



DECEMBER 1967

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 85



A SPECIAL MOMENT AT THE SEPTEMBER RENDEZVOUS

In the foreground (seated) is Dr. Mark Raymond Harrington, beloved Honorary Member of Los Angeles Corral. In the background, left, is a Westerner, tentatively identified as Bob Cowan, deeply intent on locating either the john or the bar. From left, also, is Robert Cody, handsome son of Iron Eyes Cody, Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher, Dr. Harvey Starr, ex-sheriff, and speaker of the evening, and Ex-Sheriff Homer H. Boelter.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photo.

FROM OUTDOOR RENDEZVOUS TO INDOOR MEETINGS

Los Angeles Corral rolled into the autumnal equinox with an outdoor rendezvous that made for itself a piece of history. Since the big and boisterous happening came along September 9, about the time the last BI was going to press, the covering of it, at that time, was as shaggy as the belly coat on a buffalo. First of all, it was held on the spacious spread of Dr. Alden Miller, on Rancho Drive, in Glendale. Food, hospitality, and all the gracious efforts that make a real party, were there in abundance. As a host, Dr. Miller has

put Los Angeles Corral everlastingly in his debt.

After the fandango and fiesta (including horse-shoes, bull throwing, and swimming for the robust), the dinner gong (after the hot, dry fire of the desert was extinguished at the bar and poolside), sounded — and the provender was thar' aplenty. The best liars in the Corral tried hard to top one another in the after-meal tall story contest, and then all the gluttons toted their full bellies to poolside for the talk of the eve-

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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.

Welcome, New CM's

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners extends the big paw of friendship and welcome to five new Corresponding Members.

Anthony A. Amaral, P.O. Box 142, Dayton, Nevada 89403.
Donald H. Bufkin, 6034 East Seneca Street, Tucson, Arizona 85716.
W. L. Harrell, 704 Perth, Flossmoor, Illinois 60422.
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Many Westerners Attend WHA Conference

Eighteen Resident members of Los Angeles Corral were in attendance at the Conference on Western History held October 11 to 14 in San Francisco. Eleven of them took their wives along for the learning and festivities at the famous and historic Palace Hotel. In addition, there were over thirty Corresponding Members present at the Conference.

Those Westerners who made the journey from Los Angeles included Earl Adams, Paul Bailey, Ray Billington, Arthur H. Clark, George Fullerton, Paul Galleher, Dudley Gordon, Everett Hager, John Kemble, William Kimes, George McMannus, Richard Mohr, Doyce Nunis, Sheriff Sid Platford, Deputy Sheriff August Schatra, Walt Wheelock, Robert Weinstein, and Honorary Member Arthur Woodward.

With Westerners from many other Corals also present at the gathering, Palace Hotel was like Old Home Week down on the farm.

Westerners Breakfast Hit of Conference

Despite the date of Friday the 13th (of October), a most enjoyable Westerners Breakfast was staged at the Conference on Western History, Palace Hotel, in San Francisco. Hosted by Los Angeles Corral, it was held at 7:30 in the morning, with more than two hundred in attendance. The enthusiastic group included members of posses and corrals from all over America, and even included one delegate from the English Corral. Ex-Sheriff Arthur Clark handled arrangements for the event, and our most "active" Corresponding Member, Michael Harrison, from Fair Oaks, served as master of ceremonies.

Following the grub session, and recognition of all posses and corrals, the meeting concluded with a drawing for 55 door prizes of books, contributed by publishers and exhibitors at the Conference. The hearty thanks of the Westerners go to these donors—too numerous to list here—but who furnished some real gems for the bibliophiles.



THE FAMOUS BOOK AUCTION AT THE SEPTEMBER RENDEZVOUS

— Bill La Gana Photo.

The Fall Meetings

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ning. Ex-Sheriff Harvey E. Starr practically crawled out of a hospital bed to deliver his "General Persifor F. Smith In California." Our genial Dr. Starr may, of himself, have been a little weak — but his subject certainly was not. It was a fine and scholarly talk, on an outstanding western personality, and every Westerner, to a man, enjoyed it.

The other immense accomplishment of this unique Westerner love-in was the auction — and again history was made. It was hoped that a few conscientious brethren would dig into their libraries for a book or artifact or two, to raise a few bucks to tide the Corral over a time of heavy expense. The response was fantastic! It took Ex-Sheriffs Paul Galleher, Glen Dawson and Art Clark, plus Bookman Dick Mohr, to hilariously auction off the mighty pile of rare book loot, plus prints, artifacts and manuscripts. As an indication of how things went, the magnificent buffalo bronze, graciously donated by CM Joseph J. Shebl, M.D., of Salinas, brought in open bid — \$240! Just about a thousand dollars

was raised by the auction caper. And the Corral deeply thanks Dr. Shebl, the publishers, and every generous donor who contributed to its outstanding success. And also to the barkeeps, Bill Newbro, Tom McNeill, and Dwight Vance; and the fine sons of Iron Eyes Cody, who gave the party its authentic Indian atmosphere. Nor should it go unmentioned that Dr. John Urabec furnished the wine for the tables. Real Westerners all.

Among the guests at this historic affair was Dr. John Hawgood, famous author and famous Westerner from Birmingham, England. Westerner Col. Charles Hoffmann was down from Santa Barbara, as were CM Whitney Genns and others. Ex-Sheriff John Kemble was back from his summer in Mystic, Connecticut, and Dr. Ward G. DeWitt was up from Long Beach. Other guests included Bob Armstrong, Alvin E. Brizzard, David Lawrence, Ward Ritchie, Clyde Simpson, Gilbert F. Trujillo, and many others.

OCTOBER MEETING

Turnout at the October meeting, held back at good old Taix Frere, was hurt a mite by the substantial number of West-

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AT THE OCTOBER MEETING

Sheriff Sid Platford, Iron Eyes Cody, Ex-Sheriff Dr. Harvey Starr, and speaker of the evening, Col. Charles Hoffmann.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photos.

