



MARCH 1970

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 96

WETHERILLS IN A LONESOME GRAVE

By AL HAMMOND

John Wetherill came from a family of five brothers who were all active in the discovery and excavation of many cliff dwellings and surface ruins of the Anasazi — the Ancient ones. Their first discovery of cliff dwellings was near their home ranch in Mancos Valley. Mesa Verde was excavated and it was discovered in a territory of many other dwellings. Today it is one of the most traveled cliff dwelling spots in our United States and is one of the prominent National Parks. John was not as well known as his brother, Richard, whose work at Pueblo Bonito in Chaco Canyon, location of the largest surface ruin in our country, and the Basket Maker site of Grand Gulch, Utah, received more news coverage. Not to be overshadowed, John was a noted guide and Indian trader. His discoveries of Betatakin and Rainbow Bridge brought him fame in his day.

John and his wife, Louisa, pioneered the opening of Monument Valley and the surrounding region. It was at their trading post at Kayenta, Arizona, established in 1909 that the first travelers stayed. They were visited by many noted people and theirs were the only accommodations to be found. Wetherill formed a partnership with Clyde Colville and they were known as Wetherill and Colville Indian Traders.

The Wetherill Trading Post was promoted and encouraged by Hoskeninni, a Navajo headman of the Northern Navajo. He knew the trading post would be of benefit to his people and it was he who asked the Weth-



Mrs. Buck Rodgers, "Betty," one of the Navajo children adopted by the Wetherills.

—Photo by Al Hammond.

erills to stay and build there. The Wetherills were well received by the Navajo and soon knew the customs and ways of the people. They spoke fluent Navajo and had the Indians interest at heart. They were successful

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The Branding Iron

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

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The Roundup Foreman

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

Trail Bosses and Round-Up Foreman have agreed that the traditions of the L.A. Corral are the basis for its continuing success. Your Round-Up Foreman would go a step further and say that some of the great comradeship and spirit of the smaller size Westerner organization of past years could be recaptured by our renewed emphasis on our publication and research activities. The *Brand Book* should probably be made the pinnacle of this effort and underneath that star would be our more diverse efforts including the keepsakes and the *Branding Iron*.

I believe this publishing effort would help us recapture some of the old magic of the past.

The Trail Bosses and Round-Up Foreman welcome all your suggestions and comments regarding this re-emphasis on our publication program.

TAD LONERGAN,
Roundup Foreman.

CONGRESS OF HISTORY, at Grossmont College, El Cajon March 5-7, 1970 saw the following Active Members in attendance: Everett G. Hager, William Hendricks, John Mason Jeffrey and Walt Wheelock.

C.M.'s: Harold Elliott from San Francisco; Richard Coke Wood from Stockton; William J. Reed and Max Johnson from San Diego and Anna Maria Hager, San Pedro.

Max Johnson, Vice-president for the Congress of History did a bang-up job for the Congress handling many time-consuming jobs and helping to make the Congress a success.

Bill Reed, the first speaker at the Congress gave a mighty interesting talk on Olaf Wieghorst and had some of his beautifully printed books about Olaf on display.

We were saddened to hear of the death of Kenneth R. Stephens, corresponding member, who died March 11, 1970 at 40 years of age.

Mr. Stephens was Glendale Councilman and former Mayor of Glendale. He was also President of Stephens Printing Company of Glendale whose firm did the printing our *Brand Book 12*.

His western interests were principally in early printing ihstory, and he was a member of Book Club of California, various printing associations, Kiwanis, etc., vio con dios.

The Foreman Sez...

Recently I have spent some time going over old *Branding Irons* and keepsakes in an attempt to pick up the spirit of the L.A. Corral of the Westerners. I am amazed at the amount of excellent material that is available in these old publications. Our predecessors seemed to have more of an urge to publish than even we do.

This brought to mind a need for some present day goals for the Westerners. Your
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In Remembrance

LEE SHIPPEY

1883 - 1969

By PAUL BAILEY

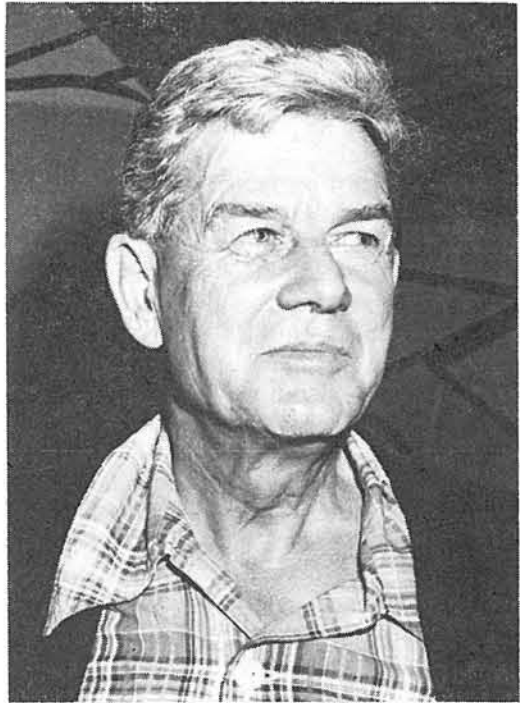
MANY of the newer members of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners were never given the privilege and honor of intimately knowing and associating with one of its most distinguished Honorary Members, Lee Shippey. But those of us of the older circle will never completely put out of memory the tall, slender, handsome, smiling and lovable human that was Lee. He was one of the kindest, most gentle humans God ever created. In his death Los Angeles Corral, along with the journalistic and literary world, lost one of its truly great ones.

One by one the stalwarts of this unique fellowship have inexorably been cut down by the sharp and sure scythe of time. Now Lee Shippey joins Clarence Ellsworth, Frederick Hodge, Billy Dodson, Percy Bonebrake, Lonnie Hull, Bob Woods, Ed Ainsworth, Earle Forrest, Carroll Friswold, and a host of other great Westerners who have moved on to the green and nostalgic range of memory.

Those of us who knew Lee intimately can never put his vision from us. He was much much more than a distinguished journalist, veteran columnist, author of seventeen books, and one of the most successful of stage plays. The personality of Lee Shippey wrapped in its warm embrace every human within its contact. In all the time I knew Lee, I never heard an unkind word ever fall from his lips regarding another human.

