



JUNE 1970

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 97

LUMMIS AND A PROTEGE: HARRY CARR

by DUDLEY C. GORDON

Charles F. Lummis, author, historian, librarian, long-time editor of the *Land of Sunshine-Out West* magazine, and founder of the Southwest Museum, was always busier than a "hog on ice," but he was never too busy to assist talented youngsters. Don Carlos was equipped with a built-in Geiger counter which he applied to young people suspected of possessing talent and he sometimes located "pay dirt" in the most unlikely places. He believed that God measures genius "by the drop," yet he persisted, and the drops he found have been of incalculable value in raising the intellectual level of California and the Southwest.

Having once identified talent in a promising youngster, he would encourage, urge, and sometimes wheedle its possessor to "put the seat of the pants into the seat of the chair" and get to work — and keep on working — no matter what obstacles must be overcome. A baker's dozen of Lummis' proteges were Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Maynard Dixon, Ed Borein, Sharlot Hall, Mary Austin, Idah Meacham Strobridge, Gutzon Borglum, Carl Oscar Borg, Eva Scott Fenyes, Lanier Bartlett, David P. Barrows, Hugh Gibson and Harry Carr.

Most of these young people who benefited enormously from their association with Don Carlos are on record, with one conspicuous exception, as having acknowledged their considerable debt to their mentor in most appreciative terms. A case in point was Harry Carr, long-time author of the leading column in the *Los Angeles Times*. After



CHARLES F. LUMMIS, about 1893.

— Courtesy Southwest Museum.

Lummis died at Thanksgiving in 1928, Carr wrote Don Carlos' daughter a note from which the following was taken:

Jan. 24, 1929

My dear Turbesé:

... I confess I am glad I was in Mexico at the time of your father's passing. I knew I

(Continued on Page 8)

The Branding Iron

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF
THE WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

OFFICERS - 1970

WILLIAM H. NEWBRO *Sheriff*
534 E. Cornell Dr., Burbank, Calif. 91504
ALDEN H. MILLER *Deputy Sheriff*
1705 Rancho Dr., Glendale, Calif. 91201
EVERETT HAGER *Registrar of Marks & Brands*
P.O. Box 3006, Terminal Island, Calif. 90731
ROBERT G. COWAN *Assistant Registrar*
of Marks & Brands
1650 Redcliff Street, Los Angeles 90026
TAD LONERGAN *Roundup Foreman*
12911 Olympia Way, Santa Ana, Cal. 92705
GEORGE STURTEVANT *Asst. Roundup Foreman*
BERT H. OLSON *Keeper of the Chips*
619 N. Rexford Dr., Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210
ERNEST M. HOVARD *Past Sheriff Trail Boss*
3255 Paloma St., Pasadena, Calif. 91107
AUGUST W. SCHATRA *Past Sheriff Trail Boss*
2090 Los Robles, San Marino, Calif. 91108
AUGUST W. SCHATRA *Librarian*
2090 Los Robles, San Marino, Calif. 91108
H. GEORGE McMANNUS *Representative*
1011 E. Lexington Dr., Glendale, Ca. 91206
IRON EYES CODY *Daguerreotype Wrangler,*
and Chief of Smoke Signals
2013 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca.,
90026
DON MEADOWS *Membership Chairman*
EARL C. ADAMS *Wrangler Boss*
JOHN H. URABEC, HUGH C. TOLFORD, ALLEN N.
WILLETT, THOMAS S. MCNEILL *Wranglers*

Address for Exchanges
and Material Submitted for Publication:

The Roundup Foreman

TAD LONERGAN

12911 Olympia Way, Santa Ana, Calif., 92705

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

The Foreman Sez...

The Westerners have prided themselves on a non-political approach to their activities. We have not, and rightly so, endorsed specific projects no matter how deserving.

There is, however, an area that troubles all members - pollution. Some marine biologists are now predicting a 6½ year half-life for our ocean. Heavy metal poisoning have made fish - both fresh and salt water - un-

Page Two...

safe in some areas. The smog problem has been cussed and discussed yet we still produce vehicles that pollute the environment. Because of pesticides, your own life and that of your children are shortened. Watts, Berkeley, and Viet Nam pale insignificant when one considers what we have already done to our environment.

The Western Frontier ceased to exist with the driving of the Golden Spike. The newest "Frontier" must be conquered if our culture and civilization is to survive.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

MAY

Westerners, corresponding members, and their guests gathered for the usual repast and fellowship at the Taix Restaurant to hear Mr. Harold L. Cronk, a corresponding member of this Corral, give a fascinating presentation of the navigation problems encountered by Lewis & Clark. Mr. Cronk went through a brief history of navigational instruments and their development through the years. He mentioned the work of Alexander MacKenzie and David Thompson. It was unfortunate that neither Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Clark had time for adequate instruction in celestial navigation. Their total training in this area was apparently a total of twelve days! Mr. Cronk's research and study into this field would make an excellent paper for the next *Brand Book*. Attention future editor thereof!

Many guests were present including Colonel C. C. Clendenen, a West Point graduate, book author and walking encyclopedia. He was a guest of Colonel Hoffman. Ward DeWitt brought Reynolds Thompson, M.D., a Dermatologist, who practices in Long Beach whose main area of interest is Montana history. Dr. Thompson's grandfather was the first man to bring sheep into that part of the country.

Famed author, Westerner, and artist Holling C. Holling was welcomed back to the Corral. We hope that the Corral can be benefitted by many future visits by this gentleman.

Bill Centre regaled some of the art buffs and collectors with stories and pointers of his field of endeavor - American art.

(Continued on Page 4)

In Remembrance

MAJ. GEN. FRANK S. ROSS
1893 - 1970

by COLONEL CHARLES B. BENTON

In the early afternoon hours of May 6, 1970, America lost one of its most able commanders and the Westerners one who has always enjoyed his membership in the Los Angeles Corral.

He was a serious student of Western history and loved to discuss it among friends of like interest.

General Ross was born in Aspen, Colorado, March 9, 1893. His father was Elmer Ross, formerly of Kentucky and his mother, Elizabeth Peden, formerly of Missouri. A few years after Frank's birth the family moved to El Paso, Texas.

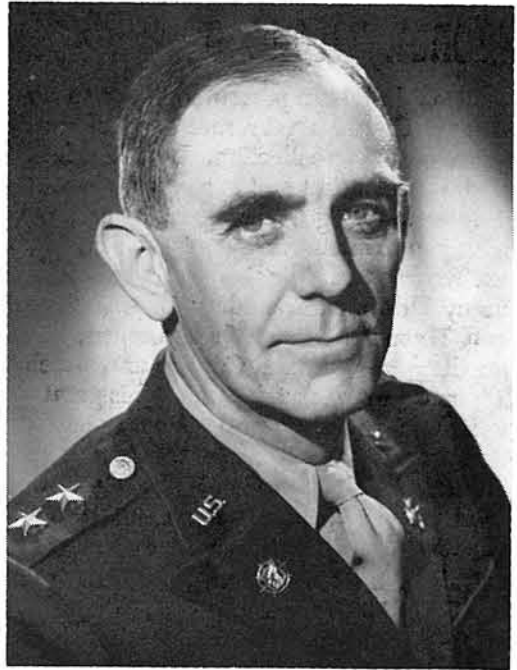
In El Paso where he grew up attending school, playing basketball, baseball and football, he graduated from El Paso High School in 1912, after which he attended the School of Mines, now part of the University of Texas at El Paso.

