



SHERMAN, SHIPS, AND THAT PARTY AT TEMECULA

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 22, after frequent visits to the Westerners bar, about fifty members and guests of the L.A. Corral settled down under a leafy arbor at Dr. Horace Parker's antique hotel in Temecula and consumed generous slices of barbecued beef, and trimmings, prepared by Parkie's wife La Verne. As usual the conversation was a babble of profound learning and infallible comment. To top it off, when silence was enforced, Doc told (off the record) about some of the characters he had known while growing up in that sagebrush town some thirty years ago. Temecula is a quaint town today, but it lacks the frontier atmosphere it had when it was the end of a railroad line. Very early Sunday morning some of the waddies spread their bed rolls on the ground, while the tenderfeet wandered off to sleep like city folks. No one was missing at the breakfast roundup. Parkie and La Verne as usual, were wonderful hosts.

SUMMER ROUNDUP

Les Freres Taix was the scene of the Corral's second summer meeting, held July 10. Westerner William O. Hendricks was the speaker, his subject being, "M. H. Sherman, a Pioneer Developer of the Pacific Southwest." From Dr. Hendricks, and his most interesting talk, the assembled Westerners and guests learned how one local boy made good, and what he did about it.

Moses Hazeltine Sherman (1853-1932) was a New England young man who came west. Settling first in Arizona, from 1874 to 1889, he then moved on to Southern California. His unusual talent as an organizer and fund-raiser, coupled with his belief in the future greatness of this area, led to



JULY MEETING

Sheriff August Schatra introduces Dr. Ward DeWitt, speaker of the evening. Dr. DeWitt's topic, "The Last Cruise of the Queen Mary," was an actual eye-witness report of the great voyage around the Horn, and was enhanced by slides and moton pictures of the journey.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photo.

wealth and prominence. The Sherman Foundation, which he left behind to continue his philanthropy, and perpetuate his name, is serving the western historical and research structure in many significant and beneficial ways. Dr. Hendricks made clear and interesting the highlights of this philanthropist's life and purposes.

William Hendricks, besides being an active member of Los Angeles Corral, holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of Southern California, and formerly taught at U.S.C. and at California State College, Los Angeles. Since 1965 he has served as director of research for the M. H. Sherman

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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.

Speak Up, Pardners!

That it may properly serve Los Angeles Corral of Westerners it is essential that the *Branding Iron* know the news and the activities of its members—Corresponding and Resident.

The things that happen to you, will be of interest to all. Tell it to the editor. A postcard will do.

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Welcome, New CM's

L. A. Corral of Westerners welcomes these new Corresponding Members:

Alvin E. Brizzard, P.O. Box 2008, Toluca Lake Station, North Hollywood, Calif. 91602.

Horace L. Dodd, 3837 Coronado Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92107.

James F. Gardiner, 654 Via Lido Nord, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660.

Mrs. Betty Miller, Western Art Gallery, Saddleback Inn, Santa Ana Freeway and First Street, Santa Ana, Calif. 92701.

V. R. Plukas, 1305 22nd St., Santa Monica, Calif. 90404.

Robert J. Tatge, 4300 Via Nivel, Palos Verdes Estates, Calif. 90274.

Rev. Francis J. Weber, P.O. Box 1071, San Fernando, Calif. 91340.

D. W. Wells, 3022 Voltaire St., San Diego, Calif. 92106.

Howard Willoughby, Selected Arts, Inc., 521 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. 94102.

NEW ACTIVE MEMBER

Allen M. Willet, 12171 Arroyo Drive, Santa Ana, Calif. 92705.

Westerner Keepsake Series Issued by Dr. Tad Lonergan

Westerner Tad Lonergan has shown his high regard for Los Angeles Corral of Westerners by presenting its members and friends with a unique and valuable series of historical keepsakes. A number of them have been printed biographies of contemporary artists, beginning with Keepsake No. 1, covering the life and works of Robert Wagoner. Others have followed, but not always pertaining to artists—such as his exceptionally fine biographical sketch of Manuel Valencia. Tad's most lavish production was the 64-page booklet, *The PCT Relays*, compiled by Warren L. Rogers, Trail Guide for the Relays, and lavishly illustrated.

As Dr. Tad explains in his personal introduction to the series, "If you have received one of these, you will receive others in the series, unless you ask to have your name taken off the mailing list. The charge, until I go broke, will be nothing. There will only be 500 of each item printed. I would like to get out three or four a year—it might be more and maybe less."

CM Dr. Al Shumate, from up San Francisco way, has been elected to the board of directors of the Book Club of California.

Those Summer Meetings

(Continued from Page 1)

Foundation, at Corona del Mar. His major area of interest has been the phenomenal development taking place in the Pacific Southwest. The large audience who shared this evening with him, were equal sharers of his interest and enthusiasm.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows introduced the speaker, and guests included Lester Arellanes, Victor Plukas (who became a new CM at this meeting), Ernest Siegel, of the Los Angeles Public Library, author Duane A. Smith from Durango, Colorado, and Ed Williamson. The art exhibit was again under the most excellent and able direction of Tom McNeill.

AUGUST MEETING

"The Historical Last Voyage of the Queen Mary," presented by Dr. Ward G. DeWitt, at the August meeting, proved a little different fare than the usual bedrock historical papers so familiar to the Corral membership. This final voyage of the *Queen Mary*, from England to Long Beach, California, consumed thirty-nine days, and covered ten thousand miles—the long voyage made necessary because the *Queen* was too big for locks of the Panama Canal, necessitating her voyage around the Horn. Westerner Ward DeWitt, a passenger on this historic journey, preserved the unique experience in day-by-day diary, slides, and motion pictures. His talk, enhanced by the slides and motion pictures in full color, was the next best thing to taking the voyage itself. The audience, taxing the Taix banquet room to absolute capacity, for two hours rode the seas with the *Queen Mary* on her last and final voyage.

The art display for this meeting was provided by Dr. Tad Lonergan, and featured the California artist Valencia, one of the state's old-timers whose magnificent work is now being avidly collected. Tad brought as his guest, "Cactus" Warren Rogers.

Other visitors to the August meeting included Dr. John Hawgood of the English Corral, guest of Dr. Doyce B. Nunis; William H. Leckie, guest of Ex-Sheriff Glen Dawson; CM Ken Mansker, back from a sketching tour of various Indian reservations in Montana; Ellis Baker and Jim Rob-

inson, guests of Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey; Ray Zeeman, of the Los Angeles *Times*, guest of Sky Dunlap; Steve Halsted was back again with the Corral after his stint as President of the Los Angeles Bar Association; and Price Walker, of Sierra Madre. James F. Gardiner, old time member of Los Angeles Corral, returned to the familiar turf after his long sojourn in Reno. He came in as guest of Registrar Everett Hager, but is now in the process of being rebranded with the L.A. hot iron. Herschel Logan, introduced as a new CM in May, was led in as guest by Tad Lonergan.

