



SEPTEMBER 1966

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 78



THE LOST KNIFE

—Photo by Christopher Bartol,
Brooks Institute, Santa Barbara, Calif.

LOST AND FOUND

By COLONEL C. W. HOFFMANN
Army of the United States, Retired

When the American Expeditionary Force arrived in France in 1917 experience in trench warfare had developed the need of a trench knife. To fill this need, the Ordnance Department produced a bell-hilted, triangular-bladed monstrosity which was always in the way and when accidentally struck against anything rang like a bell. This could be most embarrassing when on a night patrol or any maneuver where silence was essential. I tried one for two weeks and decided to do without.

Then I heard of a French ordnance depot fifty-five kilometers distant, where I could get a brass-handled two-edge knife which, with a little judicious filing on one side of the hilt-guard, would meet any requirement. So Lieutenant Thomas Massie Boyd

and I got transportation and went over.

Tom was my inseparable buddy after Charley Deever was blown so completely to bits that he is still carried "Missing in Action." Tom was a member of The Order of Cincinnatus, a lineal descendant of an officer of General George Washington's army. I was, and am, a Son of the American Revolution; one of my mother's ancestors served under General Marion in South Carolina. My father's German-born ancestor, George Hoffmann, and his sons would take their squirrel rifles and go fight with the Continentals every time the British came into our vicinity (Cowpens and King's Mountain), but when the British were driven off they would return to their

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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.

Prize Competition of \$2500

The American Association for State and Local History announces a prize competition of \$2500 for the best unpublished book-length manuscript dealing with state and local history, plus guaranteed publication.

It also announces an expanded program of Grants-in-Aid for significant research projects in localized history. For further information and applications, write to: William T. Alderson, Director, 132 Ninth Ave. North, Nashville, Tennessee 37203.

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Enthusiastic Comments On Brand Book No. 12

Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher warns that Brand Book No. 12 is approaching complete sellout, and is certain to be out of print early this month. As the B.I. goes to press, only a few copies of this magnificent volume remain unsold.

He reports also that much gratifying comment has been expressed as to the quality, style and format of the present book, with unsolicited praise coming in from purchasers everywhere.

"The Curtis Indian section is one of the finest that has ever appeared in any of your Corral's publications," states one enthusiast. "It is the outstanding paper in the book."

On this same subject, another reader states: "Approximates very closely the roto-gravures as they appeared in the original. Remarkable reproduction."

"'Hell's Belles' is more than worth the price of the book," says another. "Add the Curtis Art Gallery, and you are giving the book away."

"'California's Gold Rush Churches' is fascinating," says a reader. "Congratulations to all who had a part in the book."

As Westerners, and publishers of this significant series of Brand Books, we naturally are proud and happy to receive such comments. But to those who have not yet procured copies of Brand Book 12, we can only urge you to act without delay. By the time you read this, it may already be too late. Write at once to: Los Angeles Westerners Brand Book, 1264 South Central Ave., Glendale, California 91204.

In the July-August issue of *The Native Son*, CM Dr. C. Albert Shumate, Grand Historian, has turned out a most interesting column on "Gordon's California Association." In it he covers the life of George Gordon, an Englishman who organized the "association" in 1849, and who brought a group of gold seekers to California.

Gordon, one of the few miners who really struck it rich, or at least had the good sense to hang on to his wealth, developed South Park, Rincon Hill, and rose to great prominence in the state. He would be remembered for only this more prosaic eminence were it not for Gertrude Atherton, who fictionized him into two of her novels—as a hedonist and profligate—to be most tragically betrayed by his house maid.

It is to be hoped that Westerner Shumate will turn out an article for the *Branding Iron* on this colorful California character.



COLONEL CHARLES HOFFMANN

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

LOST AND FOUND

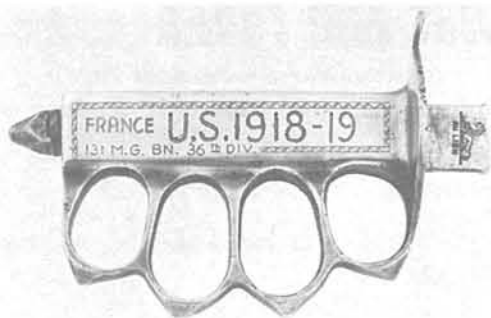
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farms without ever formally enlisting. Cuss 'em! Tom and I each got a knife.

When back with my outfit, I took my pocket knife and, true to my cowpuncher raising, put my "brand" on my knife handle: "C.W.H. 131 M.G. Bn. 36th Div."

In the months that followed we went through a lot of interesting experiences. We learned about war the hard way at the Suippes, Souain, St. Etienne, Medeah Ferme, Mont St. Remy, Beaumont Ferme and, finally, at Attigny and Forest Ferme. After the fighting at these last two places we went over to the Argonne. Through all the fighting my knife served me well.

