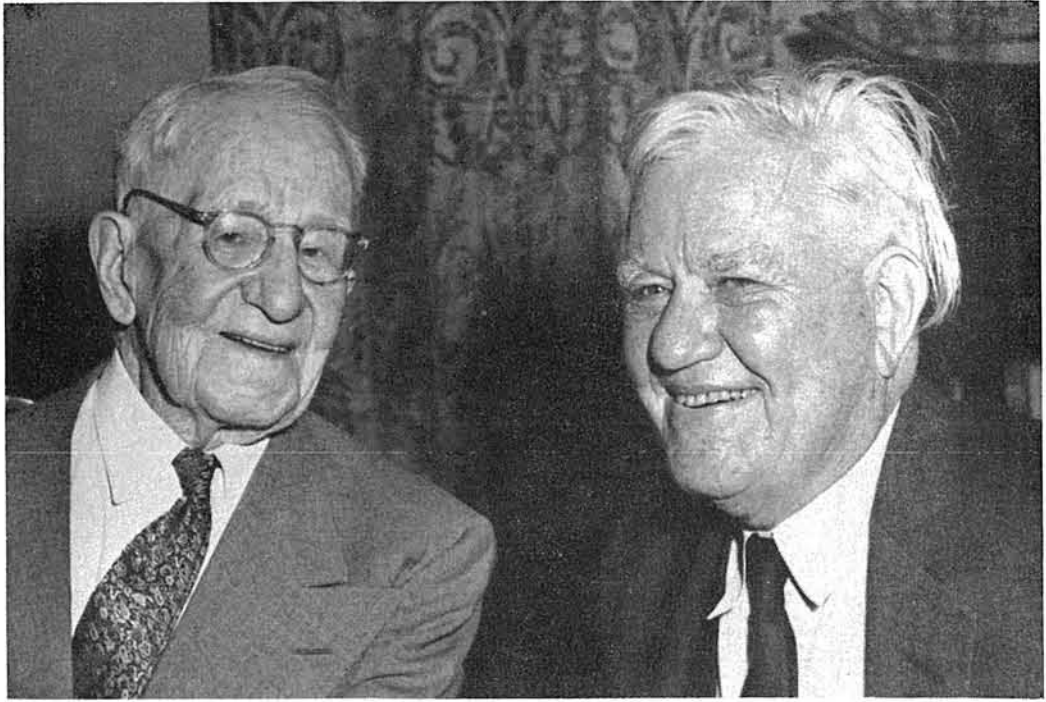
Joe Doctor . . .
Author *Shot Guns on Sunday*

From the Mailbag . . .

Dear Sid:

Thanks very much for the copy of the Branding Iron with Ray Gibson's account of his experience with McKinney in the desert. The scenes out there have changed since the captain was a teenager and until he showed up there was no one to tell about the famous chase through the desert. I checked in Kingman on the members of the posse and all had gone Beyond. Of the staff of Sheriff Lovin only Ace Harris was still alive and he had not been in

Frederick W. Hodge and J. Frank Dobie



—Photo by Lonnie Hull

A TRIBUTE

by JACK E. REYNOLDS

The literary legacy of J. Frank Dobie is a permanent part of the struggle for the continuity of a free America. Of his many honors, none was more relevant than the Presidential Medal of Freedom, which he received on September 14, four days before his death. In no lesser degree than his two friends and compatriots, Roy Bedichek and Walter Prescott Webb, Frank Dobie was an ardent conservationist. The rapacious destruction of man's natural environment was an anathema to him. When he wrote about the coyote, the longhorn, the mustang, and his fellow man, he revealed a deep-rooted faith in free men pursuing their destinies on a land unspoiled by irretrievable exploitation. The essence of Frank Dobie's appeal for the preservation of "nature's genial glow" is expressed in these lines of Gerard Manley Hopkins:

*What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet,
Long live the weeds and wildness yet.*

The books of J. Frank Dobie are mainly devoted to the region known as the American Southwest, but his treatment of that region is never parochial. He once wrote, "Nothing is

J. FRANK DOBIE
1888 - 1964

too provincial for the regional writer, but he cannot be provincial-minded toward it", and again he said, "Great literature transcends its native land, but none that I know of ignores its own soil." Texas can no more claim J. Frank Dobie than Ulm-on-the-Danube can claim Albert Einstein; their minds soar beyond political and geographical boundaries.

