LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

DECEMBER 1974 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 116

# COW BOYS
# COW-BOYS
# COWBOYS

*By* W. I. ROBERTSON

In England, half a century before the Boston Tea Party, literary references were made to "cow boys." The cow boys referred to in the British writings of 1725 were the rustic lads who herded the bossies on the British meadows or, when bored with their bucolic chore, lay "under a haycock, fast asleep."

According to a Mother Goose jingle, the primal cow boys carried horns for calling the milk givers and we may assume that they also carried osier branches as more persuasive tools of their pastoral occupation.

In America, the colonial cousins of those British cow boys at first did not differ greatly from their English counterparts in knee breeches and bare feet. Frontier conditions, though, wrought changes: knee pants and bare feet were replaced by buckskin leggins and moccasins, fur caps supplanted headwear of cloth and felt, muskets and rifles took the place of willow switches, and powder horns replaced the music instruments of the cow tenders. Older boys, too, took the place of the young fellows in the more serious work of tending milk cows and working oxen on the fringe of the wilderness.

During the century and a half of colonial settlement, those backwoods cow boys

*(Continued on Page Four)*

# The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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



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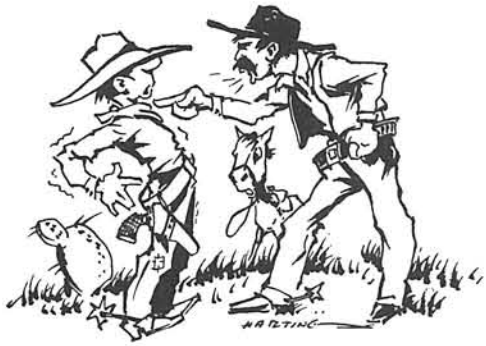

# The Foreman Sez . . .

In the June issue of the *Branding Iron* I threatened to put some of you fellows on the rack if you didn't turn in articles. My final call must have hit home — a few features came in by mail and stage. I also got a couple letters from those who had contributed and wondered why I was not using everything they had sent in?

These fellows had done their bit, and to get some variety I was trying to touch those who sat on their hands most of the time. I fully realize everyone can't produce articles, but there are those who are capable. I can't draw a straight line and never intend to send in any art work. But the fellows with brush in hand are always happy to help. Fellows like Herschel Logan, Andy Dagosta, Lloyd Mitchell, etc. just to mention a few. I think they realize more than anyone the problems of an editor.

As I stated earlier I also mentioned I would use some old features from the *Branding Iron* if we did not corner some fresh fodder. Paul Galleher was kind enough to loan the two volume bound set of the *Branding Iron* which covers issues Nos. 1 to 100. I was impressed by the earlier editions. They contained some grand material that only a few ever had the chance to read. Here was a gold mine of just what I was looking for. Articles on gold, mining, stage lines, cowboys, early western presses, and even western characters. One struck me as timely and that was Bob Robertson's article *Cow Boy, Cow-Boy, Cowboy* appearing in the March 1958 issue. In the past several years we have not had an article on cowboys, so why not now! I should like to re-issue this excellent

work for your enjoyment. Robertson is still a Corresponding Member and lives in Carson City, Nevada. I have added a bit of Remington line art which should add a bit of spice to the December issue.


# THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER

The annual Rendezvous held at the beautiful home of former Sheriff Alden Miller, was enjoyed by all those present. In fact, if I am not in error, the crowd was much bigger than last year. It must have been the warm weather. I saw more ties floating in the Miller pool, plus a few bottle caps and a cork here and there. Those reaching into the big iced tub found the beer icy, while those with both feet on the barroom brass rail had one hell-of-a-time keeping their balance.

As usual Tony Kroll printed an attractive invitation with art work by Associate Lloyd Mitchell. His clever western scene had to be studied to be enjoyed. Did anyone see our Daguerrotype Wrangler and Chief of Smoke Signals up there atop the mountain with his camera clicking away?

The Corral auction had some of the best in books and art. While the auction was underway Loring Campbell set up his tepee and was hawking those colorful blue stones mounted in silver to any Gringo looking for the head. The haul must have been sufficient as the Brinks truck was blocking the driveway as I left. The aroma of steak on the grill filled the evening air and there was a mad dash for the chuck wagon. The wine had the right bite for the clear evening.

