



SHERIFF'S ANNUAL REPORT TO LOS ANGELES CORRAL

By E. I. (EDDIE) EDWARDS

Included among the several duties of the Sheriff, as specified in our Range Rules, is one that directs him to "present at the annual meeting a report of the work of the Corral during the preceding year." The following is a brief summation of the work of our Corral during 1966.

At our opening meeting in January last, I announced the creation of a new Committee designated "The Sheriff's Advisory Committee." Its personnel consists of two Past Sheriffs, George Fullerton and Paul Galleher, who were members of our Corral during the first year of its organization. Their function is to meet with the Directors, and with all appointed Committees, for the purpose of making available the benefit of their counsel and suggestions. As Sheriff, I enjoyed a close working relationship with the members of this Committee, and utilized to advantage their reaction to proposed appointments and other procedural matters. They were assigned primary responsibility for drafting revisions to our Range Rules, and they worked closely with the Committee on Nominations in selecting suitable officer material for the coming year. As one of the "Trail Bosses" for 1967, it shall be my purpose to press strongly for a continuation of the Sheriff's Advisory Committee.

It will be recalled that at our January meeting I outlined five major objectives for the year 1966. These provided for:

1. A thorough study and organization of the Corral's records presently deposited in the Southwest Museum;
2. A revision of the Range Rules;
3. The issuance of a Keepsake to all Active and Corresponding members;

4. An intensive effort to initiate and maintain liaison with the several Corrals in the United States and Europe;
5. An effective procedure designed to interest our newer members in accepting active participation and responsibility in the functioning of our Corral.

Of these five objectives the first three have achieved complete fruition. The records in our depository at Southwest Museum have been systematically examined and organized by Carroll Friswold and Erv Strong; the newly-revised Range Rules have been attractively printed by Paul Bailey's Westernlore Press, and copies were distributed to the membership at our November meeting; and two Westerners' Keepsakes have been made available.

Our fourth objective, by its very nature, cannot admit of final and complete integration. Its substance imposes a *continuing* duty upon the Corral. Even so, we have succeeded in initiating activity and have laid secure foundation for the project's continuous development and expansion. Our capable Representative, George McManus, has turned in a magnificent job for the Corral. He has contacted, by a series of intelligently-written letters, every organized Westerners group in this country and abroad. Enthusiastic replies are being received, indicating that our Corral had given initial impetus to this worthy attempt to bring about some degree of coordinated effort among the various Corral units. Your Directors, and particularly George McManus, have reactivated the long-dormant office of Representative, making it a potent force in Westerner objectiveness. It

(Continued on Page 3)

The Branding Iron

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

OFFICERS - 1966

E. I. (EDDIE) EDWARDS.....	<i>Sheriff</i> Box 1078, Yucca Valley, Calif.
ARTHUR H. CLARK JR.....	<i>Deputy Sheriff</i> 1264 S. Central Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91204
EVERETT G. HAGER.....	<i>Registrar of Marks & Brands</i> 681 Terminal Way, Box 6, Terminal Island, Calif.
ERNEST HOVARD.....	<i>Asst. Registrar</i> 3255 Paloma St., Pasadena, Calif. 91107
PAUL D. BAILEY.....	<i>Roundup Foreman</i> 5040 Eagle Rock Blvd., Los Angeles Calif. 90041
WILLIAM F. KIMES.....	<i>Asst. Roundup Foreman</i> 418 Snug Harbor, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660
BERT H. OLSON.....	<i>Keeper of the Chips</i> 619 No. Rexford Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
ERVIN STRONG.....	<i>Director</i> 228 E. Navilla Pl., Covina, Calif. 91722
JOHN H. KEMBLE.....	<i>Director</i> Pomona College, Claremont, Calif. 91713
GEORGE KOENIG.....	<i>Editor of Brand Book No. 12</i> 13749 Wyandotte St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91405
WEBSTER A. JONES.....	<i>Editor of Brand Book No. 13</i> 15934 Valley Vista Blvd., Encino, Calif. 91316
CARROLL FRISWOLD.....	<i>Librarian</i> 519 W. Altadena Dr., Altadena, Calif. 91002
H. GEORGE McMANNUS.....	<i>Representative</i> 1011 E. Lexington Dr., Glendale, Calif. 91206
LONNIE HULL.....	<i>Daguerreotype Wrangler</i> 1016 No. Orlando Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
IRON EYES CODY.....	<i>Chief of Smoke Signals</i> 2013 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
DWIGHT E. VANCE.....	<i>Wrangler Boss</i>
AUGUST W. SCHATRA, SID PLATFORD.....	<i>Wranglers</i>

Address for Exchanges
and Material Submitted for Publication:

The Roundup Foreman
PAUL BAILEY

5040 Eagle Rock Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90041

THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1500 words
or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.
Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

Corral Chips . . .

While Dr. Lawrence Clark Powell caps off his retirement from U.C.L.A. with an extended vacation in Europe, Westerner W. W. Robinson has taken over the popular book section of *Westways* Magazine. Certainly there is no more capable hand for the job than our distinguished writer-historian "Bill" Robinson. His reviews in this periodical go out to a large and loyal audience.

Page Two . . .

Westerners Move In On El Paso Meet

A representative and enthusiastic group of Los Angeles Westerners made the trek to El Paso to attend the sixth annual Conference of the Western History Association, October 13 to 15. Among those in attendance were Ex-Sheriffs Paul Galleher and Arthur Clark; August Schatra, Bill Kimes, Dr. Doyce Nunis, Dr. Ray Billington, Dr. Dudley Gordon, and Dr. Clifford M. Drury.

