



JUNE 1966

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 77



### THE JANUARY BOARD MEETING

The special board meeting, called by Sheriff Eddie Edwards in January, at the Arthur H. Clark Company, was one of a series of monthly affairs aimed at ironing out the more persistent problems of Los Angeles Corral. Those illustrious officers present were caught by the camera of Iron Eyes Cody, with a special device allowing Iron Eyes to get the hell into focal range. It was no fault of Iron Eyes the juggernaut caught only half of Sheriff Eddie's face. The Sheriff was there — all of him.

## MEETINGS AND SPEAKERS CONTINUE AT HIGH CALIBER

For the March meeting the Corral was slipped a Tuesday night date at Taix, but in spite of the switch from the Wednesday night habit, the attendance was good. Gran Parmelee, of the Automobile Club of Southern California brought us a thirty-minute movie in technicolor, which, coupled with his exciting and illuminative talk, "Baja California, Then and Now," made a most interesting evening. For those brash West-

erners anxious to do the peninsula in a week-end, it was a sobering experience. Visually it proved that Baja California is one of the last of America's untamed wildernesses. To several Westerners who have tackled the peninsula of late, it brought the nostalgia of a frontier, unconquered, and still waiting out yonder.

To many Westerners who have watched  
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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 solicits articles of 1500 words  
or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.  
Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

## Another Great Brand Book

On the back page of this issue of the *Branding Iron* is the official notification of the publication by Los Angeles Corral of BRAND BOOK NO. 12. A reading of the table of contents will convince the crassest skeptic that No. 12 is one of the stellar offerings in the long history of this publication.

The periodic issuance of every volume of this splendid series of books has spread the fame of Los Angeles Corral around the world. We can be proud of the luster we have added to the Westerners movement.

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## Meetings and Speakers Continue High Caliber

(Continued from Page 1)

the pigeons play havoc with the bearded statue which for so many years stood lonely and forgotten on the grounds of the old city hall, on North Broadway, there came an answer at the April meeting of the Corral, at Taix. Westerner Don Hamblin, himself an attorney, revealed the story of his fellow barrister in bronze, with his lively talk "Stephen M. White—The Man Behind the Statue." In one of the most interesting of programs, the enigma of Stephen White took on flesh and blood, in a real resurrection job by Don Hamblin. Instead of a forgotten statue, the man became a real human under Don's penetrating study—with virtue and faults both colorful and endearing. Old Stephen could well be proud of what Don did for him at the April meeting. And a packed house of Westerners and their guests was proof of their interest.

Stage line buffs, and those particularly interested in Wells Fargo, had their night at the meeting at Taix, on May 11. The speaker this night was none other than Raymond A. Wells, Jr., son of the late Raymond A. Wells, vice president and general manager of Wells Fargo & Company. Ray's informal and delightful talk was enriched with the greatest collection of Wells Fargo historical loot in the memory of any Westerner. To his drooling and covetous audience, Ray drew forth enough Wells Fargo memorabilia to spice their dreams for a decade. It truly was a night to remember.

If the programs provided for 1966 by the indefatigable Deputy Sheriff Arthur Clark continue at this high caliber, Westerners of Los Angeles Corral are headed for a memorable year.

Along with the splendid and interesting meetings has gone a new dedication on the part of the officers, headed by Sheriff Eddie Edwards, toward the uplift and building of the Corral to new heights of accomplishment. A committee is at work revising the Range Rules, a warm and cordial spirit now greets members and guests at the meetings, through the Wranglers acting as friendly hosts, and many other innovations are at work or in prospect.

Through the efforts of Prof. John Alexander Carroll and others a new Westerners Corral has been formed in Fort Worth, Texas. Reggan Houston, an executive of the Texas Hotel, is sheriff.



One of the rare photos made by Westerner Earle R. Forrest of the Hopi Snake Dance before the perpetual ban on photography. This rare photo, taken nearly fifty years ago, is one of many of Earle's pictures which enhance his splendid and definitive book *The Snake Dance of the Hopi Indians*.

## EARLIEST MENTION OF THE SNAKE DANCE

By EARLE R. FORREST

What is probably the first account of the Hopi Snake Dance ever published appeared in *The Long Islander*, October 10, 1879, published at Huntington, Long Island, New York, according to information gathered by Corresponding Member Michael Harrison of Fair Oaks, California, who was for many years in the National Park and Indian Service in Arizona. Naturally he was deeply interested in the Snake Dance, and managed to secure a copy of *The Long Islander*, which is a very rare item. He first brought this to light in an article in *The Masterkey*, the quarterly of the Southwest Museum, in the October-December 1964, issue. CM Harrison goes into some detail of other early Snake Dance articles, but the account published in 1879 seems to be the first time that the dance was mentioned in print.