For 1974 our most loyal member Harvey Starr was honored for his contribution to the Corral. He is one of the earliest of

Harvey Starr is presented a bronze plaque by Sheriff John Urabec. — *Donald Duke Photo.*

members and has attended nearly every meeting since he became a member of the Los Angeles Corral. A bronze plaque was presented to Harvey on behalf of the Corral by our Sheriff John Urabec.

While Corral members picked blueberry seeds from their teeth, we were entertained with songs of the range.

OCTOBER

Western author David Lavender favored the Corral with a tale of the great diamond hoax of Colorado. Labeled as "Bedazzled: The State of Mind that Let Some of the Smartest Money in America Fall for the Great Diamond Hoax," his talk told how William Ralston, founder of the Bank of California and a prominent figure in the Comstock was tricked by two prospectors into buying a diamond mine in Colorado near the Utah border. Lavender is famous for his books on early Colorado history and his *One Man's West* has become a classic. His books and articles are becoming legion among western book collectors.

Scene at the October meeting with David Lavender (center) and Deputy Sheriff Ray Billington (left) and Sheriff John Urabec.
*—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph.*

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# Cowboys . . .

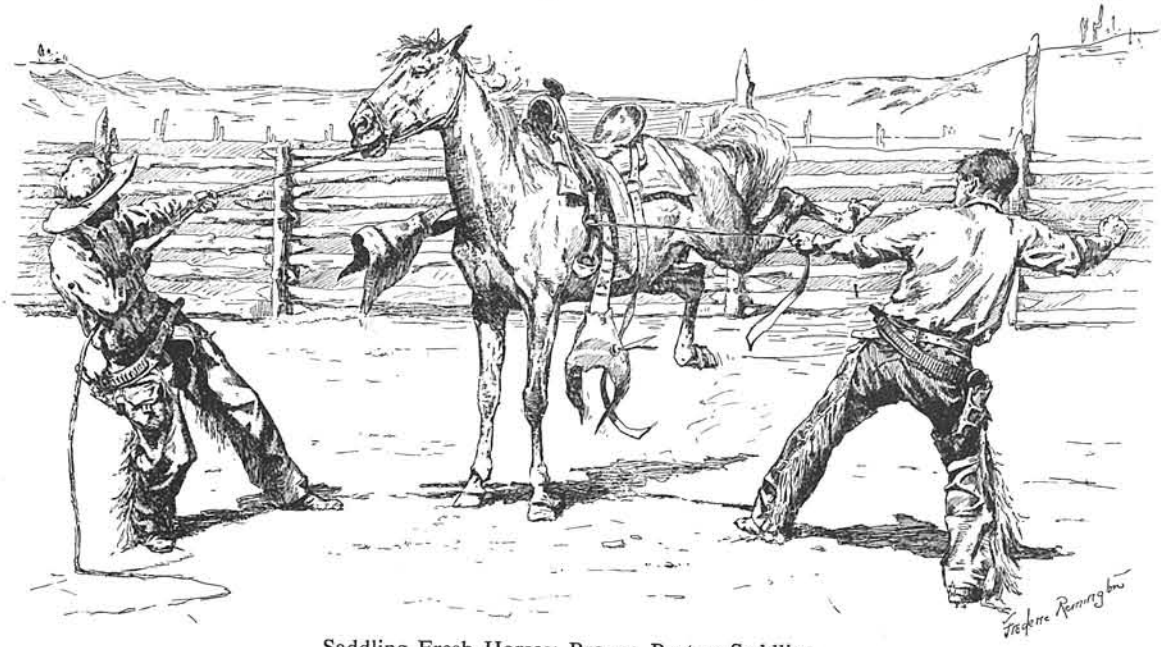
evolved practices, methods, customs and manners which left their settled neighbors in doubt and in some fear of them until, by the time of the American Revolution when partisan factions were bitterly opposed, wilderness cowherds were considered dangerous characters and "Cow Boy" became the contemptuous – even scurrilous – name among patriot backwoods loyalists and border guerrillas and a synonym for sneak killer, thief and arsonist. Then the cow boy tradition, the Eastern tradition that cow boys were wild, dangerous gunmen, was born.