But the most impressive characteristic about Lee Shippey, and the least visible to the outside world, was the massive courage of this man. In spite of almost complete blindness, and against almost insuperable odds, he carved out an enviable career in one of the most difficult and exacting of all professions. His endless good humor, and the fact that he never talked about his handicap, kept the problem hidden from the general public. Only the closest of his friends were cognizant of the uphill battle that never truly ended for Lee.

In his touching and tender autobiography, *Luckiest Man Alive*, Lee finally and cheer-



LEE SHIPPEY

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

fully revealed how it all came about. At age twenty, as a part-time proofreader on the old *Kansas City Journal*, and a young creative writer striving desperately to get published, Lee felt the necessity of aping the suave appearance and studied nonchalance of the professional. That, of course, necessitated the smoking of a pipe. It couldn't be an ordinary pipe — for there was nothing ordinary about the successful writer. Wilson Enos, at that time, was playing stock in a Kansas City repertoire theater. Though an actor, he was Lee's idol — at least in appearance.

Wilson Enos smoked Perique, in a meerschaum pipe, and he did it with grace and elegance. One day Lee had the opportunity of meeting Enos in a local tobacco shop. In conversation, Enos helped Lee pick out a meerschaum — big and ornate enough to honor any writer, no matter how gifted. It took the last ten dollars Lee possessed — a long-stemmed beauty with a massive eagle claw supporting the bowl. Enos not only told him how to give the new meerschaum the brownish old-world finish by daily application of wood alcohol to its glaze, but he ex-

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plained the quality of the tobacco raised only in Perique Parish in Louisiana. Armed with a tin of Perique, and a pint of wood alcohol, the young proofreader and author settled down to acquire the studied poise of the professional.

The Perique he found strong enough to take his head off, and he settled for a cheaper and milder brand of tobacco. He was much more persistent about aging his precious pipe with wood alcohol. Every day he poured the spirits into the pipe, and assiduously soaked the bowl and stem until the pipe browned wondrously. At the end of three weeks of smoking and treating the pipe, Lee began to have violent headaches. One morning he woke up totally blind.

The physicians were mystified, and Lee was frantic over the calamity. Only by accident was it discovered the true cause of his loss of sight. Down in the eagle claws of the pipe were the hidden pockets which had held and retained the wood alcohol. When Lee smoked the pipe, the poisonous alcohol had been delivered into his system in its most lethal form, as absorptive vapor. Wood alcohol is destructive to the optic nerves. The meerschaum pipe had made a blind man of a youngster who wanted more than anything in the world to be a successful writer.

Luckily, a portion of Lee's sight came back, but very little. But, with a handicap that would have destroyed all hopes of a man less resolute and brave, Lee Shippey still accomplished the impossible. By sheer guts and tenacity, he rose to newspaperman, lecturer, foreign correspondent in World War I, dean of columnists, novelist, historian, and playwright. His doing so, is one of the success stories of the ages. So truly remarkable was this great man's career, that his autobiographical *Luckiest Man Alive* was made into a "talking book" under auspices of the Library of Congress, so that other similarly handicapped Americans might also take heart. To read this last book of Lee's is a privilege. Those of Los Angeles Corral who have done so, have labeled it as unforgettable.

Lee Shippey was a great Westerner. He loved Los Angeles Corral. He loved his fellow members in this organization. Up until the time of his retirement, after thirty-two years as columnist on the Los Angeles *Times*, and his move to Del Mar, Lee was

constant in his attendance at the meetings. The last time I saw Lee in the flesh, was at San Diego Corral. Ill though Lee was, he came all the way from Del Mar because I happened also to be that Corral's speaker. He loved his friends, and he was loyal to them. His friends just as truly loved him.

His famous "Lee Side o' L.A." column is gone from the *Times*. His gifted pen will write no more books. No longer will this stately, gray-haired, smiling Honorary Member grace the meetings of Los Angeles Corral. But there are a lot of Westerners who are missing him.

Yes, Lee — we miss you. We miss you very much.

* * * * *

A Tribute to Lee

By RAY ZEMAN

Mr. Ray Zeman, County Bureau Chief of the Los Angeles Times, a friend of the Westerners and visitor of the Corral on several occasions, agreed to write the following biographical sketch of Lee Shippey. He knew Lee well, having worked with him for many years on the Times.

Lee Shippey, 86, retired Los Angeles Times columnist and author of 17 books, died December 30 in an Encinitas nursing home after suffering a stroke in 1968.

He had written the daily "Leeside o' L.A." column for 22 years until his retirement in 1949 but he continued others titled "Seymour Family" intermittently for another 15 years.

Handicapped when accidentally half-blinded in his youth, Mr. Shippey carried on cheerfully, even when often threatened with total blindness.

He began work at the age of 15 as a packinghouse laborer upon the death of his father.

Later, while still attending high school, he became a copyholder and then a proofreader on a Kansas City newspaper.

For \$7 a week he worked six days on a 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. schedule and on his "day off" from 11 p.m. to 3 a.m. Poor eyesight forced him to quit.

He lectured on the Chautauqua circuit and edited a small town newspaper before

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being rejected by the Army (eyesight again) when he tried to enlist in World War I.

He went overseas anyway as a Y.M.C.A. secretary and correspondent for the *Kansas City Star*.

After the war he traveled in Mexico, became editor of the *Tampico Press* and did free lance writing (jokes, light verse and humorous fiction) for more than 30 magazines like the old *Life*, *Munsey's*, *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post* and *Harper's*.

But the stork kept coming for Mr. Shippey and his French bride.

In 1927, broke, jobless and with five children, he arrived in Los Angeles and reminded Harry Chandler, publisher of *The Times*, of a remark Chandler had made in 1918 praising an article Shippey wrote from Verdun after seeing the end of the war.

Chandler made good on a promise to hire the writer of that article any time he wished.

Mr. Shippey began writing "Lee Side" and developed a following similar to that of other *Times* columnists — Chapin Hall, Ed Ainsworth, Harry Carr, John Steven McGroarty and Bill Henry.

In 1933 Mr. Shippey began writing novels — *Where Nothing Ever Happens*, *The Girl Who Wanted Experience*, and *If We Only Had Money*.

