



JUNE 1967

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 83

FROM JACKSON TO CUSTER . . . SPICE AND VARIETY

At the March 8 meeting, held as usual at Taix Freres, Deputy Sheriff August Schatra introduced Dr. Ward G. DeWitt as speaker of the evening. And an excellent choice of speaker it turned out to be. Dr. DeWitt's choice of subject, "Overland with William H. Jackson: Then and Now," was the type of thing always a glory to the Corral. In 1866 William Henry Jackson bullwhacked across the plains, making sketches of the principal sites of the Overland Trail. In later years, he used these sketches to fashion his celebrated historic paintings and water colors. Almost one hundred years later, Dr. DeWitt followed the Jackson route, and recorded the same sites with his camera, as they appear today. The line of comparison, drawn by this most interesting talk, and the visual evidence on the screen, made a most unique and delightful evening.

Dr. DeWitt, author of *Prairie Schooner Lady*, CM of Los Angeles Corral, and a practicing physician from Long Beach, made the assembled Westerners proud of the high quality of its growing membership, and the caliber of the speakers at the monthly meetings.

Once again the gallery wall was enriched, this time by a magnificent collection of beadwork, quillwork and weapons of the Plains Indians, sponsored by Dwight Vance and Ernie Hovard, and from their personal collections. The thirty items exhibited, completely filled the west wall.

Guests at the March meeting included R. H. Becker, director of the Bancroft Library; D. F. Myrick, author and corresponding member, from San Francisco; Giles T. Brown, Tony Lehman, James F.



DR. WARD G. DeWITT, SPEAKER

—Iron Eyes Cody Photo.

Dixon, Andrew Bangs, Earl Batterson, and Don Valentine.

THE APRIL MEETING

Robert A. Weinstein, graphic editor of *The American West*, the official publication of the Western History Association, and a specialist in early Western and Pacific Coast maritime photography, was speaker at the April 12 meeting. As usual, the room at Taix Freres was filled to overflowing with enthusiastic Westerners and their guests. Bob proved to be an engaging and delightful speaker, and his subject, "New Graphic Horizons in Western History," brought high interest and much discussion from this unique assemblage of western history buffs.

The poise and certainty of Bob Weinstein, and the scholarly grasp of his subject
(Continued on Page 3)

The Branding Iron

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

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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.

Our beloved fellow Westerner, Lonnie Hull, while still chipper and cheerful, is nevertheless confined to his bed with the persistent illness which for a year has incapacitated him. From the hospital bed, set up in his home at 1016 North Orlando Avenue in Hollywood, Lonnie continues to radiate the buoyant geniality which has always been his especial gift. Unable to attend the meetings, he deeply appreciates hearing from and visiting with his fellow rannies of Los Angeles Corral.

Page Two ...

From the Mailbag . . .

Dear Mr. Hager:

I am deeply grateful for the Westerners membership card, and the Branding Iron, which I always enjoy.

You are a splendid group of men, and it is a pleasure to keep in touch.

I am enclosing a drawing of our enlarged Santa Fe Opera. How about the Los Angeles Corral making a trek to Santa Fe?

With cordial good wishes from

GENE HODGE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Gene Hodge is the widow of our beloved Dr. Frederick Hodge, historian, anthropologist, former director of Southwest Museum, and an honorary member of Los Angeles Corral.*

Muy Querido Don Pablo:

Congratulations on the splendid Branding Iron! It is always so excellent when you are publishing it.

Thank you especially for the most kindly reference to me in column one, page three. It is most appreciated . . . only, Dear Friend, I am NOT a "CM." I have been, ever since I went into Los Westerners, a REGULAR member.

Now I know that putting out a bulletin such as this is a manly chore in itself and I want to thank you for it, again and again for I, and I am sure all the others in the Westerners, do deeply appreciate your kind and wondrous work — So truly a "Westerner."

It is true that I cannot make it down from Santa Barbara for *every* meeting, but under the "past seventy" rule I can keep my regular membership and not be present at each meeting.

So, Old Friend, will you kindly keep your eagle eye on this minute detail so that it doesn't occur again? Thank you!

With all our love to your Sweetheart and the earnest prayer that your eyes are troubling you less and less.

Faithfully,
CHARLEY HOFFMANN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Please forgive. We even managed to get the months mixed up!*



THE MARCH AFTER-MEETING POMPOUS CONCLAVE OF EX-SHERIFFS

—Iron Eyes Cody Photo.

From Jackson to Custer

(Continued from Page 1)

gave credence and reason for his being a member of the board of directors of both the Los Angeles County Museum and the Southern California Historical Society. He is also sales manager for the Ward Ritchie Press, whose long list of fine western books is known to every Westerner. He gave the Corral a delightful and informative evening.

The art gallery this night was enriched with an exhibit of the Indian sketches of Gerald Cassidy, pioneer artist of Santa Fe. These came from the collection of Westerner Tom McNeill, who made it doubly interesting by his short and informative talk on Cassidy and his art.

Guests at the meeting included Lyle Dorsett, the new assistant professor of history at U.S.C. Oxford Press is publishing Lyle's new book on the *Pendergast Machine of Missouri*. He was the guest of Doyce Nunis.

Other guests included Arnold S. Hager, a CM from Leicester, Massachusetts, guest of his brother, Registrar Everett G. Hager. Arnold, incidentally, is "Sheriff" of the Roundup (a restaurant in Worcester,

Mass.). This is his first trip west of the Hudson, and he was thrilled and a little shaken by the gusto of Los Angeles Corral.

Ken Mansker, from Ronan, Montana, was the April guest of Iron Eyes Cody. Ken is an Indian artist, born on the Flat-head reservation. He worked for B. J. Williams, breaking horses and working cattle. Now living in Los Angeles, he joined up as a CM after the meeting.

Allen Willett, another new CM from Santa Ana was on hand, as were our old friends and CMs from Santa Barbara, Dr. Bud Bailey and Whitney Genns. Sixty-one plates were set for the dinner.

THE MAY MEETING

The May 10 meeting at Taix Freres will long be remembered as "Custer night." Earl C. Adams, prominent Los Angeles attorney, and member of the Zamorano Club, chose for his paper "Some Sidelights on Custer and the Battle of the Little Big Horn," thereby opening up anew the great controversy that has raged ever since the day that the golden-haired colonel allowed himself to be outsmarted by the Sioux. The advance notices promised a lively evening. It was.