General Ross first started his military career by enlisting in K Company of the 4th Texas Infantry Regiment. After rising to the rank of Sergeant, he was commissioned Lieutenant in the 19th U. S. Infantry in 1917. During his 30 years service, he was promoted through the various grades to reach that of Major General in 1944, when he was in command of the Army Transportation Corps.

During his busy military career he took time to return to El Paso where he married his boyhood sweetheart, Myra Jackson. This turned out to be a great blessing and comfort to them both.

During his military service he attended the Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia 1921-1922, The Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 1931-1933, The Army War College at Washington, D.C. 1935-1936 and the Tank School 1936-1937 at Fort Benning, Georgia.

Major General Ross was a most ingenious man who devised unusual methods for movement and handling of great quantities of cargo. Famed for his role as chief of Trans-



MAJOR GENERAL FRANK S. ROSS

portation in the European Theater of Operations during World War II, they moved more men and supplies during amphibian operations than any other organization in the history of the world. The invasion of Normandy was the largest undertaking on enemy territory. During a 11-month period a total of four and one half million troops and 54 million tons of cargo were handled with outstanding efficiency. The famed "Red Ball Express" and the "X and Y Express" which contributed so much to the defeat of the enemy forces were coordinated by General Ross.

The Transportation Corps immediately after cessation of hostilities began to get the European trains running again, the first steps in turning all Europe toward peaceful pursuits which was no small task in itself.

Major General Frank S. Ross was honored by decorations for his outstanding services with the U. S. Distinguished Service Medal, Silver Star, The Legion of Merit with Oakleaf Cluster, Bronze Star and 14 other decorations from foreign countries.

Among us who felt close to him during his years of retirement from the Army were his fishing friends and companions, George Stevens, the late Fred Guiol, both of "movie"

(Continued on Next Page)

Monthly Roundup

Donald McLain presented to our speaker, Harold Cronk, a very rare copy of a map from his own collection. Donald McLain had a fascinating and varied career all the way from flying as a forest service air patrol, government surveyor in Death Valley, collector extraordinaire, and associate of many old-timers including Charlie Russell and Thomas Moran. When younger, he sat on the edge of Grand Canyon and watched Thomas Moran sketch some of his great oils which launched Grand Canyon into national spotlight and ultimately to the level of a National Park. Mr. McLain has some wonderful unpublished information and stories to tell.

Palmer Long, an officer of the Death Valley Forty-Niners, was a guest of the Corral. Palmer Long is interested in books and history of the West especially as it relates to the Death Valley area. John Patrick O'Connell, of the Hogarth Press, was present.

JUNE

The June 10th meeting was held at Taix Cafe with Sheriff Bill Newbro in the saddle. Your Roundup Foreman, Tad Lonergan along with several other doctors, were away on a mercy mission to Lima, Peru. Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel introduced the speaker, a personal friend, Carl N. Gorman (Kin-ya-onny-beyeh). Mr. Gorman is a well known Navajo artist, who attended the Otis Art Institute, and served for years as Director of the Navajo Arts and Crafts Guild, as well as Director of the Navajo Culture Project. His subject was "The Navajo Rug: Its History and Development." The walls of the room looked like all the Trading Posts in Arizona had been robbed and a wagon load of Navajo Rugs and Blankets were on display. Two Grey Hills, Navajo-Hopi, Yei, Crystal, Coal Mine Mesa, Double Weave, German-town, Bayeta — you name 'em, we had 'em.

Mr. Gorman detailed the shearing, washing, carding, and spinning of the wool, as well as pre-conceived designs. His explanations of the designs created extreme attention; and he was especially appreciative of such old time trading post owners as Alonzo Hubbell and Cosy McSparron, who helped develop the vegetable dyes and later the

chemical dyes. Mr. Gorman's son, Rudy, is following in his dad's footsteps, as a renowned artist and Director of the Navajo New Arts Guild. This meeting was one of the most interesting we've had in many a moon.

A Tribute to Frank...

fame, and Morris Peckham, together with his old friend in Army service through retirement, Brigadier General John T. Bissell.

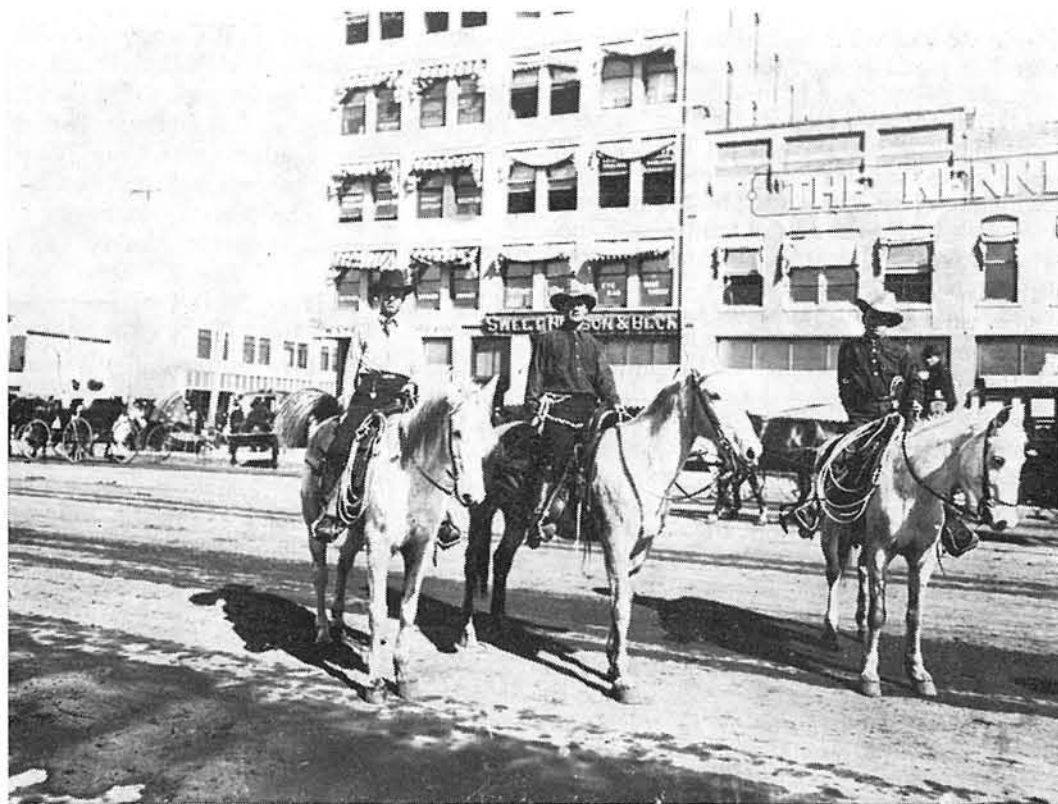
As you know a movie was made called the *Red Ball Express*, the story based on the Red Ball Express in France. Mr. Stevens and Guil saw that he had to do with its technical direction.