"The Great American Family," based on his financial problems in free-lancing days, was made into a play and won Book of the Month Club approval.

His whimsy was reflected in a string of others — *It's an Old California Custom* and his 1959 *The Luckiest Man Alive*.

Later he contributed weekly columns to the *San Diego Union* and the *Del Mar Surfer*.

In 1966 he was honored at the national convention of Sigma Delta Chi for 50 years of service to this professional journalists' Society.

(His family has asked friends to send donations to the Sigma Delta Chi Student Scholarship Fund, in care of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club, 600 N. Vermont Ave., Los Angeles.)

Mr. Shippey leaves his wife, Madeleine; four sons, Frank of Coronado, Henry of Detroit, Charles of Chula Vista and John of

Boston; a daughter, Mrs. Sylvia Thomas of San Diego; 13 grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Private funeral services were conducted January 2 in El Camino Memorial Park, San Diego.

Iron Eyes In Orbit

In the early part of September, Westerner Iron Eyes Cody, traveled to Spain to star in a picture to be called "El Condor." He played the part of the Apache Chief Santa. He also acted as technical advisor, and furnished many of the props and costumes. The picture was shot in Almeria, near Madrid, and in locations around the Mediterranean Sea. While on the picture he visited Morocco, Tangiers and Africa.

When the picture was finished Iron Eyes spent a few days in Madrid and then spent ten days photographing Rome. He then visited Westerner George Fronval for a week in Paris. George sends his best wishes to his fellow Westerners here.

Iron Eyes also visited Yugoslavia, West Berlin and many little towns through that area. He traveled on to London for a few days then arrived back in the U. S. on the 17th of January. He is getting ready to promote the picture "A Man Called Horse," a picture about the Sioux Indians in the early days.



Actors Nick Cravette and Iron Eyes Cody pose at that sign that conjures intrigue and mystery. Iron Eyes looks more like a Mohammedan than a Sioux.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photo.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JANUARY

Thirty Westerners and thirty-one Corresponding Members gathered at Taix restaurant on the evening of January 14 to hear Thomas F. Andrews, Professor of History at Pasadena College, speak on "The Ambitions of Lansford Warren Hastings, a Study in Western Myth Making." Hastings has been held responsible for the Donner Party debacle by directing the wagon train over an unexplored cutoff, but studies made by Andrews indicate that much of the evidence on which Hastings was maligned was based on hearsay. A critical and factual account of Hastings' activities will be published by Mr. Andrews sometime in the near future. A minute of silence was observed and a brief eulogy by Harvey Starr honored the memory of our late Westerner Lee Shippey. Three fine paintings by former Westerner Clyde Forsythe were on exhibit, courtesy of the Saddleback Art Gallery.

FEBRUARY

Earl F. Nation, M.D. CM LA Corral was the speaker for the February meeting on February 11, 1970 at the Taix Restaurant. "The Gunfighters Surgeon" was an excellent review of the life of George E. Goodfellow M.D. of Tombstone, Arizona Territory.

Dr. Nation, himself a practicing urologist in Pasadena, gave credit to Dr. Goodfellow for his publication of several reports in the medical literature that have been subsequently cited as "firsts."

One wonders, after hearing Dr. Nations presentation, if the oft told tale of the frontier doctor being an academic dropout on the lam from the eastern establishment or an alcoholic, is valid. It is possible that some of these "doctors" were the brighter and hardier of their species!

The exhibit was under the direction of Tom McNeill and many members contributed collections of old surgical instruments (they must never be called tools) and paraphernalia, including an old enema apparatus that looked like some medieval torture instrument.

MARCH

On Wednesday evening March 12, 1970,

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the largest group ever, gathered at the Taix Restaurant. There were 92 members and guests who heard Hugh Tulford present an illustrated review of the gold camps in Southern Nevada and an abridged history of the railroad development in this area. Hugh has been collecting pictures and photographs of Nevada history and his photographic collection alone now numbers over 2,000 items. Hugh also brought a number of items of ephemera and memorabilia of this era. This was accompanied by a partial showing of Hank Clifford's gold and silver collection. Other members contributed art items for the occasion.

Our Sheriff, William Newbro, was unable to be present for the whole meeting and in the absence of Aldon Miller, who was in London, the reins were turned over to the immediate past Sheriff, Ernie Hovard.

Guests at the March 12th, 1970, meeting included Leo S. Moore, 3851 Motor Avenue, Culver City, Calif. — an honored past president of the Death Valley Forty-niners.

Other guests included Phil Martin, M.D., and Elwin Dunn, M.D., both guests of your Round-Up Foreman.

Mr. Tony Kroll of 25 West Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, was present. His particular area of interest is Western art and engraving.

From San Diego came Dr. Lauren C. Post who is the Professor of Geography at



Speaker at the February meeting, corresponding member Earl Nation, stands next to Alden Miller, Deputy Sheriff, and Bill Newbro, Sheriff.

—Iron Eyes Cody Photo.



Councilman Arthur K. Snyder receives a facsimile of the famous Mexican document of 1835 which made Los Angeles a city from Westerner John Kemble (right), president of the Historical Society of Southern California, and Westerner Henry Clifford (left), a trustee and past president of the California Historical Society. The document, one of the rarest printed items relating to Los Angeles, was given to the City of Los Angeles as a token of the Historical Society of Southern California's appreciation for the use of city-owned "El Alisal" (Lummis Home, Highland Park) as headquarters.

San Diego State College. Dr. Post's new book on Louisiana has just been published. Several guests were present. These included:

Mr. Rick Saccone of the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History who is the Acting Curator of Collections. He was the guest of Sid Platford. He has a real interest in old guns and brought several items to the show.

William A. Bailey, M.D., came as guest of Tom McNeil. It seems that with the interest of Dr. Bailey in Western history that he should be sent a corresponding membership application.

Mr. A. Chester Douglas of Read & Company was a guest of George Fullerton.

Corresponding member M. H. Kessen came as a guest of Raymond Wells.

We welcome these guests to the Corral.