SEPTEMBER OUTDOOR WINGDING

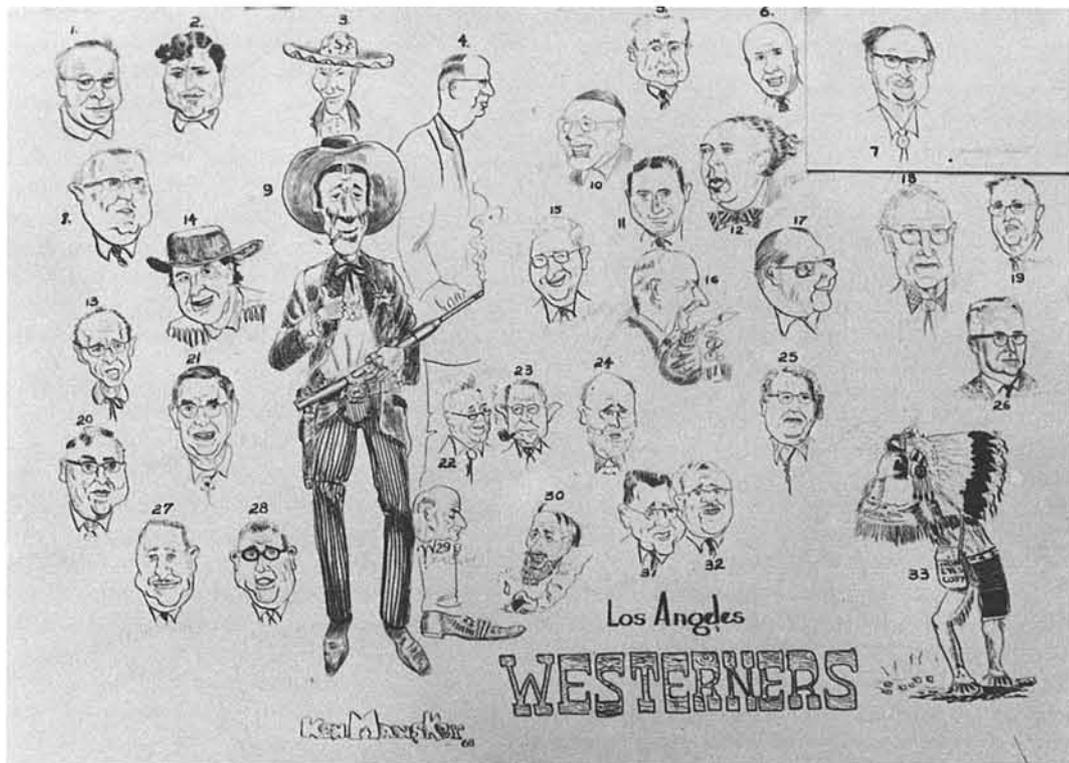
Once again, on September 14, Los Angeles Corral made its fall roundup on the spacious spread of Dr. Alden H. Miller. Once again the display of collections, artifacts and books. Once again the spirited auctions, good food, tall drinks, taller tales, and the unbounded hospitality of the Miller home. Because of press time, all of the story of this traditional and happy occasion must wait for the the next edition of B.I.

Al Hammond Makes News In His Help to Navajos

During the summer Indian Pow-wow at Flagstaff, Arizona, Westerner Al Hammond made the newspapers in story and picture. His altruistic hobby is as co-sponsor of the wagon loads of clothing, food and toys for the destitute Navajo families living in the inaccessible back country of the reservation. Al, along with Charles Moore, of Los Angeles, were heavy contributors of these supplies, all given as goodwill gesture in memory of Hugh D. "Shine" Smith, the famous Navajo missionary who died in 1966. These men have been doing this on their own since Shine's death.

"Having something for the Navajo wagons has been an annual event for me for the last twenty years," Al modestly admits. "This year I was lucky to get so many trucks to make the trip that we had enough to make two different trips out on the reservation. The farthest distance we went out was in the area of Cow Springs."

All of which makes Los Angeles Corral proud of Al Hammond.



WESTERNERS AS I SEE THEM—BY KEN MANSKER

The above quick sketches of notable Westerners are the work of CM Ken Mansker, part Blackfoot Indian from Montana, and well known artist. His paintings, very popular around Montana and Los Angeles, are also happily owned by a number of L.A.

Corral members. Some of Mansker's canvases will be on display September 20-21 at a special showing of Indian artists at the Indian Crafts Center, in Highland Park, Avenue 64 and Ruby Street. Ken's sketches of Westerners were made mostly from life.

1. Col. C. W. Hoffmann
2. Tad Lonergan, M.D.
3. Don Meadows
4. Sky Dunlap
5. Eddie Edwards
6. Dr. John H. Kemble
7. Dudley Gordon
8. Carl Dentzel
9. Sheriff August Schatra
10. W. W. Robinson
11. Deputy Sheriff Ernie Hovard
12. Loren Campbell
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17. Christopher A. Mason, M.D.
18. Earle R. Forrest
19. Ervin Strong
20. Henry Clifford
21. Charles N. Rudkin
22. Sid Platford
23. Harvey Starr, M.D.
24. George Fullerton
25. M. R. Harrington
26. Paul Bailey
27. John Goodman
28. Doyce Nunis
29. Bob Cowan
30. Arthur Woodward
31. Arthur H. Clark
32. Paul Galleher
33. Iron Eyes Cody



ED AINSWORTH AND EX-SHERIFF DON MEADOWS, AT A CORRAL MEETING

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

In Remembrance

EDWARD MADDIN AINSWORTH

1902 - 1968

By DON MEADOWS

OVER THE YEARS and once in a while an old time member of our outfit would wander into the Corral from out of the sagebrush and add his humor and observations to the chuck wagon conversation. He was always on the move. We shall not see him any more. Ed Ainsworth took the outward trail on June 15, 1968 while he and his wife Katherine were visiting their daughter in San Diego.

Edward Maddin Ainsworth was a Texan, born in Waco on June 7, 1902. When his school days were over he became a newspaper man. From copy boy he worked up to be the city editor of the San Pedro (Calif.) *Daily Pilot*; telegraph editor of the Bakersfield *Californian*; state editor of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*; and at the age of twenty-two, in February 1924, he joined the Los Angeles *Times* as a copy reader. There he became city editor, state

editor, manager of the editorial page, roving reporter, and columnist.