Frank as we always called him, had another wonderful talent, that of a story teller and writer. With other friends, I have spent whole evenings which were made bright and entertaining by Frank's story telling. He often mentioned that when a young man he frequently saw Pat Garrett, the lawman who brought about the downfall of Billy the Kid. It was always interesting to hear what he had to say about Pat Garrett. I always felt that if the Army had not claimed him he would have been an outstanding, successful writer.

It may be of interest to some of you to know that General Ross's records and paper's on World War II are in the Hoover Institute, Stanford University, Stanford, California. The Hoover Institute asked for these papers and permission was given to release them.

The catalogue of the Hoover Institute on War, Revolution and Peace, year 1963, has this to say, on the General's papers (page 49): "The papers of Major General Frank S. Ross, former Chief of Transportation for the European Theater in World War II, treat the problem of logistics in the prosecution of the War." This collection contains 21 volumes, historical report of the Transportation Corps in the European Theater of Operations, and 28 folios of executive minutes and personal correspondence.

Frank had a full life, gave all he had to country and feared God. Who could do more. Via con Dios.



This photo, taken February 29, 1908, at Enid, Oklahoma, shortly after Milton Beeler won World's Roping Championship. From left to right: Milton Hughes, Mort Campbell, and Milton Beeler.

THE CHAMPION SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

by JULIA B. SMITH

Writers of early day rodeos tend to forget one champion, perhaps because his reign was of short duration, however, Milton Beeler, of Ninnekah, Oklahoma, made front page head lines many times in 1908. He won the championship in roping from Ellison Carroll, who had held the record for several years. At this time they were called roping contests and were not the organized attractions or shows that are put on today. During a Cattlemen's Convention, at Enid, Oklahoma, February 29, 1908, Milton roped his steer in twenty seconds flat, a record never before made.

The following is copied from *The Daily Oklahoman*, Sunday, March 1, 1908:

**WORLD RECORD FOR
ROPING WILD STEER
SMASHED BY NINNEKAH MAN**

Special to *The Oklahoman*.

Enid, Feb. 29. Before 10,000 people Milton Beeler of Ninnekah, Oklahoma yester-

day broke the world's record for lassoing and roping a wild steer. Beeler's time was twenty seconds flat. The former champion, W. E. Carroll of Mangum, Oklahoma who had a record of 21½ seconds witnessed Beeler's great feat and declared him the world's champion.

Thirty steers from the Panhandle of Texas were especially imported for this occasion. They came from a 20,000 acre ranch and were as wild as the plains of the southwest could produce. Twelve well known cowboy ropers participated in the contest, each mounted on his own well trained and supple pony. When one of the range steers was loosened from the corral he was chased across the field until he came in front of the Judge's stand and if then running at a high rate of speed a flag was dropped and the fleet footed pony with his rider, swinging a lariat over his head, dashed down the field after the steer.

The time made by Beeler seems incredi-

(Continued on Next Page)

ble in view of what he had to do. His pony ran 100 yards before the lasso's loop fell over the steer's giant horns. That instant the steel limbed steed turned, digging his hoofs several inches into the ground, bracing himself and waited. He had not more than the twinkling of an eye to wait before the rushing steer had reached the limit of the rope and with a mighty jerk had turned a complete somersault, landing on his side with a thud. The rope was taunt, for the pony, well knowing how important was his part, was pulling hard on the girth of the saddle, to the pommel of which was fastened the other end of the rope. Unable to use his head the steer could not rise.

Beeler was not on the pony. The very instant he saw the lariat land well over the steer's horns he slid from the pony's back and ran toward the roped beast. By the time he reached the steer the later had been thrown by the pony. Beeler's work was yet to be done, however. With a six foot rope he must tie all four feet of the steer together in such a manner that they could not be freed by that animal, then he must jump on the beast, raise his hand and remove his hat as a signal to the Judges and the spectators that he was through.

All this was done in one-third of a single minute. And when the vast throng that had assembled heard the announcement of the Judges that the time was twenty seconds there was tumultuous cheering and a wild rush for Beeler.

Milton Beeler is a manly, modest young man just past 22. He has spent his life on a ranch. The lariat is as familiar to him as the reigns to an eastern farmer. He loves the ranch life and his victory in this contest was a realization of a boyish dream of years. He bore his honors easily, saying to all who congratulated him, "Give the credit to the pony. It would have been impossible for me to have done anything without him. Billy's part was as important as mine and he did it perfectly."

Billy is a cheap looking horse, rough haired and weighing about 850 pounds, but Milt Beeler wouldn't trade him for the finest of any breed.

Later that same year, *The Oklahoman*, for Sunday April 25 reported that M. Beeler, World's champion roper, would lead a great contest at Sulphur in May. Cowboys from ranches of Oklahoma, Texas and New Mexico had been invited to attend and he lists the following who had entered the contest. Chaney Mays, Maysville; Morris Jamison,

Ardmore; H. C. and M. T. Campbell, Chickasha; Jim Williams, Chickasha; Gus Pool, Chickasha; Joe Murphy and Billie Owens, Tuttle; Jody Perry and Bob Love, Purcell; Tony Truscott, Maud; Froman Grant, Paul's Valley; John Alexander, Lindsay; Lee Charley, Stonewall; John Keyser, Pontotoc; Elmore Jamison, Connerville; Aubry Cobb, Fred Beeler, O. T. Lents, Ed Morris and John Roff, Pontotoc; Oscar and Bob Lowrance, Buckhorn; Jim Vale, Scullin.

Milton was born on his father's ranch where Chickasha, Oklahoma, now is. Later his father started the town of Ninnekah six miles south of the old ranch and grazed cattle in the surrounding country. Milton went to school in Sherman, Texas, but returned to work on his father's ranch. Roping was only a pastime with him — not a profession as it sometimes is now.

Milton, his older brother Fred and Oscar Lents, who had also worked on the ranch for some time, were herding some stock on a leased place at Pontotoc in the spring of 1908 when the family went down there to visit them. Their cook had left and so they really hated to see Mother and I leave for we had been doing all the cooking while there. The morning we left the boys drove a herd of steers to Scullin to load for market and I rode with them and helped with the cattle. When our train came Milton came into the train and told us a fond goodbye. He never did that before — always just getting on his horse and leaving without a word to anyone.

On July 10, 1908, *The Daily Oklahoman* reports from Ardmore that Milton Beeler met death the day before at Pontotoc while roping. They say that his horse *fell on him*. It never did — it fell WITH him but he was always too quick to be fallen on. He didn't want to rope that day — was tired — for they had been working with the cattle all morning but he was persuaded although he did not have his roping horse. He rode a borrowed horse that he knew had a weak knee but didn't want to be a bad sport so he roped. The horse's knee gave way and as Milton went down on the ground, his head hit a rock and he jerked the pommel of the saddle back on himself several times before the boys could get to him. He never regained consciousness. He is buried at the

(Concluded on Page Fourteen)

MEXICO'S BI-CENTENNIAL STAMP

by REV. FRANCIS J. WEBER



If the colorful airmail stamp issued by the Republic of Mexico, on July 12, 1969, to commemorate California's bi-centennial becomes a collector's item, it will be for reasons best known and appreciated by historians.