Mrs. Mary Howell Dodson, wife of the beloved late Westerner Robert A. "Billy" Dodson, was honored by the National Cowboy Hall of Fame for her article that appeared in *Frontier Times*, entitled "Bennett Howell's Cow County." This article was named "outstanding western magazine article of 1969" and brought Mrs. Dodson the 10th annual Western Heritage Award—the Wrangler Trophy, a replica of a Russell Bronze.

"Billy," as he was affectionately known to all Westerners, was a real western cowboy who felt that the public image of the irresponsible, wild, drunk Saturday night, Cowboy was not accurate. He contributed to the Corral, not only by his presence but in articles and as a speaker.

Mrs. Dodson, now 82, lives in Verdugo City. She was born in 1887 in Roswell, New Mexico, where her father was foreman of the John Chisum Ranch.



Spanish Trabuco by Tenas of Ripoll, a well known maker of the early 18th century. Note the bar on the under side of the stock. The ring for attaching to a belt hook is on the opposite side and does not show in the photo.

—From the noted collection of W. Keith Neal, Westminster, England.

THE TRABUCO STORY

By HERSCHEL LOGAN

The date was Wednesday, July 26, 1769 . . . the time, around three o'clock in the afternoon . . . the place, a flat topped mesa in Southern California. A special Mass had been concluded, and the Expedition headed by Don Gaspar de Portala was making ready for the march. Even though it was late in the day it was felt they should break camp and get started. Tomorrow would be a long day to a dry camp for this, the first contingent of Europeans to blaze a trail through Southern California on their way to Monterey.

The camp site left behind was named San Francisco Solano by Franciscan priests. It would come to have another name, as we shall see later.

Riding in the lead as the Expedition slowly wound its way down off the mesa, into the arroyo like canyon, were the mounted Catalonian Volunteers . . . or, as they were nicknamed "the Leather Jackets." This appellation having been given them because of the leather jackets they wore . . . jackets composed of two or three layers of bullock hides to ward off any arrows from unfriendly Indians, should such be encountered.

Exchanging pleasantries and ribald quips to one another the mounted Volunteers eased their horses across the tiny stream which meandered lazily down the bed of the canyon. Sometime after reaching the opposite side one of the soldiers noted, to his dismay, that his trabuco (blunderbuss) carbine was

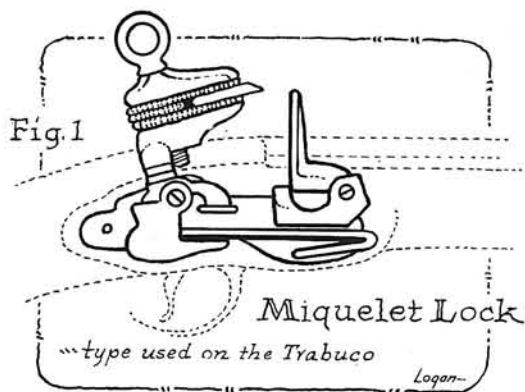
missing. Obviously, he reasoned, it had become unhooked from the ring on the saddle. These short, carbine type of guns were provided with a bar and ring to permit them to be attached to a shoulder lanyard, or to a hook on the saddle. This permitted the free use of both arms for the rider. Depending on where the gun was attached it could well have dropped off un-noticed. Be that as it may . . . the gun was lost.

Historical accounts are vague concerning just where the gun was lost, and how the mesa got its name. Padre Font, writing of the incident in his diary, under date of January 8, 1776, nearly seven years later, gives this account . . . "They gave it this name in the first Expedition because at this place where there is a small arroyo they lost a blunderbuss."

There has been a speculation that perhaps it could have been lost in the canyon on the Expedition's return journey from Monterey to San Diego. Perhaps it will never be known . . . all that is sure is that it was lost on the first Expedition.

It seems logical to assume that maybe in a period of jest the buddies of the hapless youth referred to the canyon as the place, "where he lost his trabuco." In any event it was from this simple incident that this picturesque canyon got its name, "Trabuco Canyon." Possibly the only time a canyon derived its name from the loss of a blunderbuss.

From that day to the present this canyon,



extending from some four miles southeast of Santiago Peak to the ocean near San Juan Capistrano, nearly twenty miles away, has been familiarly known as Trabuco Canyon. All because of one lone soldier's misfortune of losing his gun.

* * * *

So much for the historical account of how this interesting canyon in Orange County (California) got its name. Let us now turn our attention to a discussion of the Spanish guns . . . of which the trabuco was a part.

According to Spanish dictionaries the word "trabuco" means; 1, a catapult or ancient battering engine, 2, blunderbuss. In other words the trabuco was a "scatter gun", as opposed to a true rifle using one bullet. A blunderbuss is a rather short arm of the carbine type. It has a large, smoothbore barrel which flares out into a bell, or oval, shape at the muzzle. These picturesque guns appear to have originated in Germany during the early seventeenth century. The name is generally believed to have been derived from two German words, "Dunder" (thunder) and "Buche" (gun) . . . later corrupted into the word "blunderbuss."

Even though the blunderbuss, as a type, did not originate in Spain . . . and even though it did not achieve the popularity there as elsewhere the guns were in use there by the military. During the mid 1700's when Spain was anticipating trouble with their English rivals in the central part of the country . . . they armed their Spanish Missouri Company with "Swival guns and blunderbusses."

As picturesque as was the true blunderbuss, it underwent a change in the hands of Spanish gunmakers. From it evolved a more refined, and graceful arm—the Spanish Trabuco. Three important features—lock, stock

and barrel—set this gun apart from others of the period. These will be illustrated, and described, as we proceed.

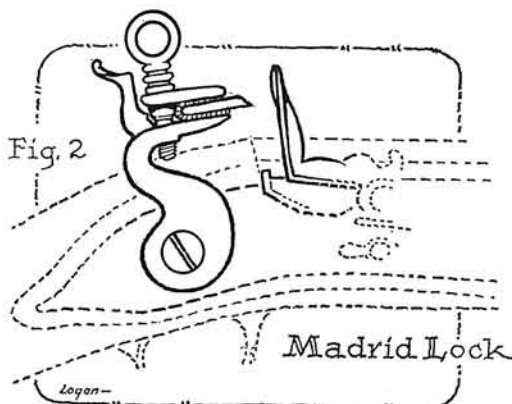
If it appears that some of the earliest of Spanish arms bear a similarity to those made in Germany, this is only natural, as we shall see. In 1530 Emperor Charles V was instrumental in persuading two talented, and experienced, gunsmiths of Augsburg, Germany to move to Madrid. To the Marquarte brothers, Simon and Pedro, should go the credit for starting Spain on a course which was ultimately to result in the fabrication of some of the really fine arms to be seen on the continent.