The Fall Meetings

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erners who had trekked north to San Francisco for the Conference on Western History. It seems a little short of tragedy, this conflict of dates, because those Westerners who remained home to hear our beloved Colonel Charles Hoffmann tell of "Bill Washington and Other Weird Characters I Have Known," were favored with a better talk than any three of the "dry-as-dust" effusions of the "professional" historians at the WHA.

Charley was introduced by his long-time friend and compadre, Ex-Sheriff Harvey Starr. The talk nostalgically revealed a lifetime of soldiering, of making friends, and of the ability to remember and recount the goodness, oddness, and happy experiences with the men who had grown into Charley's love and recollection. It was a great night for every Westerner in attendance.

Tom McNeill, who has added so much to the high interest of this year's meetings, outdid himself in October with his "Will James Night." Examples of this erratic cowboy's art, four autographed copies of Will James books, and a biography on



THE SHERIFF, AND SPEAKER DOYCE NUNIS

the man, made James come alive this night. Magazine illustrations, and the pen and ink and charcoal drawings exhibited by Dwight Vance, made the gallery area of Taix a spot of high interest. Tom McNeill's remarks on the life and works of Will James helped make October one of the big meeting nights to remember.

NOVEMBER MEETING

Fellow Westerner Doyce B. Nunis, Associate Professor of History at U.S.C., delivered the paper for November's meeting, held at Les Freres Taix on the 8th. In line with the Pacific slope fur trade, which Dr. Nunis has been exploring in scholarly research the past few years, his talk concerned itself with the earliest penetration

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PANFILO DE NARVAEZ AND CABEZA DE VACA

By COL. CHARLES HOFFMANN

NARVAEZ was born about 1480, and lost at sea in 1528. The place of his birth was Valladolid, the capital of the Spanish province of the same name. Graduated from the famed University of Salamanca he went to Cuba and joined Governor Velasquez, who later sent him in command of a force to capture Cortés and return him to Cuba. Narvaez was reportedly an able soldier, but suffered the great handicap of frequently underestimating his opponent, a failing which could be fatal against such an enemy as Cortés. This led to faulty security, and Cortés' forces, taking full advantage of a violent rainstorm, were upon the defenders before the alarm was given. Quickly overcome, Narvaez lost an eye in the fight, crying out "Holy Mother Mary! I am killed! My eye is put out!" This signaled the surrender of the Narvaez forces (1520) and Cortés' scornful rejoinder when Narvaez remarked "You must feel this a tremendous victory." To which Cortés icily replied: "Defeating and capturing you is among the least important of my acts in New Spain."

For four years Narvaez was held virtually a prisoner, complaining in secret of Cortés' "luck," which accounted for his many victories. Finally Cortés released him with a present of two thousand gold pesos and receiving, in return, Narvaez' pledge — "I will ever be your servant." Narvaez was supposed to return to his wealthy wife in Cuba and retire, but quite promptly he sailed to Spain. There he joined forces with Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos, who was Columbus' and Cortés' implacable enemy, and the many people of high birth who so bitterly resented the commoner, Cortés, and his rising importance, in a fight to alienate the royal favor. Gossip and rumor became full-fledged accusations in their campaign to ruin *El Conquistador*. The death of Cortés' wife, or anyone else who had died under conditions which could possibly be deemed unusual, were charged to The Conqueror.

Finally Narvaez received a Charter — formerly held by Francisco de Garay, Governor of Jamaica — claiming all lands

from The River of Palms (later called El Rio Grande [The Big River] by the people of the United States, and El Rio Bravo [the Wild River] by those of Mexico), south to Pánuco, later called Tampico. He landed at or near Pensacola Bay in April 1528.

His real destination was The River of Palms, but he gladly accepted this opportunity of landing in Florida, and released his ships to meet him at that destination. The ships waited for months at the mouth of the River of Palms, and then cruised back and forth to Florida for over two years, searching for the Grand Constable and his troops before giving them up as lost.

Narvaez took something over three hundred men, including some priests, the treasurer whom Padre Cuevos tells us was also the high sheriff, and struck inland in search of the fabled Apalache, or Apalachen, which when finally found, was a bitter disappointment. The natives — probably the Seminoles — meanwhile were intensely antagonistic, and their archery was outstanding, their arrows frequently passing clear through the bodies of some of their victims even despite their cotton-padded armor. Apalachen revealed forty thatched huts occupied by naked men and deerskin-clad women. There was none of the reported gold, only seed corn for planting. A sadly disillusioned lot, they made their embattled way to the coast at Aute, which the natives burned upon their approach and fled into the swamps. There the Spaniards harvested the corn, pumpkins and beans, and rested a few days, recuperating.

On reaching the sea they feasted on the oysters, which were abundant. Meanwhile dysentery and malaria were rampant. Here a plot was formed among the horsemen to desert their sick and slower comrades. This was frustrated, and all fell to building boats. Saws, axes and nails were made from melted stirrups, crossbows and spurs. Horses were eaten, one being killed every third day, and the hides from their

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Narvaez and De Vaca

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legs were tanned to make water-containers, while the hides from their bodies were used for siding for the boats. All this while they were under constant siege from the Indians, who killed almost a dozen of their number. When finally the makeshift boats put to sea, they were so heavily laden that their gunwales were only a hand's breadth above the water.

There were five boats, each over thirty feet in length. They put to sea about the twenty-second day of September, 1528, each boat containing nearly fifty men. With no knowledge of navigation, they kept in sight of the shore, and headed for the River of Palms. In going ashore for food and water they generally encountered Indians, who were usually intensely hostile. Lack of fresh water was the worst hardship; some of them even drank salt water and died; some went mad. And before the voyage was over there was considerable cannibalism.