Here it is as it appeared, first in *The Long Islander*, October 10, 1879, and in *The Masterkey*, October-December 1964:

### THE SNAKE DANCE

A Wonderful Snake Story Told by  
an Agent of the Moquis Indians  
—A Pit Filled with Rattlers and  
Serpents of all Kinds and Taken  
out by the Mouth.

Mr. W. R. Mateer, Indian Agent of the Moquis Pueblos of Arizona, gave a St. Louis reporter a thrilling account of a strange ceremony practiced by that tribe, called the "Snake Dance." The Moquis regard the serpent as a sacred reptile, possessed of the power of controlling the elements, and disposed to be friendly to man. They never kill a snake, and frequently handle the most poisonous serpent with impunity. The rattlesnake is regarded with special veneration, and their bite is no more dreaded than the scratch of a mesquit thorn or the pricking of a cactus. They have an antidote for the bite of a rattlesnake which

is infallible, and never fails to effect a cure in a few minutes when administered immediately. An Indian of this tribe, when bitten by a rattler, swallows the antidote at once, and after being stupefied for a moment, becomes entirely restored and never feels any pain or inconvenience afterwards. All attempts of white men to learn the ingredients of this antidote have proved futile, as this secret is guarded with religious fidelity, and an Indian would lay down his life rather than communicate the recipe for snake bites to a pale face. If a white man is bitten by a rattlesnake the Indians will not hesitate to give him the antidote, but he must not inquire what it is composed of.

The snake dance is performed by the Moquis every two years, and is resorted to as a means of propitiating the Spirit of the Summer Rain to send abundant showers

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# The Snake Dance

(Continued from Previous Page)

to fructify the earth and make the crops grow. The corn is planted in the moist sand of the *mesa*, without previous preparation of the ground, for the plow is unknown to the tribe, and after it has grown to a certain height, and needs moistening from the clouds, preparations are made for the grand snake dance. A deep and wide excavation is made in the dirt floor of one of the largest houses in the village, and the whole tribe go out to hunt snakes. These they catch with their hands and bring them in twined around their necks, coiled in their bosoms, or wrapped around their legs and arms. All kinds of snakes are captured — the rattler, the viper, the moccasin, the blue racer, the black, the garter, the green, spotted — in fact, every variety existing in the country. These to the number of several hundred are placed in the pit in the floor, and the mouth is covered over with a buffalo robe, the hairy side down to prevent the reptiles from crawling out and escaping. Then a certain number of the old men dance around the pit, chanting monotonous songs and calling upon the imprisoned serpents to intercede with the Spirit of the Clouds to send rain upon the thirsting cornfields. A body of younger men next form a circle around the pit, and go through similar ceremony. Then come the old women, who have a different chant, then the young married women, then the boys and finally the virgins with their hair done up in loops, and then for a few moments a solemn silence prevails, during which the hissings of the serpents and the shrill sound of their rattles are heard under the buffalo robe. These sounds are taken as favorable tokens that the incantations have been successful, and that a copious fall of rain will follow. Then the buffalo robe is removed, and then the men and boys leap into the pit, and each one brings forth a snake, which he holds in his mouth. Sometimes a man will emerge with two or three small snakes in his mouth. As each man emerges from the pit with his mouth full of snakes he runs at full speed down the almost perpendicular side of the mesa until he comes to the plain, and there gently releases his captives, who at once take to the grass and quickly disappear. After the pit has been emptied the men examine the wounds on their arms, breast and faces, and if blood has been drawn they know the fangs of a rattler have entered their flesh, and they lose no time in applying the antidote.

The wounds inflicted by the rattlesnake are very painful. The rattler, when provoked, is the most savage of all serpents, and will continue to strike and lacerate an enemy as long as he is within reach. Sometimes an old snake with full-grown fangs will fasten upon the cheek or arm of an Indian and hold on until the fangs are torn from his jaws. Mr. Mateer witnessed one of these snake dances of the Moquis recently, and was horrified at the sight. He saw the blood stream from the arms and breasts of the Indians, who bore the pain with stoic indifference, and seemed to take pleasure in the infliction. They believed that the more savage the snakes became and the deeper the wounds inflicted, the more copious would be the shower. On the occasion of the last snake dance the Indians of one of the villages refused to participate. For some reason they believed that the rain would come without the dance, and while the other villages were engaged in the ceremony they sat idly in their houses listening to the noise and smiling at the unnecessary trouble their neighbors were taking. Subsequently they had good cause to repent, for when the rain came sweeping down from the mountains it poured a copious flood upon the snake-worshipping villages and their fields and passed around the heretic village and their parched cornfields, leaving them as dry as a powderhorn. The result was that six of the seven villages raised abundant crops, and the other had to call on the agent for government rations.