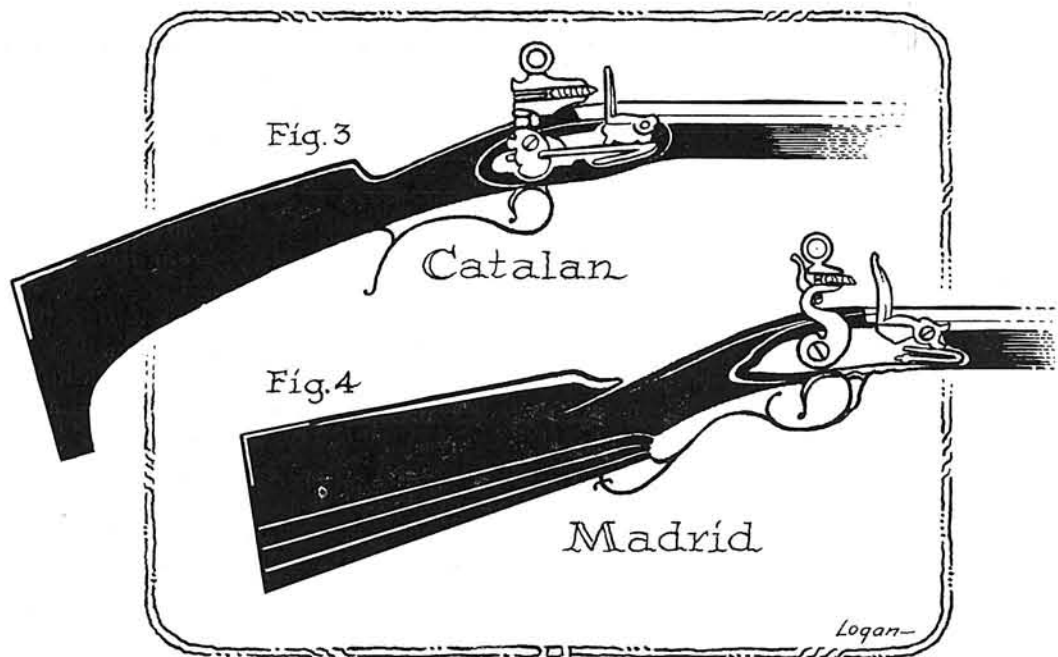
From Madrid the arms making skill spread to many of the provinces during the late sixteenth century. Seville, Salamanca and Cordova could boast of several noted craftsmen. One place, Ripoll in Catalonia is of particular interest to us. It was here in the early seventeenth century that the characteristic form of the Spanish gun was evolved. Soler, one of the early writers, described the new type of lock used on the guns as the "snap-lock." Today it is known as a "Miquelet Lock."

By 1621 this unique form of lock had become widely used in Spain, replacing the older matchlock and wheel-lock. The miquelet lock was to see continued use for the next two hundred years.

Whereas the conventional flintlock had an inside spring, the miquelet was distinguished by a rather sturdy outside spring, and its unusual shaped hammer (see Fig. 1). A ring on the top of the hammer provided leverage to loosen the jaws. This permitted a quick and convenient changing of the flint. It also provided a convenient hold

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for the fingers when cocking the hammer.

Another feature of the miquelet lock was its rather massive and rugged construction. A sear operated through the lock to release the hammer, thus any wear on the mechanism could be detected without removing the entire lock.

Not so generally known is another variety of miquelet lock. Used for a period of time, principally by gunmakers in the Madrid area, it followed more closely the conventional outward style of the flintlock, except that it still retained the familiar ring screw in the jaws of the hammer (see Fig. 2). Such a lock was, and is, referred to as the "Madrid Lock" — to distinguish it from the true miquelet lock.

Another important, and identifying feature of the two Spanish types of long arms is the design and shape of the stock used on each. Of more than passing interest to Southern Californians is the guns with the style of stock. This stock, with its pronounced hook at the toe has a most distinguished appearance. It is best illustrated in Fig. 3. On the other hand the Madrid stock followed the usual contour of rifle stock. It did, however, have these exceptions; it was rounded on top, finished flat on the underside; and further it had rather heavy flutes down the side, note Fig. 4.

Exceptions may, and do, occur but in the

main the Catalan and Madrid stocks are the two principle styles found on Spanish long arms.

The third feature to set the trabuco apart from the commonly accepted idea of a blunderbuss is as follows: whereas the ordinary blunderbuss had a definite flare toward the muzzle, resulting in a rather large mouth, the true trabuco had a more graceful tapering barrel ending in a much smaller belled muzzle.

According to authoritative sources, and based on extensive research, the Spanish trabuco guns carried by Portola's Catalonian Volunteers were the ones with the Catalan type of stock, and equipped with the true miquelet lock, and having a barrel with the smaller bell muzzle.

While the one here illustrated in the photo is a much more ornate specimen it does give a splendid idea of the type of gun lost on that famous expedition to Southern California in 1769.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: My sincere thanks to my good friend, W. Keith Neal of England, author of the definitive book, *Spanish Guns and Pistols*, and recognized as one of the foremost authorities on antique arms in England. And, to my friend and fellow Westerner Don Meadows for his briefing on the Portola Expedition.)

John B. Goodman, III

439 SOUTH DOHENY DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Curiosity about the masthead prompted a request for information. The following letter from a Westerner who was instrumental in helping to get this Corral underway was received.

DEAR MR. LONERGAN:

I will attempt to answer your request for information regarding the Los Angeles Westerner's *Branding Iron* masthead, by laying first its background so that you can choose whatever you wish of the whole.

After the founding of the Los Angeles Westerners December 19, 1946; it was soon decided to issue an annual Brand Book. With the start of the New Year 1947, everyone it was hoped would contribute something, if they were able. A bi-monthly 16 page booklet was to be issued first, and contain articles given at monthly meetings, printed in such a manner that would enable the publisher, Homer H. Boelter to incorporate extra copies into the yearly Brand Book. Incidentally while the first issue is dated 1947, it actually was published and distributed in early 1948.