October 11, 1918 found the 36th below the River Aisne. We had arrived there after hard fighting following the relief of the decimated Second Division, consisting of the 9th and 23rd Infantry Regiments and the 5th and 6th Marines. The Second Division had accomplished the impossible in taking Blanc Mont, thirty-five miles east of Rheims. We were to "jump off" the next



KNIFE HANDLE, FRONT

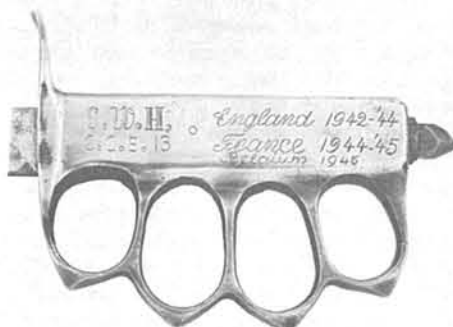
—Photo by Christopher Bartol,
Brooks Institute, Santa Barbara, Calif.

morning, so must control No Man's Land through the night. Although patrols are not normal to a machine gun outfit, severe losses at Saint Etienne-a-Arnes required our sharing those duties.

My patrol began at 2200 hours and ended at 0400. It was blacker than a stack of black cats. Rain was falling intermittently (that's normal in France) and the mud was very slick. If you saw a man three feet away you were lucky, and you had to depend on the shape of his helmet to identify him as German or American. At about 0100 — or 1:00 A.M. — we were in front of the center of our position when we encountered a Boche patrol and I came charging up, knife in my left hand, revolver in my right. (I have a cowpuncher's aversion to automatics, so carried — and still have — a Smith and Wesson revolver .45.) In the dark I physically collided with a German; we both went down in the slippery mud, and I lost him. When I got back on my feet I was minus my knife.

With the shooting and yelling all hell

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KNIFE HANDLE, BACK

—Photo by Christopher Bartol,
Brooks Institute, Santa Barbara, Calif.

LOST AND FOUND

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broke loose; everybody was shooting at everything, so we sought refuge in shell holes till things quieted down. Of course, finding my knife in the pitch dark was impossible.

We attacked at dawn and I never saw the area again.

* * * * *

On September 24, 1944 we took that knife off a prisoner of war south of Le Mans, four hundred miles from where I had lost it, twenty-five years, eleven months and thirteen days before.

The tanks had gone through so fast that they had cut the Germans into small groups. A group of some two hundred had hidden in the woods and lived off the surrounding farms until the French reported them to us. We corralled them in a ravine and after a brief fight they surrendered. They fought until the hard-core Nazi captain in command was killed; then they gave up. In searching them this knife was surrendered to one of my sergeants. He was telling someone about it when I overheard him and became tremendously excited, pouring out questions. When the knife was brought to me, still cut in the handle was "C.W.H. 131 M.G. Bn. 36th Div." I took my knife and walked off into the woods to be alone with my emotions.

I located the P.W. from whom the knife had been taken, but he could provide little information. Apparently, the knife had been given to him by a friend who had won it in a gambling game. As best we could reconstruct the story we felt that after the war left the farm where my knife was lost in 1918, the farmer returned and found it. Then, in the Second World War the Germans came back and, after taking possession of the area, ordered all weapons of war turned in. So it came into German hands and, after some meanderings, back to me.

Among the thousands of fast-accumulating P.W.'s there were some jewelers and engravers. Under their skilled hands the notches in the back of the handle, where, in 1918, I had excitedly used it to hammer loose the handle of a jammed Hotchkiss machine gun, were smoothed off and my crude pocket-knife cutting was replaced by professional engravings and new items of W.W. 2 were added.

As the passage of time and changing conditions required other artisans added engraving until finally on one side the orig-

inal "U.S. 1918" had been changed to "FRANCE U.S. 1918-19" and below that "131 M.G. Bn. 36th Div." On the base of the blade appears the manufacturer's mark, the outline of a lion and the words "AU LION." On the other side, "C.W.H., C.C.E. 13." (Continental Central Enclosure 13 was the chief of the seven prisoner of war enclosures I commanded.) Also, "England 1942-44, France 1944-45, Belgium 1946." There was no room to put Holland and Luxembourg where I also served.

Today it hangs on the wall of my bedroom-study, and each time I look at it my heart leaps for joy at the miraculous return of my beloved knife.

Corral Votes Lonnie Hull To Honorary Membership

At a special meeting called for active members of Los Angeles Corral, after the regular June session, our beloved Daguerreotype Wrangler, Lonnie Hull, was elevated to the status of Honorary Member.

Los Angeles Corral owes its enormous pictorial history to the faithful Lonnie who, with his camera and gift of photography has, almost from the Corral's inception, preserved the activities of its membership and guests in the photographs that have become one of the priceless heritages of our organization. This service he has given free and willingly to the Corral—without recompense other than the love he holds for his Westerner associates.

Recognizing the immense debt owed to Lonnie, and echoing the heartfelt gratitude in the hearts of his many Corral rannies, Lonnie's name was proposed by Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey, and the assembled Westerners voted unanimously to tender Honorary Membership to this great, wonderful guy.

New Corral at El Paso

Bill McGaw, editor of *The Southwesterner*, reports the formation of a new Westerners Corral in El Paso. Designated El Paso Westerners' Remuda, it meets every two months. President is C. L. Sonnichsen of Texas Western College. Marshall Hail serves as vice president.

Bill states: "One of the reasons this corral was organized was to assist during the Western History Association convention here in October, so if there is anything we can do as individuals or as an organization, please be assured we will do so. McGaw's address is Box 10016, El Paso, Texas, 79991.

IT WAS A GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME . . .

The Westerner meetings, held the second Wednesday of each month at Taix Freres Restaurant, continue with the zip and verve which have characterized every Corral gathering so far this year.