As indicated by the inscription directly above the central field, the stamp was envisioned as a tribute to *Fray Junípero Serra, Colonizador de las Californias*. Ironically, however, the personage actually portrayed is not that of Serra, but another friar, usually identified as Francisco Palóu. The bust on the eighty centavo stamp was reproduced from a rather famous painting encompassing no less than fifteen portraits. That the engraver, Emilio Obregon, should confuse the identity of the two central characters is an error of considerable historical proportions.

The background of the painting itself is an interesting, if not pivotal sidelight to this philatelic miscarriage. A copy of the letter in which Fray Francisco Palóu initially proposed the painting, dated September 13, 1784, is in the Mission Archives at Santa Barbara. Therein Serra's biographer suggested that "the most edifying scene would be to have him wearing his stole and kneeling before the altar of Our Lady, with the Child in her arms, and a priest vested with a cape before the altar, with a small host for giving him viaticum. . . ."

When Palóu proposal was conveyed to Rafael Verger, the Bishop of Nuevo Leon, a long-time friend and admirer of Serra, the prelate endorsed the idea and offered to defray whatever expense might be involved. Mariano Guerrero was commissioned to execute the painting which, according to an inscription on the canvas, was completed in 1785. Though described as a "true likeness," there is no available documentary evidence that Serra ever sat for a portrait nor is there any way of determining on what pattern or

sketch the artist based his interpretation of Fray Junípero's features.

The dominant color schemes of the five-by-five feet painting are red, blue, gray and walnut brown. Its greatest defect is the artificiality of the poses according to the eminent historian, Maynard J. Geiger, O.F.M. He points out that "Palou had a very vivid recollection of the moving scene in which he participated, but in suggesting the scene for canvas he gave the painter a difficult task to perform realistically. Again all the facial features are wax-like and stereotyped. Serra's features do not portray a man of seventy years nor the face of a person in pain and approaching death."

The Guerrero painting undoubtedly hung at the Apostolic College of San Fernando in Mexico City for the first seventy years after its completion. Certainly it was there in 1853, the year it was partially photographed by William Rich, a member of the United States legation. This print was subsequently reproduced (in reverse!) along with Rich's statement: "I certify the accompanying daguerreotype to be a copy from a painting in the convent of San Fernando in Mexico."

Sometime during the turbulent years of the Benito Juarez regime, the Guerrero painting was appropriated by the government and moved to El Museo Nacional where it was seen in 1904, by Father Zephyrin Engelhardt. It was later placed in storage for a number of years before being transferred to its present place of honor in the Hall of the Spiritual Conquest of New Spain at the Historical Museum in the Castle of Chapultepec.

Historians may bemoan Mexico's release of the wrong stamp for the right reason, but collectors and Californiana enthusiasts will surely consider this commemorative issue a *felix culpa* inasmuch as it automatically increases by one the membership in that select category of "philatelic oddities" where immortality is assured.

(Father Weber's essay on "What Happened to Junípero Serra?" has been issued in a miniature book available at Dawson's Bookshop. Printed from handset type, in a limited and numbered edition, each of the books is bound in morocco. Tipped into each "mini-book" is one of the "philatelic oddities" which have become collector's items.)

... Page Seven

Lummis . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

should never see him again after that birthday night at your home. That is the way I wanted to remember him . . . reading his poem on Geronimo and in the greatest good spirits. He had more influence on my life than any one can ever know and I valued his friendship above everything. . . .

Sincerely

HARRY CARR

At the time this letter was written Carr's column, *The Lancer* was the principal one in the Editorial Section of the *Times*. With a host of *Times* readers, their day did not begin until they had read what *The Lancer* had to say about current local, national and political affairs. Its author became an institution.

In his younger days Carr had aspired to become a writer of fiction and Lummis urged him to devote himself to that field since his background of experience acquired in Washington fitted him for that type of work. Young Carr might have become a noted writer in fiction had he not been so successful in handling the political scene. There was need for trenchant writing on the machinations of politicians and he was adept in portraying the news and what was behind it. The paper insisted on more and more of the same and, with the frenetic life of a writer on a daily paper, he never found the leisure required to write good fiction. The immediate dollar overcame potential fame.

For years it was Lummis' custom to invite people who were "doing things" to his home for a good meal, some singing of old Spanish folksongs, and some lively discussions related to art, science, music, literature the theatre, education, and the world of ideas. These occasions, labeled "Noises," usually occurred on Saturday evenings and the guests were made up of people who could contribute from their own experiences.

Once Lummis invited Carr to be present at one of these "Noises" and to become a regular guest. Carr's letter of acceptance follows:

Page Eight . . .

Feb. 22, 1916

My dear Mr. Lummis:

It would be affectation for me to try to appear otherwise than delighted and immensely flattered by your note — which I have received.

The series of election stories which seem to have attracted your attention has given me my best chance; yet, I must confess, the writing thereof has not made me altogether happy.

For one thing, until I received your note I considered that they had fallen flat. Among newspaper men I have had nothing but knocks for them.

Furthermore, it was necessary for me to attack men like Willard to whom I was much indebted and who feel pretty bitter in consequence.

Lastly, for one reason or another, I had to drop into slap-stick humor when I wanted to hold it up to comedy.

I should like above all things to accept your invitation to come to your house and talk it over. I need your advice. I want to "branch out," but have not just the line. I have had pretty good encouragement in fiction stories, but they do not exactly seem to appeal to me.

Regarding your suggestion of putting me "on the list," I will say frankly, that I should like it. I am sick of the company of policemen and politicians. I think it will be bully to meet some real people.

Thanking you most cordially, I am,

Yours sincerely,

HARRY CARR

P.S. Any time that you feel like seeing me, my residence phone is East 1786.

Lummis' reply was of the type which should give encouragement to a young writer:

Feb. 29, 1916

Dear Harry Carr:

Glad you are paying attention to the fiction. That is what I want you to grow up into. You are essentially a reporter. That has been your training, and that is your genius. But that is a stepping-stone to something larger.

When you have learned to report, you have the proper foundation to create. . . . I am confident that you have the stuff in you to branch out into creative work, and report things that never were — but that ought to be. You have an uncommon sense of propor-

(Continued on Next Page)

tion which is the backbone of all fiction. You have had experience in the Real—which is the best preparation for making the Ideal.

Go to it, and let me know sometimes of your progress. I do not blame you for feeling that your Washington Doll is stuffed with sawdust and wind. You write well about her flaxen curls and bisque cheeks but I can feel that your heart is not in her. The war, and the Really Big Things do interest you and are your size.