The first issue of the 16 page booklets appeared in March 1947. It was for January-February. The masthead was drawn by Clarence Ellsworth. It shows a herd of Buffalo grazing, with overprinted lettering reading *The Brand Book*. An insert in the lower center of the panel shows the traditional Buffalo skull, surrounded by the words THE WESTERNERS. Starting with No. 3 May-June, Ellsworth contributed another pictorial background. This was a covered wagon train — plus the skull insert. The last issue under this title and format was No. 5, September-October.

The following year it was deemed advisable to make other plans. The first issue of the new format appeared in March 1948. It later was designated as "Publication No. 1".

Now for the masthead which I designed that year. I was one of several artists in the Westerners contributing toward the Annual Brand Book. As near as I can recollect, Paul Galleher, the 1948 Sheriff, put the "finger" on me (I was Deputy Sheriff).

In approaching the assignment my first

thought was to keep it in the style of the cattle day era and try to capture the feeling of the times. I was given a free hand to do as I liked. A pen and ink sketch as I drew it seemed to offer the best medium. The Buffalo skull is a fine and appropriate symbol — but our entire organization is based on the cattle trade nomenclature. We had as members at that time several real old time cattlemen (in their late 70's and 80's). So what would be more appropriate than a steer head of a scrawny Texas Long Horn. Of course the lettering THE BRANDING IRON represents a cowboys rope arranged to form the letters. Two branding irons, left and right, each say LAW, for Los Angeles Westerners (as well as for Law (and Order). I wanted the entire design to flow, so I omitted all straight lines. Thus the arrangement of the lettering. It was approved and turned over to Homer Boelter, and I have not seen the original to this day.

I hope the above will be of some assistance to you; use what you wish.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN B. GOODMAN III

Fellow Westerners W. W. Robinson, Don Meadows, and corresponding member Richard Coke Wood, Ph.D., are serving on the Board of Advisors for the California Commemorative Society at Post Office Box 2366, Capistrano Beach, California 92672. This Texas based company is preparing 60 commemorative medallions to be issued through the California Commemorative Society in honor of different aspects of California history.

Fellow Westerner Allan Willett has opened his new office as an art dealer. He has put out his first listing and the Corral wishes him every success in his new venture.

On December 3, 1969, corresponding member Harry C. James was honored at a meeting at the Library of the University of California, Riverside, for his work *The Cahuilla Indians*. This book was published by the Malki Museum Press on the Morongo Indian Reservation in Banning. This book was illustrated by the Corral's own Don Luis Perceval.

A TALE OF STODDARD WELLS AND BEYOND

By R. JACKSON STODDARD



GRANDPA ARVIN STODDARD

I'D LIKE to tell you a story that is about a part of the overall history of my family. This particular story has to do with my great-grandfather and great-grandmother Stoddard, Arvin and Caroline. These two gallant people were pioneers of the West in the truest sense, they came with the Mormon party across the plains to Salt Lake in 1847 having trekked far across the country and suffered all of the hardships which have been so well related in other documents and stories. This part of my story starts with their coming to San Bernardino as a part of the original Mormon stockade settlers in 1850. They arrived with many others and founded what is now known as the City of San Bernardino. As an aside to this story, it is reported that my grandfather Arvin Nathaniel, born on March 26, 1851, was the first white child born in San Bernardino.

After they had been in the stockade colony for about three years, my great-grandfather, who had been at all times a devout follower of the Mormon faith and a true friend of Brigham Young, received a message from Brigham Young and the Church that they had heard of a gold strike in the Calico Hills of the Mohave Desert, north of San Bernardino, and because of the need

of the Church to fill their coffers with more of the precious yellow metal he assigned my great-grandfather the task of entering the Calicos to mine and obtain for the Church as much gold as possible to help finance the founding and the furtherance of the faith, conserving for themselves only so much as was necessary for sustenance. Thus it was in 1853 that they found themselves prepared to leave the comparative security of the stockade in San Bernardino and hie themselves to the upper reaches of the high Mohave Desert in search of the precious yellow metal for the Church.

Leaving behind them their comparative safety, Arvin and Caroline, together with their four children packed their wagons and headed to the high desert. After much seeking and prospecting in the area, Arvin determined that a location approximately twenty miles north and east of the present site of Victorville presented the most likely spot for his mining of the precious yellow metal. After having filed for his own record the spot of his likely claim, Arvin began the task of digging wells, for water was a necessity of life for the raising of crops and eventually the water needed for the sluice boxes which he would one day build. I should note at this time that a recent visit to Stoddard Wells shows that his skills as a seeker of water were beyond reproach, for the wells produce flowing water to this day in a barren and otherwise unfriendly area of the Mohave Desert.

Nonetheless over the years Arvin and his family diligently sought from the ores and rocks of the mountains that metal which had been so eagerly sought by the Church. For eight years he and his family toiled endlessly until, according to the diary of my great-grandmother, they at last found themselves in a position where their cache of gold had reached a value which she approximated at \$60,000.00; truly a considerable sum in 1860. Having decided between the two of them that they had mined and panned most of the gold that was to be obtained from this area, they decided to pack their belongings, their children and their cache into the wagons and trek once again to Salt Lake City, there to deliver the

gold to the Church and from there to go and seek the home and homestead which they had always sought as a place to raise their children and to place roots, in the land which they called "Zion."

At this point I believe it would be well, in order to substantiate some of the further happenings of this tale, that I relate some of the characteristics of these two fine western pioneers. Arvin was a man of rather slight stature, standing probably no taller than 5 feet 5 inches and weighing not more than 135 pounds. He was a man of quiet, forceful solitude who sought only to fulfill his station in life but was strong in his own way, although not forceful in his delivery of the spoken word. Whereas, Great-Grandmother Caroline was a woman of imposing stature, standing some 6 feet in height and weighing well over 200 pounds. She was strong willed and had the ability of letting one and all know exactly what she stood for and why. She was not prone to weakness, and looked upon weakness in others as a basic sin. Although she too, like her husband, was faithful to the cause of the Mormons, she retained a sense of self determination which seemed to be much stronger than her faith in the religion itself. For although she followed the will of her husband, in many cases the will of her husband was truly only a reflection of her own wants and desires.