June's meeting featured Dr. Earl F. Nation, prominent Pasadena physician, with a talk on something unusual to Westerner audiences, but of high and timely interest. On this night the subject of Western America moved southward, into the remote back-country of Peru. Dr. Nation, a participant in Project Hope, not only brought home to the Westerners assembled the tremendous philanthropic efforts of the good ship *Hope* in conquering disease in the little known lands of the world, but his slides were thought-provoking and colorful, and a lively question and answer session followed the talk.

This same Wednesday night in June served as unveiling for Brand Book No. 12, with the usual round of sampling, comment, autographing, and pardonable pride for another milestone in the publishing efforts of Los Angeles Corral.

The art feature for the June meeting was in honor of Carl Oscar Borg, a Swedish emigre who rose to be one of the great painters of the American Southwest. For the exhibit, the remarks on Borg's career and achievements, and the scholarly written resume of the artist's life, the Corral is indebted to Westerner Raymond E. Lindgren.

Guests at the June meeting included Dr. William J. Bischoff, guest of Dr. Ray Billington; and Gilbert DiBenedetto, guest of Jim Fassero.

Westerner Iron Eyes Cody delighted the Westerners assembled for the July meeting when, in typical Iron Eyes fashion, he dramatically brought to light the Indian side of western history. His topic this night was concerned with General Ely S. Parker, the Seneca Indian on the Civil War staff of General Ulysses Grant, and who became, in 1869, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Parker's association with Grant, his rise from an obscure member of the Seneca tribe to national importance, and the tremendous potential for Indian leadership, was an impressive part of this informative talk. The son of Iron Eyes—Robert Cody—a handsome and coming leader in his own right, aided his famous father in presenting an outstanding program.

Other guests in attendance at this meet-

ing included George Eckhart, of the Tucson Corral; CM Whitney Genns, Dr. Byron Bailey, and CM Kenneth St. Oegger, from Santa Barbara; Richard B. Yale, from San Diego; Bob Heasley, and Don Britt.

Again there was an exciting art exhibit at the meeting—this time featuring the work of Edward Borein. Examples of the genius of this great California artist were furnished by Ex-Sheriff Ervin Strong, and Westerners James Currie and Tom McNeill. Ervin Strong furnished the verbal highlights of Borein's work and career, and Tom McNeill contributed the written summary. And before the assembled group was displayed the exquisite workmanship of Borein—thanks to these interested and contributing Westerners.

At the August meeting, also held at Taix, Westerner Ray Billington presented Richard M. Brown, of the department of history of Rutgers University, and currently researching at the Henry E. Huntington Library. Dr. Brown has a sound academic background of both a Master's and Doctor's degree from Harvard University. The speaker paid a high compliment to our Brand Books in commenting that they make "quite a splash" in the literature of the West.

"The San Francisco Vigilante Committee of 1856" was more than a scholarly paper in the hands of Dr. Brown. His presentation constructed the scenes that were the warp and woof of the period—the organizations, the bad guys and the good. Few of his audience were aware that the Vigilante Committee of 1856 in San Francisco was the forerunner of the People's Party that was to dominate California for a decade. The Corral owes its thanks to Dr. Billington for bringing us one of the very erudite, scholarly and interesting programs of the year.

At the August affair, members and visitors were greeted by a representative exhibit of the Taos School of Western Art, gathered and hung by the Wranglers headed by Dwight Vance. And as Art Wranglers, Ex-Sheriff Erv Strong, and Tom McNeill would be hard to beat.

Word has it that Tom McNeill did much of the work on the fine representative Taos exhibit. There were works by O. E. Berninghouse, Joseph Henry Sharp, E. L. Blumenschein, E. E. Cheetham, Bert G. Phillips, E. K. Couse, and Moon. In addition

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The Summer Roundup

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to clippings, magazines and other ephemeral items, there were books by Van Deren Coke and Mabel Dodge Luhan. All that was lacking was more display space.

Guests at the August meeting included William Brandon, author of the *American Heritage Book of Indians*; Henry Hutchinson, television writer and producer; Don Meadows, Jr.; and Ray Lindgren, Jr., the handsome son of Ray Lindgren, Sr.

Corral Chips . . .

Ex-Sheriff Harvey Johnson is still on the sick list. He would very much enjoy visiting with any Corral rannies who might be going out Yucca Valley way.

Westerner Clifford M. Drury has returned from his overseas research project on Hudson's Bay historical material. The tracking down of the illusive threads of history took Dr. Drury to England, Scotland, and Ireland. His work in this field has been under a research grant from the American Philosophical Society.

Karen and Susan Dawson, daughters of Ex-Sheriff Glen Dawson, have published what is probably the most diminutive volume ever to be reviewed in the *Branding Iron*. The tome, *Climb The High Mountains*, by John Muir, is bound in orange morocco, and is 1½x1½ inches in size. Printing is by William Cheney, and the dainty little volume is bound by Bela Blau. It is dedicated to that indefatigable Westerner and Muir enthusiast, William F. Kimes.

Copies may be purchased from the young publishers, at 141 Anita Drive, Pasadena. The price is \$3.00.

Lonnie Hull, who has been on the sick list for several months, celebrated his slowly returning health by a visit to the Arthur H. Clark Company. He brought with him some of the preview pages of his monumental "Pictorial History of the Westerners," for Ex-Sheriffs Paul Galleher and Art Clark to gain a visual sampling. Both these Westerners are tremendously thrilled and impressed by the scope of this project of our beloved daguerreotype wrangler.