A special Westerners breakfast and program, under the leadership of Leland D. Case, was one of the convention highlights. About 150 attended. Ray Billington presided over the final luncheon meeting of the Conference, introducing John Hawgood as speaker. Dudley Gordon participated in the Oral History Session and read a paper on Charles Lummis; Clifford Drury presided over a session entitled "The Missionary West."

Some of our corresponding members also made significant contributions to the conference, including Bob Weinstein, Leland Case, Manuel Servin, Ramon Adams, LeRoy Hafen, and others.

Doyce Nunis distinguished himself as Program Chairman, and received the well-deserved accolade of the entire Conference.

Memento of the West Is Gift to L.A. Corral

Through the courtesy of Roscoe P. Conkling, author of the greatly-prized source of information, the three-volume set of *The Butterfield Overland Mail*, published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, and now out of print, our Corral has acquired from his collection, an interesting, indestructible object of western transportation — an ox-yoke shackle, found on the site of an Indian attack on an emigrant train in Apache Pass, Arizona, February, 1861. All members of the party were massacred or burned alive, chained to the wagon wheels.

The Corral is sincerely grateful to Mr. Conkling for this gift, which will be kept with other items in our depository at the Southwest Museum as soon as we are able to arrange to properly house it.

Sheriff's Message

(Continued from Page 1)

must be re-emphasized that this year we could only *begin* our notable excursion into inter-Corral relationships. But this beginning has proven most effective and impressive. Beyond any doubt it has clearly demonstrated the need that existed for it.

Finally, it must be remembered that our fifth — and remaining — objective occupies much the same status as the one we have just considered. It is only as we relate this objective to a continuing process of applied effort that we dare venture claim to its attainment. As you well know, many of us — including your Sheriff — are firm in the conviction that we can never truly assess a member's qualifications for Corral service until we afford him an opportunity for expression; or, stated more tersely, we may never know what a man can do for our Corral until we give him a chance to do it. Commendably, much has already been accomplished in pursuit of this objective. I am thinking of George Koenig who so capably edited one of our most popular *Brand Books* that already has netted an excess of receipts over disbursements in an amount approximating \$1,500. I am thinking of Ernie Hovard who has trained efficiently into the duties of Registrar under the careful supervision of Everett Hager; and of Bob Cowan who has given much constructive counsel and support at our Board meetings. I am thinking of Bill Kimes and Sky Dunlap, each of whom has spoken before our Corral and assisted in the editing of our *Branding Iron*; and of Russ Leadabrand whose nationally-known writing talent has reflected itself in our *Brand Book* No. 11 — which, by the way, is perhaps the only book ever published on our desert areas whose contributors include such outstanding desert experts as Randall Henderson, Nell Murbarger, Dick Bailey, Horace Parker, Burr Belden, and others. I am thinking, also, of the man to whom we assigned the newly-created title of Wrangler Boss — Dwight Vance — and how he has elevated the position of Wrangler from one making only tenuous claim to fame and immortality, by the performance of such menial tasks as bussing dishes and clearing away scraps at our occasional outdoor meetings, to one of distinction and pronounced value to the Corral. I am thinking of this same Wrang-

ler Boss, ably assisted by another new member — Tom McNeil — who has, of his own volition, created our increasingly-popular Hobby Corner. I am thinking of these men, all of them relatively new members, and of George McMannus, and of all the others who — as time permitted — have been brought to the front table as the Sheriff's Guests in an effort to bring them into direct confrontation with the men of the Corral.

Thus have we made articulate the voices that might otherwise have remained silent. Thus have we utilized the talent that might otherwise have lain dormant.

The contributions of these men to their Corral stand conspicuously as monuments to the demonstrated wisdom of putting our newer and our younger members to work. For these are the men upon whom, eventually, this Corral must depend for its continued existence. I submit that it is not becoming us older members to carp and criticize, nor even reminisce too often nor too fondly about the "good old days," and how *we* used to do things when *we* were in charge. Rather, it is incumbent upon us to strengthen these men should they weaken; to encourage them should they falter. This I perceive to be the attitude that gives dimension to the higher and more rewarding concept of our Westerners' philosophy.

Fall, Winter Program Features Top Speakers

Dr. John A. Hawgood, member of the English Corral, and Professor of American History at the University of Birmingham, delighted the members assembled for the September meeting at Taix Freres Restaurant, with a bit of humorous Americana told with a twinkle in his British eyes. Though he was a "foreigner," this was not the first visit of John to Los Angeles Corral. He was introduced by Dr. Ed Carpenter, and after that it needed no bilingual translation facilities to get his story across to the audience.

"Bringing Tombstone Back Alive," was Dr. Hawgood's chosen topic. For once a discourse on this funereal Arizona burg had far less to do with proving whether Wyatt Earp was here or there when the mudbellies decided to shoot up the town, but was concerned more with the time our

(Continued on Next Page)

Fall, Winter Program

(Continued from Previous Page)

illustrious Englishman was chosen to aid David Brinkley and his team in filming and narrating the Tombstone documentary for NBC, which graced the American television screen a year or so back. The talk was whimsical and delightful, and, as capper on the night, Ex-Sheriff Art Clark managed to feed the Tombstone documentary through the movie projector and sound track with a minimum of trouble. Again the Corral was favored with the stentorian voice of Dr. Hawgood, trying tongue-in-cheek, to explain some of the lore and gore that has become a never-ending accretion to the town that refuses to die in spite of the million rounds of ammunition that supposedly has been expended in and out of the O.K. Corral, and up and down its streets. It was a happy evening, and the Birmingham professor could have used Wyatt Earp and the Clantons to help him answer the questions. Nothing, of course, was proved. But what the hell! History doesn't have to be good to be lively.