Some days later they found a great flow of fresh water, and drank their fill. This was the mouth of the Mississippi, but the strong current, augmented by a strong offshore wind, prevented their rowing against it, so Narvaez is not listed among the early explorers of The Father of Waters. For a few days they were separated by the winds, and when they were finally reunited, Panfilo de Narvaez, governor and grand constable, said they should row ashore. The treasurer, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, urged that, due to the weakened condition of his crew there be a rope connecting the two boats so the grand constable's stronger crew could help his weakened men row ashore, but Narvaez seemed panic stricken, and replied that it was beyond the time when any man should give or take orders. Now it was "every man for himself." With that he rowed off and disappeared into the murk, and was lost forever to his comrades and to history. The date is uncertain.

* * *

Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca was born at Jerez de la Frontera — the modern pronunciation of this place is hah-RATH day lah frohn-TAYrah, the ancient pronuncia-

tion was SHA-rahs, etc. The original name was Xeres, called SHAH-rahs — in Cadiz Province of southwest Spain, on an unknown date, of a renowned family. His father, Don Francisco de Vera, had conquered the Canary Islands in 1483. His mother, also of noble birth, was Doña Teresa Alhaja Cabeza de Vaca, a lineal descendent of Martín Alhaja, who, during the war against the Moors, about the year 1212, had preceded the Castilian army and marked the route with a cross dug into the earth, at various places, using the horn of the skull of a cow to make the directional signs. By following these signs the Castilians had won a brilliant victory, and the King of Navarre surnamed Alhaja, Cabeza de Vaca — meaning "Head of a Cow." This victory occurred near Las Navas de Tolosas, or the Plains of Tolosas. So, Alvar Nuñez discarded his father's name, taking that given his mother's ancestor.

Following the disappearance of Narvaez, he and his boatload drifted until their boat went ashore on November 6, 1528 — all of them lying near death on an island. Here the strongest made fires, and roasted corn. They found fresh water, and slowly their strength returned. Initially the Indians were friendly, bringing them fruit, fish and other edibles. This was probably Galveston Island. After a council the Indians ceased to be friendly and made slaves of them.

Of the eighty-odd Spaniards who had landed there were only fifteen or so left — this from over three hundred who had landed in Florida. Since the Indian men went stark naked, they would not permit their slaves to wear any clothes. It was then that Cabeza de Vaca became a trader, and continued in this capacity throughout his slavery. His master was content so long as the trader brought him a portion of his profits. Thus de Vaca enjoyed the freedom that was enjoyed by all traders, and could visit with hostile tribes. From them he learned the sign language very well.

After three years of slavery, the three final survivors, one of them of Arab-Negro parentage, escaped. They were Cabeza de Vaca, Alonso del Castillo Maldonado, a native of Salamanca, Andres Dorantes de Bejar, and Estebanico "Little Steven," the Arab-Negro whose skin color had saved him from being killed and devoured by

his cannibalistic companions. After a time of flight they came upon other Indians, who greeted them as demigods, gave them clothing and crude shoes, all of deer-skin, and plied them with food, asking only that they heal their sick and bless their undertakings.

With a sickening feeling of desperation Maldonado laid his hands on the heads of the suffering Indians, and all prayed most earnestly to The Blessed Virgin Mary. All made the sign of the Cross, knowing full well that their lives depended on the fulfilment of their prayers. One by one the sick men rose to their feet and declared themselves healed. This ministry lasted for many months, while the Spaniards regained their strength and vitality. They reported astounding healings, and almost no failures. There is a legend of one man being raised from the dead.

At one time during the flight of the Spaniards, some of the Indians grumbled and questioned the powers of the whites, who thought it best to withdraw to themselves, putting up a very brave show, but inwardly being very fearful. That night sickness befell the Indians, and eight of them died. The Indians were sure that this was because the whites were angry with them. They came in the morning, repentant and pleading. Thereafter all successive tribes were fearful and most helpful. On one occasion when they approached hostile Indians, their guides left them in fear, and they were many days alone. They suffered greatly from hunger, and after many days encountered a small, nomadic tribe who were also very hungry. By barter, Cabeza de Vaca bought two dogs, which they promptly killed, cooked and ate, thereby probably saving their lives. Thus strengthened, they continued their journey until they encountered Indians who were more friendly.

After journeying many leagues they finally came to the mountains where there were many piñon trees. With these they were partially familiar, due to somewhat similar trees in Spain. But of these new ones Cabeza de Vaca wrote: "There are in that country short pine trees and their cones are as large as small eggs, but the piñones are better than those of our Castille, because their shells are thinner. When

they are green the natives grind them and make them into balls and in that way they eat them. If they are dry they grind them in their shells and eat them as powder."

After many months they came to a large river (the Rio Grande), which they followed north and west until they came to its confluence with another, which came from the north and lay squarely across their path. Because they saw many buffalo there, and the natives had many buffalo robes, they called this The River of the Cows, or El Rio de Las Vacas. Today we call it The Pecos. The origin of this name is uncertain, but it may come from "pecoso," meaning spotted or freckled, because when the light strikes the waters at a certain angle it has that appearance.

Somehow they succeeded in crossing this stream, and found, among the Indians, a great deal of corn, which the Indians told them they had brought from a very rich country lying to the west. Cabeza de Vaca writes: "We also wanted to know where they had brought that corn from and they said it was from the land where the sun sets and that there was lots of it throughout that land, but the nearest way there was by a certain road. We asked them which way we should go well and to tell us about the road because they did not wish to go there" [because of the enmity of the natives there]. "They told us that the road was seventeen days journey alongside that river northward. We would find nothing to eat but a fruit they call 'chacan' . . . After remaining there two days we decided to go hunting for the corn and did not wish to take the road up Las Vacas because it led northward and that was circuitous for us because we always held firmly that going toward the setting sun we would find what we wanted.

Forty-seven days later they came to a settlement in the mountains where the natives lived in well built houses. This was the first time they had seen adobe used as a building material. They called it "dirt." There were many fields of corn, and they were given cotton blankets, beans and ground corn. This was probably the town of Zuñi, in the present state of New Mexico, where Estebanico was later to lose his life. These Indians informed them that shortly

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Narvaez and De Vaca

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before, other men like themselves had been there.