CM Anna Marie Hager, and wife of Registrar Everett G. Hager, recently underwent emergency surgery for a ruptured appendix. For a time her condition was critical, but she is now on the road to recovery.

Corral Chips . . .

The American West, in its summer 1966 issue, features "Kino on the Arizona Border," edited and with a most scholarly introduction and running commentary by CM Bert M. Fireman. The article consists mainly of excerpts from the book, which the Arizona Historical Foundation, of Phoenix, will publish this fall.

It will be the first publication in English of Father Kino's diary, and will be a translation, by Fay Jackson Smith, of the famous missionary's original manuscript, located in the Archivo General de la Nación, Mexico. Collaborating on the work are John L. Kessel and Francis Fox, S.J.

Father Kino's contributions attracted the attention of the late Herbert Eugene Bolton, who was well aware of the significance of the Spanish Borderlands in North American history. Bolton, and some of his students, have studiously followed Kino's journeys through Baja California, Sonora, and Arizona, and have had access to the padre's Spanish-written documents. With the publication — first of excerpts in *The American West*, and the coming book — students will at last be able to peruse the Kino documents in English. Westerner Bert Fireman is to be commended for his energetic efforts in making Kino known and understood.

Among those attending the twelfth annual meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies, held June 16-18, at the Miramar Hotel in Santa Barbara, were: Ex-Sheriffs Paul Galleher, Arthur Clark, Bob Woods, Henry Clifford, George Fullerton, Glen Dawson, and Registrar Everett Hager.

Paul Galleher and Glen Dawson masterminded the book auction; a traditional activity of the Conference.

Historian W. W. Robinson is hard at work on a compilation of maps of Los Angeles County (which formerly also included much of Orange County). Bill's new book, which will cover the period from 1849 to 1889, is monumental in scope.

On Wednesday night, August 24, the board of directors of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners met at the Arthur H. Clark Company. The main item of business was review of the progress being made in revising and updating the Corral's Range Rules. Ex-Sheriff George Fullerton, with his committee have been studiously engaged in the specific project. A series of Western keepsakes were also planned.

AN EXAMPLE OF INDIAN ORATORY

By DUDLEY GORDON

—Reprinted from "The Masterkey," Southwest Museum, Los Angeles

The recent publication by the Southwest Museum of *Aboriginal American Oratory*, by Dr. Louis Thomas Jones, recalls vividly an impromptu speech delivered in 1940 at Gallup, New Mexico, by Pablo Abeita, governor of the Isleta Pueblo. The occasion was the celebration of the quatercentennial of Coronado's coming to the Southwest. The event was commemorated at the annual Inter-Tribal Ceremonial.

Three governors addressed a capacity crowd at the Inter-Tribal Ceremonial Exposition Grounds. The governors of New Mexico and Colorado stated that it gave them "great pleasure" to participate in "this notable event," and sat down to mild applause. Then Pablo Abeita, governor of the nearest pueblo, Isleta, was called upon to say a few words. Facing an audience in which Indians outnumbered whites, Mr. Abeita said, in effect:

I wonder why I am here. I was told by the committee that we are celebrating the 400th anniversary of the coming of Coronado to New Mexico. The Indian knows no reason to celebrate Coronado. What did Coronado do for the Indian? I'll tell you what Coronado and his men did for the Indians. They ate them out of house and home, stole everything that was movable, and raped their wives and daughters. In addition to the dubious gifts from the white man's civilization Coronado and his followers gave the Indians syphilis, tuberculosis, influenza and measles.

No, the Indians don't celebrate the coming of Coronado. They would be glad to celebrate his departure.

I learned in school that Columbus discovered America. That would have been news to my ancestors who were here thousands of years before Columbus was born. I suppose he told that to Queen Isabella so she might forget how much money his trip cost.

Suppose I got into my canoe and went to Spain. Could I say I had discovered Europe?

The white man claims that he brought civilization to America. By that he means *his* civilization. We were doing all right before he arrived. We were living in apartment houses in which more people lived than in any building in Spain. We had government under elected officials. We lived in

harmony with Nature, and we never tortured animals and called it an art or sport.

We think our gifts to Europe outweigh those brought over here. Consider what Europe would be like without rubber, tobacco, corn, chocolate, potatoes, vanilla, squash, beans, tomatoes and quinine.

We already had a civilization that has much to offer the white man if he would get over his conqueror's guilt and objectively study our way of life. Before the Indian makes an important decision he spends the night on a hilltop where he can examine all sides of his problem in peace and quiet. Also, he does not rush through life; he takes time to enjoy the beauty that is at hand. He esteems honor, bravery and courage. How do those qualities match up with greed, competition and treaty breaking?

The Indian worships his gods every hour, every day. The white man worships his God one hour each week. The Indian has a low suicide rate and seldom has a heart attack. Often he lives to be over a century in age. His medicine man heals with music and dance and a knowledge of the spirit. The white doctor heals with x-rays and other machines, but he may overlook the spirit.

The white man is obsessed with property. He buys a piece of land, builds a fence around it and says "This is mine. Keep off!" This is strange because the land was here before the white man bought it and it will be here long after he is gone. Does the white man own a piece of the sky or of the ocean? The Indian believes that the earth and sky and ocean are for any man's use, so long as he doesn't abuse it.