As expected Earl's dissection of the Custer story, done with the finesse of a

(Continued on Next Page)

From Jackson to Custer

(Continued from Previous Page)

skilled attorney, drew both sustaining voices and rebuttal from Westerners present. Rounding out "Custer night" — verbally pro and con — were the knowledgeable voices of Carroll Friswold, and authors Earle Forrest and John Terrell. It was an evening for the experts — and a joy for those who just listened.

Speaker Earl Adams, besides being very much hep on the Custer controversy, is an avid and discriminating collector of Western art. In his beautiful home in San Marino hangs some of the best of Charles Russell, Frederic Remington, Maynard Dixon, J. H. Sharp, Ed Borein and Olaf Weighorst.

In keeping with the theme of this merry night in May the art panels were enriched with artifacts, beadwork, quill work, and bone implements, most of them from the Plains Tribes, and from the collection of the Corral's tireless friend of the Indian, Al Hammond. To round out his exhibit, Al had also on display some rare Huffman photographs.

Among the guests were John Upton Terrell, whose books on the American West, and his candid study of Major Reno — *Faint the Trumpet Sounds* — are known and avidly read; CM William M. Mason, who serves on the staff of the Los Angeles County Museum; Saul Cohen, president, Friends of U.C.L.A.; Bill Center, prominent dealer in western art; Bob Vosper, U.C.L.A. Librarian; and Don Esterly, M.D., from Pasadena. Others were CM Alfred M. Kaler, Jr.; Dick Bunnell; Gil Trujillo; and Robert Foster. It was also nice to welcome Col. C. W. Hoffmann, who made the long trip from Santa Barbara.

Iron Eyes Cody, besides serving in numerous capacities concerned with the welfare of the American Indian, is now vice president of The Little Big Horn Indian Club Association. Pow-wows are held the first Saturday of each month, at the Piedmont Recreation Center, Highland Park, Los Angeles. "Palefaces are most welcome," Iron Eyes declares.

Billington and Bailey Spur Award Finalists

It is of singular interest to Los Angeles Corral that two of its members have been nationally recognized in the writing world as finalists, in two separate categories, for the coveted Spur Award, sponsored by the Western Writers of America. Final announcement of the winners will be made at the WWA Spur Award Banquet, to be held this year at Fort Smith, Arkansas. June 23.

Ray Allen Billington, is one of the three nominees for the best non-fiction study of the American West for 1966, with his latest book *America's Frontier Heritage*. The other two nominees in this category are *Exploration and Empire*, by William Goetzmann, and *Battle of the Little Big Horn*, the last book written by Mari Sandoz.

In the category of best historical and regional novel for 1966, Paul Bailey's *The Claws of the Hawk* is one of the three nominees. The other two nominees are *Little World Apart*, by S. Omar Barker, and *Hellfire Jackson*, by Garland Roark.

Westerners Billington and Bailey expect to share the spotlight in Fort Smith on the night of the awards. In the meantime, both are spinning their prayer wheels while they await the final decision of the board of judges on that fateful night.

What is of interest to members of Los Angeles Corral is that the books of these two Westerner writers, to even reach the stage of finalists, have had to compete with every other historical and fictional study pertaining to the American West published in 1966. Win or lose, to be a finalist for the Spur Award is class and stature. And L.A. Corral has a nominee in each category.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows is the new El Viejo of the recently organized Los Compadres of Orange County. The group meets the second Saturday of each month at Saddleback Inn, Santa Ana, to talk books, authors, printers, and printing. Bill Kimes and Sky Dunlap are also *compadres*.

In Remembrance . . .

ROBERT JAMES WOODS

1892 . . . 1967

By W. W. ROBINSON

Bob Woods has joined an illustrious group of his friends — Henry Wagner, Frederick Hodge, J. Gregg Layne, Phil Townsend Hanna, Don Hill, Carl Wheat, Lindley Bynum, and others. So it seems appropriate to recall something of Bob's life and times, told from the personal point of view.

I met Robert Woods in the early 1930s. Bob was already a collector of books — starting an account with Dawson's Book Shop in 1933 — and I had begun writing historical pamphlets. He came into the Fifth and Hill office of Title Guarantee and Trust Company. I recall my first reaction to this quiet, friendly man, not yet middle-aged, who told me he was building a place to take care of his library. When it was finished he said he wanted me to see it. At the time he was living on Drexel Avenue. The place he referred to was his new hillside home on Briarcliff Road in the Hollywood area. I finally went to see it and afterward, through the years, went there innumerable times — with Bob's expanding library always in the background.

A mutual friend, Guy Giffen, lived in La Cañada. He was a collector of books on Western outlaws and was an enthusiastic member of a mysterious organization known as E Clampus Vitus — the fun organization that had flourished in California's Gold Rush years and that had been recently revived by several historically-minded, fun-loving Californians. Guy invited Bob, Lee Shippey, and me to join — which we did, with amusing ceremonies conducted by Lindley (Pink) Bynum at Fort Tejon, in 1937. I can still see and hear Pink, dressed in the garb of a medieval monk, prancing up and down before the candidates for initiation, and intoning the absurd, ritualistic questions. Beneath the ancient oaks of historic Tejon Bob and the rest of us entered into the fabulous world of E Clampus Vitus. That evening tall tales were told by Bynum, Roger Dalton, and Frank Latta. Over the years that immedi-



A TOAST TO LIFE

BY LINDLEY BYNUM AND BOB WOODS

— Lonnie Hull Photo.

ately followed, active membership called for outdoor, and usually overnight, meetings — at Dalton's Azusa ranch (where the faucet attached to a sycamore tree released endless quantities of California wine), at Sedley Peck's Gold Mine in the San Gabriel Mountains, at Columbia, at Coloma, at Murphy's, at Whiskey Flat, at Mariposa, and at other intriguing spots. Many were the pranks that were played — sometimes to the astonishment of the local citizenry — and with Bob Woods in leading roles.