Maldonado and Dorantes were too exhausted to proceed, and remained behind to recoup their strength, while Cabeza de Vaca and Estebanico, with their Indian guides, pressed onward to find their countrymen. They traveled some thirty miles — nearly 120 English miles — before overtaking the whites, who greeted them with amazement at their appearance in deer-skin clothing and, when they finally recovered their voices, the fluency of their Castilian. The commanding officer of the Spanish patrol was Diego de Alcaráz, who sent men on horseback, leading riderless horses to get the two left at Zuñi. Estebanico accompanied them as guide. Cabeza de Vaca got from Alcaráz a written account of their meeting, carefully dated to show the date and the location, which was in the then Province of New Galicia, the present state of Sinaloa. This showed the length of their travels in time and distance — over eight years — and from Florida to almost the shore of the Pacific.

Alcaráz greatly wished to capture and enslave the Indians which had accompanied Cabeza de Vaca, and send them in chains to work in the mines. This meant quick death for the Indians. Cabeza de Vaca refused violently to aid in the deceit and capture, and a fierce quarrel resulted. That night Cabeza de Vaca warned his Indian friends to flee to the mountains, and not to return until after the Spaniards had left the country. This they did. In fury, Alcaráz arrested the four refugees, and sent them as prisoners to Culiacán Rosales, which city is today the capital of the State of Sinaloa. Here the commander, Melchor Diaz, greeted them hospitably, and apologized for their previous treatment. They rested fifteen days, and then left, with a forty man guard. They reached the capital of New Galicia, Compostela, headquarters of Nuño de Guzmán, early in July. There Governor Guzmán generously fed and clothed them.

To these things, and the bedding, the travelers had difficulty in accustoming

themselves, after over eight years of Indian habits and customs. They reached México City on July 25, 1536.

Cabeza de Vaca brought with him to México City the stories told him by the Indians of the Seven Cities of Cibola, (the bison), and of Quivira. Soon expeditions set out to what is now New Mexico and Arizona. One was led by Fray Marcos de Niza, and guided by the indefatigable Estebanico, or "Stevie," who, when they reached sight of Zuñi, preceded the others. The Indians, meanwhile, outraged at the atrocities of Guzmán's followers, simply beheaded him. The other party was led by Vasques de Coronado, who penetrated to central Arizona, the Grand Canyon of today, and on east to near the present location of Wichita, Kansas, before returning.

In April 1537 the remaining three of the adventurers sailed from Vera Cruz for Spain. Here Cabeza de Vaca was hailed as the hero he was, and was appointed Governor and Adelantado of the Province of La Plata, in South America, which today consists of the Argentine, Paraguay and Uruguay. Here he repeated many of the exploits of his North American adventure until he fell victim of a plot headed by Domingo Yrala, his predecessor in La Plata, and was arrested and returned to Spain as a prisoner.

A victim of political intrigue, with which Spain was so rife, he was convicted of treason at a trial before The Council of the Indies, stripped of his title and office, and exiled to Africa, where he remained for eight years before his pleas for justice reached the king, and he was retried, vindicated and given a lifelong income of two thousand ducados (something over \$2640.00) annually. Returning to Spain he is variously reported, one being that he was made a judge in Seville, in which capacity he served until his death, about 1564. In 1542 was first published his "Naufragios," which is "Shipwrecks," and gives an account of his experiences and wanderings on the North American continent. The only copy of this work which this writer has seen was a badly water-damaged one seen in México, with many pages completely illegible. His "Comentarios," dealt with his South American experiences, and was published a few years later.

Corral Chips . . .

Early in September Ex-Sheriff Harvey E. Starr found himself horizontal in the hospital, suffering from a pesky liver stone. Fresh from a week of pain and illness, and still weak and shaky, he still bravely served the Corral as speaker at September's outdoor meeting, held at the spacious and beautiful home of Dr. Alden Miller.

Frances Meadows, diminutive and delectable wife of Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows, was ill and hospitalized during the months of October and November. The wishes of every Westerner is for her speedy and complete recovery.

Jim Fassero is showing steady improvement from the ruptured blood vessel in the eye, which, in late summer, laid him low. He is now able, in limited capacity, to return to his space-age engineering research at Nortronics, and anticipates a complete recovery from the stroke which so incapacitated him.

W. L. Harrell, from Flossmoor, Illinois, guest of Ex-Sheriff Glen Dawson at the September rendezvous, enjoyed the Westerners gang and atmosphere so much that he promptly enrolled as a Corresponding Member.

"Books and Reading on the Far Frontier" was the subject of a paper delivered by Westerner Doyce B. Nunis, October 4, at the Zamorano Club, Biltmore Hotel. Dr. Nunis entertainingly and penetratingly analyzed the books that brought comfort and pleasure to the early pioneers and settlers, and the subjects and titles that came west with them.

Carroll Friswold, Corral Librarian, is slowly recovering from a 'serious illness which, for a time, sent him to the hospital. He is now at home, convalescing, and would appreciate hearing from the boys. An added incentive to a visit with this fine Westerner is the fact that Carroll owns one of the very finest libraries ever assembled on Custer.

Book-length Biography On Clarence Ellsworth

The first book-length biography of Clarence Ellsworth, one of the great artists of the American West and, up to his death a beloved member of Los Angeles Corral, has just been announced. *Clarence Arthur Ellsworth, Artist of the Old West*, written by his friend and confidant Otha D. Wearin, has been set for publication early in December.

It will be 150 pages in length, superbly illustrated with the work of the artist — six in color, over fifty in black and white. Included will be candid shots of Clarence, and heavy samplings of the Indian and Western paintings which have won him everlasting fame.

For five years the Ellsworth summer studio was located in a cottage on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Otha D. Wearin, in Hastings, Iowa, and a close and lasting friendship between artist and author was the result. It is reflected in this book.

The printing will be limited to 750 copies only, each copy will be inscribed by the author. Orders, at \$15 per copy, are being accepted by Nishna Vale Book Shop, Hastings, Iowa 51540.