*Just how much of the dance Mateer actually saw, if he ever witnessed it, and how much the reporter drew on his imagination to make a good story of the mysterious wild west is hard to say. At any rate it is nothing like the early description of the snake dance given by early observers such as the ethnologist, Kosmos Mindeleff.*

*Until this discovery by CM Harrison, it was believed that the first printed account of the Snake Dance was that by the Rev. Charles A. Taylor, which appeared in The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian of New York and Cincinnati, Volume 10 No. 4, page 176, April, 1881, a copy of which was sent to me by Dr. Laurence M. Klauber of San Diego, who is the author of Rattlesnakes in two volumes, rated as the best work ever published on this reptile. The Taylor account follows:*

## THE GREAT SNAKE DANCE OF THE MOQUIS

By Rev. Charles A. Taylor

Previous to the dance the Indians collected from 150 to 200 snakes, mostly rattlesnakes. These were caged in an under-



ground room, with a trap-door over the top. This dance commenced at 4:30 P.M. and lasted about an hour. The performance began with a procession of eighteen persons: two men and sixteen boys, aged from five to fifteen years. These marched around the trap-door which confined the snakes, sprinkling cornmeal upon the door, and stamping heavily upon it with one foot. This was repeated three times. They then formed a line with their backs towards the snakes. Then came twenty-seven more, and after going through the same performance, they formed a line facing the boys and danced about fifteen minutes. The line then divided into threes; two of each triplet locking arms and the third walking directly behind them. The two of the first triplet stooped down and covered their heads with a buffalo robe that overhung the door; presently they came from under the robe, one of them holding two snakes in his mouth, and the other fanning the snakes about their heads with a stick and two feathers, while they danced half way around the circle. Here the men who held the snakes spit them out on the ground, and the third man picked them up and handed them to the boys. The next triplet went through the same performance, and so on until all the snakes were taken from the place of their confinement. The boys were now well supplied with snakes, which the men grabbed from them with their right hands holding the boys with the other. Some of them held as many as eight or ten snakes. The snakes were now thrown into one pile in the center of the circle and a band of girls, who were in waiting, threw corn-meal over them. The performance concluded by each man snatching up a double handful of snakes, which they carried away to the foot of the mesa and turned them loose. The witness relates that some of the snakes coiled around the arms of the boys so firmly that it was with considerable effort that they were removed by the men; and one little boy, "not over five years of age," held a snake that was "at least six feet in length." The mystery to the looker-on is that no one is poisoned by being bitten. Some suppose that the performers have an antidote that counteracts the poison, others that they take the poisonous fangs from the snakes as they catch them. This is not a received opinion, however by those who have inquired into the matter. From their being confined in a dark place previously, and from the haste with which the performances are executed, I am inclined to the belief that they administer a narcotic to the snakes which renders them insensible to their treatment. The tra-

dition of the origin of this dance is peculiar but can not appropriately be given in detail. By it, it seems that certain of the Moquis claim marital relationship with the snake family, and though there are but two descendants of this union now living, they continue this dance (or more properly circus), in memory of that event. We pray our Master that he will send his spirit into their dark hearts and turn them from such horrible practices to the worship of the one living God, for it must be remembered that these so-called dances constitute a part of their religion and worship.

*As this account was published in April, 1881, the dance described evidently took place in August of 1880. That would mean that it was probably at old Oraibi, although it could have been at either Shipaulovi or Shonopovi, as a snake dance is held at each of these pueblos during the even year. The description is more like that of the dance described in detail in later years.*

EARLE R. FORREST

## Corral Chips . . .

At the twelfth annual meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies, to be held June 16, 17, 18, at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Barbara, Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher will again mastermind and masterhand the ever-popular book auction. Under his direction each California region has assigned one of its members to serve on the auction committee. He reports an exceptionally fine collection of books this year, from the many donors who are working with him to make the event another gratifying success.

CM William H. Hutchinson, of 630 Stadium Way, Chico, California is trying, as an author, to unravel the role of the port of Mazatlan in America's sea approach to Alta California during the period 1827-1846. Letters, commercial correspondence, and leads to firms or personalities involved in the Mazatlan trade are eagerly sought.

In the autumn 1965 issue of *The Journal of Arizona History*, official publication of the State Historical Society of Arizona, our own Earle R. Forrest contributes a feature article on "The Fabulous Sierra Bonita." In his inimitable style Earle tells the almost hundred-year history of this great cattle ranch from the days of Henry C. Hooker, its founder, down to the present. As with anything Earle writes, it make good reading for any Westerner.

## Dr. Mark Harrington Honored With Plaque

Dr. Mark R. Harrington, beloved honorary member of Los Angeles Corral, and who next month will be 84 years old, was recently honored with a special bronze plaque, and with it, elevated to life membership in the Archeological Survey Association of Southern California. The plaque was presented by Dr. Gordon A. Redfeldt, president of the association.