Bob developed quickly into a most gregarious individual, a man who loved people and fun, as well as the collecting of books in the field of Western Americana and Californiana. Presently, in the last month of 1946, he became a founder-member of the Los Angeles Westerners. The organizing father was Homer E. Britzman, a collector of Charles M. Russell paintings and sculpture. He was familiar with similar groups in Chicago and Denver. Britzman talked the idea over with Bob and with others, with the result that the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners came into being and has flourished strongly ever since. Again, the members were, and are,

(Continued on Next Page)

Robert James Woods

(Continued from Previous Page)

historically-minded and fun-loving. They help to preserve Western history through monthly meetings, publications of annual "Brand Books," a magazine — *The Branding Iron* — and occasional keepsakes. Bob served this group in many ways, including the top job of sheriff.

The decade of the 1940s was one of expanding social activities for Bob Woods. He became a member of the Zamorano Club, a delightful organization of book-loving men who appreciate the art of printing as well as of collecting and reading. He participated in the annotation of the *Zamorano Eighty*, the best known of the Club's publications. It presents a selection of distinguished California books — a volume that has become indispensable to the California collector, bookseller, and librarian. Of the eighty books listed and described, Bob's collection contained seventy — first editions, of course. From 1946 to 1949 Bob was the president of the Zamorano Club.

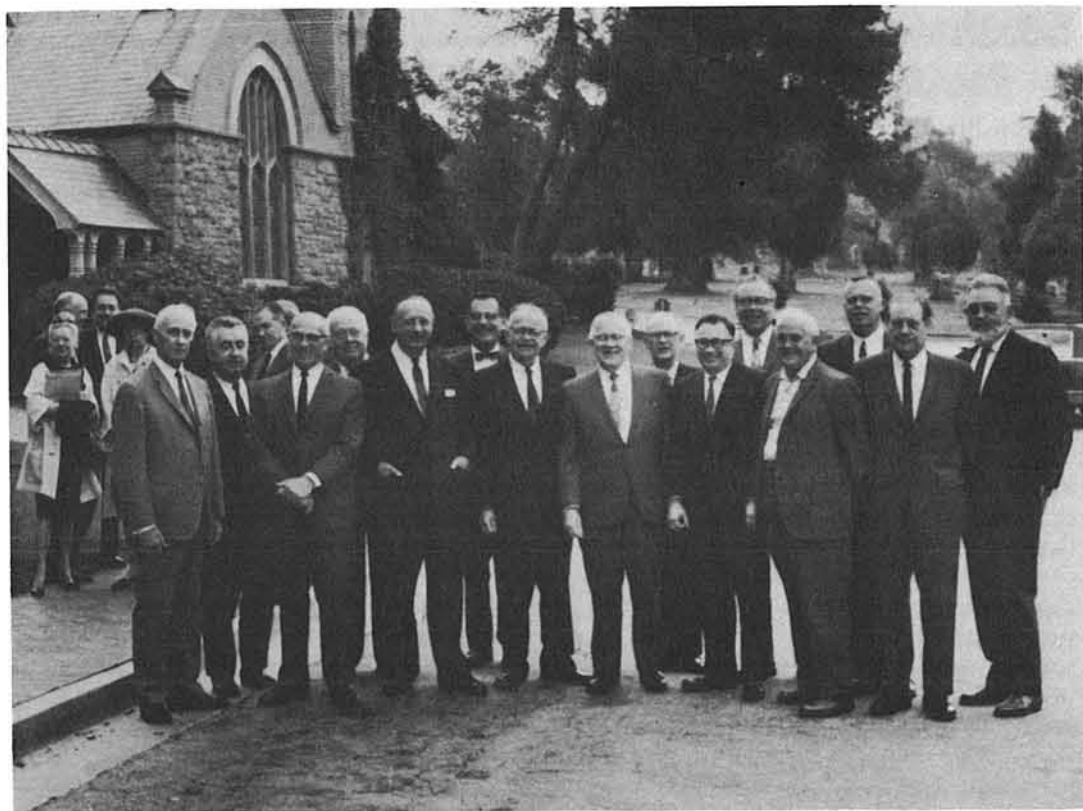
This by no means exhausts Bob Wood's activities in men's organizations. With others of us, he became a deputy sheriff under Sheriff Biscailuz and, with some amusement, carried a fancy badge, though not a revolver. Unlike one of his close friends, now deceased, he did not sleep with a pistol under his pillow. He occasionally met for al fresco luncheons in the orange grove surrounding the San Gabriel Winery, these meetings engineered by wine connoisseur Lindley Bynum. Survivors of these luncheons include at least Sheriff Biscailuz, Ward Ritchie, Ed Ainsworth, and W. W. Robinson. Bob became so knowledgeable on the subject of California wines that several times he was called upon to judge wines at the Los Angeles County Fair. It is said that occasionally he broke the rules by allowing some of the purple fluid to slip down his throat. There were weekly luncheons, too, on Olvera Street, initiated by Gregg Layne and Lindley Bynum. Rowe Sanderson joined the group, then Bob Woods. Presently they moved their meetings to a Western Avenue Mexican restaurant, El

Cholo. As death took some members, others came into the luncheon group — book collectors mostly — and they gave themselves the optimistic title of "Wine, Food, and Wench Society." In addition, Bob would on occasion invite three or four friends into his Manhattan Place apartment house, and these were apt to include Lindley Bynum and Joseph Henry Jackson.

Speaking of organizations, Bob was active in The Book Club of California, a San Francisco-centered group, and likewise in the Roxburghe Club, a Bay Area group of bookmen. Bob's friends were statewide, among them other collectors and the antiquarian booksellers. A number of historical societies were on Bob's membership list, including the California Historical Society and the Historical Society of Southern California — of which latter organization he was a member of the board of directors at the time of his death. Likewise he joined various groups of "friends of libraries" — as of the Huntington, UCLA, and Occidental College. He was a trustee of the Southwest Museum.

As a social human being, endlessly hospitable, he was famous during the late 1940s for parties he gave men friends at his Briarcliff home. The word "fabulous" best describes them. To older friends like Henry Wagner and Frederick Hodge they were entrancing. The eminent J. Frank Dobie of Texas was so captivated that he seriously considered moving to Southern California. At any rate, they helped make Dobie stop excluding Southern California from his published definition of "the Southwest." Hugh Gordon, Curly Groninger, Pink Bynum, and Phil Hanna will be remembered either as superb raconteurs at these Briarcliff affairs or as masterly concoctors of cocktails. The parties ended, finally, when Bob pondered without answer the question of why no one else emulated them.