Away from the confinement of a desk job Ed roamed the back country in southern California, meeting and liking people in all strata of life. His column "On the Move" was daily reading by thousands of people. Through him they got the taste, sounds, color and atmosphere of the desert, mountains and villages that lay outside the metropolitan area. He laughingly called himself the "Boswell of the Boondocks." But the *Times* was his paper for forty-three years.

In addition to his column in the *Times*, Ed wrote books. With an occasional dip into fiction, most of his books were factual. All had a western slant. His most popular work of fiction was *Eagles Fly West*, a vivid yarn about the Stevenson Regiment

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Ed Ainsworth

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in California in 1846. Another was *Death Cues the Pageant*, with a locale in the Ramona Bowl near Hemet. Other, non-fiction works, all out of print, were *Pot Luck*, *Painters of the Desert*, *Maverick Mayor* (Sam Yorty), *California Jubilee*, *Beckoning Desert*, and *Golden Checkerboard*.

A last book, to appear this coming October, will be *The Cowboy in Art*. A few months ago Ed and his wife traveled through Mexico gathering material for a book on Father Junipero Serra. Although Ed received national and international recognition for his writings, he never lost the common touch.

Ed enjoyed the excitement of living and had a great sense of humor. He could laugh at himself. He detested assumed importance, status meant nothing to him, he was on equal terms with presidents and peons, but was always alert to talent and sincerity. Many a budding artist or writer gained his first attention by a sympathetic mention in Ed's column. He was a kindly soul, a staunch friend, and tolerant of the foibles of mankind. Yet, he had a fighting spirit, which was demonstrated when he took on the United States Government in a battle over water rights in the Fallbrook country.

There was no long procession to his final resting place in El Camino Memorial Park in the outskirts of San Diego. Some thirty or forty of his friends gathered around a mountain of flowers and said goodbye to a cherished companion. It was a simple farewell. That was the way Ed wanted it.

Adios, Amigo Mio. Vaya con Dios.

Local Boy Makes Good — This Time Twice

L.A. Corral member George Koenig's *Valley of Salt, Memories of Wine* (perhaps better known as "the Nusbaumer Journal"), published by the Bancroft Library last year, has been selected by the Rounce and Coffin Club as an outstanding example of Western books.

Coincidentally, Koenig's Mother Lode guide, *Ghosts of the Gold Rush*, is now on the market, published by fellow Corral member Walt Wheelock's La Siesta Press.

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H.M. Lee Shippey Struck by Illness

Lee Shippey, author, journalist, Honorary Member and grand old man of Los Angeles Corral, was victim of a stroke, in August, which sent him to a rest home in Escondido. With Lee so active and alert, in spite of his years, it has been especially difficult to be so sidelined.

For fifty years Lee wrote a daily column in the *Los Angeles Times* — "The Lee Side of L.A." — which is still remembered with fondness by his vast audience of readers. In the early years of Los Angeles Corral Lee's happy, kindly face was a familiar and well remembered part of our meetings. With his retirement, and removal to Del Mar, his visits were less frequent. Because of the esteem and affection of the membership, he was voted an Honorary Member of the Corral.

Besides being a newspaperman of distinction, Lee is author of many books. His play *The Great American Family*, adapted from one of his novels by that name, was one of the great stage hits of yesteryear. What many of Lee's readers do not know is that Lee succeeded in his chosen field in spite of almost total blindness. Not until publication of his book *Luckiest Man Alive* were his readers tipped off to Lee's great personal secret. The book, because of its tremendous inspirational appeal to similarly handicapped people, has been republished in Braille and as a recorded "Talking Book."

At present Lee is at La Casa Blanca Rest Home, 201 Fig Street, in Escondido. As soon as he regains his weather legs, he hopes to return to his home at 110 Eighth Street, in Del Mar. To hear again from his fellow Westerners means a lot to Lee in his battle for health.

Regular Member C. W. "Charley" Hoffmann, of Montecito, has been greatly missed from the past gatherings. A retired Colonel, U.S. Army, Charley always has unusual stories to tell, and it is the wish of many Westerners that he would get more of them into print. His "Lost and Found" story in a past B.I. still draws comments, and has created a lot of interest.

BANNOCK'S HANGMAN'S GULCH

By EARLE R. FORREST

A CERTAIN amount of gruesome interest always hovers over the grave of some person who has been hanged; and from San Francisco to Idaho and Montana you will find graves with markers, some of stone but mostly wood, upon which is carved, "Hanged by the V.C." or just plain "Hanged," with the date; and thereby hangs my tale.

When I returned from Pennsylvania to California recently, I made my usual stop at Billings, Montana, to visit my cousin, Glen Hallam; and as usual we spent a week visiting historic sites. This year we took in the old gold camps of Virginia City, Nevada City, and Bannock, each of which claims that Montana history began there; but be that as it may, each camp can lay claim to enough history to fill a big book.

The ghostly old mining town of Bannock, Montana's first territorial capital, has its Hangman's Gulch, where a primitive scaffold is at the place where the original of a hundred years ago once stood. It was there in this gulch that at least four road agents, one of whom was Henry Plummer, chief of the most notorious gang of criminals the West has ever known, experienced the dubious honor of having their necks stretched by hemp. The scaffold that you see today is an exact duplicate of the original of a hundred and more years ago—two heavy upright timbers connected by a shorter cross piece at the top.

The original was erected by Sheriff Henry Plummer for the execution of a prisoner; but before that could take place the Vigilantes had been organized at Bannock and Virginia City, following the execution of George Ives at Nevada City on December 21, 1863, and Plummer died on that scaffold at Bannock, January 10, 1864. His wife made a wild Paul Revere ride from their ranch several miles away in a desperate effort to save his neck; but she arrived just in time to claim the remains. No one is certain today where he was buried; but for years a pile of rocks over what may be a grave in a side draw of Hangman's Gulch, was pointed out as his sepulcher. However, some claim that his wife took his body to Salt Lake City for burial.

Electric chairs and gas chambers were many years in the future; but it is very doubtful if the Vigilantes would have bothered with such gadgets even if they had been handy. Those were primitive times, and the methods were primitive. The approved mode of execution was simple but very effective. The deceased-to-be was placed on a barrel or store box, a noose was draped around his neck and the other end of the rope was tied securely to the cross-arm of the scaffold. They didn't bother with a hangman's knot. In fact, it is very doubtful if any of the Vigilantes could tie one, and it took too much time anyway where a plain noose would do the work just as efficiently.