The art exhibit for the September meeting, thanks to the tireless efforts of Dwight E. Vance, and Tom McNeil, consisted of the work of Elbridge Ayer Burbank. This peerless painter of Indians was honored this night with some magnificent originals and prints contributed by Dwight and other art-minded members of the Corral. Not only are the members favored with the always delightful talk on the life and history of the featured artist, but considerable pains and effort have been given by Dwight and his committee to furnish each guest with a written biographical sketch, and bibliographical notes pertaining to the artist under scrutiny.

Guests at the September meeting included Ken Stephens, Price Walker, Al Georges, Ralph Cannon, William Svec, and John B. Marshall.

The October roundup at the Taix Frere featured as speaker, CM Dr. Alden Miller. His topic was "Medical Men of the Far West," and he turned a surgical probe in the direction of the courageous men who brought their healing arts into every facet of exploration and colonization of that little known world beyond the wide Missouri. Starting with the Spanish-California pioneers, Dr. Miller followed on through the Lewis and Clark period, the mission and

presidio era, into the Gold Rush times, and down into the Anglo colonization of the later western years. It proved to be another of those high-caliber papers that have so consistently featured the meetings of Los Angeles Corral. Its out-of-the-ordinary western flavor was made indicative by the lively question and answer session that followed the talk.

The art display this night was a nostalgic one. Featured was the familiar work of our beloved Clarence Ellsworth, who, before his death, was so intimately and faithfully tied to our Corral. Iron Eyes Cody, neighbor, friend, and confidant to this great and talented artist, told of his years of association with Clarence, and took the initiative of preparing the lavish and representative collection of originals over which the members could refresh their love and memory of the man who was so long with us.

The November meeting, likewise held at Taix Freres, was a reminder that another year of Corral activity was drawing rapidly to a close. The nominating committee duly made their reports and recommendations, with open election scheduled for the December meeting.

Speaker this evening was Dr. Doyce B. Nunis, Corresponding Member, Associate Professor of History at the University of Southern California, and editor of the *Southern California Quarterly*. Dr. Nunis chose for this night's topic, "The Legal Side of Isaac Graham," and it was a fascinating preview of a book already in the works by this erudite historian. Isaac Graham, relative of Daniel Boone, became a prominent and controversial figure in the politics of early California, and Doyce, through penetrating research, brought old Isaac to life and action in a way that thrilled and entertained the assembled Westerners. The conclusion, among the listeners, seemed to be that so far as old Isaac was concerned, they don't seem to make reprobrates like that any more. The talk was followed by another lively question and answer period.

Wrangler Dwight Vance arranged, for the November meeting, another fascinating tour into the visual world. The gallery featured, this time, maps, ephemera, and rare graphic material on Western Railroads. Furnishing this most interesting material, and displaying it, was C. C. Powell, current president of the Historical Society of Southern California.

The gallery of guests this evening was equally impressive. Included were David

(Continued on Back Page)

THE MURDER OF GEORGE SIMMONS

By R. A. (CAP) GIBSON

George Simmons, a tall blue-eyed Kentuckian, was one of the most taciturn men I have ever known, yet withal, well liked by all who knew him. George had left his beloved State to hunt for riches in the neighborhood of Searchlight, Nevada, a gold camp near the old mining boom camp of Eldorado Canyon on the Colorado River.

In 1901, he finally located an aboriginal turquoise mine at Crescent, California. This mining camp was located some fifteen miles north of Manvel, or Barnwell, California. This double-named town was the supply town for Searchlight, the Las Vegas Ranch, and all the hinterland, including Pahrump Valley, etc. The California Eastern Railway Company built this line to tap the Famous Ivanpah Copper Mines and was later purchased by the Santa Fe Railway Company, the line running from Goffs (some 30 miles west of Needles) to the end of the rails at Ivanpah Station, a distance of forty miles.

Simmons employed several miners, and a foreman named William (Billy) Miller. Since Simmons kept his operations strictly to himself, no one knew what his production was. However, we did know that from time to time he made a trip to New York with a five-gallon oil can filled with picked turquoise. One of these trips took Simmons via Kentucky, where he spent a couple of weeks with his folks, and because of this, his return date was not known in advance as had been the usual custom.

Smithson, a prospector located near Crescent, owned a buckboard and usually met Simmons, but on this occasion, was not at Manvel to meet Simmons. Simmons rented a team and light wagon to make the trip to the mine, meeting his foreman enroute. Naturally he stopped to ask after the mine, and why the foreman had left it. He noted that Miller acted strange, and that the burro he was packing seemed to be heavily loaded.

Simmons, acting on his suspicion, demanded that Miller show him what he was packing. He was told to "go to hell."

Simmons never wore a gun, but was not a bit afraid, and unpacked the burro, to find a five-gallon oil can filled with fine turquoise. Simmons immediately took the can off the packsaddle, loaded it in the wagon, and fired Miller instant.

Billy came into Manvel, got drunk for a

couple of days and left town, not however without boasting that someday he'd kill Simmons, for, as he said "ruining my reputation." For the next year or so, Miller would come to town from his camp in a canyon on the south side of the New York Mountains, get drunk, shoot the corks out of bottles on the backbar, boast about his determination to kill Simmons, pay the damages and depart for his camp.