While Bob was not religious, he was not irreligious. He respected his wife Chrystal's church activities — for he was always the most considerate and helpful of husbands — and he was the agreeable host to Chrystal's Sunday School parties held at the Woods home. On these occasions Bob's only worry was that one of Chrystal's friends would tap, by accident,



WESTERNERS GATHER AT LAST RITES
Little Church of the Flowers, Forest Lawn

Iron Eyes Cody Photo.

a certain portion of a certain wall, causing a secret cabinet door to fly open and reveal a rare or amusingly labeled collection of liquors.

In more recent years Bob's endeavors in ECV were curtailed, and his red shirt and black derby lay among mothballs. The aging process had caused him to prefer sleeping in soft beds rather than on the hard crust of the San Bernardino Desert. He could still dream, though, of the months when he was the Noble Grand Humbug of Platrix Chapter and when, as a Clampatriarch, he could attend the annual assemblages at Murphy's.

Bob's library survives as the record of his most important activity. As a collector he was ideal, for he not only bought books but read them. To his friends he was always an instant and dependable source on the material in any book or pamphlet

he owned. Also he knew the editions and the distinguishing marks and points of each, as well as the contents. He was a recognized authority in his field of collecting. His library was notable for its nearly complete collection of Grabhorn items, for the emphasis on Pacific Coast voyages, on the cattle trade, and on Southern California and Los Angeles material. Bob was an alert buyer — avoiding the highest priced books as well as manuscripts — and year by year built up a cohesive, useful library.

Bob was a generous man and had a host of friends both in and out all the organizations I have mentioned. For many years he owned and oversaw the management of a large apartment house. Just the other day the woman who managed his place for the last four and a half years remarked to me: "Everybody loved him." That is a good summing up and a good windup.

Southwest Museum In Featured Article

The March 4 issue of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* carried a full-page feature on the Southwest Museum, complete with pictures of this unique institution, with a story of its accomplishments, and plans for the future. Its director, Dr. Carl S. Dentzel, an Ex-Sheriff of Los Angeles Corral, was interviewed in the article, and liberally quoted.

The building, with its castle tower, has for over half a century been a community landmark about five miles north of the city's civic center. It is a storehouse rich in the lore of archeology, ethnology, history, and aboriginal American art.

"It is a place where grandfathers come with their grandchildren, recalling when they visited the museum as children," Carl was quoted in the article. "Furthermore, this museum has never received a cent of taxpayers' money." It has been entirely supported, from the days it was founded by Charles F. Lummis in 1907, to the present, by the generosity of the private donors who appreciate and are mindful of the work and accomplishments of this great and needed cultural institution.

Westerners need not be reminded that the Southwest Museum has for years generously provided the archives for perpetual storage of the papers and collections of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners.

Dudley Gordon Is Speaker Before Arizona Groups

On April 5, Dudley Gordon was the speaker before the Prescott Historical Society, in the old Arizona governor's mansion. Professor Gordon's talk was "Charles Lummis and His Influence on Sharlott Hall." Miss Hall, poet and writer, was former Arizona State Historian.

On the next evening Dudley appeared as speaker before the Prescott Corral of Westerners. The talk before this new and enthusiastic group was equally well received. This Corral is a ladies-and-gents organization, and there were eighty present to welcome Dudley, and hear his talk on "Lummis and Southwest Archeology."

Page Eight...

Establish New Society For Historical Archeology

The Society for Historical Archaeology was formed on January 6, 1967, during a conference held at Southern Methodist University in Dallas, Texas. The initial assembly consisted of archaeologists, historians, anthropologists, and ethnohistorians from Canada, Mexico and United States.

This new organization will bring together persons interested in scholarship on specific historic sites, as well as the development of generalizations concerning historical periods and cultural dynamics, as these may emerge through the techniques of archaeological excavation and analysis, and the study of documents. The main focus of the Society will be the era since the beginning of the exploration of the non-European world by Europeans. The geographical areas of prime concern are in the Western Hemisphere.

The Society will publish once a year a journal, titled *Historical Archaeology*, consisting of a volume of data on the archeology of this historical period.

Institutional memberships in the Society (\$15 per year) are urgently needed to stimulate the rapid development of publication as a long-needed vehicle for scholarly interchange in this dynamic field. Individual memberships (\$7.50 per year) are encouraged, but alone cannot finance the major technical and theoretical papers papers awaiting publication. Checks should be made out to The Society for Historical Archaeology, and sent to Arnold R. Pilling, Wayne State Univ., Detroit, Mich. 48202.

According to recent UPI report, the boyhood home of Wyatt Earp, in Pella, Iowa, has been enriched by the painting "Gunfight at the OK Corral," presented by CM John D. Gilchriese, field historian of the University of Arizona, expert on Earp and the West, and a proprietor of the Earp Museum in Tombstone, Arizona. The Pella Historical Society has restored the Earp home, and provided it with many personal mementoes of the gunslinging marshal. Under the society's exchange program with the Tombstone Museum, the town of Pella is receiving its first view of the famous painting by CM Don Louis Perceval.

THE MURDER OF THE CASNER BROTHERS

By PHILIP J. RASCH

One of the most thoroughly confused stories of the old Southwest is that of the murder of the Casner brothers. It has been told in some detail by both Haley¹ and McCarty,² but there is available a good deal of material of which they were apparently unaware. Unfortunately, much of it does more to confuse the situation than to clarify it.

Haley and McCarty agree that John Casner and his three sons struck it rich in the California gold rush. Actually the contemporary records refer to them as four brothers. Unfortunately, neither the Southern California Historical Society nor the California State Library has any record of them. Allegedly the men had their bullion minted into one thousand twenty-dollar gold pieces. Two of the brothers used part of their share to buy a flock of fine sheep. With the help of a Navajo boy, they drove the flock to the vicinity of Palos Duros, Texas. Hidden away in their wagon was the remainder of their money, about \$5,500. Learning of their wealth, the famous New Mexican horse thief and murderer, Sostenes Archeveque rode out to their camp with a Mexican boy named Ysabel Gurules. He seems to induced one brother to go on a hunt with him. About twelve miles from the camp he shot him behind the left ear.³ Returning to the wagon, he killed the other brother and the Indian boy. The date was January 20, 1877.