For a half-century or so after the first Fourth of July, "cow boy" held the place of a cuss word in speech of frontier America and was entered in early Yankee lexicons as a tory "of a band of marauders during the American Revolution, chiefly refugees belonging to the British side, who infested the neutral ground between the British and American lines . . . and plundered whigs and revolutionists." History records that the Cow Boys were not always scrupulous in selecting only "Skinners," their whig enemies, for victims. As the names, Cow Boy and Skinner, imply, cattle, beef and cowhides were important items in the nefarious operations of both the Crown-loving Cow Boys and the Liberty-loving Skinners. And in neither case was chauvinism a deterrent when a cow or a cowhide – or a scalp – could be taken for profit.

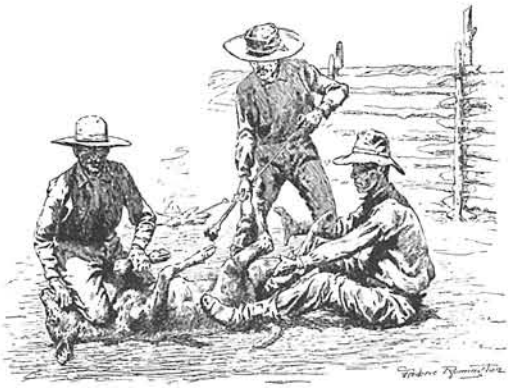
Early Americans, in common with most Americans, then and now in settled areas, were bored to death with everyday humdrum, social security and the mediocrity which politicians call The American Standard of Living. Those early Americans soon attached a Rob Roy and Robin Hood glamour to the border cow boys as an escape from dull reality into the mental relief of make-believe.

There were then no cow boys in the West, but *vaqueros* had been tending cattle on the Mexican ranges for three hundred years before the first Anglo-American went into the cow business west of the Sabine River. Fifty years before the paleface branded his first cow in Texas, missionaries and *rancheros* had established a flourishing range-cattle industry in California while cow boys were yet sneaking through the woods east of the Appalachians.

In the year that Sam Houston and his riflemen at San Jacinto collected indemnity from Santa Ana for damages at the Alamo, California cattle were driven to Oregon by the forerunners of the "buckeroos" of the far Northwest. By the time the Cow Boys of the Revolution were dead or too old to bushwack, the day of advent of the Texas cow boy still had not come.



Saddling Fresh Horses; Bronco Busters Saddling



Branding a Calf

But, after Anglo-Americans and Spanish Americans clashed in dispute over national issues, religious views, linguistic differences and cutaneous pigmentation, in Texas, the Eastern epithet, "cow-boy" (the hyphen had begun to be added), was applied to – and pridefully adopted by – the Anglos who shot, cut, stole and burned their way to everlasting glory in the annals of the Southwest – and a permanent place in the profound hatred of trans-Rio Bravo neighbors.

Horses and saddles were added by the *tejanos* to the cow-boy outfit and Sam Colt's six-shooters augmented the effectiveness of traditional American riflemanship. So began the legend of the Texas cow-boy and the myth of The American Cow-Boy, idol of Easterners and children between the ages of five and ninety-five.

The Texas cow-boy became and remained popular at home so long as the memories of the Alamo, Goliad and the Mexican War were fresh – and while the supply of Mexican cattle and horses across the border was ample. But, when Mexican stock and candidates for the graveyard thinned and the cow-boys turned their attention to marketing beef on the hoof, horseflesh and hides nearer home, their gringo neighbors began to speak of cowboys in the same breath with other words that smelled strongly of vitriol and brimstone.

Easterners were too far away to hear the smoky words but the new-style cowboys revived their Rob Roy and Robin Hood romances. The mythical American Cow-Boy was taking form.

The Texan cow-boys made the most of their title until private conferences with honest cowmen and cow-hands left them speechless at the ends of ropes tied to stout limbs of tall trees. The name, cowboy, then suddenly became unpopular among the free-lance branders of cattle and riders of others' horses.

When the transcontinental railroad and slaughter of the Indians' natural meat supply finally assured Texans of a steady market for their longhorned beeves, young trail drivers, with strong notions concerning dam' Yankees, demonstrated their feelings with six-shooters, rebel yells and alcoholic exuberance. The old cuss word, cowboy was revived and bestowed upon those celebrants and The American Cow-Boy became a permanent fixture in folklore and Webster's dictionary: "A cattle herder, as on the plains of the western United States."