Among the guests honoring Dr. Harrington were Dr. Charles Rozaire, of the Los Angeles County Museum; Dr. Carl Dentzel, director of the Southwest Museum, and an ex-sheriff of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners; and others associated with Dr. Harrington through the years in the fields of history and archeology.

Dr. Harrington is responsible for much of the restoration of the historic Andres Pico Adobe, now being purchased by the San Fernando Valley Historical Society to save it from demolition. He is a member of the Historical Committee of the State and County Arboretum at Santa Anita, of the Advisory Committee of the La Purisima Mission State Historical Monument, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Association of Museums, Society for American Archeology, The Archeological Survey Association of Southern California, Southwestern Anthropological Association, Friends of the San Fernando Mission, and the California Writers' Guild.

He is an honorary member of the Academia de Historia de la Habana, and the Sociedad de Franciscan History. To many more thousands he is known as curator of the Southwest Museum, but to Westerners he is lovingly known as "Uncle Mark."

## Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows Honored For New Book

On Friday, May 13, our genial CM from Balboa Island, Doc Horace Parker, staged a coming out party for Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows and his new book *Orange County Place Names*. Not being the least superstitious, there were thirteen guests, including members of the press and notables. How the champagne was cracked, over what or whom, has not yet been disclosed — and there was plenty of good food.

On Monday evening, June 6, the Western Art Gallery, at Saddleback Inn, Santa Ana, will hold a special reception honoring Don and his new book.

It will be reviewed in next issue of B.I.

## New York Westerners Present Buffalo Award

On Wednesday evening, June 1, the New York Posse of Westerners plans to hold its presentation of the Buffalo Award for the best non-fiction book published in 1965. The award is a facsimile of the buffalo statue carved for the Posse by the late Frederick Allen Williams.

"After the Award is presented, we hope that former members of the Posse will be with us and tell us something about the early days of this organization," writes Gwendolen Haste, secretary. "We hope to have the former Sheriffs with us, as well as the charter members, who in the early days used to meet in Jim Horan's Weehawken home and discuss matters of the West."

New York Posse meets in the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Avenue and 66th Street, at 6:30, on the first Wednesday of each month. Following the hour's libation, dinner is at 7:30, with a welcome to any fellow mavericks off the range.

## Corral Chips . . .

Westerner W. W. Robinson was a featured speaker at the Southern California Symposium of Historical Societies held at San Fernando, February 12. His paper, entitled, "The Spanish and Mexican Ranchos of San Fernando," as delivered by this eminent western historian, was also republished in March issue of *The California Historian*.

Dr. Doyce Nunis is asking for suggestions as to speakers for the forthcoming Western History Association annual meet, this year at El Paso Texas, in October. A postcard will be helpful.

Ex-Sheriff Arthur Clark, in addition to his heavy chore of Deputy Sheriff of Los Angeles Corral, is serving the Southern California Publishers Association as its secretary for 1966.

Dr. Clifford M. Drury has been conducting a series of Wednesday night lectures at the Arcadia Presbyterian Church. The series, "Modern Substitutes for Christianity," have been a special feature of the Family Night dinners at his church.

A new Corral of Westerners is in active operation in Prescott, Arizona. First Friday of each month. Membership is co-ed.

## Corresponding Members Join Corral Roll

Over the past several months many new names have been added to the nationwide membership of Los Angeles Corral. Among the new Corresponding Members are the following, and we bid them a hearty welcome:

James M. Allen, 204 Via Colusa, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277.  
Pat Adler, 5425 Red Oak Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Garl G. Allen, 3325 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005.  
Newton Baird, P.O. Box 455, Georgetown, Calif.  
Charles G. Clarke, 328 S. Bedford Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.  
Augusta Fink, 38 Sea Cove Dr., Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. 90274.  
Mrs. Albert Gordon, 3700 Northland Dr., Los Angeles, Calif. 90008.  
Arnold S. Hager, 121 Pleasant St., Leicester, Mass.  
Doris E. Harris, 3916 Bluff Place, San Pedro, Calif. 90731.  
Theodore M. Hiatt, M.D., 5336½ Fairview Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90056.  
Esther H. Koltz, 4624 Olivewood Ave., Riverside, Calif.  
Heritage Book Shop, 6707 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.  
L. R. Marks, 725 N. Edinburgh Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.  
Alden H. Miller, M.D., 1407 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.  
Frank R. Millington, Walt Disney Productions, 500 S. Buena Vista St., Burbank, Calif. 91503.  
William H. Newbro, Automobile Club of Southern California, 2601 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054.  
Helen C. Smith (Mrs. Donald), 260 Brentwood St., Costa Mesa, Calif. 92627.  
George H. Sturtevant, 3365 Ley Drive, Los Angeles, Calif. 90027.  
John H. Urabec, M.D., Suite 301, 1136 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.  
Raymond A. Wells, Jr., 1704 N. Naomi St., Burbank, Calif.  
David A. Williams, 144 Glendora, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.  
Zeitlin & Ver Brugge, 815 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.