Terrified by what he had witnessed, Gurules fled to his home in Borregos Plaza. Upon hearing his story the leading men of the village agreed that this time Archeveque had gone too far. For the sake of his own people he must be liquidated. When Sostenes entered the house of Felix Gurules that night, he was seized by his host and Miguel Garcia and stabbed in the back. As they struggled with him he was shot by his brother-in-law, Nicolas Martinez.* A few days later Leigh Dyer, Francis MacNab, and Frank M. Tipton, alias Hall, found the Casner camp. Dyer took charge of the sheep for the time being.

*A very different account is given in Clarence R. Wharton, *L'Archeveque*. Houston: Anson Jones Press, 1941.

The other two brothers, John and Louis, were prospecting in the vicinity of Silver City, New Mexico, at the time. Learning of the killing of their relatives from an item in the Silver City paper,⁴ they set forth to avenge them. With them went four gunmen: H. Harrison and John Bottoms, of Cimarron, New Mexico, and Edward C. Berry, said to have been one of Quantrill's raiders, and a man named Bell, of Texas. Finding some of the gold pieces in the hands of Martinez, they killed him. Felix Gurules shot one of the Casner party and made his escape, but was later overtaken and killed. Agapito Nolan and one Florentino were captured and hung the next day.^{1, 2}

The Casners learned that before the murder of their brothers a local storekeeper, Philip Joseph Goodfellow, had told Archeveque that he would buy the sheep if anything should happen to their owners. They thereupon made no secret of their intention to kill him as an accessory to the crime. Learning of their threats, Goodfellow fled to Fort Elliott. On the 16th of April First Lieutenant Charles T. Witherell, 19th Infantry, was sent out in search of some stolen government mules believed to be in the hands of thieves in the vicinity of Adobe Walls. At his request Goodfellow went along as his guide. At a ranch about five miles from Arroyo Bonito they encountered Bottoms, whom Goodfellow promptly shot. Upon the party's return to the fort both Goodfellow⁴ and the lieutenant⁵ submitted written statements that Bottoms was a noted outlaw and had been shot only after he had reached for his pistol. Not altogether convinced that this was the case, the Commanding Officer, Captain Charles W. Hotsenpiller, 19th Infantry, had the former confined to the guardhouse until matters could be investigated.⁶

Some of the Casner gang obtained from Judge W. B. Plevinns, of Clay County, a warrant charging Goodfellow with murder. The judge appointed Berry a Special Constable to serve the warrant. Attorney Jesse F. Myehoff, of Fort Elliott, vigor-

(Continued on Next Page)

Murder of Casner Brothers

(Continued from Previous Page)

ously protested against turning the prisoner over to Berry, and advised the Department Commander, Major General John Pope, that Goodfellow had written the British Minister at Washington, asking him to intercede.⁷ Nevertheless Hotsenpiller surrendered the man to Berry, but, acting on the advice of Lt. Col. W. H. Lewis, 19th Infantry, who had just arrived at the Fort, furnished an escort which was to accompany the two men as far as Fort Sill.⁸ The weather being very rainy and the rivers up, the party went into bivouac about ten or twelve miles from the Fort and some four miles from Sweetwater City. About 9 o'clock on the night of the 18th a gang of ten or twelve masked men rode into the camp and demanded the prisoner. Taken by surprise, the escort offered no resistance. The next morning Goodfellow's body was found hanging about 200 yards down the trail.⁹

Witherell also wrote direct to the British Minister, which was a direct violation of military procedure, and got into a violent quarrel with the post adjutant, 2nd Lieutenant Alexander H. W. Taylor, 19th Infantry, over an accusation by Harrison and others that he had sold some government property for his own benefit. Taylor, Hotsenpiller, and Lewis filed charges against Witherell. In addition Lewis filed charges against Hotsenpiller and recommended that he be removed from his command.

Witherell was tried by a court martial convened at Fort Lyon on September 20, 1877 on four charges, comprising in all 14 specifications. Among others, it was alleged that he associated with Goodfellow after he knew he had killed Bottoms, accepted from him a horse and equipment taken from Bottoms' ranch, wrote to the British Minister that Goodfellow had been illegally delivered to the authorities of the State of Texas by the Army, thereby making it privy to his murder, and wrote to Sir Edward Thornton, of the British Legation, that Goodfellow was in danger of his life even while he was in the guardhouse supposedly under protection of the Army. The Court found him guilty on all counts

and sentenced him to be dismissed from the Army. President Rutherford B. Hayes, however, commuted the sentence to "Suspension from rank and command, on half pay, for one year."¹⁰

Meanwhile the Casners had learned that MacNab and Hall had been displaying some gold pieces and a buckskin purse which had belonged to their brothers. They thereupon offered a reward of \$300 for the two men. They also became convinced that George Black, Juan Tean, and Jose Samora were implicated and announced their intention of killing them on sight. To assist in their clean up program they hired Jack Martin.¹¹ In return MacNab sent word that he would kill the brothers, Harrison, and Dyer, accusing the latter of having proposed that he and MacNab kill the sheepmen themselves.^{12, 13} Harrison made a trip to Dodge City in search of MacNab, Hall, Black and a Robert White, allegedly Kit Carson's nephew, who was believed to be involved in the murders. He failed to find any of them and went on to attend the Witherell court martial. Someone had better luck, since the Casner brothers wrote the *Dodge City Times* on July 14 that Black was dead.¹⁴

According to MacNab, he, Hall, and Dyer had gone to the Casner's camp after the two men were killed. Hall had found the purse, containing two \$20 gold pieces, hidden under an oil can. He later gave it to MacNab, who was short of funds at the moment.¹⁵ Black, he said, was simply a casual acquaintance. Apparently the story satisfied the Casners, as they withdrew their offer of a reward for the apprehension of Hall and MacNab.¹⁶ Since nine men had reportedly been killed for participating in the crime,¹⁷ they may have felt that they had more than evened the score. For several others, however, this decision was to prove unfortunate.

In the winter of that year Hall and MacNab were hunting for cattle which had been lost on one of John Chisum's drives to Hunter and Evans. Encountering some Mexican buffalo hunters with a few cattle on the Big Blue, they killed the Mexicans, burned their bodies in their wagons, and drove the cattle off to Colorado, where they sold them. Hall was later killed at Corralis, on the Pecos.¹⁸

MacNab next drifted over into Lincoln County, New Mexico, and joined the Tunstall-McSween-Chisum forces in their fight against the Murphy-Dolan-Riley combine. After the latter's adherents murdered Tunstall, Richard Brewer, his foreman, was appointed a special constable to arrest the killers. The posse succeeded in capturing William S. Morton and Frank Baker. Later MacNab appeared in Roswell and informed the people there that the prisoners had seized a pistol, killed a posseman, William McCloskey, and attempted to escape, whereupon they had been shot down. This account is highly suspect. McCloskey was known to be a friend of Morton's and when the bodies were found it was observed that both Morton and Baker had been shot in the breast eleven times. This strongly suggests that the men had been executed by the posse. Lincoln tradition has it that McCloskey was killed by MacNab when he objected to the murders.