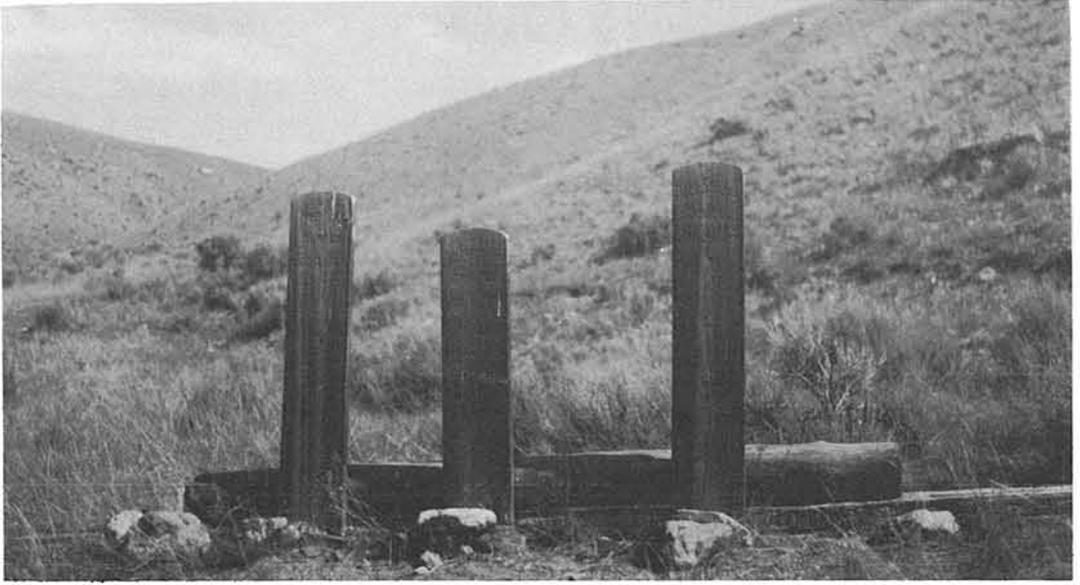
Then the barrel or box was kicked out from under him, and he was left to swing and squirm until life did depart. As soon as they saw that he was safely started on his journey, the Vigilantes usually betook themselves to the nearest refreshment emporium, and it wasn't for a drink of lemonade.

The next morning the ex-road agent was cut down and decently interred near the gallows, without any fuss or ceremony. A heavy plank was planted at the head of the grave, and someone thoughtfully carved the name of the deceased and date of his passing, for the information of curious tourists a hundred years in the future.

A few feet from the scaffold in Hangman's Gulch are three planks, weathered and seamed by the sun and storms of a century, that mark the graves of three men who died there long ago. If you look you may trace the name of "Ned Ray. Hanged Jan. 8, 1864," on the first. On the middle board is: "Joe Pizanthia. Executed Jan. 10, 1864," and on the last to the right you will find the name of "Buck Stinson. Hanged Jan. 8, 1864."

Pizanthia, a Mexican, took refuge in his cabin and held the Vigilantes at bay for some time. After an exchange of many useless shots they secured a cannon that Simeon Estes had brought to Bannock, and blew a hole through the cabin. Finally, when their shots were not returned, John

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HANGMAN'S GULCH

Grave of Buck Stinson on right, hanged January 8, 1864; Joe Pizanthia, executed January 10, 1864, in center; Ned Ray, hanged January 8, 1864, last on left.

—Earle R. Forrest Photo.

Bannock's Hangman's Gulch

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Lott and several others entered and found Pizanthia badly wounded. Several more shots were fired into his body, and it is doubtful if he was living when they strung him up. Someone set fire to his cabin, and when they cut him down they threw the lifeless body into the flames. Neither history nor legend records whether they found enough ashes to bury at the headboard you see there today.

The Vigilante movement started with the trial and execution of George Ives at Nevada City on a cold December day in 1863. Early that month Nicholas Devault, a German youth, went out to bring in some mules for his employers, Burtchley and Clark. When he failed to return a search was started, and after several days the frozen body was found by William Palmer. The evidence on the ground showed that the youth had been shot and then dragged through brush and sage while still living, a fact that was proven by chunks of sage brush still clutched in his hands, and blood on the snow.

Inquiry soon resulted in the arrest of George Ives, one of Plummer's road agents, and when tried by a miners' court he was convicted by a 24-man jury. This trial was

unusual in many respects. The only law was represented in the person of Sheriff Henry Plummer, and as Ives was one of his henchmen, he hired, secretly of course, the best legal talent obtainable. Wilbur Fisk Sanders, with a courage seldom equalled in view of the legal talent arrayed against him by a murderous gang, took charge of the prosecution with the help of Charles Baggs, another lawyer turned gold miner.

Few trials in history, not even in the old mining camps, have equalled this one. A lumber wagon was placed on one side of Nevada City's main streets to be used by the court. Dr. Don Byam, who lived in a house almost at the site of the trial, fearlessly agreed to preside as judge. The weather was intensely cold, and a big fire was lighted for both warmth and light at night. After two days of wrangling between lawyers, as lawyers are ever wont to do, the case was given to the jury.

As soon as the verdict of guilty was returned, Sanders leaped into the wagon and made a motion that Ives be hanged. Judge Byam put the motion to the assembled miners, and the vote was twenty to one for the execution.

Arrangements were made to carry out the verdict at once. When Ives made an appeal to Sanders for time to write to his

mother and pray, a voice from across the street boomed out like a clap of thunder: "Ask him how much time he gave the Dutchman."

When eyes turned toward the voice they saw X. Beidler perched on the dirt roof of a log cabin on the other side of the street, a double-barreled shotgun cradled in his arms, just in case Ives tried to escape or anyone was foolish enough to attempt rescue. The voice was George Ives' death knell.

The building in front of which the trial took place has long since disappeared, and a vacant lot with an old fashioned well with a rope and wheel, marks the site. You may read on an historical marker at the edge of the street: "Site of the Trial and Hanging of George Ives, Dec. 21, 1863. Most Remarkable Trial in History."

Ironically, George Ives was buried beside his victim in Nevada City's cemetery.

Within a few days the Vigilantes were organized from the Masonic lodges of Virginia City, Nevada City and Bannock; and with Jim Williams elected as their leader they soon cleaned out the criminals. After the hanging of some thirty in little more than a month, the remainder sought safer climates.