The Los Angeles Westerners who were for fortunate to be present at the dinner meeting the night Frank Dobie was their honored guest will not forget his enormous power to entertain and inform an audience. His very presence intensified the camaraderie of the membership and for a few memorable hours everyone enrolled in Frank's "eat, drink and be merry school." Those Westerners who brought copies of Frank's books to be autographed were not disappointed. He inscribed them until he had writer's cramp. Frank had a sincere appreciation for the loyalty of the collectors of his books, and he felt his being asked to autograph them was the highest compliment.

J. Frank Dobie is gone, but the evening melody of crickets, the fragrance of coffee boiling
(Continued on page 10)

Down The Book Trail . . .

(Continued from Page 8)

Navajoland, by crops, mostly corn and peaches, spoiled by soldiers, helped by his Ute allies and New Mexican "volunteer troops," bent on pillage, and women and children as slaves, with his approval.

A great deal of little known history of the Navajos has been dug up from all sorts of post returns (Canby, Craig, Defiance, Fauntleroy, Lyon, Fort Sumner), Indian Affairs papers, Territorial records, newspapers, early collections such as those of Fr. Haile, Carl Hayden, Holliday, Munk, and such libraries as those of the Southwest Museum and the Huntington Library, etc., etc. Any of us Westerners and many like us will do well to read (and buy) "The Long Walk." It is a highly interesting and valuable book, one which gives us the early history of The United States *versus* the Navajos.

As usual, this beautifully made book, illustrated and bound by Westerner Paul Bailey. More power to him.

★ ★ ★

FERRIES OF THE SOUTH, by Walt Wheelock, illustrated by the author. Glendale, Calif.: La Siesta Press: 1964. 39 p., illus., pamphlet, stiff wrappers, \$1.00

Good descriptions and histories of the Colorado River at Yuma, San Diego, Balboa Island, San Pedro and Catalina Island tell us of their ferries. The ferry crossings cover many curious tales. The Yuma ferry crossing really began in 1774, to end in 1777. There were no real ferries until 1849, by rope, made by Cave Coutts, and roughly by hunters and gold seekers until 1877. Ferrying for San Diego began in 1885 and still lasts today. Balboa Island began in 1904. Its ferry of a sort began in 1906 and still continues. Rattlesnake Island furnished some rowboat ferry in San Pedro from the 1850's but it begins as a "T. F." ("Team Ferry") in 1914, and by the M. J. W." (Matt J. Walsh) and the "Ace" built by the San Pedro Transportation Co. The Harbor Commission then acquired in 1941 the "Islander" for a regular ferry service from Terminal Island to San Pedro, with the "M. J. W." and the "Ace" as standby service. The 1963 bridge brought the ferrying to an end. Catalina Island needed ferrying for mining and then for army service during the Civil War. Ferry use continued after 1865, but in about 1887 resorting began with the Hotel Metropole. The Bannings owned it in 1894 but unloaded it on the Wrigley family syndicate in 1919. Now the "Cabrillo" (No. 2) and the "Catalina" continue to take passengers back and forth to the Island. Here I have not listed all of the ferries—there is an adequate list on pages 20-21. There is in the little book

a compact history of ferrying which also can be of use to Westerner buffs, especially with its adequate list of references.

—C. N. Rudkin

★ ★ ★

EXPLORING JOSHUA TREE, a guide to Joshua Tree National Monument, telling of its history, plant and animal life, and to explore it by auto and by foot, by Roger Mitchell, photos by the author. Glendale, Calif.: La Siesta Press: 1964. 36 p., illus., pamphlet, stiff wrappers, \$1.00.

A useful guide for the visitor at the Monument. The roads are surfaced and unsurfaced for regular cars and some are rough and ungraded trails for jeeps. The "routes" give detailed roads and distances from the visitors' center at Twenty-Nine Palms. One returns to the highway at Joshua Tree, some 45 miles including Salton View (the true Key's View); another about 35 miles to U.S. Highway 60-70; and a short trip from the Twenty Nine Palms Tighway to Indian Camp Ground. There are indicated camp and picnic grounds, usually with water when it is available. The history of the monument is told very briefly but adequately. The natural history of the plant and animal life and the geology are useful to the average tourist.

—C. N. Rudkin

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A TRIBUTE

(Continued from page 9)

over a campfire, the bark of a coyote on a moonlit night, and the dawn call of a bob-white will forever be more meaningful for those who have listened to this immortal teller of tales.

He lived, he loved, he interpreted, he left his tracks in better stuff than sand. Like those mustangs of "Grecian grace" that his prose enshrined, J. Frank Dobie fought for freedom, unconfined by prejudice, assuming nothing, responsible to himself and to his fellow man. Now he rests in the soil of his beloved Texas, reminding those who knew him and who are nourished by his works of the rudeness of death, the aloneness that comes when mortality confounds us.