On the night of March 31, 1878 MacNab, Bill the Kid Bonney, Henry Brown, Fred Waite, John Middleton, Jim French, and perhaps others stole into Lincoln and hid themselves in the corral attached to the Tunstall store. About 9 o'clock the next morning Sheriff William Brady and deputies Jacob B. Mathews, George Hindman, George W. Peppin, and Jack Long walked down the street toward the courthouse. As they passed the corral a volley was fired. Brady was killed instantly and Hindman was mortally wounded. Lincoln tradition has it that MacNab fired the shot which struck Hindman.

On the 4th of April Brewer's posse unexpectedly encountered Andrew L. "Buck-shot" Roberts, whom they accused of being involved in Tunstall's murder, at South Fork. They succeeded in fatally wounding him, but he lived long enough to blow off the top of Brewer's head. MacNab now became leader of the McSween Regulators. Exultant over these successful killings, he made another — and fatal — blunder, that of sending word to Seven Rivers that the Regulators would soon clean up the cattle thieves in that area. Interpreting this as a threat that Chisum intended to drive them out of the country, the small ranchers promptly assembled a strong force to ride

up to Lincoln to offer their services to the sheriff in arresting the murderers.

On the evening of April 29, MacNab, Frank Coe, and James A. Saunders rode up to Charles Fritz's Spring Ranch. The Seven Rivers Warriors had seen them coming and were waiting in ambush. As the three unsuspecting men dismounted to take a drink at the spring, MacNab was killed, Saunders seriously wounded, and Coe captured.¹⁹ In his report on the affair, Lt. Col. N. A. M. Dudley, 9th Cavalry, Commanding Fort Stanton, commented that MacNab's

reputation was as bad as it could be, he was looked upon as an outlaw and a murderer. While we may regret the means by which he came to his death, we cannot complain of the riddance.²⁰

There matters stand. It is evident that anything like a complete account of the murder of the Casner brothers will have to be far more extensive than anything that has been published to date. Whether it will — or can — be written seems doubtful.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The writer is indebted to Joseph W. Snell, Kansas State Historical Society, for assistance in collecting the data for this paper.

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(Continued on Next Page)

Murder of Casner Brothers

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Redwood Westerners Seek Hudson Information

The Redwood Coast Outpost of the Westerners (a member of C.C.H.S., W.H.A. and A.A.S.L.H.) is seeking a fairer and wider recognition of the Hudson's Bay Bay Company men and enterprises, both on land and sea, in Old California. They solicit and will appreciate your aid.

Although the Hudson's Bay Company was hated, feared, and distrusted by many in early California days (as a monopoly, as British Imperialism, or even as alleged smugglers, trespassers, or the accessory to Indian horse thieves) they submit that today one should make a fair reappraisal of H.B.C.'s part in California history.

They are aware of the material on H.B.C. in the principal libraries of California and Oregon, in the H.B.C. offices in London and Winnipeg, in the hands of the H.B.C. Records Society, in the Champlain Society, in the British Columbia Archives, etc. and do not seek references from such sources.

They do, however, seek views, recommendations and information as to local H.B.C. items such as may not be covered in the journals, books, maps, etc. held by the above institutions.

Please address George Chalfant, Secretary, Westerners, Redwood Coast Outpost, P.O. Box 175, Ukiah, California 95482.

Corral Chips...

CM Dr. Horace Parker, author and publisher from down Balboa way, has been appointed to the California Parks and Recreation Commission. Westerners can vouch that Parkie is one appointee who got there by merit rather than politics.

CM John Jeffrey, in April, delivered a paper on "The Arizona Territorial Prison" at the joint meeting of the historical societies, in San Diego.

Congratulations are being received by our good and active member and bibliographer, Bob Cowan on the occasion of his recent honorary membership (with due ceremony and scroll) to the Southern California Library Council on California and Local History. It should be noted with some significance that this is the first such membership to have been bestowed by the Council. One of the objectives of the Council is a complete Union list of Californiana housed in all libraries, large and small, throughout the state. Bob's index to the *Cowan Bibliography* is being used as a guide, which speaks well for the contribution he and his dad have made.

CM Phil J. Rasch, author of the lead article in this issue of the *Branding Iron*, is remembered fondly by the oldtimers as a former resident member of Los Angeles Corral, and a very active contributor to the *Brand Book* and many *Branding Irons*. Dr. Rasch apparently has been very busy of late. In Vietnam last year, he is now slated to go to Quantico for six months to aid in setting up a physical fitness academy for the Marines. "In my spare time we have been setting up the third edition of *Kinesiology and Applied Anatomy*," he explains. "That doesn't leave much time for hobby work. I greatly enjoy working with the Marines, but once you are off the base, there is very little you can say for the South. I hope everything is going well with you personally, and with the L.A. Corral in general."

The *Branding Iron* is happy to welcome Phil back. And L.A. Corral hopes for a visit from him one of these days.

Book Notes

By DON MEADOWS

To the Westerner who is familiar with the geography and history of southern California there is hardly a more delightful occupation than comparing old maps of the region with conditions as they are today. Our fellow Westerner, Robinson, W. W., has made this fascinating occupation possible by writing *Maps of Los Angeles from Ord's Survey . . . to the Boom of the Eighties*. (Dawson's Bookshop, L.A. 1966, 4to., 187 pp., 127 maps, \$47.00.) The Los Angeles in the title means the whole county rather than just the city, and the scope of the book includes Orange County, for that county did not exist during the era under consideration. Robinson's book traces the evolution of a wilderness into a land that was cross-hatched with roads and survey lines. As the pueblo of Los Angeles expanded new communities developed around that central core, and still exist, but many of the towns that exploded into existence during the boom days are remembered only as ornate maps. The ninety-seven maps selected for reproduction show details that are intriguing, and the notes that accompany them are interpretive. Six chapters written as an introduction to the maps tells the how, when, where and why the maps were made. All who know Mr. Robinson's former publications will find the same accuracy and touch of style that have made his writings so interesting and valuable. The map book is limited to 380 copies, and though only out a few months, has become a collector's item.