The dilapidated frame building in which was Cy Skinner's Saloon in Bannock is still standing beside the old Hotel Meade. This was headquarters for Plummer's road agents. After the Ives execution Skinner decided it was time to move. He fled to Hell Gate; but after they had hanged several others the Vigilantes caught up with him and Cyrus Skinner found himself at the end of his rope.

Even today, a century later, the interior of Skinner's ancient barroom is a ghoulish sort of place. The muslin that covered the walls and ceiling, hangs down in strips, and it does not take much imagination to bring back scenes of long ago, and the ghosts of those road agents, dead these many years.

The Vigilantes of Virginia City had a field day on January 14, 1864, when they hanged five highwaymen — Boone Helm, Jack Gallager, Haze Lyon, "Clubfoot" George Lane, and Frank Parish. You will find their graves on the hill high above the old gold camp, each marked with a heavy plank headboard. Those memorial tablets are probably original; but with the excep-



Replica of the original Gallows on which the Vigilantes hanged Henry Plummer and at least three others. The original stood here.

—Earle R. Forrest Photo.

tion of "Clubfoot" George, they have been painted a fresh white with the names in black, probably the work of the Chamber of Commerce, if Virginia City can boast of such an organization, to keep green the memories of those road agents of long ago for the benefit of modern tourists.

A large granite monument in nearby Alder Gulch stands on the very spot, pointed out many years later by Henry Edgar, one of the group, where gold was discovered May 26, 1863, by William H. Fairweather and five other prospectors, a discovery that started one of the great gold rushes of history. Through the efforts of Virginia City's Woman's Club and the help of Andrew Davis this enduring monument was erected, with the names of the six prospectors engraved upon it: William H. Fairweather, Henry Edgar, Thomas W. Cover, Michael Sweeney, Henry Rodgers, and Barney Hughes.

It also gives the information that: "Alder Gulch has produced over one hundred million dollars in gold. Size and production considered it ranks as the world's richest placer gulch."

One more item and I am through. Connected to the two-story log hotel in Nevada City is "Big John," the only two-story log "Chic Sale" in all this broad land.

New San Diego Corral Publishes First Book

San Diego Corral of Westerners is announcing the publication, in October, of their Brand Book No. 1. For one of California's newest Corrals, it is truly an ambitious project. To be published in an edition of 500 copies, it will feature the work of western artist, Olaf Wieghorst, and many distinguished historians. A number of the Wieghorst reproductions will be in full color.

Theme of the book will be centered on communication and transportation in the American West prior to the year 1900. Price of the Brand Book will be \$25.00, with a pre-publication offering at \$20.00. The first 25 copies, to be hand-numbered, will each contain one original Olaf Wieghorst water-color bound or tipped into that copy, and each of these collectors' volumes will be priced at \$250.00.

At least fifteen papers will be presented in this unique book, emphasizing primary source research in such Communication and Transportation subjects as: The American Indian, Roads and Trails, Military Pack Trains, Railroads, West Coast Maritime Activities, Baja California Transportation, Stagecoaches and Stations, Photography, California Mission Irrigation, and Spanish Expeditions.

Westerners interested should contact San Diego Corral, P. O. Box 7174, San Diego, California 92107.

Committee Schedules New Brand Book

On September 9, at the Arthur H. Clark Company, a meeting of the Corral's Brand Book Committee was held, with Bill Kimes serving as editor and chairman. Final publication details for Book No. 13 were worked out amid much lively discussion. Present were Chairman Bill Kimes, Homer Boelter, Don Meadows, Edwin Carpenter, and Paul Bailey. Acting as photographer and chauffeur was Iron Eyes Cody.

Ex-Sheriff John Kemble and Regular Member Robert A. Weinstein are serving as President and Vice-President of the Historical Society of Southern California.

Corral Chips . . .

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners are going to face the loss of one of the most active of our Active Members — William F. Kimes. Bill has decided to turn his back on smog and traffic, and is moving from southern California to the serenity of a sequestered mountain home in Mariposa. Bill, who is editor of the Corral's Brand Book, now in process, promises to hang around for duties as long as the Corral has need of his unique and special talents. All members are hoping that it will be a long time — and more especially until the Brand Book is safely put to bed.

CM Doris Harris was spotlighted in the national book world news when she came out top bidder at the recent James W. Denver auction sale held in New York City. Denver, one of the more colorful men of the West, served in the State as well as the National Legislature for California. Denver, Colorado was named after him, and he was involved in the Gwin-Broderick era of San Francisco. The catalogue of Doris Harris lists many prominent personalities of the Western scene, and will probably become a much sought collector's item.

Former Registrar James F. Gardiner is now once again on the West Coast and has joined up with his old Corral. His friends happily welcome him back.

Iron Eyes Cody was recently appointed a member of the board of directors of the Los Angeles Library Association. (Friends of the Library.)

Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey and his son, Lynn, have been busy reorganizing and expanding the typographic facilities of Westernlore Publishers. The new quarters, additional equipment, and the large selection of type faces adds up to one of the finest typesetting plants serving the book publishing industry of the West.

Ex-Sheriff George Fullerton and Registrar Everett Hager attended the gala 40th anniversary celebration of the Roxburghe Club, in San Francisco, held at the Porcelain Room, Palace of the Legion of Honor.

The Apache Problem A Modern Parallel

By HARVEY E. STARR, M.D.

PREFACE

It is perhaps axiomatic to say that some knowledge of what has transpired in the past is essential to an understanding of the events that have followed in sequence. And one may ask, "Does an acquaintance of the problems of yesteryear suggest any solutions that beset us nationwide in 1968?" I, for one, think so.

The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo not only transferred new territories to the United States, but the problems of the ceded areas. One of these was the so-called "Apache," and it was a sticky one, to say the least. It had plagued the Spaniards as they moved northward, and with Mexico's independence there had been no abatement. With the Peace Treaty ratified, the United States assumed responsibility for stopping Apache incursions into Mexico. How well, and by what means, did the United States solve this problem?

A quadrilogue of recent books sheds much light on the Apache problem, and clarifies the history of the Southwest in recent centuries. One of the four books I will mention, but will not include in the reviews is *Apacheria*, written by Westerner Dan L. Thrapp. It brings us to the final solution — is most informative of the American Period, and is with a few exceptions, an excellent work. The author gives a quotation from the great General Crook, in correspondence to the officers of his command — it reads, "Civilization cannot survive, nor can it advance, without respect for duly constituted authority."