Senator Hayden Honored By Potomac Westerners

Sheriff A. Frank Krause, Jr., recently presided over a memorable "squaw night" of the Potomac Westerners Corral at Washington's Cosmos Club. Guest of honor was Senator Carl Hayden, 89-year-old dean of the U. S. Senate, who has represented Arizona in the Congress since its admission to statehood in 1912. Roy L. Elson, the Senator's administrative assistant, spoke on "The Life and Times of Sen. Carl Hayden."

Sheriff Krause and "His Honor the Judge," George Metcalf, presented Senator Hayden with an elaborate scroll proclaiming him "The Westerner of the Century." A portrait of Senator Hayden as Sheriff of Maricopa County in 1906, painted by Westerner William Loechel, was unveiled and also presented. Responding with grace and wit, the Senator related stories of his father's adventures in frontier Arizona in the 1860s and 1870s.

Westerner Bill Kimes On Trail of John Muir

Bill Kimes is currently in Carson City, Nevada where he and Mrs. Kimes are indexing and filing fifteen letter file drawers of John Muir manuscripts and correspondence. They left following the November meeting of Westerners and plan to spend a month on the project.

The files are located in the garage of Mrs. Jean H. Clark, granddaughter of John Muir. Kimes comments, "It is probable that only two persons have had access to the materials since Muir's death, December 24, 1914. The two persons would be Dr. Frederick W. Bodé, literary executor of the Muir family and Mrs. Lonnie Marsh Wolfe, author of *Son of the Wilderness*.

Bill has been trying to locate this information for the past five years — and secure permission to see it. Needless to comment on his excitement in getting the opportunity to survey it. He states that he has been given permission to copy any material he locates that might be appropriate to the bibliography of the writings of John Muir—a project to which Bill is devoting his retirement.

Westerner Speaker George Koenig Delights Death Valley Audience

George Koenig was the honored speaker at the Author's Breakfast held at the annual encampment of the Death Valley '49ers in Death Valley November 9 to 12. CM L. Burr Belden was chairman of the breakfast, which is a part of the three days of special activity in the Valley, and which attracts more than twenty thousand visitors to the Encampment every year. George Koenig's recent book, *Valley of Salt, Memories of Wine*, a translation and annotation of the Nusbaumer Diary, from the tragedy of 1849, and considered one of the most important contributions to Death Valley literature since Manly's *Death Valley In '49*, served as basis for the talk which delighted and thrilled the Encampment audience. George served Los Angeles Corral as editor of its beautiful Brand Book No. 12.

A goodly number of Westerners from Los Angeles Corral were on hand to hear George's talk.

Dr. Irving Wills Dies in Santa Barbara

CM Irving Wills, M.D., of Santa Barbara, died in September at his Santa Ynez Valley home, at the age of 73. A retired surgeon, author, authority on western history and western art, and a Westerner, he is sorely missed.

"Nat" Wills, as he was universally known by his friends, was an intimate of Will Rogers, Leo Carrillo, Joe De Yong, James Swinnerton and Ed Borein. At the time of his death, he was acting as custodian of Borein's etchings and paintings, on behalf of the artist's widow. He owned one of the largest personal collections of Borein's works in existence, and was working, at the time of his death, on a full-length biography of Borein.

Another unfinished book by Dr. Wills was concerned with jerk line mule teams. He was considered an authority on spurs, bridles, mule team bells, lariats and other accoutrements of the California vaquero and muleteer. His talk on this subject, and jerk line mules, before the Los Angeles Corral, is still fondly remembered by his fellow Westerners.

He is survived by a sister, Mrs. Gordon Fullerton of San Francisco, and two brothers, Joseph Wills of Santa Cruz and Henry Wills of Santa Rosa.

New Westerners Corral For San Diego

San Diego Corral is the latest and newest Westerners organization to appear in California, and by the enthusiasm of its members and officers, bids fair to be one of the most active. Patterning itself after other Westerners groups, it will have a resident membership of fifty, and an unlimited corresponding membership. An annual affair is planned where members of both groups may bring their wives for viewance of the Corral program.

Officers for the present year are: John M. Jeffrey, Sheriff; Richard B. Yale, Deputy Sheriff; Ray S. Brandes, Registrar of Marks and Brands; Jerry MacMullen, Librarian, and Alfred W. Jacoby, Keeper of the Chips. Corral address is: P.O. Box 10101, San Diego 92110.



NOVEMBER'S MEETING TURNS OUT TO BE "SHERIFF'S NIGHT"

At the November meeting was gathered what was probably the greatest aggregation of Ex-Sheriffs ever assembled in Los Angeles Corral — the span of their leadership of the organization going back nearly two decades. *Lower row*, left to right: Present Sheriff Sid Platford, Past-Sheriffs Charles Rudkin, Bert Olson, Glen Dawson, Ervin Strong, and Paul Bailey. *Back row*: George Fullerton, August Schatra, Arthur Clark, Henry Clifford, John Kemble, Don Meadows, Harvey Starr, Carl Dentzel, and Homer H. Boelter.

— Iron Eyes Cody Photo.

Active Program Scheduled By St. Louis Westerners

The St. Louis Corral of Westerners are a real gang of line riders — judging from the record they are making as an organization, the fine meetings they have held in past months, and their exciting program of activities now scheduled far into 1968. October's meeting featured John W. Huntman, who spoke on "Development of the Cattle Industry in the West," in November Rev. William B. Faherty, S.J., Associate Professor of History, St. Louis University, delivered a scholarly paper on "Bishops DuBourg and Rosati in the American West." Dinners and programs are held at Garavelli's Restaurant, 301 DeBaliviere Avenue, on the third Friday of each month. Any fugitives from Los Angeles Corral are not only welcome, but happily taken in.