## Hawgood Wins Knopf Prize

Alfred A. Knopf has announced that his firm's Western History Prize has been awarded to John A. Hawgood for the best-written manuscript in the field of western American history submitted to his firm in 1965. Hawgood's book, *America's Western Frontiers* will be published simultaneously by Knopf, and by Eyre & Spottiswoode in Great Britain. The prize is for \$5,000 exclusive of royalties.

Dr. Hawgood is professor of American history at the University of Birmingham, England. He is a member of the English Society of Westerners, and was a recent visitor to Los Angeles Corral.

## Westerners Well Pleased With Art Exhibit

Westerners are indebted to the deep interest and special efforts of Dwight Vance in providing an exciting and colorful art exhibit at the May meeting of the Corral. For this night Dwight featured a representative display of the works of Joseph Henry Sharp, painter of Indians. Sharp was born in 1859, in Bridgeport, Ohio, and died in 1953 in Pasadena, leaving behind him a legacy of artistic studies of the American aborigines, matched by few artists in history. Some fine examples of this man's exquisite work were shown, contributed for the occasion by Dwight, and other fellow Westerners interested in collecting the canvases of this great and original painter. For making these exhibits available at the meetings, Los Angeles Corral is most deeply indebted to Westerner Dwight Vance.

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## CM John D. Gilchriese, Arizona Historian

CM John D. Gilchriese, besides serving as field historian for the University of Arizona, at Tucson, keeps an active interest in a number of other facets pertaining to the historical west. In the new Arizona illustrated newspaper, *Arizona Currents*, he conducts a sprightly and informative column dealing with the state's past called "Territorial Tales," and as a feature editor enhances the new and growing sheet with illustrated full-page spreads on "Tombstone ... the Town Too Tough to Die," and other towns and personalities of lively interest to the state's tumultuous past.

But even more important is the opening, on the week-end of July 4, of the Wyatt Earp Museum at Tombstone, which will feature the incomparable collection which Westerner Gilchriese has assembled through the years of Earp letters, possessions, and other memorabilia pertaining to the wild and woolly Tombstone. Westerners should not miss a visit to this new and important museum. It is located at Fifth and Toughnut Streets.

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CM David F. Myrick, at work on a new book, is in need of photographs, maps, and other material on railroads and mining in Arizona and Sonora. His address is 263 Filbert Street, San Francisco 33.

# THE LITERARY RESURRECTION OF J. ROSS BROWNE

By HORACE PARKER

In 1959 Johnny Stark, a book scout, gave me some extracts from the old *Harper's Monthly*. Among them was a comical cartoon woodcut of the Duke of York and his two wives, Jenny Lind and Queen Victoria. The Duke was an Indian chief in Port Townsend, Washington Territory, whom the Anglos had degraded by plying with cheap whiskey. This was part of a series of articles which appeared in *Harper's* during 1861-62, written and illustrated by J. Ross Browne, and entitled "The Coast Rangers."

Even though I considered myself a minor California historian, the name Browne did not ring a bell. I asked some of my friends, who were also California history buffs, and received a negative answer in most instances.

In a few weeks Johnny showed up with the rest of the series. They were all profusely illustrated with the same humorous cartoons. I was fascinated—not only by the woodcuts but also by the author's frontier humor. True, it is stiff and stilted today, but it must have been uproariously funny and fresh in the mid-nineteenth century.

So I began to search. Nearly every secondary historical work on California would carry a brief note on J. Ross Browne, but little more. Eventually I found mention of a Browne biography by Francis J. Rock. After weeks of searching I finally obtained a copy from the California State Library. This biography had been written in 1929, or about thirty years previously.

*I was amazed. Here was one of the great California pioneers who for all intents and purpose had fallen into oblivion.*

Browne arrived in California on August 5, 1849 and even though he had been sent West as agent of the United States Government he shed this responsibility and became almost immediately reporter for the first California Constitutional Convention held in Monterey in September and October, 1849. Browne not only transcribed and wrote the proceedings, he even published them. This alone should justify his lasting recognition.

Returning East in the same year he found a great demand, and continued to publish the proceedings and debates for Congress and general consumption. With a nice nest egg from this venture, he decided to indulge his love for travel. Browne always considered himself a professional traveler, and some years later *Harper's* described him as "our ubiquitous reporter." His travels

took him to the Near East, which he supported in part by writing newspaper features of his experiences which eventually were incorporated in a book entitled *YUSEF* (1853), which in turn became the forerunner of humorous travel books such as Mark Twain's better known *INNOCENTS ABROAD*.