This statement is relevant today as one views the breakdown of law and order in our nation. Today, are we living under less terror from the criminal and the lawless, than the early settlers in Arizona?

There is also, a marked similarity between the Apache wars and the vexatious Vietnam situation. The Apache, a nomadic predator, ravaged the settlements of Northern Mexico; the generally peaceful Hopi, Pueblo, and Papago; and then the American. Using guerrilla tactics to destroy, he found sanctuary in the deserts and moun-

tains. The North Vietnamese follow a similar pattern from the sanctuary allowed them in Cambodia, and above the DMZ, and the Society of Friends still believe that their peace concept will resolve all wars.

When predatory individuals or nations are permitted leeway, the law-abiding citizen, and the civilized nations will suffer until the evil forces are subjugated.

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THE APACHE FRONTIER, Jacobo Ugarte and Spanish-Indian Relations in Northern New Spain, 1769-1791, by Max L. Moorhead. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. Norman: 1968.

In 1521, the Aztec nation came under Spanish rule with the capture of Tenochtitlan (Mexico City). It was a restless age, and tribe after tribe were brought into submission. Northwest expansion continued successfully until 1550, when the land of the Chichimecas was entered. A fifty year war that was baffling, and expensive in lives and treasure began.

In 1580, the Marques de Villamarque arrived from Spain as viceroy. The Chichimeca problem drew his early attention. He reorganized the military, and launched a peace offensive that utilized the factors of available food, religious instruction, government protection, supplies of agricultural tools, and instruction in husbandry and trades. Success resulted from this policy, and the Indians adopted a mission status.

The Chichimeca barrier removed, northward expansion resumed. The colonists, priests and soldiers moved up the Rio Grande and into the area that would be called Gran Apacheria. Why warfare exploded with the Apache is debatable — perhaps because the Spanish tried to defend the Pueblos against Apache raids; or perhaps, the friction that would inevitably occur when cultures of such variance met.

The Spaniard never tamed the Apache. Year after year marauding parties struck the struggling frontiersmen, reaching deep into what are now the Mexican states of Nuevo Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, and Sonora. Had it not been for the pressures brought by Indians hostile to the Apache (Ute-Comanche), the Spanish could well have been driven back to Chichimeca.

In 1769, Jacobo Ugarte arrived on the frontier as governor of Coahuila. The Reg-

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The Apache Problem

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lamento de 1772, which followed the plan created by de Villamarque almost two centuries before, was put into operation. Success did not follow.

A survey of the Ugarte period is an excellent preview of a problem that awaited the United States.

This book is scholarly, and is a must for the student who wishes to understand the Apache problem of the past century.

One quotation by the author is striking. "It was the old story of a technologically-advanced military power frustrated by primitive guerrilla warfare."

* * * *

TOO FAR NORTH . . . TOO FAR SOUTH. The Controversial Boundary Survey and the Epic Story of the Gadsden Purchase, by Odie B. Faulk. Westernlore Press (Great West and Indian Series, XXXV). Los Angeles: 1967; pps. 186.

This is a scholarly and well researched study of the Boundary Survey. The end-plates reproduce the Disturnell Map of 1847. A brief introduction mentions some of the legends and misconceptions which have been accepted as fact. Each chapter is annotated with footnotes and references.

President Polk asked Major William Hemsley Emory of the Corps of Topographical Engineers to become Commissioner of the Boundary Survey. Emory was obviously well qualified, and was well known. His *Notes of a Military Reconnaissance from Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, to San Diego, in California*, had been printed in an edition of 10,000 copies by an order of Congress in 1848. Emory refused the President's offer because of the stipulation that he must resign his commission in the Topographical Corps.

The President then appointed Ambrose Sevier, one of the Treaty of Peace Commissioners, but death intervened before Senate confirmation.

John B. Weller was the next appointee. He arrived in San Diego along with Major Emory as commander of the military forces assigned to the survey; and United States Surveyor, Andrew B. Gray, on June 1, 1849. Organization for the survey began at once, but the Tyler administration ham-

pered Weller, and Secretary of State Clayton went so far as to offer the post to John C. Fremont.

In 1850, John Russell Bartlett was chosen — a Rhode Islander, whose principal qualifications for commissioner were: he was a well-known writer, and a good "party man." He apparently knew little or nothing about King Philip's War that had cost Rhode Island in colonial days so many lives and much treasure. Bartlett was a full fledged convert to the concept of "the noble red-man." He traveled and wrote considerably, while the Survey went to pot.

Finally, after the Gadsden Purchase and a survey of this new area was required, Major Emory became Commissioner in 1854. The field work was completed on October 15, 1855, and work on the final reports and maps got under way.

Major Emory stated in his *Journal of the Boundary Survey Commission*, concerning the Apaches — "I never trusted them; and during the last year of my experience with them I gave orders to permit none to come into any camp under my orders, and to kill them at sight. By taking this harsh but necessary step, I was the only person passing through this country who did not incur difficulty and loss."

The brief biographies of the members of the Boundary Commission from beginning to end, add much to the value of this book. I believe that it will be a long time before a better or more interesting account of the "Boundary Survey" is written.

* * * *

VAST DOMAIN OF BLOOD, by Don Schellie. The Camp Grant Massacre. Westernlore Press (Great West and Indian Series XXXVII). Los Angeles: 1968.

Frank Lockwood wrote in his often-quoted book, *Apache*, concerning the Camp Grant Massacre, "is the blackest page in the Anglo-Saxon records of Arizona . . . There were staunch and honest citizens in Arizona at that time, but their numbers were all too few. On the other hand, there were numerous and depraved men."

The leaders of the party that attacked the Apaches under their Chief Eskiminzin in the vicinity of Camp Grant, on April 29, 1871 could hardly be called depraved. William Saunders Oury was one of the respected citizens of Tucson. Jesus Maria

Elias, leader of the Mexican community, and whose people had suffered much from the Apache, was highly regarded. Chief Francisco was held in esteem as a leader of the dependable and friendly Papagos.

It is not too difficult to understand the terror that stalked Arizona in 1871. Raids were being made regularly, citizens killed, property destroyed, and livestock stolen. Looking to the military for help, there was disappointment. The army units were too small and too few to be an effective police force.

Also to be considered was the policy of the Government at this time concerning Indian Affairs. In 1869, President Grant was beleaguered by the Indian problem—Arizona, and the Plains area. The Quakers, or orthodox Friends, who revered the successful record of William Penn in his equitable relations with the Indians, were placed in charge of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Shortly, most appointees were members of various denominations, pledged to peace and Christianization.