CLF

From time to time Harry Carr would make some allusion to Lummis' activities in "The Lancer." Once he wrote:

His house, Alisal, (Place of the Sycamores) came the nearest to being a salon of anything ever started in Los Angeles.

Lummis replied in a letter saying:

April 12, 1927

Dear Harry Carr:

Thanks for Them Kind Words!

Of course "Salon" is a Shooting word, like a Commoner; but, if you "Smile, when you say that," both "go." And mebbe it is a Salon, humanized, renatured; divested of Society obligations, and show and sham, and based solely on my personal likes and admirations. Many are people who have Done things — as I like people to do — but there's always a bunch of folks that I love who have never done anything but be fine, clean, loyal, quiet men and women. And, you know, "the Shirtsleeves Atmosphere" (if you can barometer that) makes the most human in a lot of Highbrows who are getting artificial in their daily whirl. Many a big artist sings better here than to 3,000 in the Auditorium.

I'm not Gregarious nor Social; but I'm human — and a student essentially of Man. When I can't have Indians, I like sometimes to rally folks that could be good Indians if they had a chance! And I'd rather give an evening to you alone than to a whole Noise. For you are a good Indian!

Always your friend,

CHAS. F. LUMMIS

When Harry Carr brought out his book, *Los Angeles*, after Lummis died, he gave four pages to his mentor, pages written in the slapdash manner of news writers and which could have benefited from the meticulous editotrial pencilling of editor Don Carlos. What they offer is "almost right" and

contain more misspellings of proper names than should come from the typewriter of a topnotch journalist. A couple of paragraphs recount sketchily Lummis' early experiences while on the *Times* and, more accurately, a dinner party at the Lummis home.

Lummis may be said to be the literary discoverer of Western America. He was a young Harvard graduate when in 1883 [sic] he started to walk across the continent . . . , probably the first to do so since Cabeza de Vaca. He got to Arizona in time to witness the surrender of Victorio (Geronimo) and other Apache chiefs and to rescue from oblivion their moving and eloquent speeches of farewell . . . farewell to an era that was passing away before the steam-roller of the white man's civilization. Lummis came to Los Angeles and became city editor (and most of the editorial staff) of the *Los Angeles Times* — then a struggling country paper. But as he wrote murders, lawsuits and the gossip of the pueblo, his mind went back to the sun-splashed adobes of New Mexico — to the Indian pueblos and the desert. He slipped away on a vacation trip (??? — to recover from a stroke of paralysis) and, finding that he had a ready market in the magazines, left his newspaper job (???? he was cut off by the paper and left without income) and became an author. No other author has written so well or so vitally of the West — or with such intimate understanding. Bandolear [sic] became interested in him and gave him access to his vast knowledge and research. Lummis lived for a year (4) or more in the Indian village of Ysleta (Isleta) near Albuquerque. At first the Indians threw him out; but he trailed right back again until he wore them down and they accepted him as a friend and brother (and counselor).

He had a Mexican dining-room and on gala evenings there would be gathered at his board scientists, archaeologists, ethnologists, opera singers, distinguished literary men. Lummis sat at the head of the table in his shirt-sleeves and shouted Mexican and Indian songs as he strummed his guitar. He was the only householder I ever heard of who maintained a medieval minstrel — an old hawk-nosed Spaniard whose supply of folk songs and folklore was endless. . . .

Lummis' last party was unforgettable. . . . We went into his littered study up a flight of Hopi Stairs. In the most matter-of-fact way he told me he was dying of cancer and

(Continued on Page 10)

... Page Nine

Lummis...

had time only for one last piece of writing; should he do this? or that? Before the evening was done all the guests knew that it was to be the last time they would see him in the flesh, but he was never gayer or singing more songs. Just before we left he read th poem he had written about old Gerónimo, "He-Who-Yawns," from a book he was about to publish — *The Bronco Pegasus*.

TWO RELICS OF SPANISH ENTRADA

By HERSCHEL LOGAN

Definitely of Spanish origin the two items pictured here, through the courtesy of the Bowers Museum in Santa Ana, are of unusual interest. They are believed to be the only relics found from the campsite of Portola's Expedition along Trabuco Canyon in Orange County.

Sometime between 1890 and 1900 Mr. Emery J. Salter, while doing some work on his farm, found the gun lock in an arroyo of Trabuco Canyon. Later he found the rowel from a Spanish spur on the Mesa above the Canyon, in an area near what is now known as O'Neil Park.

There has been some speculation, and hope, that the lock might have been from

the long lost Trabuco gun (see *Branding Iron* No. 96, 1970). And, what a story it would make, if true. Unfortunately the odds are against it, as will be pointed out. Such locks were fastened to the stock by two rather large screws, entering from the left side of the left side of the gun and screwing into the inside and through the lock plate. No remains of such screws are to be seen on this lock. In fact, the threads in the holes in the lock plate are still visible. This would indicate that the lock was not fastened to a gun at the time it was lost. Nor, was any other metal gun parts found at the time.

It is reasonable to assume that the lock may have been an extra one carried along for a replace; or, that it had been removed for some reason. While badly rusted, from exposure over the years, all parts are intact, even to the springs.

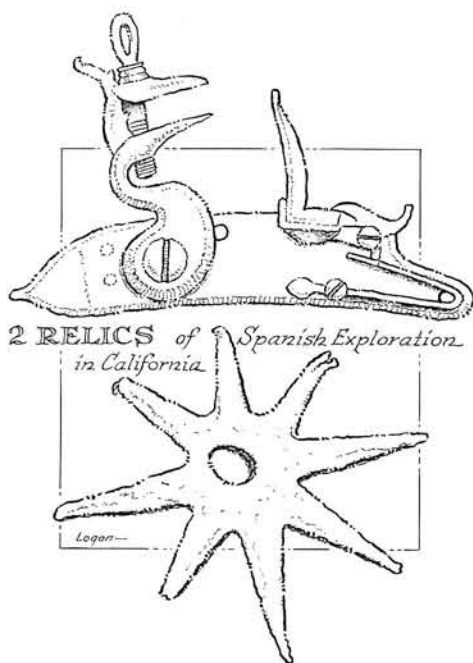
The rowel is the only part of the spur to be found. It too, is in a rusted condition, with tips of some of the points having been broken off. It is quite typical of the plain type of spurs, undoubtedly worn by the mounted horsemen of those early expeditions.

The following new corresponding members have been welcomed into the Corral since January of 1970: Anthony S. Kroll, Gary Melickian, E. G. Sagehorn, M.D., Michael J. Murphy, Bill Reed, Henry G. Welcome, Robert Zamboni, Ara Melickian, Alan Rogers, Eugene Borilotti, Andres S. Dagosta, Albert C. White, Jr., Peter G. Oldham, George Kurtz, Mrs. Katherine H. Haley, Mrs. Ann Posey, Jerry L. Russell.

Westerner, George Koenig, has been kind enough to tell us about some old *Branding Irons* which he has available. He will be happy to help you with your needs if you will contact him.

Attendance for the first months as reported by our Registrar shows the following: January, 75; February, 67; March, 92; April, 79; May, 86; June, 89.