During the past few years a great many books and booklets have been published on Baja California. Many of them are bad, some are mediocre, and only a few are of any importance. One of the best of them is *Camping and Climbing in Baja* by John W. Robinson (not related to W. W.). A paperback of 96 pages with maps, illustrations, guides and text, published by Walt Wheelock of La Siesta Press (1967, Box 407, Glendale, Calif.) The areas covered are the Sierra Juarez and the Sierra San Pedro Martir. No one should venture into these mountains of northern Baja California without first reading the book, and then it should be stashed away for quick

reference while moving through this rugged part of the peninsula.

For fifteen years Sewell "Pop" Lofinck was a range guard at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station (NOTS) some thousand square miles of desert land north of Los Angeles. For another four years he wrote a column for the Station's weekly newspaper, *The Rocketeer*. His philosophy, experiences, wise sayings, observations and desert lore were recorded with such understanding and individuality that his friends and fellow members of the Maturango Museum determined to lift them from the temporary existence of a newspaper and put them into book form. The result is *Mojave Desert Ramblings*, a softback illustrated book of 160 pages. The style of "Pop's" writing is as rough and sincere as the desert he writes about. Without literary frills he tells about people, ants, cactus, photography, burros, history, gold mines, snakes, brass hats and Greek philosophers with due respect but no condescension. His humor is never forced. Every page of the book is good reading, regardless of where you open the publication. The book may be ordered from the Maturango Museum, China Lake, California 93555. The price is \$3.25, plus 25¢ for postage and handling. If you can't go to the desert, bring the desert to you.

Wampum

The Indians made money out of shells, and called it wampum, which means white mussel shells. The bead money was highly polished, and pierced with holes for stringing. Much labor went into its preparation and it was prized as ornaments.

On Long Island there were excellent deposits of the shell from which wampum was made, and here the Indians had their mints.

Later the white man made wampum. They had tools superior to the Indians, and could turn out the money faster. They produced so much of it, and the Indian product was so inferior, that wampum, as money, became useless.

So much counterfeit wampum was made, it put the Indians out of business in New Amsterdam.

IRON EYES CODY.

... Page Thirteen

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

SAN FRANCISCO: MISSION TO METROPOLIS, by Oscar Lewis. Berkeley: Howell-North Books, Berkeley, 1966.

Years ago Nathaniel Hawthorne named one of his books *Twice Told Tales*. It long remained a classic. It was true that its stories were not new, but they were retold with such charm that many readers (including this reviewer) remembered these ancient tales as Hawthorne repeated them rather than in the originals. That may prove to be true of the above book by Oscar Lewis.

In 259 pages he summarizes the fascinating story of San Francisco in pleasing style from the first prowling aborigines down to topics as current as BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit). Lewis can scarcely be criticized because little in his account is new. No American city has attracted more writers; their books on San Francisco would fill many long shelves. Yet, if a newcomer seeks a ready summary of all that has happened since Sergeant Ortega gazed on the waters of San Francisco Bay from the crest of the outer Coast Range in 1769, Lewis' book will serve his purpose. Even readers familiar with many chronicles about the city can still be refreshed by this panoramic view. It is not Lewis' best book, but it is a popular account of an oft told segment of the history of the West, rather than a scholarly study.

Even so, the author deserves credit for including interesting details not to be found in some other summary histories, like the early Mexican land grants to Bernal, Sanchez, Noe and Leese. Even though there are scholarly works in this field, like Robert Becker's *Diseños* and Neal Harlow's *Maps of San Francisco Bay*, Lewis might well consider expanding this theme of the Mexican ranches around San Francisco. There must be interesting stories about them such as W. W. Robinson uncovered in his fine work, *The Maps of Los Angeles*.

Lewis' summary of the pioneer press of San Francisco is also good; details about this usually involve reference to several sources.

The outstanding melodrama of San

Francisco, the earthquake and fire of April, 1906, is given considerable space and this account, for its length, is one of the best. Only one important incident goes unmentioned — the Ham and Eggs Fire that destroyed much of Hayes Valley.

Footnotes may detract from a book's popularity, and this volume is plainly designed for the popular market. Therefore, although a fair bibliography is included, there are no footnotes. Quotations from many authors frequently appear; but when Lewis merely cites Bancroft, for example, as their author, any reader who wishes to research the reference is confronted with a real task. The entire absence of footnotes rates a minus mark.

Lewis has been most careful with his facts. A sample checking on several tricky points proved him correct. Only a few errors, none too serious, seem worth noting. For example, the old Plank Toll Road from Portsmouth Plaza to the Mission Dolores ran out Mission, not Folsom Street (see Eldredge, *Beginnings of San Francisco*, Vol. II, p. 618). In referring to railroad building on the San Francisco peninsula, Lewis mentions some lines constructed in 1870, and in the same sentence describes, without naming it, the Ocean Shore Railway. The natural inference is misleading, the Ocean Shore project was only started after the turn of the century. Portions built were destroyed in landslides caused by the 1906 quake. Construction was later resumed, but the line was never completed.

There is a confusion of names in the author's report of the municipal election of 1909, when P. H. McCarthy, the Union Labor candidate, was elected Mayor of San Francisco. In giving the names of the unsuccessful contenders, Lewis says W. W. Crocker was the Republican nominee. A reader could infer that he meant the well known banker of that name who died in 1964. Since, in 1909, that W. W. Crocker was a lad of sixteen, it is obvious that he was not the candidate. Checking with two authorities, I find the Republican candidate that year was one William Crocker, "an obscure businessman not related to the well known Crocker family of banking and railroad fame."

A great many well chosen photographs add materially to the volume's interest.

They represent all periods of San Francisco's story and will repay study even by those who cannot spare time for the entire text.

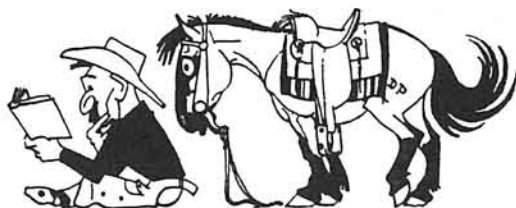
— DWIGHT L. CLARKE.