Their January program starts off with "Views of the American West," by Dr. Harold T. Smutz, a retired personnel management specialist. February: Dr. James C. Austin, Southern Illinois University, "American Western Humorists." March will feature Fred C. Lee, Tallyman, Kansas City Posse of Westerners, who will speak on "Sha Ha Ka: Lewis and Clark's Mandan Indian Friend."

New Book Sponsored By Stockton Corral

The Valley Trails is Stockton Corral's first hard cover book, but judging from advance notice, it should take its place among the very finest efforts among Westerners groups. It will be approximately 140 pages, and in large format, 8½ by 11 inches. Ten papers presented by members of the Corral, will constitute this first offering and, along with many heretofore unpublished photographs, should make an outstanding collection for any Western library.

Included in *The Valley Trails* will be: "The Gregson Story," "Gold Strike in Stockton," "Marks and Brands of Stanislaus," "San Joaquin's Sheriff Cunningham," "Major John Ebbetts," "The Branch Mint at San Francisco," "Across the Plains with Aunt Abbey," "Tuolumne Artist Ben Sears," "The Eastern Terminus of the Transcontinental Railroad," and "McAulley Diary."

Dr. Ward G. DeWitt, as a proud and loyal citizen of Long Beach, departed for England, October 19. His western travel this year consists of cruising around the Horn, on the *Queen Mary's* last voyage before she finally comes to rest in Long Beach Harbor. Arrival date, December 9.

Corral Chips . . .

On November 30 Ex-Sheriff Harvey E. Starr addressed a joint meeting of the Barlow Society for the History of Medicine, the Los Angeles County Medical Association, and the Barlow Library. As a true Westerner, Dr. Starr tempered his medical paper with western historical overtones — title of the address being: "Welfare Programs to the Overland Immigrants During the Gold Rush." This is his third year on the Council of LACMA, and, for the past year, has served on its Executive Committee.

Elisabeth Waldo, talented musician and composer wife of Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel, was honored October 4 to 7 by public performance of "People of the Book," a mammoth and colorful pageant staged at Starlight Bowl, in Burbank, the music of which came from her gifted pen. Night after night the mammoth bowl was filled to overflowing by successive enthusiastic audiences, with hundreds of albums of the striking music and orchestral effects purchased by those who wished to permanently preserve it in their homes. The great pageant, produced under auspices of the Mormon Church and its membership, featured the famed Mormon Choir of Southern California, along with many professional singers and actors. In seeking a composer for the score, Elisabeth Waldo was chosen because of her reputation as probably the greatest expert on pre-Columbian music and instrumentation.

Bob-Tails

"To sack the rooster," in the lingo of Anglo-Californian vaqueros, was to lean from the saddle to pick up anything — hat, glove, handkerchief, reata, etc. — from the ground. The phrase was a misinterpretation of Spanish *la saca del gallo*, the pulling of the rooster, a game in which a live rooster was buried to the neck in the ground and riders on running horses tried — and usually succeeded — to reach down, catch the chicken by the neck, pull him out and return to a starting place before opponents could snatch him away. The game, with variants, was popular in Mexico and all the border States. — BOB ROBERTSON.

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Corral Chips . . .

The War Chief, published by the Indian Territory Posse of Oklahoma Westerners, is one of the liveliest of the Westerners publications. We take the liberty of copying from the September 1967 issue:

"The first printing press in Indian Territory was set up at Union Mission by the Rev. Samuel A. Worcester in 1835. The first issue from this press was *Istutsiin Nak-tsoku* or *The Child's Book* by the Rev. John Fleming, missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It was in the Creek or Muskogee language."

Lynn R. Bailey has returned to aid in the family enterprise of Westernlore Press, book publishers. Lynn, author of several books, and contributor to the *Brand Book* of Los Angeles Corral, has been serving as director of the Fort Pitt Museum, in Pittsburgh. Before taking that position he was in charge of the Fort Massac Archeological Project for Southern Illinois University. Having grown up in publishing, with it still his first love, he plans to expand the typographical facilities of Westernlore as an aid to other book publishers in this area.

From the Mailbag . . .

"Dear Sheriff Sid:

"Thanks for the 'lift' on our Hudson's Bay project in your June *Branding Iron*. When up in Canada recently (on H.B.C. business) I ordered a stack of Canadian 'best sellers' on H.B.C. I have sent you one separately. If you are one of these 'virtuoso' (rare book) fellows — 'scuse please. We have been talking up good history (western) paperbacks as a means of interesting more folks — particularly the young people. Both WHA and Westerners take broad view of the North American West, and H.B.C. plays a big part up north . . .

"Hope to see you at the Westerners Breakfast at the Palace Hotel, WHA, October, in San Francisco . . .

"Cordially,

"GEORGE CHALFANT, *Secretary*,

"The Westerners, Redwood Coast
Outpost, Ukiah, California."

A Profile

Diversity is the Key To Loring Campbell

Ex-Sheriff Loring Campbell is probably one of the most interesting "characters" in the pattern of which Los Angeles Corral is so generously endowed. At one time a professional magician of high renown, it seems almost incredible that this fantastic calling should in itself become remotely near to authenticity's search in history. But Loring seems to have ridden both horses with equal ease. And now that he is retired from stagecraft—western books, and the collection of western books, seem wholly to have taken over his life.

Recently the *Burbank Daily News*, in a feature article, took special cognizance of Burbank's illustrious citizen. Don Chapman, staff writer, in describing the Campbell art and book collection, in the Campbell home, noted: "Around you, on almost every wall, are books, thousands of them. And from them, and thousands more, have come the facts that have made Campbell one of America's most noted authorities on Western Americana . . .

"For 28 years Campbell toured the country as a professional magician. He crossed the nation 'at least 30 times' and stopped wherever he could—book shops, printing plants, newspaper offices and court houses—to pick up a book, a pamphlet, or just to read.

"At one time Campbell had more than 20,000 books in his vast collection and every page of every book had been read . . .

"Then in 1964 Campbell decided to reduce his collection. He selected 7,000 of the most choice volumes and had them appraised. Their value was placed at \$156,000.