But it was hard to blot out old hatreds, or to change the Indian disposition to raid, destroy, kill and steal. General Crook, arriving in Arizona after the Camp Grant massacre was restricted in his military program. The Quaker effort ended in failure, and may have prolonged the Indian Wars.

Vast Domain of Blood is a remarkable book. It starts with the opening of "The Trial" of the leaders of the massacre. Life in Tucson of the period is wonderfully portrayed in "The Prelude." The action in "The Massacre" is vividly reproduced, and there is no lessening in the suspense level to the ending of "The Trial." The Epilogue, Bibliography, and Index also place this book on a praiseworthy historical level.

The Camp Grant Massacre should never have happened, but it did. It may not have, had the principle of "equal and exact justice" been applied to Redman and White alike with uncompromising firmness. Herein is a lesson and warning. When frustration mounts into anger born of an intolerable situation, that political leaders and well intentioned groups have tried to placate, ignore, or by trying unrealistic solutions—then the law-abiding citizen can and does rise in fury and dispense his own brand of justice.

Corral Chips . . .

Ex-Sheriff Paul Galleher has been honored by the city of Glendale, California, by an appointment as President of the Glendale Symphony Association.

Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows spent one happy weekend, late in August, making a cruising circuit of Southern California's Channel Islands.

At the annual meeting of the Conference of Historical Societies, hosted by the Orange County historical societies, and held at the Saddleback Inn in Santa Ana June 20 and 22, the photographic and slide displays of Westerner Bob Weinstein were one of the hits of the convention. His historical showings, both at the Round Table on "Photographic Archives," and his amazing collection of gold rush historicals, shown at the luncheon on Saturday, were very much appreciated.

In the turbulent sea of politics, Earl Adams serenely sails his craft by serving as chairman of the Nixon for President Committee for Los Angeles County.

CM Ed Carpenter's "Benito Wilson—Yankee to California" was an interesting part of the Annual of the Downey Historical Society.

Ex-Sheriff Arthur H. Clark has been appointed to the Los Angeles County Watershed Commission. This commission is deeply concerned in preservation of the vital mountain trees, grasses and shrubbery against the continuous onslaughts of fires, floods and erosion.

On June 29 CM Dr. Al Shumate was master of ceremonies at the San Francisco Civic Birthday Luncheon, held at the Officers Club in the Presideo. This was in celebration of the city's 192d birthday.

James Algar journeyed homeward, on June 12, to be the speaker at the commencement program of Modesto Junior College. Jim was a member of its class of 1931, and his talk, appropriately, was "Tribute to a Home Town."

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

LOS ANGELES, A PROFILE, by W. W. Robinson. 138 pp., map. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. The Centers of Civilization Series, Vol. 25. \$2.95.

It has been only a comparatively short time since the University of Oklahoma Press launched a unique publishing project devoted to world cities which have exercised significance and influence upon the civilizations in which they flourished. In the twenty-four previous volumes of the Centers of Civilization Series, such diverse cities as Boston, Chicago and Moscow have been dealt with. It has taken Westerner W. W. Robinson, our popular and erudite historian, to write the best book in the series.

If a reader settles down to this handy little volume expecting to read out of it a tourist's compendium, a guide to high spots, a bitter critique, or the usual nauseous nostalgia for the rancho and mission days, he will come away both surprised and disappointed. This author approaches his operation with surgeon-like skill. He probes, dissects, examines all the exposed tissue—healthy and moribund—and then sutures his organic examination neatly back into place.

He begins his analysis of Los Angeles by pungent examination of what others think and say about the "Kook Capital of the World," "Moronia," and the "Six suburbs in search of a city." Out of this therapy emerges a picture of a city which, while it may not be exactly as one would want it or have it, certainly shows up as a notable and newsworthy center of civilization.

Will Robinson seems to gleefully take his willing readers on what begins as a Kook Tour. It ends up as a serious and thoughtful study of a great metropolis. He makes his points with the "Motorized City," "Hollywood Impact," "Cultural Detonation," and the inescapable "Spanish-Mexican Heritage." His chapter on the city's great journalistic umbrella, the *Los Angeles Times*, is neater, kindlier, and less caustic than Bonelli's *Billion Dollar Blackjack*, but it does indicate how one city's mores were guided and

manipulated by a typewriter and a green eye-shade.

But the one chapter most likely to delight Westerners is the author's verbal exploration into "Myth-Making." Many a pet fairy tale pertaining to the city's romantic era, today accepted as fact, is demolished once and for all by the sledge-hammer blows of historical research. But Bill's cutting and whamming has sound purpose, and is never in the familiar tradition of the satirist and muck-raker. By putting the record straight, Bill does the city he loves a great service. And, don't worry about what he does to Los Angeles. She has plenty of things going for her.

For a local history and compendium of facts and fancy, *Los Angeles, a Profile*, is a honey. And should you need even more pertaining to same, our gifted Westerner historian has included a chapter on "Books About Los Angeles."

PAUL BAILEY.

 GHOSTS OF THE GOLD RUSH, by George Koenig. La Siesta Press, 72 pages, 14 full-page photographs. \$1.95. 173 copies hand bound by Bela Blau.

GHOSTS OF THE GOLD RUSH is a fascinating relation of California's delightfully romantic and historically articulate Mother Lode Country. From my own crowded section of first editions on the gold rush epoch, this is the item I would unhesitatingly choose as companion on any future excursion into this land of beckoning enchantment.

The book's most valuable contribution is the instant directional guidance it provides—the most rewarding routes of travel, their physical condition, facilities available along the way, separating distances between suggested points of interest, precisely what to look for in each of the many recommended areas.

The book supplies a wide and varied menu of historical goodies designed to appease the insatiable appetite of the most enthusiastic Gold Country buff. Who among us has feasted upon such choice delicacies as Red Dog, Jayhawk, Roaring Camp, Pinch 'em Tight, Jesus Maria, Bed Bug, and a score of others as temptingly tasty? Who, indeed, has ever heard or read of those obscure historical gems? Only an

author of Koenig's extensive and intimate knowledge of the Gold Country could have revealed them to us. For the past twenty years he has driven, jeeped and hiked over dimly marked trails that few would venture to travel. In 1957 he authored his popular *Mother Lode Guide*, which definitely established him as an authority on this challenging area.

Incidentally, this book is product of two fellow Westerners. George Koenig wrote it; Walt Wheelock published it. In the opinion of this reviewer, *GHOSTS OF THE GOLD RUSH* is one of the more attractive of the La Siesta Press releases. Mr. Wheelock has done a superb job in his preparation of the four sectional maps. These are closely coordinated with the text, providing immediate directional guidance to its more than 200 included areas of appealing interest.