The Corral owes a real debt to Everett Hager for the time and effort that he has put into his job. He keeps a remarkable and accurate set of books and statistics!



GERALD CASSIDY

International famous
Painter and Lithographer

by TOM MCNEILL

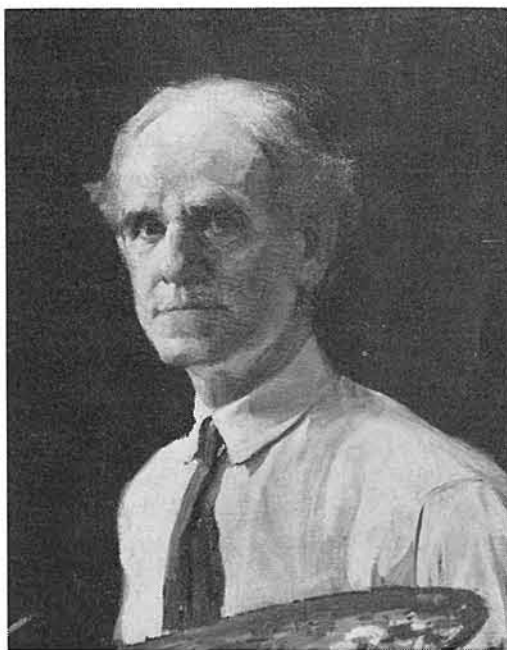
(EDITOR'S NOTE: For several years, Westerner Tom McNeill has arranged and been responsible for the excellent art shows at our meetings. We appreciate this vignette from his excellent collection.)

In November 1965 the Jamison Galleries in Santa Fe, New Mexico, held a one man retrospective art exhibit of one of the pioneer painters of this Western state. Within the first week many of the art works were sold. By the following summer, the gallery had no Gerald Cassidy paintings, drawings or lithographs left. The residents, visitors, and art collectors from afar, seized the opportunity to purchase something from this greatly admired man. The success of the sale was a tribute to the artist and another example of the current interest in the earlier artists who lived and worked in the West.

Ira D. Gerald Cassidy was born of Irish stock in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1869. His father was a contractor and builder. There were 10 children. Brother Bert was an accomplished cartoonist who worked in Denver illustrating local newspapers. Gerald was influenced in art by his brother. Gerald's skill as a draughtsman and lithographer was in part the result of Bert's example.

Rather early in his career he went to New York to paint posters and to learn the art of lithography. He became expert in the black and white medium and we find examples rendered as late as 1931. Although largely self taught, Cassidy spent some time at the Cincinnati Old Mechanics Institute where Duvenick became the idol of such famous western artists as Walter Ufer, J. H. Sharp, and Fernand Lungren. His skill in drawing earned him a prize at age 12 from the Institute.

Never strong physically, Cassidy went to Albuquerque, New Mexico in 1890 for his health. He worked as an illustrator in the style of Will Bradley and Howard Pyle, then famous eastern book illustrators. Cassidy was fascinated by the local Indians and some of his first work were paintings of



GERALD CASSIDY — self portrait.

— Courtesy Michael Harrison.

Navajos. These early efforts were rather slight commercial-type pictures, some were reproduced on post cards. Cassidy was soon praised for the quality of these early Indian pictures. Such comments were, "vitality of line," "fluid draughtsmanship," "a sophistication rare in the Southwest" were typical.

Leaving Albuquerque we find Cassidy a prominent member of the Denver Arts Club where he entered a show in 1909. This was the first public exhibition of his oil paintings, many of which were Indian subjects. He returned to Denver in later years with exhibits, and it was in this Colorado city that he met Ina Sizer who became Mrs. Cassidy. Ina was a business woman. From 1899 to 1912 she was vice president of the Montrose Orchard Company. Active in the women's suffrage movement, later a contributor to the *New Mexico Magazine*, Mrs. Cassidy was just what Gerald needed — a manager, a promoter — and a life long companion who maintained an unflagging enthusiasm for Gerald's abilities as an artist.

Following the marriage in January 1912, the Cassidys moved to Santa Fe and except for short periods of time in New York, Ventura, California, travel in Europe, the old

(Continued on Next Page)

pueblo city was their permanent home. In the environment of the native crafts Gerald Cassidy carried on his fine art and Ina plunged into community work. An adobe house formerly the property of Juan de Archevecque, said to have been one of the murderers of La Salle, was purchased by the Cassidys. An extensive remodeling followed with as much of the original roof timbers retained as possible. Many old artifacts were added. Their home on Canyon Road became the regional art center for local and visiting artists. Ina was able to remain in the old home until a few months before her death.

Gerald's first notice as a serious painter was in 1915 with his mural "The Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest" installed at the Panama California International Exposition at San Diego. He was awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal for the mural. Returning from San Diego he made an extensive tour through the Hopi country and while at Oraibi met Warren E. Rollins and W. R. Leigh both painting in the area. During this period the German Government bought the painting, "End of the Santa Fe Trail." In the picture were a group of adobe buildings along a dusty street. The Germans were interested in the local architecture of the early Santa Fe scene.

The years 1915 to 1918 were busy with travel and study. During a period in New York he became a member of the MacDowell and Salusgundi Art Clubs. Two murals for the Gramatan Hotel in Lawrence Park Bronxville and a show in Denver were products of the year 1917. Two Los Angeles exhibitions held in the Blanchard Building during 1918, 1919 drew high praise from Anthony Anderson, art critic for the Los Angeles *Times*. A portrait of Judge Clark, of the superior court in Ventura, and a small water color of the mission now in the collection of the Southwest Museum came from a stay in the channel city.

By the 1920s Cassidy was well known and his work was in demand. An exhibition in Washington, D.C. in March 1924 was well received. The Washington *Sunday Star* noted his Indian paintings were out of the ordinary in realistic and academic forcefulness. Paris, Vienna, Italy, North Africa were places to visit and paint. The Luxembourg Museum in Paris and the City Museum pur-

chased Cassidy paintings in 1926. Upon his return he won prizes at the annual shows of the Chicago Galleries in 1929-31. Casson Galleries, Boston, exhibited Cassidy paintings of the Southwest and of Northern Africa in 1927. Two murals executed in the 1920s, "Coronado's Entry into New Mexico" are now well known. First painted for a theatre in the Casswell Building in Santa Fe, they were purchased by J. J. Hardi of Oklahoma City for his hotel in Hobbs. The large murals did not fit. They were shipped to another hotel in Acapulco, Mexico. But again the space was inadequate, and Hardin decided the murals belonged back in the Capital City. They were presented to the State and were intended for the new capital building, however, the federal post office building was constructed first. Now the dramatic portrayals of Coronado are permanently placed high in the entry of Uncle Sam's fine structure just a few blocks from Cassidy's old home.

One of those murals was used as the decoration for a 3-cent special postage stamp commemorating the 400th anniversary of the Coronado expedition through the Southwest, September 1940.

Other places where paintings by Cassidy may be seen are: Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, Collection of the Santa Fe Railroad, Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, New York Public Library, Southwest Museum, Bancroft Library, Gardena High School. Colored oil panels of Indians and a large illustrated wall map are located in the La Fonda Hotel in Santa Fe.