It so happened that on one of Simmons' visits to Manvel Billy too came in from camp. Billy always wore his sixshooter, but on this occasion was more quiet, no boasting, and but little liquor. Simmons did his shopping, and about four o'clock in the afternoon decided to start for the mine. It was a very hot day and some twenty-four of the men then in town were sitting on the front porch of the Last Chance Saloon, trying to keep cool. Smithson, with Simmons on the seat beside him, drove by, and when the buckboard was some thirty yards beyond us, Miller came out of Ed Moore's butcher shop with a rifle, calling "George — George — I want to talk to you."

Smithson, probably knowing both he and Simmons were in danger, started the team on the run. Simmons stopped the team, and started to get down from the buckboard, and when one foot was on the ground and the other on the wheel hub, Miller shot him three times through the back.

Simmons died instantly, falling beside the buckboard, while Smithson, probably thinking Miller would kill him too, ran his team down the canyon road, and only returned when the miners came to town.

Several of the witnesses, including our deputy sheriff, ran up to the butcher shop and arrested Miller. They placed him in a boxcar, since the town did not have a jail. It was thought that when Smithson got to the mine and told his story, the miners would be apt to come and lynch Miller. Miller was guarded that night by several citizens, and true to the prognostications, the miners came in with the avowed purpose of hanging him.

Meantime I, as assistant agent and telegraph operator, sent a message to John Rolfs, Sheriff, at San Bernardino. He arrived early the next day. He took Miller to San Bernardino County jail.

Only a few weeks went by before all the witnesses were called to testify at the trial.

(Continued on Next Page)

Murder of George Simmons

(Continued from Previous Page)

Each witness told the same story, of the threats and the facts of the murder. The jury retired, and in less time than it takes to tell this story, returned to the jury box. The judge asked the foreman — "What is your verdict?" The foreman intoned without a change of demeanor, "NOT GUILTY, SIR."

For a second there was not a sound — the OH, AH — and again an awful silence. Miller jumped to his feet, shook his fist at the witnesses, and yelled — "I'll kill every damned man of you when I meet you." Rolfs, the sheriff, was so angry he trembled like a leaf. He called all the witnesses into his office, swore each one in as deputy, handed each a star, with this remark: "Boys, this trial was the greatest farce I've ever been a witness to, and here is what I want you to do. If you ever get a chance, shoot the S.O.B., wire me, and I'll tell you where to bury him."

Miller did not return to Manvel, but some time afterwards we heard he was in Cowich, Nevada. Meantime, before we heard this news all of us spent lots of good hard dollars buying shells for our six guns and it was not long until not an empty can or bottle remained in that section of the county.

Since I was only a youngster at the time, and all the others were men of mature age, I imagine I am the only remaining witness.

Corral Chips . . .

Dwight Clarke's new book, *The Journal of Captain Henry Smith Turner, U.S.A., 1846-1847* has just been published by the University of Oklahoma Press. The BI hopes to review it as quickly as a copy is available. Dwight's previous work, published also by Oklahoma, was his definitive *Stephen Watts Kearny, Soldier of the West*.

"The Legend and Reality of Western Kansas Gold," by William E. Unrau, is the title of the lead article in *The Trail Guide*, for September 1966, published by the Kansas City Posse of the Westerners. Dr. Unrau is Associate Professor of History at Wichita State University, and his paper, as published, is a lucid and interesting study of the men and mines of western Kansas from pioneer days.

Page Six . . .

Platford Bows Out Enter the Mormons

Sheriff-elect Sid Platford will soon find it necessary to vacate the family home at 152 West Duarte Road, in Arcadia. The home plat, along with two other residential sites on the same block, are soon to be combined into a spacious site where will arise another chapel for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The new Mormon Church edifice, one of scores in the State of California, will be a structure of 14,000 square feet. Besides the chapel for worship, there will be a cultural hall, and nineteen Sunday School classrooms.

On the hallowed Platford premises, where so often has gathered the hollow-eyed bibliophiles, the more argumentative Westerners and the pink-eyed and unkempt ritual team of E Clampus Vitus for their much-needed practice, now will be heard the paeans and prayers of the Saints as they go about their equally impressive and equally diligent search for the secrets of heaven.

The only panacea that can be suggested for the drying of Sid's tears in the sad loss of the old homestead, is that Mormons never go in debt for a church edifice. Mortgages are unknown to their church buildings, and neither usury nor the Devil are ever given the chance to hold a slip-knot on their property. The Mormon Church has the quaint custom of paying cash for its real estate. So, brace up, Sid. It *could* be worse.

Corral Chips . . .

Our own historian, W. W. Robinson, has authored a special leaflet for the Southwest Museum entitled *The Spanish and Mexican Ranchos of San Fernando Valley*, complete with rare photographs. With the meticulous research and skillful writing which always characterizes Bill's work, he has given another facet of local history in permanent and most readable form. The booklet is number 31 in the Museum's series.

In his election as president of the California State Bar Association, Stevens Halstead not only brings great honor to himself, but honors the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners of which he has so long been a part. The Corral is proud of you, Steve.

In Remembrance . . .