The white man is proud of his stinking automobile which kills more people each year than were killed by Indians in the last hundred years. He makes childish movies which reassure him that he is superior. In close-ups in Western films the Indian must always be the mental inferior; he must always look up to the white man. When the white man's bullet strikes an Indian horseman the Indian must die dramatically. He takes a swan dive out of the saddle. When an Indian's bullet from the same make gun strikes a white man, he slumps gently to the ground. Of course, Pueblo Indians must

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Indian Oratory

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wear Plains Indian headdresses.

Often I hear the white man say "Give the land back to the Indians." Will he give it back in the same condition it was in when he took it? Where are the trees which he cut down, the game upon which our way of life depended, and the unpolluted streams?

History tells us that conquerors frequently are conquered by the culture of their victims. If this is so the white man eventually will learn from the Indian — but he'll have to be brighter than he has so far demonstrated.

Meanwhile, the Indian has no reason for celebrating the coming of Coronado.

Mr. Abeita sat down to applause that was anything but mild.

Corresponding Members Welcomed to L.A. Corral

The Corresponding Membership roll of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners continues to grow. New members added in recent months include:

Walter P. Bertram, 4259 Briggs Avenue, La Crescenta, Calif.

F. R. Bochatey, 504 West 7th Street, Leadville, Colorado 80461.

Robert Dechert, 228 Holstein Road, Gulph Mills, King of Prussia P.O., Penna. 19406.

Joseph H. Failing, M.D., 475 Buena Vista Street, San Marino, Calif. 91108.

Bennett Foster, 630 Richmond Dr., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106.

William P. Garrow, 5504 Dodsworth St., Glendora, California.

George Geiger, 1340 E. Roosevelt Road, Long Beach, Calif. 90807.

S. J. Gidvale, M.D., 1912 Capitol Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001.

Fran William Hall, 518 Union Street, Northfield, Minnesota.

O'Neil Jones, Flathead Lake Galleries, Box 426, Bigfork, Montana, 59911.

Long Beach Public Library, Ocean and Pacific, Long Beach, California 90802.

Earl F. Nation, M.D., 112 N. Madison Avenue, Pasadena, Calif.

Harry B. Robinson, 66 Cleary Court, Apartment 708, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

University of California, Acquisitions Dept., Research Library, 405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024.

University of Texas Library, Serials Acquisition, Austin, Texas 78712.

Corral Chips...

In the July issue of *Newsletter*, published by the California Folklore Society, is published a fair-sized excerpt from the paper delivered at last year's Institute of Far Western Culture by our own CM Michael Harrison. The paper, entitled "Indian Problems Today," is probably the most penetrating study of the plight of the California Indian — past and present — ever assembled.

The talk is prefaced by Westerner Mike's statement "that there is perhaps no minority group in the United States which has been more maligned, more sinned against, of whom there were more murdered, robbed and raped than the American Indian." It is the editor's opinion that this splendid paper should be considered by its author for inclusion in either the *Brand Book* or the *Branding Iron*. Agreed?

In July's *Far-Westerner*, the quarterly bulletin of the Stockton Corral, a number of timely and interesting articles are featured. "The End of the Trail," written for *Los Tulares* by James Earle Fraser, and reproduced in this issue of the quarterly, tells the story of Solon Borglum, and his famous piece of statuary known world-wide by that name. "The Sierra Railroad," by Archie Stevenot is another valuable historical piece. The issue is capped off by "Casey at the Bat," by Wesley Simard, and "Pony Express Mail," by Waddell Smith.

On the week of June 16, Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey attended the tenth annual conference of the Western Writers of America, held at this year at Helena, Montana. The organization is composed of professional novelists writing in the western milieu. While there he served on the publishers' panel, made up of representatives from the top publishing firms and literary agencies of America.

The summer 1966 issue of *Montana*, features a brilliant and informative article by CM Mark H. Brown entitled "Yellowstone Tourists and the Nez Perce." It is concerned with the Nez Perce and their war of 1877, and what happened during the time these fleeing tribesmen passed through the primitive Yellowstone National Park. Included are many rare historical photos of the events and the participants.

DON MEADOWS PUTS FINGER ON PLACES AND NAMES

— By WILLIAM F. KIMES

With the publication of such well documented books as Gudde, *California Place Names*; Rensch and Hoover, *Historic Spots in California*; Van de Grift Sanchez, *Spanish and Indian Place Names in California*; and Hanna, *Dictionary of California Land Names*, historians ploughing the California Place Names' field ceased to do any additional research and writing on the topic. Now our fellow Westerner and ex-sheriff, Don Meadows, has demonstrated that old fields can produce new crops.

In *Historic Place Names of Orange County*, Don has taken up the description of place names in Orange County where the previous authors left off. He locates six hundred fifty-two places of past and present interest and importance in his adopted country. Just locating the 652 places was a commendable achievement. Don's valuable contribution, however, is that he has something significant to say about each of the places. This book is destined to become a standard historical reference. Lest the arm-chair California history buff become discouraged, I hasten to add that Don makes each place an interesting bit of local history. Don not only writes an interesting story of each place, but from his library he has taken sixteen pictures of merit to add interest. End pages are equally significant.

The story of how the book came to be is as fascinating as any of the Place Names. Three or four years ago, Dr. Horace Parker, "Parkie" of Paisano Press, telephoned author Don Meadows, to ask him where Metate Hill was located. This was an easy question. Don had the answer without checking. "Metate Hill is over by El Modina. The hill became known as Metate Hill because a Mexican manufactured metates from the outcropping volcanic rock." His work named the hill. "Parkie" was so impressed that he said to Don, "You ought to write these things down before they are lost. Write them up, and I'll publish them."