THE MOUNTAIN MEN AND THE FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST, biographical sketches of the participants by scholars of the subject and with introduction by the editor, LeRoy R. Hafen. Vol. IV. Glendale: The Arthur H. Clark Co.; 1967; 8vo.; 402 pp., 7 pls. (14 illus.); brown cloth; \$14.50. (See earlier vols., BI 73, 75 and 78.)

Good reviews of each sketch of the reasonably long thirty-three lives of the Mountain Men would be far too large for the very brief *Branding Iron*. All of the short sketches average about a dozen pages each, ranging from four to twenty-two pages. The writers are all excellent workers on the individual lives of the subjects. This is really an encyclopedia of the Mountain Men — one hundred and twenty-six of them in the first four volumes. The book includes the men's names in alphabetical order, but here for greater ease I have given the authors in order, and with abbreviation "Por." to indicate portraits.

Harvey L. Carter, *George Bent*, *Robert Bent*, *Robert Fisher*, *John L. Hatcher*, *Tom Tobin* (Por.); *Adrienne T. Christopher*, *William F. May*; *E. Lee Dorsett*, *Theodore Hunt* (Por.); *Ann W. Hafen*, *John Ohio Pattie*; *LeRoy R. Hafen*, *Alexander Sinclair*, *Prewett F. Sinclair*; *Alfred Glen Humphreys*, *Thomas L. (Peg-leg) Smith*; *Janet Lecompte*, *Charles Autobeas* (Por.); *Alexander K. Branch*, *John Hawkins*, *Charles Kinney*, *Archibald Charles Metcalf*; *Ray H. Mattison*, *Alexander Harvey*, *Joshua Pilcher*; *John Dishon McDermott*, *Joseph Bissonette*; *A. P. Nasatir*, *James Mackay*, *Jean Baptiste Truteau*; *Doyce B. Nunis, Jr.*, *Milton G. Sublette*; *Forbes Parkhill*, *Antoine Leroux*; *Jerome Peltier*, *Moses "Black" Harris* (Por.); *M. O. Skarsten*, *George Druillard*; *Harvey E. Tobie*, *George Wood Ebbert* (Por.); *Jo Tuthill*, *Elbridge Trask*; *Frederic E. Voelker*, *Thomas James* (Por.); *William S. Wallace*, *Antoine Robidoux* (Por.); *David J. Weber*, *Gervais Nolan*, *John Rowland* (Por.); *Merle Wells*, *Pierre Tevanitagon (Old Pierre)*; *John E. Wickman*, *Peter A. Sarpy* (Por.).



In addition to the portraits indicated above the following interesting pictures are included: a portrait, "Anne Lucas Hunt," wife of Theodore Hunt; the "Rescue of Pattie and Slover;" the "Home of John Rowland at La Puente;" and a "Sketch of Fort Trask."

This is the fourth of probably six volumes of "The Mountain Men."

— C. N. RUDKIN.



FROM WEST TO EAST: STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN WEST, by Robert Edson Lee (Urbana and London: University of Illinois Press: 1966.) Acknowledgments, bibliographical notes, index. Pp. 172 (5½"x8½"); cloth, \$5.00.

For anyone interested in literature of the West, the time required to read this thought-stimulating book will be well spent.

I have not found it easy to write an adequate review of Professor Lee's book. I finally decided to let the author speak for himself, and, following the outline of the book, have selected what I consider pertinent quotations expressing the theme.

From East To West. "My concern here is with the men and women, Western or Eastern, who traveled into a new country, who responded in some way to the particular quality of the West, but who were unable, for a variety of reasons, to transform the first hand experience of history into a literature of their own."

"For all the historical concern over the frontier there is no detached literary study of the West."

"The first phase of Spanish-American literature is thus almost a fictionalized series of journals of exploration, gilded by writer and reader alike."

The Journalists: Lewis and Clark. The journals were edited by Nicholas Biddle, who cut the manuscripts from 900,000 words to 300,000; this edition was published in 1814.

(Continued on Next Page)

The Western Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

"In addition, one might say that Biddle's education has thoroughly unfitted him for the work he attempted. At Princeton he was nicknamed 'Grammaticus,' possibly as a semi-ironic commentary upon his precocious learning and his grave pedagogic manner."

The Early Novelists: Timothy Flint and James Hall. As long as Eastern romantic standards prevailed, there would be in the West a kind of bastard literature, a grafting of the scenic effects of the West to the sentimentality of the East, and a resultant absurd distortion."

The Easterners: Washington Irving and Francis Parkman. "The sad truth is that Irving's *A Tour of the Prairies*, is but a pale reflection of his vivacious journals... He had ability and he had the opportunity to do better work. Why did he do less? I think because in his literary insecurity he tried to please — and tried only that."

Regarding Parkman. "It is ironic that this ailing Easterner should become the greatest of all historians of the American Indian, of the myriad tribes who, until Parkman, had no means of survival in the written word. It is ironic too that this rich young sportsman with his scorn of the emigrants should write the most enduring record of the emigrants on the Oregon Trail."

From West to East: Mark Twain. "In the West he was like a carpetbagger in the South or like a traveling salesman looking for a new territory — nothing more significant than that."

The Westerners: Willa Cather. "She had come, by 1913, to write from the point of view of the East, substituting artifice for truth."

The Westerners: Bernard DeVoto. "He is the first bona fide native of the West that we have studied."

"The final point of the joke lies in the Westerner's knowledge that the literature is a fake and romanticized. The trapper, the Forty-niner, the prospector, the cowboy stand for innumerable magnificences which the West knows all too sardonically never existed."

From West to East. "In his study Pro-

fessor Fussell of Claremont College contends that the concept of the West as developed in the first half of the nineteenth century is the key to our understanding of our early American literature and contends further that the works of Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Melville, and Whitman show the direction to be from East to West, and he makes the absurd statement 'no writer who lived in the West found much to say about it, and indeed, except as it came to exist in men's minds and imaginations, there was little to say.'" *Frontier: American Literature and the American West.* Edwin Fussell. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton Univ. Press, 1965.

In closing I must remark that it is apparent that literary authorities can be at variance as well as historians, lawyers, or members of other learned professions. However, I lean to Professor Lee's line of thought. But I am curious why writers such as Bret Harte or J. Frank Dobie were not even mentioned. — HARVEY R. STARR, M.D.

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