Back to our story, having packed their belongings and started for Salt Lake, somewhere in the area immediately south and west of what is presently St. George, Utah, this small party was put upon by a group of Indians. The train was adequately robbed of all of the gold that was available plus other belongings most necessary to life. Except for a few thousand dollars in dust, nuggets and reduction which great-grandmother, Caroline, secreted inside her bodice and at other points in her garments, left unidentified here, the family was destitute. However, Grandma Caroline in viewing the Indians found them to be quite strange. The Indians were neither red nor brown. They were more white than any Indian she had ever seen, and they spoke with an accent and tongue unlike that of any Indian. She, therefore, deduced and became convinced at this point, that, in fact, these were not Indians at all. More importantly they were renegade Mormons



GRANDMA CAROLINE STODDARD

who had robbed them of their treasure, and a great bitterness began to well within her which would later manifest itself beyond mere suspicion, for she thought she recognized the faces, no matter how crudely disguised, of some of the party who had robbed them. In later years, she named names and told stories of these hideous highwaymen who representing the Church, in her mind, had robbed them of the very wealth they were to deliver to Brigham Young in Salt Lake.

Now this bitterness grew and her feelings were strong, for in later years, approximately 1869, Arvin and Caroline, together with their children, settled in a place to be later known as Milford, Utah, one of the section points of the later to be built Union Pacific Railroad. Here they homesteaded and took claim to lands and the plats close to the marshes, and in anticipation of many things to come, built a great house known in those early days as The Stoddard House. It was the only hotel for many miles and was frequented by various travelers who passed through this area, and was later to become a very important hotel while the railroad was being built and extended beyond Milford and on to California.

The Stoddard House was built in a rather strange manner. The hotel and its lobby, which contained the guest rooms

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and the living quarters of the family, was completely separated from the saloon which had been built immediately next to the lobby. There was no opening between the lobby and the saloon. This was for a purpose. Still maintaining their faithfulness to the Church, they felt that it would have been sinful at the very least to allow the co-mingling of the disbursement of spirited liquors and the genteel guests who were supposed to stay within The Stoddard House. However, the bitter feelings still beat within Caroline's breast and from time to time the local Bishop of the Church would call upon her and extoll the virtues of the faith, and plead with her to close down the saloon as an act of good faith. The more that Bishop Tanner pleaded, the stronger the will of Caroline became. She would have no part of it. Her first act after many such conferences was to open a doorway between the lobby of the hotel and the saloon immediately adjacent. This was a little more than the Bishop Tanner could take, for hanging in the lobby of the hotel was a portrait of Brigham Young, which had been presented to Arvin and Caroline, and was highly prized by the members of the local ward and congregation, and to have the Great One looking through the doorway upon the antics of the saloon was beyond the comprehension of Bishop Tanner. He thus made a call upon Caroline and again pleaded that she do away with these dastardly procedures by closing the door and boarding up the saloon. At this point, Caroline stood up in her great stature and without further word removed the portrait of Brigham Young from the wall of the lobby and placed it unceremoniously on the backbar of the saloon. Then to one and all she gave voice that neither she nor her family were any longer tied to, nor married to, the Church, and that she would do as she damn well pleased.

The bitterness between Caroline and the local ward grew stronger, and Arvin, in his silent way chuckled and listened, being quite pleased by the antics of both sides. Eventually, the situation became intolerable and the Bishop Tanner came to call once again on Sister Caroline. At this point he gave great pleading against the sacrilege of the Brigham Young portrait being hung on the backbar of The Stod-

dard House saloon. It was more than his nature could stand, and he said: "Sister Caroline, it would please the Lord and Brigham Young if you would but give to the local ward the portrait, so that we may hang it in a place of honor at a place of worship, and then you may feel free to go as you wish in your own way, for understand your bitterness. But I do ask that you do this for the Church." Sister Caroline then drew herself up to her fullest, which was considerable, looked at the Bishop Tanner and said: "'Bish' Tanner, you damned ol' fool, before I'd give that portrait to the Church, I'd hang it in the six-holer out back."

It is reported and is known by all that Caroline did remove the portrait from the backbar of the saloon of The Stoddard House, and quietly placed it on the wall of the six-holer out back, where it hung overlooking all until after her death in 1904. It can be said that Grandma Caroline was a woman of great conviction, and she lived to prove to one and all that it paid not to cross her path nor arouse her suspicion.

The Trail Bosses extend greetings to new corresponding members for 1970. These include Marco J. Murphy, Ara Melickian, Alan Rogers, Eugene Borilotti, Andrew S. Dagosta, Bill Reed, Henry G. Welcome, Robert Zamboni, Albert C. White, Jr., and the Belleville Township High School in Belleville, Illinois.

In the event you are wondering who wrote the book review on *Pumpkin Seed Point*, in *Branding Iron* No. 94 — it was corresponding member Harry James.

C. M. Waddell F. Smith, past Sheriff of The San Francisco Corral, who has addressed the L. A. Corral on several occasions, has just passed away. . . . heart attack — Vaya Con Dios.

Word has been received that beloved member and founding father Homer Bolter, has had a heart attack and is hospitalized in Palm Springs. The corral wishes him a speedy recovery.

Wetherills

(Continued from Page 1)

in solving many problems which the Navajo faced and during the depression years were able to explain why there was no market for the Navajo sheep, wool, and rugs that the Indian depended on for income. The Wetherills made it known that in good times they both would prosper. In the meantime they both would have to cut back and make the best of it.

The Wetherills adopted four children. Two Navajo girls were adopted and when they attended school, maintained their knowledge of the Navajo language at the insistence of the Wetherills. Betty, the best known, married the white trader Buck Rogers and was a big aid to him in the operation of three trading posts which he owned. Francis, or Fanny as she was usually called, married and is now living in Holbrook. Ben, the adopted boy, as a young one lost an eye when kicked by a horse. Ida, the third girl, married a Kilcrease and was killed in a car accident. She is buried in Casa Grande and today two of her daughters live in Prescott, Arizona. In telling about the Wetherills one could go on endlessly. The Navajo people thought of them as their own. Unlike many traders, John and Louisa told the Navajo, "We will live and die among you."