"Campbell received offers from several universities but finally decided to donate the books to the University of Arizona. Since then the school has built a special wing to its library to house the Kathrynne and Loring Campbell Collection, named for him and his late wife . . .

"He has lectured to clubs and in colleges and universities. He has been featured on many radio broadcasts. In more than 25 books he has been acknowledged as a con-



EX-SHERIFF LORING CAMPBELL

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

tributor of important historical facts, and has been consulted by authors and movie makers alike . . ."

And such is Westerner Loring Campbell, who only a few weeks ago completed another swing around the country—not as a magician this time, but to peek in on books and history. On his return, he claims to be even more than ever enamored with the midwest's Cowboy Hall of Fame.

But still his sensitive professional fingers twitch at thoughts of mystifying an incredulous audience. So, among his cronies, and the buffs of legerdemain, Loring can often be found talking shop at the Magic Castle, in Hollywood. On the second Wednesday of each month, however, he can be found among his beloved Westerners—and the Westerners are just as proud to have this bookish and interesting man as part of the Corral.

In addition to the recent publication of his *The Trials of Isaac Graham*, Doyce Nunis has had articles appearing in *Manuscripts*, *Southern California Quarterly*, and the *Pacific Historical Review*.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

BRAND BOOK NO. 1 OF THE TUCSON CORRAL OF WESTERNERS. A Collection of Smoke Signals. Edited by Otis H. Chidester. i-xii, 204 pp., double column, imperial octavo. Tucson: 1967.

This book is precisely what it states — a collection of *Smoke Signals* — the *Smoke Signal* being the name of the periodical published by the active and historically-minded Westerners Corral of Tucson, Arizona. Attractively bound into one volume are the first ten issues of their publication. And, lest one jump to sudden conclusion that it is just another one of those puff-minded compilations of fraternal house organs, let it be just as quickly said that this compendium, even though coming from the press in installments over a four-year period, possesses that one important ingredient throughout — theme and direction.

Editor Otis H. Chidester has scrupulously endeavored to hold the Corral's publication efforts to the Southwest geographical area, and the final result is not only a pleasing volume to read and peruse, but a most valuable one historically. It is a work of many loving hands, much time, and a dedication of efforts which is the motivating secret behind the amazing, world-wide fraternity of historically-moved souls known as the Westerners. Out of this wonderful brotherhood have come some of the Great West's most valuable and wanted studies. This first book offering of Tucson Corral is one of them.

The papers presented vary in excellence, as they vary in subject matter and authorship. This is to be expected, and, instead of detracting, adds spice, variety and excitement to the whole. Taken fully, and across the board, there is high enough level of competence to satisfy any exacting professional. For this point alone, editor Chidester is to be complimented.

The book is dedicated, and rightly, to Leland D. Case, co-founder of the entire world-wide Westerners movement, Mentor of the Tucson Corral, editor, historian, educator, and one of Tucson's prominent

citizens. As an especial bonus, and as a most suitable preface to the book, Dr. Case has written the "Origin of the Westerners," a first-hand account of how it all started. It is followed by "A History of the Tucson Corral," by George B. Eckhart.

And so we have another visual and striking fruition of love and sacrifice by a group of dedicated men — *Brand Book No. 1, Tucson Corral*. And it is a good one.

Tucson has set for itself a high standard.

— PAUL BAILEY.



THE FREDERIC REMINGTON BOOK, A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WEST, by Harold McCracken. Doubleday & Co., 1966. 10½x 13½ in., 285 pp. bound in linen. \$19.95.

So it's a beautiful Remington book, and who doesn't enjoy it? There are 32 plates in full color, 356 pictures in black and white, careful drawings, etchings, wood cuts, and of course many photographed from paintings, both oil and water, and also photos of 29 bronze broncos. The whole book includes the smaller portions of type printing about such subjects as explorers of the West, trail hunters, pioneers, and so on, including also the army of the West, buffalo, cattle, Indians, and the last Indian wars. Without saying, the pictures illustrate, by hundreds, the subjects with short half page articles that are really the history of the West from the 1880's until 1909.

McCracken is himself an explorer of the West and a writer on many western subjects, but little can be said in this short review except about the drawings and colored plates. This is a chance for Westerners.

— C. N. RUDKIN.



John Upton Terrell was honored by the Southwest Museum at a special reception on the evening of November 16 to mark the publication of his *Traders of the Western Morning*, which the Museum has just published. Featured with him were J. N. Bowman and Robert F. Heizer, co-authors of *Anza and the Northwest Frontier of New Spain*, and Theodora Kroeber, whose *Ishi In Two Worlds* has taken its place as one of the classic anthropological works on primitive man.

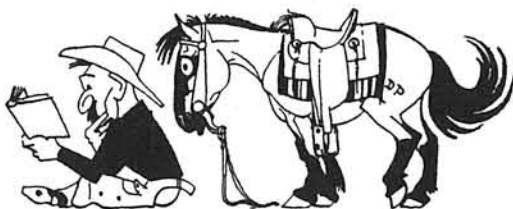
FIREARMS, TRAPS, AND TOOLS OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN, by Carl P. Russell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. i-xv, 448 pp., i-viii index. \$12.50.

It is a tragedy of publishing that Carl P. Russell could not live to share in the joy of his accomplishment, to witness the bringing forth of this masterpiece of research and delineation. Dr. Russell's untimely death occurred in June of this year.

His book is the product of thirty years of research, fired by an intellectual curiosity and enthusiasm that somehow held the author to the immense task he had broached for himself. To writers, historians, archeologists, and anthropologists this work is certain to remain the source and the authority. To bring substance and dimension to that picture of half-fact and half-fantasy which is the "mountain man" seems almost a miraculous accomplishment. But this Carl Russell has done. And the whole work is rich and readable.