According to Don, "I agreed, but frankly, I didn't take him too seriously. A few months later 'Parkie' asked how I was coming with the Place Names Book? When I questioned him as to whether he really wanted to publish such a book, his response was direct. 'Hell, yes!'"

Mr. Orange County—Mr. Baja California—or just Don Meadows—is a Californian by adoption. He came with his parents to the city of Orange when he was six years of age. His father, Charles W. Meadows had pur-

chased the *Orange Post*. It was here that Don went to school and became an avid library card holder. Don tells the story that when he was seven or eight he wanted to know something about Indians. He selected Bancroft's Vol. I, Indians, to check out, but was refused the book by the librarian—it was not for a grade school pupil. Little Don went to the newspaper office and told his father what had happened. Father Meadows took little Don with him back to the library and not only secured Bancroft's Vol. I for his son, but made it perfectly clear that Don was to have any book he requested. (This was probably the start of a book collector of depth.)

Don and his ex-librarian wife, Frances, live in a "little mud hut" on a hill above El Modina—in the city of Santa Ana. The Meadows' named their authentic California reproduction "Quirita de los Prados" (country home of the Meadows). Don purchased the site more than twenty years ago—sagebrush and no water. The mud hut has been built only ten years, but it carries the charm, warmth and hospitality of the best of early California.

As if a fine adobe house with a view of all of western Orange County was not sufficient inspiration and stimulation for a book on *Historic Place Names of Orange County*, Don has a working library of California and Baja California of over 4,000 volumes. Just to spend an evening in Don's library is to be inspired to put pen to paper.

Don's comment on his book, which incidentally is being rapidly sold out is, "I've lived in Orange County sixty-three years. The County is changing so fast that I felt an effort should be made to preserve some of the old names and ephemeral information that is rapidly being lost. Names that were common when I was a boy are now a thing of the past. From my own memory as well as old timers interviewed, I set out to rescue some of the names that were rapidly being ploughed under."

Don's writing room, with a window facing west, is filled with filing cabinets and a comfortable chair for his many visitors. The walls are hung with paintings and etchings of the Old West. If you can't spend an hour with Don at his hacienda, then, by all means, do the next best thing and purchase a copy of *Historic Place Names of Orange County* from the publisher-distributor, Dr. Horace "Parkie" Parker of Paisano Press, 1217 Grand Canal, Balboa Island.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

BAJA CALIFORNIA TRAVELS SERIES. Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, 1966. 5½x8½ in. Printed by Grant Dahlstrom at The Castle Press, Pasadena.

NO. 4. THE PEARL HUNTERS IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA, 1668. Summary Report of the Voyage made to the Californias by Captain Francisco de Lucenilla. Written by Father Juan Cavallero Carranco. Transcribed, translated, and annotated by W. Michael Mathes. 92 pp., folded map.

In 1668 Captain Lucenilla made a poor exploration from Chacala via Mazatlan to Cape San Lucas and La Paz and northward to, probably, Bahia Concepción, and then by storms his ship "lost all of its anchors or grapplings," and found him some twenty leagues north of the Yaqui River. He was a bad navigator and a worse ruler of men. He tried to find pearls. These were very few and mostly worthless, found and traded by the Indians. Lucenilla's two ships cost more than three years; his profitless expedition took three months.

In the second part of the book Fr. Cavallero Carranco describes the "Principal Causes for the Failure of the Voyage," chiefly the uselessness of the "mariners." Many came as soldiers with no thought of an assigned task. There were many from Jerez de la Frontera who had no obligations. Lucenilla brought no horses, and it was impossible for them to go inland. He wanted, and his men wanted, only pearls. And when few were found they had "lost spirit and clamored, 'let's go, let's go,' without settling anywhere."

Father Cavallero Carranco's third part, "Regarding the Quality of the Persons who came on this Conquest of the Californias," listed all of the crew, from Captain Lucenilla (No. 1) to Gaspar de Pastranzo (No. 54), "good for nothing at sea or on land." Esteban de Silva (No. 2), the pilot "was not much of a pilot and was very unrealistic," Ramirez (No. 3), the mate, searched for wealth and when "there was none he clamored to return and mutinied," Domingo de la Rocha (No. 5) was "better than all the others on sea and on land," Fernández de Cordoba (No. 6) "could not use his hands or feet because of illness, he had a big tongue."

Thirty-three of the crew were listed as practically worthless, twenty-one were counted as worthwhile, more or less, but mostly very young or very old, and not of

the best as sailors or as workmen. It may be interesting to note that Captain Alonso Mateos, in command of the admiral ship, was a pretty good ship-builder but for a good commander, and attending "to eating, drinking, and speaking badly of the priests" — he was a bad man.

This is a pretty rough criticism of Lucenilla, Mateos, and most of the crew, but one that appeared to be justifiable. Anyway, this "Summary Report" leaves us with good reading and a very entertaining book.

NO. 6. THE REPUBLIC OF LOWER CALIFORNIA, 1853-1854, in the words of its state papers, eye-witnesses, and contemporary reporters, edited by Arthur Woodward. 74 pp., illus., folded map.