When death came they were buried near their Indian friends, the Navajo, at Kayenta. From the site on high ground one can look far and see the vastness and expansiveness of Navajoland. The graves are located on barren ground that has many small stones and rocks scattered around with sagebrush and tumbleweed nearby. The buried remains are under slabs of concrete. Their names are in such a crude, almost unreadable manner that without a doubt this work was done with a branch or stick that was handy. Adopted son, Ben, died in middle age and is buried there. Friend and partner, Clyde Colville, is buried at the same place. A nephew of Colvilles, who was named Fletcher Coriegan, is also buried there making a total of five graves. John's death in November 1944 and that of his wife Louisa in September 1945 is noted on a single stone marker that is separate and not part of the concrete slabs that cover their graves.

Kayenta is on the Navajo Trail and has a fine new highway that has the community receiving more tourists and visitors. In spite of outside interest there is little evidence of the Wetherills, the early day friend of the Navajo. There are two new motel-restaurant developments—one of which bears the name Wetherill Inn. Most travelers drive by quickly and those who linger devote most of their time to Monument Valley. The few who inquire about the Wetherills and do visit the grave site face nothing but disappointment because of its deplorable condition.

The graves were never fenced in. They appear run down and much older than they actually are. It seems every loose horse heads for the mesa top and literally stamp the graves into oblivion. Weather and the elements have not been lenient. Its been a spot were people discard many things and has become a regular dump yard.

Lee Bradley, a Navajo, who had served on the Navajo Tribal Council for twenty-four years, who was the head ranger at Navajo Monument Valley Park, and is a tribal historian and well informed showed the only concern. On his own, this elderly Navajo tried in his own way to care for and protect the graves of his friends—the Wetherills. Large cut logs were placed around the site. This work was done on his own voluntarily and was not included in his work as a ranger. No longer were young Navajos in pick up trucks able to drive over the graves. It is protection of sorts yet in the future could be a Navajo in cold weather might need firewood. The logs could serve that purpose. Lee Bradley won't be around for too many more years and one wonders how kind future years will be to the grave site of the Wetherills. It's possible their grave will be like that of many old time Indians who did not want the ground disturbed. Consequently, many of the Indian cemeteries are not cared for and the land is going back to its natural state of unsightly overgrowth.

Whatever happens or does occur, it's the way John and Louisa Wetherill wanted it—just as the old Indians did. They are buried in the wide open places in the land of their friends—the Navajo.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

OUT FROM LAS VEGAS, by Florine Lawler, Glendale: La Siesta Press; 1969; 36 pp., illus., maps. Soft cover.

Florine Lawler has added to the fascinating galaxy of books and pamphlets that are issued from Walt Wheelock's La Siesta Press. His short descriptions of the interesting places around Las Vegas are well done and accompanied by pictures. It is fascinating enough to keep anybody away from the gaming tables and out in the four-wheel drive jeep in this part of the country.

There is only one thing wrong with the publication! It is going to cause more interest in the out-of-the-way places and thereby more disruption and pollution of many spots that heretofore were shown only to those who could be "trusted" with such knowledge!

—TAD LONERGAN.

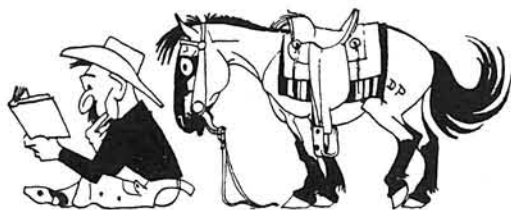


EXPLORING CALIFORNIA BYWAYS, III: DESERT COUNTRY, by Russ Leadabrand. Los Angeles: Ward Ritchie Press; 1969; 154 pp., illus., maps. Soft cover; \$1.95.

In this book Russ Leadabrand, author, newspaperman, and illustrious Westerner, adds another travel gem to his popular Byways series. This volume concerns itself with the fascinating desert country which is so much a part of our end of California. While it is No. 3 in Russ's current series, it is actually his eighth book concerned with guiding the inquiring student and traveler into the California back-country which so deeply moves and excites this talented and perceptive writer.

That Russ enjoys what he's doing is shown in every page that he writes about his beloved State — history, the sheer joy of exploration, the odd twist of fantasy and legend, and, more important, how the reader may get there to share with the author the places and things which so enamor him. These little books are magic. They are tonic for the sagging harmones of adventure. They are good for the soul.

While much of the material of the pres-



ent volume has seen original publication in *Westways*, there is no detracting whatsoever. With everything at hand, in one collation, lavishly illustrated, and handily packaged, it is unified and immeasurably enhanced. This time it is the desert. And, while Russ Leadabrand is not the only desert specialist of our acquaintance, he is one man who makes you want to climb into your mortgaged and battered Maxwell, and be off and away to see for yourself.

Randall Henderson turns the desert into a living philosophy, E. I. Edwards analyzes the desert by interpreting how others analyze it, Burr Belden talks about it through the eyes and actions of those who walked and suffered through it. Russ Leadabrand turns it out in the form of personal adventure. As a "do it yourself" manual, it is superb.

If you're hooked by the family for weekend drives, if you're a mining buff, ghost town lover, naturalist, rockhound, bottle collector — or even if you're a plain somber historian — you're going to find in Russ Leadabrand the bouncing Boswell of the high country. No true Westerner should ever be caught east of Cucamonga or south of the Panamints, without a copy of Byways III in the glove compartment of his car. It's good stuff. It's Russ Leadabrand.

— PAUL BAILEY.



For those of the Westerners interested in horses and tack, your Editor on a recent excursion to Santa Fe, located an expert who is going to be making some McClellan saddles as a project of the New Mexico Military Museum, Santa Fe, New Mexico, P. O. Box No. 4277. Colonel Henry B. Davis, Jr., who is the Curator there would be happy to talk to you about your individual needs. These saddles are going to be done on a rather limited edition basis and if you are interested, contact him direct. He also has cast some fine brass Dragon Stirrups, Model 1834, that are well done at a price of \$23.50.