Locally Cassidy is familiar to many for his fine portrait of Charles Lummis. Among his other portraits were: The Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Herbert Hoover Jr., Madam Andre' of Paris, Frau Scheu-Reiss, Vienna, Mrs. Edgar Lee Hewett, and Ruth Rollins.

Cassidy met an accidental death in 1934 at the age of 64. At the time he was working on a CWA project for the government in a temporary studio. A Canyon de Chelly scene planned for the new federal building in Santa Fe was under way when a combination of carbon monoxide fumes from a faulty heater and turpentine odors was too much for a man once the victim of tubercu-

(Continued on Next Page)

Cassidy ...

losis. His funeral in Santa Fe brought out hundreds of mourners. One quote at the time read: "Not for years has the passing of a citizen evoked such a widespread sorrow."

Cassidy will be remembered for his Indian studies and paintings. His affection for the American Indian is evident in his pictures. He admired their religion, gave credit for their love of beauty, their skill in craft work. Some art authorities believe his casual, on-the-scene sketches and small paintings that captured the true character of the Western light as it is revealed in the mountains with great clarity are his best work. Cassidy was a keen analyzer of color as it relates to the sensation of light.

THE SAGA OF THE DOLLAR MARK BULL

In 1919, the act creating Grand Canyon National Park provided that cattleman who had run stock within the proposed Park boundaries would be permitted to continue to do so with certain restrictions. One of the restrictions was that stock would be kept away from the village area. A permittee was Martin Buggeln whose cow brand was a large Dollar Sign (\$) that made for just about the ugliest brand I have ever seen on a cow critter, especially when that brand was burned right smack dab in the middle of a cow.

At this late date, I do not recall how many head Martin ran but he claimed a white face bull that had been born in the village prior to the creation of the park, who just couldn't be kept out of the village area, fences or no. That bull was a big one — I wouldn't want to guess his weight. The bull soon became a nuisance, not alone to Buggeln's boys who tried to keep him out of the village area but to those in the Park Service who attempted to do the same, spurred on by complaints received at Park Headquarters about the Roaming Romeo. Between roundups, he would invade the village area, trampling through yards and/or scaring the everlasting daylights out of dudes who were innocently strolling through the timber. Because of his size, it always several men to "bust" him so that he could

be winched on to a truck and taken outside the park boundaries. I'm willing to swear that on occasion he beat them back to the park.

It got to the point where Buggeln decided to get rid of the bull come the next roundup but when that time came the bull could not be found. Nor at the next one. That bull was just too smart — he knew when to make himself scarce.

One day, Ed Howell, one of our rangers was on patrol riding through the timber and here came the Dollar Mark bull heading for the village. Ed was riding his Dixie mare that day, and he decided to take on the bull by his lonesome. He took down his ketch rope, built himself a loop and turned 'er loose, making his catch. The took off on a long lope, the Dixie mare set up and then the cinch busted. When it did the saddle left Dixie, and Ed left the saddle. The last he saw of the latter was it bouncing along on the end of his ketch rope with the Dollar Mark Bull making tracks for the tall timber at the other end of the rope.

Poor Ed was afoot and had to walk in to headquarters, and when he got there he was madder'n the proverbial wet hen. It was dark by the time he got in, so next morning a couple of us saddled up and went saddle-hunting with Ed to see if we could find his N. Porter. We did — but it wasn't a pretty sight, having been chewed up by the rocks it hit and the brush it was pulled through while being towed by the bull. Ed vowed that some day, come hell or high water, he would get his revenge.

One day, just before the Fall roundup Ed came into the messhall as we were sitting down to supper and announced to one and all the Dollar Mark bull was no more, that the poor critter had died of a severe case of lead poisoning. Ed had gotten the revenge he had promised.

For some time after, whenever Martin Buggeln came to the Park he would ask of all and sundry whether they had seen the Dollar Mark Bull and the answer was always the same, "No" — and that was the truth. As far as I know, until the day he shoved off this mortal coil, Martin Buggeln never learned that Ed Howell had managed the disappearance of that Dollar Mark Bull.

— MICHAEL HARRISON.

Harrington Honored By County Supervisors

"M. R." Harrington was recently honored as an outstanding senior citizen by the County Board of Supervisors. The beautiful parchment commendation reads: "In recognition of outstanding volunteer service rendered the community by sharing your ability, mature knowledge and vast experience and giving freely of your time and energy. The wealthy heritage of your service enriches the entire community."

This acknowledgment was mainly for his restoration of the Andres Pico Adobe with his own funds in 1930. The Mission Hills landmark, the second oldest home in the city of Los Angeles, is now owned by the City of Los Angeles. The library in it has been named the Mark Harrington Library and will be dedicated in June.

Mark also received a letter of congratulation from Senator George Murphy in connection with the presentation of the honor.

Paul Bailey to Deliver Keynote Address

Westerner Paul Bailey, who has some 18 books to his credit, has been asked to give the Keynote Address at the "League of Utah Writers" during the the weekend of September 12, at Brigham Young University, in Provo.

The Corral is proud that this outstanding gentleman who has always been totally honest and forthright in his portrayal of western history, and thereby occasionally paid a price for his candor, has been thus honored by the country of his heritage.

The Champion...

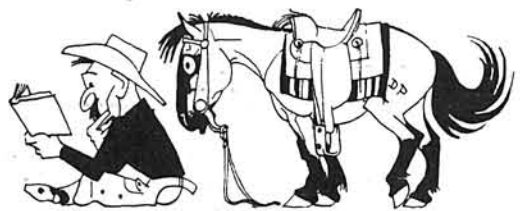
cemetery at Ninneah, on the prairie that he loved.

So, he only held the Championship from February to July of 1908. The title must have gone back to Ellison Carroll for he is spoken of as champion after that. But Milton Beeler did make a record and should get credit for it — if held only briefly.

Ex-Sheriff Erv Strong "Called Home"

One of the old stalwarts of the Corral, beloved ex-sheriff Erv Strong, has been "called home." The funeral was held Wednesday, August 19, 1970.

Erv was active in many organizations, but since his recent surgery had been forced to slow down. His passing leaves a deep hole in our organization and our hearts. Our sympathy goes to his widow. These words seem totally inadequate — and sketch Erv's contributions will appear in the next issue. *Via Con Dios.*



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL...

IRON EYE'S FAMILY, by Norma Kidd Green, Lincoln, Nebraska: Johnsen Publishing Co; 1970; 226 pp., illus., \$5.95

Iron Eye's Family: The Children of Joseph La Flesche — Little is known of the Omaha Tribe and their long and colorful history despite their exposure to European culture prior to 1800. Certainly they were residents of the area that is now Nebraska in the eighteenth century and controlled much of Eastern Nebraska during the exploration period. Relations with American explorers and settlers date from the Lewis and Clark Expedition of 1804. A few Spanish explorers must have known them even earlier. They provided land and assistance to the military personnel at Cantonment Mission in 1819 and at Fort Atkinson. They befriended the Mormons in the 1840's and with territorial settlement in 1854 they peacefully withdrew to a reservation.