Although the more frequent accounts of William Walker's filibustering in Nicaragua, leading in the end to his execution, Art Woodward's little book on Walker's poor attempt on a Baja California republic makes a very good tale.

Woodward has included an introduction which covers the life of Walker, the efforts of his friend, Charles Pancoast, the Quaker, to prevent the armed effort in Lower California, and General Hitchcock's keeping Walker from the brig *Arrow*. Senator Gwin, a would-be slaver, helped the filibuster.

The book itself is made up of many pieces of state papers, eye-witness accounts, and work of contemporary reporters. Woodward uses many bits about Walker's first trial at La Paz, then his establishment at Ensenada, and his "Fort McKibbin." Walker attempts to establish a "popular" basis for his rule, and his effort to move over to Sonora (his later name for "The Republic of Sonora," which he never did reach), and the collapse after many deserters had left for Yuma.

Walker and thirty-three men eventually walked across the border at Tia Juana and surrendered to the United States Army. Trials at San Francisco failed to convict him of anything, but he did go on to filibuster Nicaragua.

Walker's "war" of six months, one of Art Woodward's interesting bits of Baja California, is well worth reading.

— C. N. RUDKIN.

FATHER JUNIPERO AND HIS WORK, by Helen Hunt Jackson. A Sketch of the Foundation, Prosperity and Ruin of the Franciscan Missions in California. Compiled by Richard B. Yale. El Cajon, California: Frontier Publishing Company. 48 pp. \$2.00.

This most curious and important little work, originally published in 1838 by Cen-

ture, has been rescued from oblivion by Richard Yale, editor and publisher of *The Butterfield Express*, in San Diego. To it is added the twenty-five original woodcut illustrations by Henry Sandham, and an introduction by The Most Reverend Francis J. Furey, Bishop of San Diego. It is capped off by inclusion of some of the last verse of Mrs. Jackson, but it is the historical gist which gives this book its real and lasting value.

There is as much mission material in this little work as in many a more expanded tome, and, because of its comparative rarity, much that seems new and important to present readers. It is beautifully turned out by Mr. Yale in format, and well printed. Recommended to all Westerners.

— PAUL BAILEY.

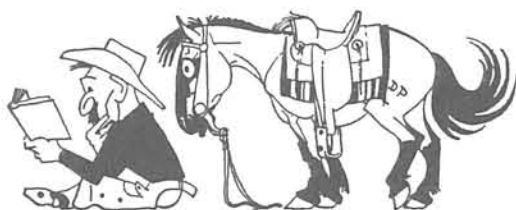


THE MOUNTAIN MEN AND THE FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST. Biographical sketches of the participants by scholars of the subject and with introductions by the editor, LeRoy R. Hafen. Volume III. Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Co.; 1966. 8vo., 413 pp., 10 pl., brown cloth. \$14.50. See Vols. I and II in B.I., Nos. 73 and 75.

Here are more of Hafen's excellent articles on the mountaineers, thirty-six of them, and many of them longer than ordinary sketches. In this volume it is especially noted that many of the mountain men include those who were pioneers of Oregon or of the northwest trails.

In particular I have been especially interested in certain longer articles, such as *John Thomas Evans* (before Lewis and Clark), by A. P. Nasatir; *Peter Skene Ogden* (Por.), by Ted Warner, and *Isaac Graham* (Por.) and *Henry Naile*, by Doyce B. Nunis, on northwestern pioneers; and several rather long pieces on other subjects, such as *David Thompson*, by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.; *Seth Ward* (Por.), by Merrill J. Mattes; *Henry Fraeb*, by LeRoy Hafen; *Rufus B. Sage* (Por.), by Ann W. Hafen; and *Dick Wootton* (Por.), by Harvey Carter.

But the others are equally entertaining and interesting, so will list all the remaining authors and mountain men: Gerald C. Bagby, *Daniel T. Potts*; John E. Baur, *Richard Campbell*; Harvey L. Carter, *Joseph Doyle* (Por.), *Marcellin St. Vrain*, (Por.), *George S. Simpson* (Por.) (with Janet Lecompte); Gloria G. Cline, *Jacob Primer Leese* (Por.); Frank H. Dickson, *Joseph Dickson* (his great-great-grandfather); Kenneth L. Holmes, *Pierre C. Pambrun*; Janet Lecompte, *Marcelino Baca*, *John J. Bur-*



roughs, Antoine and Abraham Ledoux, and William Tharp; Ray H. Mattison, *Henry A. Boller* (Por.), James A. Hamilton, and William Laidlaw; Nolie Mumey, *James Baker* (Por.); Richard E. Oglesby, *William Morrison*; George M. Platt, *Thomas L. Sarpy*; Raymond W. Settle, *Jacob Fowler*; Rex W. Strickland, *James Baird*; Harvey E. Tobie, *William M. Doughty* (Por.), and *Caleb Wilkins*; Jo Tuthill, *Courtney Meade Walker* (Por.); David J. Weber, *Stephen Louis Lee* (Por.); Merle Welles, *Michel Bourdon*; and LeRoy R. Hafen, *Philip F. Thompson*.

In addition to the fourteen pictures mentioned above as portraits (Por.) there is an excellent frontispiece of "A Fur Trade Rendezvous Scene," from Mrs. F. F. Victor's *River of the West* (on her page 48 the title is "The Summer Rendezvous"), and four photographs dealing with Seth Ward.

I am told that the project will run three volumes more.