It begins with a most interesting briefing on the western fur trade in history (early 1800s to mid-1840s), and then elaborates on the tools, weapons, and procedures with which these remarkable frontiersmen coped with their hostile and dangerous environment. By portrayal and discussion, the reader is led to a clear and concise understanding of every tool of the wilderness — rifles, shotguns, hatchets, axes, knives, steel traps, and an endless variety of essential iron tools. More than four hundred drawings are used to reveal the use and purpose of the sometimes crude but always effective paraphernalia and long-forgotten processes used in the mountain man's daily, adventurous life.

To gain this vast array of information the author has diligently researched every journal, diary and letter pertaining to the American trapper. Business records, inventories, and invoices of every operating fur company in North America has been relentlessly scanned. Catalogs and records of the gunsmiths, ironmongers, and every manufacturer catering to these early traders and adventurers have been tracked down for anything and everything they might yield toward piecing together a dim and distant era. Dr. Russell has not only examined and sketched most of the surviv-



ing artifacts, but has traced back their makers, and has revealed to his readers every evolution in the styles and designs of these tools.

Words somehow seem useless in describing this beautiful, useful and enduring work. If genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains — herein is genius. If masterpieces are born solely out of honest effort — here indeed is something to savor and to behold. One can only hope that Carl Russell — wherever he is — is cognizant that there are men in this world who are appreciative of his great effort. His previous *Guns On The Early Frontiers* is most excellent. His *Firearms, Traps and Tools of the Mountain Men* is superb.

It would be difficult to believe how any Westerner could consider his library complete without it.

— PAUL BAILEY.



THE REDISCOVERY OF NEW MEXICO, 1580-1594, the explorations of Chamuscado, Espejo, Castaño de Sosa, Morlete, and Leyva de Bonilla and Humaña. George P. Hammond & Agapito Rey. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press: 1966. Coronado Historical Series III. XIII, 341 pp., 2 pl., \$12.50.

The Coronado Historical Series, first begun in 1940, the quadricentennial anniversary of Coronado's exploring, was to include twelve books edited by George P. Hammond but written by many of the best authors on New Mexican history. Two of the books were delayed by death or disability of the writers. Dr. A. S. Aiton and Dr. B. W. Wheeler intended to write Volume III, *New Spain After Coronado*, but death interrupted. (The twelfth book, No. VII, by Dr. Frances Scholes is in preparation.)

Doctors Hammond and Rey have prepared the new Volume III. *The Rediscovery*

(Continued on Next Page)

The Western Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

ery of New Mexico includes some translations that have been revised or rewritten. The new book contains in Bolton's *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest* (1916) the "Declaration of Pedro de Bustamente," the "Declaration of Hernando Barrado," and the "Brief and True Account of the Exploration of New Mexico," (of the Chamuscado-Rodríguez expedition), and the "Report of Antonio Espejo," with the letters of Espejo to the viceroy and to the king. "Gallegos' Relation of the Chamuscado-Rodríguez Expedition," "Pedroso's List of Pueblos," and many shorter letters and documents are new translations. The Hammond and Rey edition of Luxán (1929) made by the Quivera Society is now revised, and there are eight new separate letters and documents concerning the expedition.

The translation of the "Memoria" of Lieutenant-Governor Castaño de Sosa's attempt to found a colony, with a trip to Cicyue (Pecos), perhaps to the Zia and Jémez pueblos, finally at Santo Domingo, is in the present book. Then there are the viceroy's instructions to send out Capt. Morlete to pursue and jail Costañó, with many documents trying him and sentencing him to exile in the Philippines, where he was killed by Chinese galley slaves. After his death the sentence was revoked by the Council of the Indies in Spain.

The translation of an "Account Given by an Indian of the Flight of Leyva and Humana from New Mexico" is taken from *Oñate, Colonizer of New Mexico*, by Hammond and Rey. The "Introduction" to this volume (p. 48-50) is the account of Leyva's hunting buffalo and gold from Quivera (reached by Coronado), probably near Wichita, Kansas. Leyva was charged as a traitor, and unsuccessfully pursued by a Captain Pedro de Cazorla. But before this, Humana killed Leyva near Quivera. Then Apaches killed Humana. Only one soldier of the group was taken alive, and held as a slave of the Indians. Eventually he escaped to Mexico, where he told his story.

The new book with its delightful translations and its long, absorbing "Introduction" is the whole history of New Mexico

from Coronado's 1540 to Oñate's colonizing, 1596-1628. Even the few who have the old translations will now find these very useful. Westerners, as well as others, really need this book to complete New Mexican early history, and will want it as a part of their library.

— C. N. RUDKIN.

Meetings and Speakers

(Continued from Page 4)

of California by the trappers of Hudson's Bay Company, in 1829, and more intimately with "Alexander Roderick McLeod, An Unsung Pacific Slope Hero." It proved an erudite, intensely informative, and an approach through new research, of a little known area of western history. The extremely heavy turnout of Westerners and guests were amply rewarded by a talk of rare interest.

In the enthusiastic audience were sixteen ex-sheriffs of Los Angeles Corral, proving that the corral not only has a history of its own, but a real backdrop of gray-thatched oldtimers.

The nominating committee, headed by Ex-Sheriff Erv Strong, presented a slate of new officers for 1968, which will be voted upon at the December meeting. Once again that indefatigable pair — Dwight Vance and Tom McNeill — turned up a gallery of art both magnificent and historical. At this meeting, the work of Joe Duncan Gleason (1881-1959) was featured, with some fine examples of the sea paintings which made this artist exceptionally famous. How Tom and Dwight do it, month after month, is a mystery — but the Corral has certainly been treated in privilege to some wonderful things in western art at every meeting. With the tremendous work of artist Gleason, November was no exception.

Guests included new members Douglas MacDonald and Tony Forster and such distinguished visitors as John M. Jeffrey, Sheriff of the new San Diego Corral, and his Deputy Sheriff, our CM Richard B. Yale. Other guests included Harold Elliott, F. A. Gorges, James Hoppe, Charles Novitski (from Canberra, Australia), Edward L. Parker, and Glyndon S. VanDeusen (from Rochester, New York).