PIRATE, PAWNEE AND MOUNTAIN MAN, the Saga of Hugh Glass, by John Myers Myers. Little, Brown and Company: Boston, Toronto: c. 1963: 1st Ed: 10, 237 p., cl., \$5.50

John Myers Myers, of Tempe, has assembled the material which can be made more or less the truth about Hugh Glass.

Glass had been a sea-captain, captured in the Gulf of Mexico by Lafitte, served under Lafitte at Galveston, escaped with a friend, captured by Pawnees who burned his friend to death, bribed as a gift of cinnabar to the Chief, became adopted son of the Chief, escaped again and went to St. Louis. Glass there joined Gen. William H. Ashley's fur hunters. In Missouri Glass was caught and almost killed by "Old Ephraim" a grizzly bear. Two friends left him badly wounded but they were held by Gen. Ashley until Glass should live or die. But they left him almost dead with his rifle and tools stolen. Glass ate berries, a fat rattlesnake, and at last a buffalo calf killed by wolves, finally was cared by Dakotas, and eventually rejoined Ashley's group.

He continued fur hunting, was shot in the back by Modocs but walked seven miles to Taos. About 1833 he was killed by an Indian who was said to have stolen Glass' squaw.

Incidentally, John G. Neihardt's "The Song of Hugh Glass" is a poem in his "A Cycle of the West," a Bison Book in paper at \$1.85 (U. of Nebraska Press).

Myers has made a very entertaining and thrilling life of Hugh Glass, one of our better known fur hunters of the Rocky Mountains.

—C. N. Rudkin

★ ★ ★

THE AZTECS, THE HISTORY OF THE INDIES OF NEW SPAIN, by Fray Diego Durán was finished in 1581, in manuscript. José Fernando Ramírez printed in 1866 the earlier portion of the work. The second part was printed by Alfred Chavero in 1880. Both parts were republished in 1951 by the Editora Nacional, S. A., without changes.

The original manuscript was reassembled from three "books" written by Durán. The early MS is bound up with an erroneous title, since the "Islas de Terra Rurme" is not part of it. His "History of the Indies of New Spain," Chapter I to LXXVIII, closed with the words, "This work was finished in the year 1581." Chapter LXXIX to CI cover the mythology of the Aztec gods and the final "book," "Comienzo el Calendario Antiguo," not numbered with the others.

The translation by Doris Heyden and Fer-

nando Horcasitas includes only the "History of the Indies." The second and third parts of the work are of little importance since the subjects have been well covered in English by many authors, such as Vaillant, "The Aztecs of Mexico," or Caso, "The People of the Sun," as examples.

Bernal's "Introduction" discusses the earliest 16th century knowledge of the book, perhaps the first by Juan de Tovar referring to Durán's *Historia* in a letter to Fr. José de Acosta. It is also praised by Augustín Dávila Padilla, later Archbishop of Santo Domingo and a relative of Tovar. 18th century references are mentioned by such as Alonso Franco, Clavijero, etc., but they were not familiar with it. Ramírez and Chavero published the work in the 19th century, but the copy had early bad spelling and punctuation, making it difficult to read. The translators, Miss Heyden and Horcasitas, have corrected spelling, kept the enormous paragraphs short and made the sentences of reasonable length.

Durán was born in Seville but as a child he was taken to Texcoco. His explanation reads, "My teeth were not born there but my second teeth came out there." Like Sahagún he writes well in Aztec, and has learned information from old men who knew their Aztec history familiarly from 1520 to 1591, or from young men who had learned it from their elders.

The first two chapters of the translation furnish the mythical origin of the Aztecs in the seven caves, from one of which they came. The next two chapters deal with the more or less mythical peregrination from Aztlan to Chapultepec. The remaining seventy-four chapters supply the histories of the eleven rulers of Tenochtitlan or Mexico, and of the conquest by Cortés. This book is one of the few direct translations of the history of the Mexican people in English. It is true, of course, that errors appear made by Durán, but the translators' notes develop as accurate history as can be known from Durán and many other early historians.

Sixty-two pictures, presumably by Durán, are illustrated in the 78 chapters of the book, known as the "Atlas." Of these, seven pictures are reproduced in the present book, but twenty-two illustrations contain facsimiles from the *Codex Mendoza*, *Codex Borjia*, *Codex Borbonicus*, *Codex Magliabecchiano* and *Codex Azcatitlan* and photographs of statuary.

This book is a well worth instructing and pictorial history of the Aztecs through Aztec eyes, and Westerners may well enjoy the translation instead of the old Spanish idiom and Durán's curious Nahuatl spelling.

—C. N. Rudkin

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