—C. N. RUDKIN.



MAP — MARIE SANDOZ. Area of the Richer Beaver Harvest of North America, some penetrations of the beaver men to the heart of the continent, their concentration on the upper Missouri, and the drive to the Western sea, 1604-1834. The map and key was drawn by Mari Sandoz for the *Beaver Men*, *Spearheads of Empire*. 32x39 in., folded, and accompanied by 8vo, cloth-bound key, 16 pp. New York: James F. Carr, 1966. \$8.50.

Indispensable companion to Miss Sandoz' *Beaver Men*, and to the study of the fur trade in North America. The map has colored numbered symbols and text, furnishing a chronology of the French Trappers of 1604-1755; the Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1834; the North West Company, 1784-1821; Spanish adventurers of 1680-1780; and other groups.

Miss Sandoz who, up to the time of her death was an ardent Westerner, and member of the New York Posse, has a total of one hundred twenty-three date entries, the first being 1604-08. The last entry datewise is 1834. The map, together with the key tell the Beaver Harvest as no other publication to date has done. — WILLIAM F. KIMES.

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

GEORGE HEARST, CALIFORNIA PIONEER, by Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older. Los Angeles: Westernlore; 1966; 240 pp., illus. Great West & Indian Series XXXI. \$7.50.

The Olders wrote a good biography of George Hearst, but it was originally published in a form most people could not afford, or would not read—1000 leather-bound books, nine by fourteen inch pages, weighing five pounds. Paul Bailey's reprint now weighs only eighteen ounces, cloth bound, five and a half by eight inches, and at a reasonable price. This makes a good break for the usual Westerner.

But the Olders fashioned for William Randolph Hearst a very excellent account of the life of his father. After the ancestors are covered reasonably by the first chapter, we find the childhood of George Hearst. In the first few chapters we hear of Hearst as a lead miner, successful in Missouri, but by 1849 leaving for California and the gold mines.

About six chapters tell of his journey to California; a good account of the travel; the ox teams across the Big Blue and through Pawnee country; up the Platte to Fort Bridger; through Utah; past the Humboldt, Carson Sink, and the Sierra; to Hangtown, or Placerville.

He went there to look for gold. Ten years brought him little until he worked the Washoe country and the Ophir Mine. He sold \$16,000 of the Ophir and went back to his mother in Missouri. There she died, and there Hearst met and married Phoebe Apperson and took her back with him to San Francisco.

By the 1890s he was rated as a millionaire on the Ophir. But Hearst had heard of the Black Hills country, looked it over, took on the Homestead Mine—so named for his wife—and eventually became several times a millionaire.

Then came politics, and *The Examiner*. In 1865 he had first entered the California Assembly. Again in 1882, this time he ran as Governor, but was defeated by a close margin. In 1886 he was appointed as successor to the deceased Senator Miller. In 1887 he was elected U.S. Senator.

He died on February 28, 1891. His widow eventually (1902) gave a Hearst Memorial Mining Building to the University of California. On it is a bronze tablet: "This building stands as a memorial to George Hearst, a plain, honest man and a good miner. The stature and mold of his life bespoke the

pioneers who gave their strength to riskful search in the hard places of the earth. He had a warm heart toward his fellow men and his hand was ready to kindly deed. Taking his wealth from the hills, he filched from no man's store and lessened no man's opportunity."

—C. N. RUDKIN.

DESERT RATS, remembered by Charles L. Camp. Keepsake No. 14, The Friends of the Bancroft Library, Univ. of California, 1966.

Dr. Camp has found a nest of Desert Rats that makes any of us enjoy it. I will leave the list of a dozen "Rats" for you Westerners: Mr. Johnson; Mike Horn, of the Turtle Mountains; Robert T. Hill; Mack Foster; Josie Morris; Lorenzo the Cross-eyed Prospector; The Mayflower Mine; Rimmy Jim; Denny the Hitch-hiking Philosopher; Sol Barth, and the Wild Apaches; Big Boy; and Poor Old Ben. You may know all of them, or perhaps none. Anyhow, the whole nest is worth finding.

But in the "Foreword" Dr. Camp gives us a bit of a surprise. "The better-known burro men—Shorty Harris, Bellerin' Teck, the Death Valley Kid, Fred Vaile and others—gained fame or at least notoriety." In which class would our Westerner, Fred Vaile, have been put by Dr. Camp?

—C. N. RUDKIN.

The new Wyatt Earp Museum, in which CM John Gilchriese is one of the principal sponsors, opened on July 16, 1966, in historic Tombstone, Arizona. Its purpose is to display the original documents, letters, photographs, and memorabilia of the life and times of Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp.

In order to present the truth about the West's celebrated gunfight between the Earps, Doc Holliday, the McLaurys, and the Clantons, erroneously referred to as the "Fight at the O.K. Corral," CM Don Perceval was commissioned by the Museum to capture on canvas that sanguinary moment in western history.

The Perceval painting is now on permanent display in the Wyatt Earp Museum, and presents for the first time an historically true depiction of this famous fight—which, incidentally, did not occur at the O.K. Corral.

Northland Press of Flagstaff, Arizona, are publishing lithograph prints of Don's painting, in an overall size of 20x26 inches, and suitable for framing. The price is \$10.00 postpaid, and includes an identifying legend by CM John D. Gilchriese, Field Historian, University of Arizona. Contact the Museum direct, at Box 308, Tombstone.