I was now convinced that here was a lost California pioneer—a man richly deserving recognition. In 1957 I had set up a vest-pocket publishing venture to bring out a guidebook of the Anza-Borrego Desert. I was through bucking editors, and was determined to bring out this guide the way I wanted, and at my own expense. This venture has proved profitable. Since then the guidebook has run through two editions and four printings of some 12,000 copies—and is still going strongly. But here I was a publisher with only one book in my stable.

At that time Harry Lawton and I were working on and researching the Willie Boy legend. The *Coast Rangers* had never been reprinted in their entirety so I decided to do a reprint. I needed a name author for an introduction. I consulted my literary friends and they suggested some big names. Unfortunately the big names would not touch this assignment for love nor money.

Then Don Meadows suggested a rising name on the literary horizon—Richard Dillon of the Sutro Library in San Francisco. Dick agreed, and began researching Browne. I had Hendricks Printing Company of Newport Beach "shoot" the *Harper's* extracts directly in order to reproduce the series by offset lithography. To facilitate reading, we increased the page size by 10 percent. Dillon came through with a fine introduction, and we printed a limited edition of 500 Browne's *Coast Rangers*. The book was awarded a prize that year for fine printing.

Although this limited edition of 500 books is nearly exhausted, it has taken almost seven years to accomplish it. This may be indicative of how thoroughly J. Ross Browne's name and stature had disappeared from the California scene.

One major accomplishment came about from the reprinting of Browne's *Coast Rangers*. Richard "Dick" Dillon became a Browne fan and champion. He gave a number of lectures on Browne, in addition to doing some magazine articles. In fact



Dick became so enthusiastic he named one of his offspring John Ross Dillon.

Many have considered Browne as Nevada's first historian because of the series of articles he did in the 1860s on Washoe silver and Virginia City, Nevada. The first of the series he called "A Peep at Washoe," in which he tells of his experiences in a humorous vein, plus comical illustrations of his initial visit to Virginia City.

A few years later he returned to Virginia City and did another long series entitled "Washoe Revisited." Both of these early Western classics had been reprinted from time to time, but the two had never appeared together. Late in 1959 I wrote an introduction and reprinted Browne's two Washoe series in a single book, and dedicated it to the discovery of silver in Nevada.

At a Westerners' meeting held in 1961, at Don Meadow's home in Santa Ana, Dr. John Carroll was one of the distinguished visitors from Arizona. J. Ross Browne was discussed here and there at the meeting. No doubt Dr. Carroll was aware of Browne and his adventures in Apache country, but I like to think that his interest in Browne may have stemmed from this meeting. Shortly I was contacted by a David Goodman, teaching school in Seattle, who was a graduate student under Dr. Carroll. He had been assigned J. Ross Browne for his graduate work.

We corresponded. I helped him when and where I could. It's fun to work with eager researchers such as Dillon and Goodman rather than passive journalists who seek to highgrade the research man's knowledge while exerting little or no effort of their own. It wasn't long before I realized my "two boys," Dillon and Goodman, had passed me in their knowledge of Browne. We all worked together and bandied suggestions and information back and forth.

By 1961 I couldn't resist doing at least one more Browne reprint—so selecting a number of his mining adventures in California and Nevada I brought them out as *J. Ross Browne's Mining Adventures: California and Nevada, 1863-1865*. I consider this our finest designed book to date.

About this time Dillon began kidding me about publishing a book he was writing on Browne as a confidential agent. Inasmuch as none of the three Browne books I had reprinted were rapid sellers I was reluctant with my limited finances, to attempt another, so I didn't push the matter. In the interim Dave Goodman and I had talked about a small, limited edition of an exhaustive bibliography of Browne's writings—but even this was indefinite.

In one of Dillon's notes to me he mentioned that the University of Oklahoma Press was considering his manuscript on Browne as a confidential agent. Some months later, via the grapevine, I heard Goodman was writing a book on Browne for The Arthur H. Clark Company. I was delighted in both instances. Browne was finally receiving the recognition he deserved. Furthermore, the more publishers working with Browne the better.

Late in 1965 I received Dillon's *J. Ross Browne: Confidential Agent in Old California*, and early in 1966 a prepublication notice of Dave Goodman's — *A Western Panorama 1849-1875: The Travels, Writings and Influence of J. Ross Browne*. Seemingly all three of us are stuck with long book titles about Browne and his work.

Although I had skimmed Dillon's *Confidential Agent*, I held off reading it carefully until after I had received Goodman's work. Then I took a weekend off and read them both.

In my estimation these two books have laid the foundation for Browneiana—present and future. They are primary source books and should be in every library of Western Americana. Where Dillon emphasizes Browne's work as a confidential agent, Goodman's is more biographical and, most valuable to all, contains exhaustive bibliographical material.