BEN HILLIARD O'CONNOR

August 29, 1901 . . . September 15, 1966

By HENRY H. CLIFFORD

Ben Hilliard O'Connor was called to the Last Roundup September 15, 1966. Born in Austin, Texas, August 29, 1901, Ben won his degree in Architecture from U.S.C., and had a distinguished career in that field, being a member of A.I.A. During World War II he achieved the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserve, serving with distinction in the South Pacific. I had the pleasure of introducing Ben to the Westerners, and of proposing him first as Corresponding, then Associate, then Regular Member.

I first met Ben in May 1951, when I was a first-year guest with the Gringo Camp of Los Rancheros Visitadores. His gracious personality and warm humor were like lodestones. As we raised our glasses that first day, he said: "Here it goes — under my nose — and God knows — I need it!" What a pleasant toast after a hard day's ride! Later on he adopted another favorite saying: "I'm feeling much more like I am now than when I got here."

Ben was a top-flight rider, and for many years attended the Fall Round-ups at George Stephens' ranch in Arizona. On one such occasion, Ben was mounted on a fine cutting horse, changing film in his camera, when a calf broke loose from the herd. The horse instinctively took off after the calf, while Ben, hands full of camera and film, hung on by his knees until the calf was returned to the herd. Only wish I could have been there to see it!

Ben loved to tell stories of his youthful days in Austin. One such concerned Ben dashing through the pantry, surprising his old uncle in the process of holding his nose while drinking a shot of whiskey. Ben says: "Uncle, why do you hold your nose while drinking your whiskey?" His old uncle replied: "Benny, this here is mighty fine whiskey. If I didn't hold my nose, I'd smell the whiskey, and that would make my mouth water — and I don't like to dilute my whiskey!" Told with a soft drawl, it's an irresistible Texas story.



BEN HILLIARD O'CONNOR

While Ben was proud of his Marine Corps experience, I think he had more real fun being a Colonel in the Southern California Wing of this here Confederate Air Force, of which I was fortunate to be a fellow Colonel. We had Flag-Raisin's on occasion, one of the best of which was held at Ben's home. I had volunteered to serve meat-on-a-stick (teriaki) during the cocktail hour, and it was highly successful; but I never had the guts to tell Ben (or the others) I used horse meat. It might have broken his heart.

And now for a few comments from some of Ben's old and dear friends, for they bring out the warmth of Ben's personality. "His loyalty to his friends was one of the outstanding memories I have of him." "My recollections are so full of his gracious out-giving of good cheer." And apropos of his passing, we might say to the Supreme Trail Boss in Ben's own words: "That's a helluva way to run a fish fry!"

Adios, amigo, Vaya con Dios!

In Remembrance . . .

EDGAR NEELS CARTER

December 27, 1872 . . . November 17, 1966

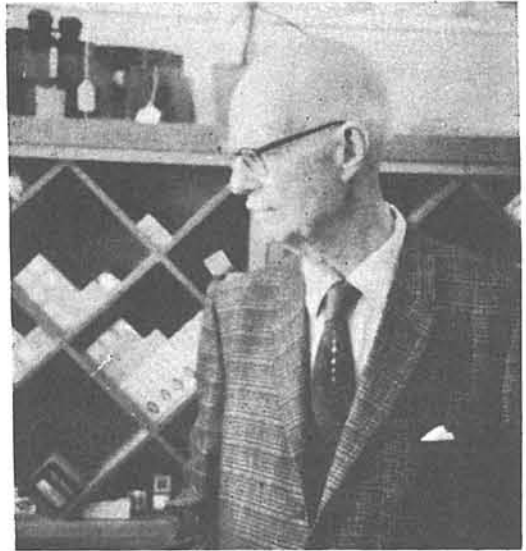
By ARTHUR H. CLARK

Our much-loved and kindly friend, Ed Carter, joined the trek to the great beyond on Thursday, November 17, 1966. In his 94th year, and remarkably active, well and alert until his last few weeks, Ed had lived a long, useful, happy and interesting life. His passing deprives us of probably the last of our members with an authentic, old-time connection with the nineteenth century West. Ed goes to join Percy Bonebrake, Billy Dodson, Frank King, Fred Hodge and many others who have added flavor and luster to the twenty years of the Los Angeles Corral.

Ed was one of our first year members, and he cherished his Westerner associations. For eight years he was an Active Member in much more than name only. His interest continued unabated during his years as an Honorary Member, after he and Mrs. Carter moved north to Burlingame to be near their daughter's home.

Ed Carter was born at Fort Bridger two days after Christmas of 1872, the son of Judge William A. Carter who arrived with the army of Col. Albert Sidney Johnston in 1857 for the "Utah War." William Carter served many years at the Fort as Post Sutler, judge, Pony Express agent, and in other capacities. Ed was one of the first white children to be born in Wyoming, and spent his boyhood there in the shade of the cottonwoods and shadow of the Uinta Mountains, where he learned to love the West and its history. In later years Ed constructed a scale model of the area of the Fort as it appeared in his youth. Ed's story of "Old Fort Bridger" appears in our *Brand Book No. 1*, 1947, and his article on the carriage presented to his mother by Gen. William S. Harney appears in the December 1954 *Branding Iron*. Part of Ed's library comprised the 3000 volumes of his father's collection — the first of Wyoming's private libraries, which was transported across the plains by oxcart.

Educated in military schools in Illinois and New York, Ed spent eighteen years with the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries, as Superintendent of Stations from Vermont to Montana and Oregon. Later business activities in California dealt with electrical products, real estate, fruit products, and



EDGAR NEELS CARTER

From a Recent Snapshot

management of tourist lodges and camps.