(Continued on Next Page)

Stories are told of the infamous Chief Blackbird but the achievements of the distinguished La Flesche are less well known. The La Flesche papers include many intimate letters of the family in the first generation venturing beyond the tribal life pattern.

Joseph La Flesche, often called by the direct English translation of his Indian name, "Iron Eye" was the last man to obtain Chiefship of the Omaha under the age-old rites and rituals. His participation in these rites followed his own adoption as a son by the old Chief Big Elk.

SID PLATFORD.



IN PURSUIT OF THE GOLDEN DREAM: REMINISCENCES OF SAN FRANCISCO, AND THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN MINES, 1849-1857, by Howard C. Gardiner. Edited by Dale C. Morgan. Stoughton, Mass.: Western Hemisphere Inc.; 450 pp., 8 plates, maps. Printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy. \$30.00

Gardiner arrived in San Francisco following the discovery of gold in 1849. For eight years he sought fortune working the diggings of the Mother Lode principally at Hawkins' Bar and Sullivan Creek and later at the Mariposa Mines and North Fork of the American River. Gardiner accounts rather fully of his Gold Rush life from the fall of 1848 to 1857 when he returned to New York. Circumstances prevented his return to California and he died at Green Bay, Wisconsin, in 1917, 91 years of age.

Included in this rich lode stone of reminiscences are a series of letters that passed between Gardiner and Miss Sarah Louise Crosby before their marriage in 1866.

Howard C. Gardiner remained in California long enough to have a far broader range of experiences than most of the gold seekers, and he has managed to tell his story with a minimum of involvement with his own ego.

Of inestimable value is the erudite and meticulous editing by Dale C. Morgan whose work has enriched and enhanced these Gold Rush reminiscences. He has contributed a most comprehensive bibliography and historical survey which adds

tremendously to this unique narrative which library.

Morgan's bibliography, "Through the Haze of Time — the California Gold Rush in Retrospect," lends a strong emphasis to the subject and is invaluable. In Morgan's viewpoint: "personal narratives of the California Gold Rush fall into three broad categories. First are the starkly contemporary records, the diaries and letters written in route to or after reaching the Golden Shore or while toiling in the mines. Second are the travel narratives written and published soon after the event. And, finally, we have the often richly-colored reminiscences which look back down the years. These categories shade off into one another. . . .

"Much time and effort has been devoted, almost exclusively to the diaries and letters of the Forty-niners. Now scholars are beginning to look towards accurate and broadly-covered reminiscences for new and related sources to enlarge the general scope of materials covering the Gold Rush. The literature of reminiscences, has been somewhat neglected by scholars in recent years, and there is actually less of them than is generally supposed. The recollections of Howard C. Gardiner stand in the very front of this literature."

The splendid notes, bibliography and index, all prepared by Dale C. Morgan all point up to the importance of the Gardiner memoirs.

Handsome it is! Designed and printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy, this is a stunning volume. There is also a limited edition of 100 numbered and signed copies, bound in leather and boxed, priced at \$75.00.

This work will prove to be an outstanding source book for years to come and will further a more keen appreciation of Morgan's superior editorship and bent for historical research. *In Pursuit of the Golden Dream*, will become one of the most desirable of Gold Rush reminiscences.

Better break open your gold poke and treat yourself to a very worthwhile addition to your library — it surely is worth every penny and more to own this splendid book!

EVERETT G. HAGER.



LOS HERMANOS PENITENTES, by Lorayne Ann Horka-Follick, Ph.D., Los Angeles: Westernlore Press; 1970; 226 pp., illus.; \$7.50

This non-fiction account of the *Hermanos Penitentes* was prepared by its young and talented author as a dissertation for her degree of Doctor of Philosophy from St. Andrew's College, University of London, England. Dr. Horka-Follick, who also attended the University of Copenhagen, Denmark, McGill University, Montreal, and holds a Citation for Academic Achievement, amply displays here her capacity for scholarly research and an unbiased approach to a most emotional and controversial subject.

There are few aspects of this strange cult of Spanish-Americans who in these remote canyons of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado flagellated themselves with cactus whips and hung a member on the cross on Good Friday in emulation of the Christ, she does not examine.

We learn from her historical resumé that *Los Hermanos Penitentes de la Tercera Orden de San Francisco* was not a corrupted form of the Third Order of St. Francis, but an extension into New Mexico of the flagellant *hermandades* of the sixteenth century. The author details the practices — the self-whippings, the march to Calvary on Good Friday, the hanging of the Cristo on the cross, the *tiniablas* that night in the *morada*. She investigates the religious and political structures of *La Hermandad*, its economic position, social factors, the art of the *Santeros* it engendered, and the changing attitudes of the Roman Catholic Church.

On the whole, this is a deeply researched, clearly written source book that should be in every library for ready reference.

If this reviewer has a fault to find, it is in its main virtue — its strictly academic viewpoint. It lacks the immediate personal involvement, the powder-burn human contact with the Penitentes themselves. This may be less a criticism of the author than of all historians; we seem to interest ourselves in a phase of society only after it is gone.

In 1889 the Roman Catholic Church issued a ban on the Brotherhood with the threat of excommunication, which was not rescinded until 1947. From the turn of the

century until the forties, the author states, at least half of all Catholic families were Penitentes. During the thirties this reviewer was living in the then isolated valley of Mora, New Mexico, most of whose families belonged to the order. It was natural that his neighbors invited him to attend a "crucifixion" up a remote canyon from the carefully guarded *morada*. How different this was from the approach of Charles F. Lummis, that supreme exhibitionist, who witnessed the rites with a gun under one arm and a camera under the other! Since then the reviewer has lived in Taos, another center of Penitentes. Here he has witnessed, with the advent of paved highways, tourists, and "progress," the abandonment of *moradas*, the dying Anglo sport of "Penitente hunting," and the gradual deterioration of the Order's activities. Dr. Horka-Follick, I believe, is grammatically wrong in using the present tense at times to describe the rites which have been given up almost completely.

After so many years of contact, one views his neighbors not as members of a strange cult, but as a simple, sensitively emotional people strong in their belief of literal Christianity. If within the framework of our own belief we as individuals appeal to the psychologist for help in confronting the dark shadow of our deeper hidden selves, we can accept the fact that out of their collective unconscious there periodically erupts in rites of primitive passion the mounting tension, the accumulated feelings of guilt, that lie within us all. Yet we must still question why the Indians in the neighboring pueblos, isolated since time immemorial in this same mountainous wilderness, have never been susceptible to these same compulsions and have regarded the practices of the Penitentes as incomprehensible.

Certainly the Penitente compulsion to behavior cannot be explained by historical antecedent, political and economic forces, and social mores. It lies within the realm of psychological forces deeply rooted in the unconscious, with its religious archetypes, its social mores. It lies within the realm of psychiatry. It would be good if sometime Dr. Horka-Follick could add a chapter embracing this deeper level of investigation.

— FRANK WATERS.