Stylewise both books are good, but my interest is more in content and accuracy rather than literary "artiness." Neither writer has held back any punches and some hitherto bright and shining pioneers may become a little tarnished through their research of Browne's investigations. As Dillon stated, "The Gold Rush has been much documented; the Graft Rush which followed has hardly been studied at all. Conmen, quacks, and thimblerriggers were not given to bragging over their reprehensible conduct. They preferred to operate under cover. They have not been 'discovered' by the popular historians who have made famous their colleagues in the more open outlawry of murder and road agency..."

I am proud of my boys—Dillon and Goodman—they came; they studied and researched; they wrote, but what is more important they got their material published—seldom has two more significant works been accorded any Western pioneer. Volumes have been written on the Western bad men, but only on occasion has the good and deserving been given an audience.

There are still some untouched fields in  
(Continued on Next Page)

# DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

## J. Ross Browne

(Continued from Previous Page)

Browneiana such as a critical study of J. Ross Browne's rightful niche in American art and literature. Granted, I am not a qualified critic and I am also prejudiced, but I think it will be found that Browne was the originator or at least pioneered many fields. His role in Western frontier humor may well be that of an originator rather than simply a member of the school. Browne was a prolific writer—no doubt selected works from his output may equal that of some of his better known contemporaries.

I think he originated the humorous travel book. Melville acknowledges his debt to Browne for *Moby Dick* from Browne's *Etchings of a Whaling Cruise*. Long before "Bitter" Bierce, Browne pioneered the macabre in humor. It is well-authenticated now that Mark Twain delivered his first lecture under the critical eyes of Browne, the experienced lecturer, and the Browne family in their home in Oakland. Furthermore his role as a mining expert and historian is relatively unknown to the average student of Western Americana. The great California historian Bancroft considered Browne the outstanding writer of his time on the Pacific Coast, and delegated him to review his *Native Races*.

One can only wonder at this late date if J. Ross Browne had lived another decade perhaps he would have added additional laurels to his name and California history for he was only 54 at the time of his death in Oakland on December 8, 1875. Only a dedicated and observant genius could accomplish and leave so much for posterity to examine in the scant span of 54 years.

### ONLY BROWNEIANA LISTED "IN PRINT"

- A WESTERN PANORAMA 1849-1875, the travels, writings and influence of J. ROSS BROWNE by David Michael Goodman. 1966. 350 pp. The Arthur H. Clark, Co. \$11.00
- J. Ross Browne: CONFIDENTIAL AGENT IN OLD CALIFORNIA by Richard H. Dillon. 1965. 218 pp. University of Oklahoma Press. \$5.95
- J. ROSS BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATED CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA MINING ADVENTURES 1863-1865 by J. Ross Browne. 1961. 224 pp. Paisano Press, Inc. \$6.00
- A PEEP AT WASHOE and WASHOE REVISITED by J. Ross Browne. 1960. 256 pp. Paisano Press, Inc. \$6.00
- THE COAST RANGERS by J. Ross Browne. 1959. 86 pp. Ltd. 500. Paisano Press, Inc. \$7.50

## Addendum on J. Ross Browne

For some years I have been in correspondence with Mrs. M. D. Southworth of Springfield, Mass., a granddaughter of J. Ross Browne. I should like to quote from her letter to me dated March 2, 1966.

"I have ordered and received David Goodman's book about my grandfather and like it very much.

"His bibliography is wonderfully complete—I do not see how this young man did so much work and dug up as much heretofore unknown information. He listed my mother as Serena Browne, instead of Syria Elana Browne—and J. Ross Browne's youngest son, Thomas Melville Browne, was left out entirely.

"The family always thought that the name Melville was for Herman Melville, whom J. Ross Browne knew and admired.

"It is a shame that the Eastern critics do not pay more attention to you clever Westerners. I look in the *New York Times*'s weekly book review in vain to find any mention of Dillon's or Goodman's books.

"I am deeply grateful to you for being such a clever catalyst for my heretofore neglected grandfather . . .

"Gratefully yours,

"M. D. SOUTHWORTH."

As a publisher I must say, "Amen!" to Mrs. Southworth's observations of Eastern critics and Western publications. Unfortunately, even in Southern California the Western publisher seldom gets a review—if it were not for Larry Powell, Ed. Ainsworth, Burr Belden, W. W. "Bill" Robinson, Tom Patterson, Russ Leadabrand, and the *Branding Iron* reviews—a Western publication birth would be stillborn.

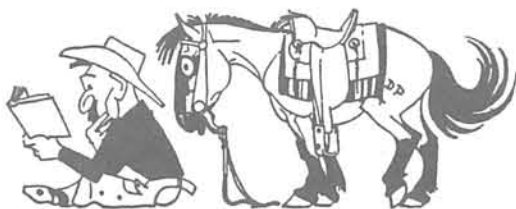


HIGH TREASURE, SONGS OF THE SIERRA, by Lindley Bynum. Foreword by Susanna Bryant Dakin. Printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy, San Francisco. Color frontispiece.