Ed's daughter, Babette Carter (Mrs. Donald) Baker of Burlingame, conveyed the news of his passing. Others of the family surviving Ed are his son, Col Charles F. Carter, U.S.A.-Ret., grandchildren Elizabeth Baker, Donald Baker, Jr., Charles F. Carter, Jr., and William A. Carter III, and eleven great grandchildren with the Carter name. Two of Ed's nephews, Carter Camp of Napa, and Dr. Edward Corson of Plymouth Meeting, Penna., share too a great interest with Ed in the history of Judge Carter and Fort Bridger.

A brief quotation from a May 1961 letter of Ed's reflects his regard for the Corral:

" . . . it has been a sorry job for me to circle the words 'will not' on the reply postals for the meetings. I am still pretty young at heart and my memory goes back a hell of a long way. But the old legs are no longer able to run and dance and climb over the Uinta Mountains toting a ten-pound Marlin rifle, hunting deer and mountain sheep.

"I would like so much to hear Paul Bailey's talk about the Deseret Alphabet. I suppose it will appear in the B. I. or Brand Book . . ."

Vaya con dios, Ed. We'll miss you.

In Remembrance . . .

PAUL ISELIN WELLMAN

1895 . . . 1966

By PAUL BAILEY



PAUL I. WELLMAN

As speaker at outdoor meeting of Los Angeles Corral
— Lonnie Hull Photo.

Death has made heavy inroads into the membership of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners the past few months. A most poignant loss was the sudden and unexpected passing of CM Paul I. Wellman, one of America's major novelists and historians. He died September 17, at his home in Westwood, only weeks after completing *The Buckstones*, a book which will be published posthumously in 1967.

For a number of years Paul held full active membership in Los Angeles Corral, and even when every word he wrote commanded highest cash value on the literary market, he willingly and graciously contributed his skilled pen to the Westerners *Brand Book*. After finding that attendance at Westerner meetings conflicted with prior commitments, he requested that his membership be changed to that of Corresponding Member. But during the time of his active membership, Paul Wellman was a familiar part of our Corral. Those of us who knew him intimately, knew him as a gracious gentleman, a gifted writer, and a

true Westerner in every sense of the word.

Paul Wellman wrote his first book, *Death on the Prairie*, in 1934. Of the dozens of magnificent novels which followed, a great number of them found their way into equally successful motion pictures. Equally facile in the writing of non-fiction, he turned out, in the field of history some of the most readable epics of the west, including *The Trampling Herd*, *Dynasty of Western Outlaws*, and his final one, *Spawn of Evil*.

Motion pictures he worked on included "Cheyenne," "Red Gold," and "Apache." One of his most successful novels, *The Iron Mistress*, became an equally successful motion picture.

As a writer, Paul was a meticulous craftsman. But he never was too successful to refuse ear and hand to the struggling aspirant in the world of letters. A member of many other historical and writing organizations, he was last spring awarded an honorary doctorate at the University of California.

Paul was born in Enid, Oklahoma, spent the next ten years in West Africa with his parents. They returned to the United States, and took up residence in Salt Lake City, Utah. Paul Wellman's first job was as a farmhand at twenty-five dollars a month. He put himself through the University of Wichita, and after graduation, the *Wichita Beacon* hired him as a cub reporter. As a newspaperman, his great talents made rapid rise to city editor — a career interrupted by Army service in World War I. He returned, to take up a post as special editorial writer for the *Kansas City Star*, where his first books were born — *Death on the Prairie*, and *Death in the Desert*.

Of the trilogy, his *Death on Horseback*, was noticeable that on almost every page the author was more preoccupied with the plight of the Indian rather than the westward course of empire, as affecting the white man. This sympathy and interest for the underdog was characteristic of Paul Wellman throughout his life.

All of us who knew Paul Wellman, loved him. He was a gifted writer, and one of God's gentlemen. He is, and will be, sorely missed.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE MOJAVE DESERT OF CALIFORNIA, including Death Valley, Joshua Tree National Monument, and the Antelope Valley, by Russ Leadabrand. Los Angeles: The Ward Ritchie Press. 180 pp., illustrated, soft cover, \$1.95.

This is number four of this talented Westerner's guidebooks concerned with the scenic and historical values of Southern California. Russ Leadabrand, as attested by his writings in the Pasadena *Star-News*, and *Westways*, is the truly indefatigable searcher and researcher. This the latest of his series of little books spawned by an inquisitive and enthusiastic mind geared to the glories of his beloved Southern California is a positive delight.

Lawrence Clark Powell, in his introduction to this sprightly little treasure, gives his own realistic appraisal of its author. "I see Russ Leadabrand as a writer in the grand tradition of outdoor Californiana created by William Brewer, Clarence King, John Muir, Mary Austin, J. Smeaton Chase, George Wharton James, Charles Francis Saunders, and Charles F. Lummis." While this is reasonably heady company, one should unhesitatingly add that Russ Leadabrand functions more than satisfactorily just as Russ Leadabrand.

He has the uncanny way of making even the most commonplace side trip, under his perception and scrutiny, a thing of high interest — to be returned to for a fresh and more discerning look. Never is he guilty of pumping up or phoneying up a dying ruin or ghost town merely for the sake of dramatic interest or literary effect. He digs the places he talks about, and he digs them well. The result is one hell of a good step beyond a mere guidebook.