— E. I. EDWARDS.

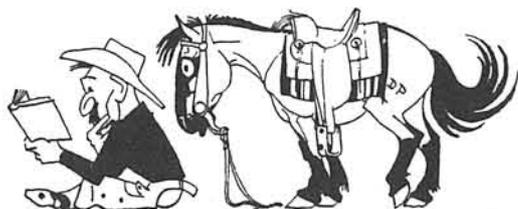


CHEYENNE MEMORIES, by John Stands in Timber and Margot Liberty, with the assistance of Robert M. Utley. Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 1967. 330 pp. Illustrated. \$7.95.

One usually reviews a new book. *Cheyenne Memories* has been around and has created so much controversy that I would like to add more wood to the fire. Many have read the review by David M. Emmons of the History Department at the University of Montana at Missoula. This review was in the winter 1968 issue of the *Montana Magazine of History*. Fortunately historian Mark H. Brown was critical of the review, and in the spring 1968 issue wrote a rebuttal. I join Mr. Mark Brown in what I consider a very unfair review by Mr. Emmons.

Mr. David Emmons asks: "How can one write honestly of the destruction of a people and a culture . . . especially if one is of that people and shares in that culture . . . without bitterness?" Going on he says, "Stands in Timber though an honest and conscientious voice for his people, was not the Chief Joseph of his people."

Knowing and having had many fine and interesting talks with Stands in Timber, I resent much of what Emmons said. While visiting many Indian historical sites with Stands in Timber I know he had a very



thorough and authentic knowledge of the facts. He was too intelligent to speak with bitterness. In becoming too emotional one loses listeners. John acknowledged broken treaties of the white man, and many unfair dealings received by the Northern Cheyenne. Stands in Timber knew that one who holds hate and bitterness had little to gain by rash moves. To compare Stands in Timber with Chief Joseph was unethical and cruel.

I'm fearful that the Missoula historian is troubled by one big factor. To be plain and simple I think that he doesn't know and understand the Indian people. The Indian records what happened—and isn't concerned about the reasons why. He then accepts this history and doesn't beat his head against walls, as we do, trying to find and explain reasons why. It sounds like an explanation by a psychologist might be asked for.

Stands in Timber has been little credited for help and aid he has given many historians and writers. There are many examples of this, and it's something I find disgusting when this credit is not given. Charles B. Erlanson in his *Battle of the Butte* lists his acknowledgments to several colleges, libraries, and their department heads and librarians. Why he neglected John is beyond my comprehension. True Erlanson worked in the battlefield area, but without Stands in Timber (pictured on page 11 of his pamphlet) it is very doubtful if he could have located one battle position from another. John should have received credit for his covering the battle site, and for giving the Indian version, and for pointing out Indian markers on the battlefield.

John was never afraid to say, "I don't know" or "I know little about a certain happening of which you are talking." *Cheyenne Memories* mentions many little historical incidents that I found interesting

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The Western Book Trail

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and rewarding to read. I can easily join Mark H. Brown and say it's well worth reading, and not take the viewpoint of Mr. Emmons that it's a disappointing book.

Emmons speaks of his difficulty in seeing Margot Liberty being the co-author. Speaking with John I can see where her work and effort would qualify her as co-author. After all, should not all sources and research be checked?

Whatever service or help Robert Utley provided cannot be overlooked. To attempt to degrade Utley I find distasteful. Robert Utley's own writings and books are a credit to any library. His work in any capacity cannot be disregarded. *Cheyenne Memories* is a good book! To those interested in the Northern Cheyenne, it's a must.

— AL HAMMOND.



ERNEST DAWSON AND HIS WONDERFUL SHOP, a reminiscence by Anna Marie Hager. 100 copies only, printed by Grant Dahlstrom.

One of the most respected stalwarts of Los Angeles Corral is Ex-Sheriff Glen Dawson. It is significant that on the anniversary of the removal of the famous Dawson Book Shop, under the joint proprietorship of Glen and Muir Dawson, to the beautiful new quarters on Larchmont Street, that this commemorative booklet should be written by CM Anna Marie Hager, a former employee of this historic shop.

Glen and Muir Dawson preside over an already famous establishment pioneered by their father, Ernest Dawson. What they have added to this heritage is well known and appreciated by every book-lover in California. This tender and understanding published reminiscence catches the spirit and flavor of Dawson's as nothing has ever been done before. Anna Marie Hager, by her gifted writing, has acknowledged a great human, marked an epoch, and heralded a future.

The booklet is beautifully printed by Westerner Grant Dahlstrom, in two colors, and is a keepsake to be treasured by every Westerner lucky enough to have gained one of its hundred copies.

— PAUL BAILEY.

I'M FRANK HAMER, by John H. Jenkins and H. Gordon Frost. The Pemberton Press, Austin and New York, 1968. 305 pp. Illustrated. \$7.50.

Texas Ranger Captain Frank Hamer was a well known lawman. There has been little written about him that begins to compare with the deeds he performed. Perhaps the movie, *Bonnie and Clyde*, will help to make the book quite timely, as it was Hamer who tracked down and killed Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow.

Frank Hamer was a man of action, and was participant in nearly a hundred gun fights with outlaws. He is said to have killed fifty-three men in his line of duty. Hamer was wounded seventeen times, and left for dead on four different occasions. Each deed and happening stimulates one's interest, and one finds it a difficult book to set down after starting to read it.

The Hamer biography tells of his life and the law before the automobile. A ranger in the saddle, Frank Hamer tangled with many of the early day gun fighters. His border ranger days covered time spent catching Mexican bandits, and making friends among the Mexican Rurales. J. Edgar Hoover speaks of Hamer as being one of the greatest law officers in American history.

Frank Hamer was a quiet, simple, and sincere man, who didn't care who was receiving credit for a job well done. His story was much sought after by authors, publishers, motion picture and television writers. They were all turned down, for Hamer chose to have his story done after his death and have the story rights passed on to his family.

Authors John Jenkins and Gordon Frost spent three years in research. With the help of the Hamer family and friends, they did this fine biography of the Texas lawman. The many photographs add to the enlightenment and fascination of the man's life. This book is a sure collector's item.

— AL HAMMOND.



Ex-Sheriff Glen Dawson can relax somewhat after the moving hassle with a few thousand books from Dawson's Book Shop at the old location on Figueroa to a spanking brand new building at 535 N. Larchmont Blvd. The new home of this venerable book shop is a place of beauty.