This magnificently turned-out collection of verse by the late and beloved Westerner, Lindley Bynum, is high treasure indeed. The nine original poems by Lindley are prefaced by a memorial to "Pinky" by Susanna Bryant Dakin, titled, appropriately, "Bynum, Troubador 1895-1965." Poems included are "Yosemite," "Upper Tuolumne Canyon," "Tuolumne Autumn," "High Treasure," "Gaylor Lakes," "Darkening," "Budd Creek," and two poems untitled. The booklet, exquisitely printed for the Bynum family, is a prize for any man who knew and loved "Pinky," and a memorial to be cherished.

— PAUL BAILEY.

K-344, OR THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA vs. THE UNITED STATES, by Kenneth M. Johnson, foreword by Homer D. Crotty. Famous California Trials No. 6. Dawson's Book Shop; Los Angeles; 1966; xx, 97 p., 7 illus.; decorative binding; printed by Richard J. Hoffman; \$7.50.



Early in 1851 Redick McKee, Col. George Barbour, and Dr. O. M. Wozencraft met at Camp Belt and the Mariposa River with representatives of 119 groups (not really tribes) and agreed to 18 treaties under which, at least on paper, the basic position of the Indians was recognized.

In 1852 a Special Committee of the California Senate, and most of the Senators, tried to have the treaties rejected. Juan J. Warner, of Warner's Ranch, tried to justify the Indian position, with no effect.

The United States Senate in executive, that is secret, session refused to ratify the treaties. Possibly Senators Gwin and Weller had opposed them. So the treaties lay in a secret file. There they remained until 1904, when two clerks found them, and recognized their historic interest. In January 1905, they were reported to the Senate, and their secrecy was rescinded — fifty years after the treaties had been executed.

Representative Clarence Lea introduced a bill in 1928 entitled "The California Indians Jurisdictional Act," also called the "Lea Act." It passed, including this wording, "the loss to said Indians on account of their failure to secure the land and compensation provided for in the eighteen unratified treaties is sufficient ground for equitable relief." Amendments to the law had some undesirable features but still made some improvements to the benefits of the Indians.

K-344 was a petition of the Indians of California commenced in 1929 by Attorney General of California U. S. Webb, although before this the improvement for the Indians was tried by other groups. For example, the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, The Native Sons of the Golden West, and many other groups were working on it as early as 1920. Of course, without knowledge of this petition many others such as J. Ross Browne in the '60s, and Charles F. Lummis in the '90s, published a great amount of information favorable to the Indians.

Webb made many efforts to amend the petition and the Jurisdictional Act. His attempts were continued by Earl Warren in 1939, and by Robert W. Kenney in 1942 as Attorney Generals of California. Kenney, in 1943, filed in the United States Supreme Court a petition to review the Court of Claims to the question of interest. And the stipulation was accepted by the Court,

"whereupon, following the filing... stating that... it was ordered December 4, 1944, that judgment of the plaintiffs be entered in the sum of \$5,024,842.24."

Chapter V discusses the improvements in the lives of the Indians after K-344 and the Jurisdictional Act amendments. First, \$150 was paid to each Indian out of the award under K-344. Then a very broad claim was made under the Indians Claims Commission. After sixteen years, that claim may be admitted soon. From a practical standpoint, each Indian should receive about \$800.

Then came the question of allotments. The Palm Springs reservation is an example of the difficulties. With the great value of Palm Springs, the Agua Caliente band of Cahuilla Indians, the 105 members of the group, now own land worth about \$335,000 for each Indian. There are similar allotments that may be worked out for the lumbering and timber industry of the Hoopa reservation. In August 1964, the act was amended to provide for allotments in all California rancherias and reservations (there were twelve). The act is permissive, not mandatory, in each area determined by majority vote. With the present day growth of non-Indian population and of values of semi-desert land, there may readily be an increase of the money value to many Indians, though not at all to be compared with that of the Agua Caliente Cahuillas.

Of course the actual history of the Camp Belt treaties, the later K-344 petition, and the later events to come, are really the heart of the Johnson book, Chapters III, IV, and V. However the first two chapters, I and II, are an excellent review of Indian law and life, from his account of the Spanish "Laws of the Indies" to the Mexican revolutions, the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty, the California law, and the absence thereof. These first chapters contain the whole of the Indian history, what they did and did not do, what they had and did not have, and of how they were treated.

The Westerner cannot pass up this new and valuable book, telling all there is from the laws of the Spaniards to the new laws of the present day.

— C. N. RUDKIN

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