In his *Guidebook to the Mojave Desert of California*, this whole high desert region takes on an aura of haunting appeal. Eighteen areas, along with informative maps and priceless illustrations, make this little book something to read with joy in the quiet of one's home, or the handiest thing imaginable in the glove compartment of one's car. And if you Westerners think you know high desert history, list an ear to what Russ has to say about desert people and places. Highly recommended.

— PAUL BAILEY.

KERN RIVER VALLEY CENTENNIAL VIGNETTES, by Ardis M. Walker. Illustrated by Francis L. Smart. Glendale: La Siesta Press. 70 pp. 200 copies hand bound by Bela Blau.

In this little item Westerner Walt Wheelock and CM Ardis Walker have teamed up to create and produce a little treasure of local history. It is something that will have increasing value through the years, not alone because of its printing scarcity, but because the book truly has something to say.

Ardis Walker writes buoyantly of the beautiful and historic valley he so deeply loves. That he has taken the time and effort to frame its lore into imperishable chronicle is both creditable and noteworthy. In pithy anecdotes and exciting descriptive he takes the reader up and down the woolly area of the Kern, while miners, bad men, and oddball characters stalk unforgettably through its pages.

In the book there are eighteen vignettes — Oiler's Bar, Keyssville, La Mismo Gulch, Lovely Roger and Big Blue, Quartzburg Memento, The Old House, Harley Mine, Streets of Old Kernville, Havilah, Chinese on the Kern, Havilah's Old China House, Sumner Ranch, Weldon Store, Scovern Hot Springs, Onyx, The Old Walker Place, Andy Brown's Mill, and Last House. To a historian, and seeker of authentic, offbeat lore, it is a menu indeed of a full and satisfying meal. And, with the whole offering dressed up with the artistry of Francis L. Smart — who can resist?

— PAUL BAILEY.



CARL IRVING WHEAT AS I KNEW HIM. By George L. Harding. Designed and printed in an edition of 350 copies by Mallette Dean. September 1966. Sponsored by Carroll T. Harris. 8x12 inches: 20 p., attractive wrapper.

Carl Wheat died June 25, at the end of a long series of strokes that began in 1956. He and his list of works is known to all Westerners. A "Published Writings of Carl Irving Wheat," by G. L. Harding (listing 116 titles or pieces), is a necessity, and was made by the Roxburghe Club.

Carl was an active member of the California Historical Society, the Historical Society of Southern California, the Book Club of California, the Friends of the Bancroft Library, the Roxburghe Club (of which he was an original organizer), the Zamorano Club, the American Antiquarian Society,

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Previous Page)

the Bohemian Club, E Clampus Vitus (revived by himself and two others), and many other clubs and societies.

There are many of his books and articles difficult to find. He has worked on many introductions and many fairly brief accounts, but he has especially studied the stories of maps. This began with early mapping, about the first, *25 California Maps*, 1948; *Books of the California Gold Rush, a Centennial Selection*, 1949; *Mapping the American West*, 1954; *Jedediah Smith and his Maps of the American West* (with Dale L. Morgan), 1954; *Mapping the Transmississippi West*, five volumes, 1957-1963 (last volume assisted by Dale Morgan after Carl's disabling stroke). There are to be found many shorter articles of map work.

Carl's surviving widow, Helen Mills-paugh Wheat, had done a gigantic task for Carl, fighting on and on to keep him going when he had had strokes for more than ten years. I can appreciate the helper who has worked as Mrs. Wheat has done.

Dr. Harding has here made a beautiful account of Carl Wheat's life and of his accomplishments, both as a lawyer and as a historian. And this very lovely brochure is treasured by me as it must be by others.

— C. N. RUDKIN.



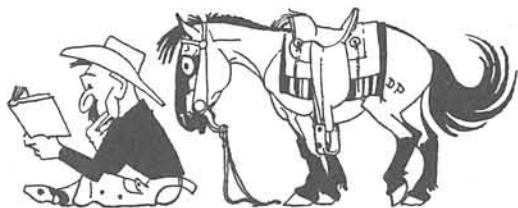
INDIAN SLAVE TRADE IN THE SOUTHWEST. A study of slave taking and traffic in Indian captives. L. R. Bailey. Westernlore Press, 1966. 236 pp. \$7.95.

THE CLAWS OF THE HAWK. The incredible life of Wahker the Ute. Paul Bailey. Westernlore Press, 1966. 358 pp. \$5.95.

WALKARA, HAWK OF THE MOUNTAINS. Paul Bailey. Westernlore, 1954. Out of print.

After considerable thought, it seemed appropriate to me, to depart from the usual format of a book review, to consider two recently published works, and to call attention to an earlier third.

Lynn Bailey focuses attention to the fact that slavery thrived in the Southwest, was a way of life, especially among the Ute, Navajo and Apache tribes, and the Spanish, Mexican and Anglo-Americans, both before and after the Civil War. That young women and children were stolen and bartered by all of the above mentioned parties, thus causing constant warfare, confusion, and turmoil, was a fact which I had only casual information until I read *Indian Slave Trade*.



In *The Claws of the Hawk*, Paul Bailey has succeeded admirably, in bringing Walkara, the Slaver and greatest of horse thieves back into the flesh, living his life as he lived it in this fascinating period of western history. The man is revealed as he truly was — an uncivilized, cruel, cunning and unpredictable savage. Confused in his contacts with the white man, these ranged from the lawlessness and debauchery of Pegleg Smith and Jim Beckwourth, the double dealing of Jim Bridger, to the zeal of hard working Latter-day Saints and their consecrated leaders.

The other characters in this book move true to life, too. Sage Bird, devoted wife of Walkara, when too old, callously sold into slavery for a horse that wasn't needed; and after untold suffering and superhuman endurance, made her way back to Walkara, in time to attend him in his last illness, and then in conformance with Ute custom, to accompany him in death to the grave.

Arapene, haughty and cruel; Sowiette, mild mannered and peace loving, striving to live according to the Mormon faith when he had embraced it; and the other brothers of Walkara play their parts, too.

And, George Washington Bean, a good man of heroic stature. Brigham Young, the wise and single-purposed Mormon leader, dealing patiently, but uncompromisingly with his Lamanite brethren, holding forth the olive branch while he wrested from them an empire. And there are other players. It's quite a cast that you will meet.

The members of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners will remember the biography of Walkara, written by Paul Bailey, and published in 1954, which he dedicated to the Corral, "a peculiarly wonderful group of men."

These three books should set side by side on your book shelf. If you have read *Walkara*, I would suggest that you read it again. Then read Lynn's book about *The Indian Slave Trade*, and follow it with *The Claws of the Hawk*.

A new and more complete understanding of the history of the Southwest will be your reward, and you will have several

(Continued on Next Page)

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

hours of enjoyable reading. And then I think you will join me in thanking the Baileys, father and son, for their labor in bringing this insight to us.

The *Claws of the Hawk* is realistic, with no punches pulled, highly informative, and engrossingly interesting. I highly recommend it, and I hope that some critic, more versed in the Novel than I, will appraise this book and recommend it to the public.

Concluding, I would remark — How much more appropriate would be a monument of Sowiette, good friend to the Mormons, and a truly converted Mormon, standing before the Utah State Capitol instead of the one that is there of Massasoit?

— HARVEY E. STARR, M.D.

In Russia It's Rubles

CM Helen Raitt (Mrs. Russell Raitt), ten years ago gave a copy of her book, *Exploring the Deep Pacific*, to a visiting Russian scientist. Two years later, she discovered that the book she had authored had been translated into Russian, and published in Russia. She discovered also that the only way she could claim her accumulated royalties on the book, was to spend these rubles in Russia. One just doesn't take cash out of that country, however well earned.

So, in May of this year Helen and her noted husband Dr. Russell Raitt, professor of geophysics at Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, California, made good use of these rubles, by attending the second International Congress of Oceanography at Moscow University.

Mrs. Raitt said her adventures in Moscow might not be comparable to that of the average tourist. She and her husband were guests in the homes of five Russian scientists. "I was able to go wherever I wanted, and found the Russian people warm and friendly," she said.

According to Mrs. Raitt there is an unwritten law among scientists never to discuss politics. "Although our first toasts were always to peace, it did not seem appropriate to bring up politics while we were guests in Russia." And the Russians were just as meticulous in its avoidance.

Anyway, as CM Raitt indicates, one way for a Westerner to see Russia is to get one of their books published in Russian, and then travel on the rubles it earns in royalties.

Page Twelve . . .

Corresponding Members Welcomed to L.A. Corral

Each issue of the *Branding Iron* lists a fresh crop of Corresponding Members added to the rolls of Los Angeles Corral. Below are those who have joined us in recent months. Right welcome pardners.

Don P. Britt, 530 Pasqual, San Gabriel, Calif.
Dr. Byron W. Bailey, 1528 State St., Santa Barbara Calif. 93101.
W. D. Currier, M.D., 960 East Green St., Pasadena, Calif. 91101.
Grant Dahlstrom, The Castle Press, 516 No. Fair Oaks, Pasadena, Calif., 91103.
George B. Eckhart, Box 5315, Tucson Arizona.
Robert W. Frazer, 2410 So. Gaffey St., San Diego, Calif. 90731.
George Fronval, 82. Rue La Fontaine, Paris (16e), France.
Albertus Hoogeveen, P.O. Box 222, Downey, Calif. 90241.
Gertrude C. Hunt, 19770 Lorencita, Covina, Calif.
Leonard D. Parsons, Jr., 2108 Chestnut Ave., Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.
Theodore Reed, 3785 Ocean Front Walk at Rockaway Court, San Diego, Calif.
Kenneth R. Stephens, 1450 Imperial Drive, Glendale, Calif. 91207.
Phoenix Department of Library and Archives, 309 State Capital Building, Phoenix, Arizona 85007.
Robert Weinstein, 1253 So. Stanley, Los Angeles, Calif. 90019.

Corral Meetings

(Continued from Page 4)

Lavender, novelist and historian; James Abajian, and George Harding from the California Historical Society, having made the long trek from the Bay area to the Cow Counties; Bill Trujillo, from New Mexico; Dan McNaughton, from Long Beach; CM Theodore S. Reed, and Gerald S. O'Neal, from San Diego; W. A. Lockett, from Long Beach; James Allen, Bob Irvine, and Raymond Wood, from nearer home.

Honored at this meeting in November, were two new members: Harry Nolder, and T. M. Hiatt, M.D.

CM Dr. Philip J. Rasch, in his incisive study of the early days of Lincoln County, New Mexico, authored a recent article "The Governor Meets the Kid," in the *Brand Book* of the English Society of Westerners.

Sheriff-elect Sid Platford informs us that he is in receipt of a card from CM Dr. Al Shumate, who is sopping up history in Spain. Mentioned is the news that Dr. Al had also enjoyed a nice visit, in Madrid, with Dr. George Hammond, late of the Bancroft Library.