Webster's definition was hardly accurate at the time when the epithet denoted a cattle thief plus other derogatory connotations. In the West no-one, except the rowdy who wanted to be thought wild, woolly and tough, wished to be called a cowboy or be accused of being one. In the East the Rob Roy romantics wanted to believe – did believe – that all Westerners were cow-boys.

The lexical confusion caused by the dictionary and the ambiguous applications of tenderfeet threw "cow-boy" into disuse among Westerners.

"Rustlers" replaced it in the sense of cow thief and it appeared more and more seldom in its old defamatory meaning. The last considerable use of the word in its true

Cowboy Fun

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Saddling Fresh Horses

sense was in the 1880's before John Slaughter, an efficient sheriff with an appropriate surname, administered the lead cure to the cow-boys of southern Arizona.

As the use of the word died out among cattlemen and their range riders, it increased in use and application among Eastern pilgrims and all the city dudes until its over-use was exceeded only by its misuse. The romantic still liked to believe that cowboys were deadly marksmen with pistol and rifle but, by the latter part of the 19th century, The American Cow-Boy had grown to be a hero who shot only villains, stole cattle only from villians or played cards only with villains all for the noble purpose of aiding fair, pure, maidenly victims of villainy.

By the 1890's cow-boys had gone out of style in both the Western vocabulary and the flesh except for a few who had outlived their sentences and paraded like dehorned old bulls before their awe-stricken audiences of "shorthorns" from the East or gaping small-fry admirers. Range riders and cattle-ranch hands of the Southwest called themselves "cow-hands" and jocularly called each other "waddy," a mild synonym for "cow thief." "Vaqueros" still did the horseback work of the far Southwest. In the far Northwest "buckeroos" rode the sagebrush flats and mountain trails and "cowpunchers" worked cattle on the northern plains as far as the North Fork of the Saskatchewan. From the Rio Grande to the Bow and from the Pacific to the plains, cow-hands, cowpunchers, buckeroos and vaqueros were amused or bored – or disgusted – by the stock question of the ever-increasing tenderfoot or dude: "Are you a cow-boy?" "How many men have you killed?" The puerile minds of the greenhorns never perceived the differences in types of range men and they refused to forsake their fetish: The Cow-Boy.

After the turn of the century, when the West had been reduced to a shambles of bones, plowed ground and dust, and the range was cut to pieces with barbwire and sheep trails and old-time vaqueros, cow-hands, buckeroos and cow-punchers had become as scarce as buffalo, longhorns and mustangs. The young crop of ranch hands was hemmed in by hay fields, haystacks and homesteads and they had few chores to do horseback. Ranch work became farm work and many riders quit and went to town.


A Gunfight in the Street

The Rope Corral

With the passing of the open range and open range jobs, new employment had to be found by men who had never worked any way but horseback. Some went to town to become "stable bucks" in livery barns, teamsters, storekeepers, bartenders, bankers or politicians.

Others remained in the country and took jobs as packers, freighters, forest rangers and, as a last resort to keep from having to herd sheep, became guides (later nicknamed "dude wranglers"). A few of the old riders remained on the erstwhile ranches to learn to tolerate wire fences, plows, hay, windmills, mules, muley cattle, hogs, straw hats, brogans, rubber boots and "Mexican serges" (blue denim overalls that were to become the Levis authentic blue jeans of dude ranches and Hollywood westerns).

All those old-timers who kept the habits of wearing Stetson's "Big Four," "Dakota," "Roundup" and "Bronco" hats and smoking Bull Durham cigarettes were "cowboys" in the starry eyes of nice, young ma'ams from New England, in the wild dreams of adventure seekers from New York and in the distorted imaginations of painters and authors who did not know the difference between sage and hollyhocks.

Then it was when The Cowboy, Rob Roy of the Plains, matured. Fred Remington set the fashion in his studio "back east." The hoosier dentist, Zane Grey, began a mass production that made the dime-novel output look like a plugged nickel, the riding and roping contests of ranch hands were standardized and made competitive with Bill Cody's Wild West show, Hollywood burgeoned with two-gun wonders mounted on silver-caparisoned, windmill-tailed Pegasuses, Phil Rollins became the "eminent authority" on The Cowboy and dude ranches mushroomed from California to the Black Hills.

Others were not slow in getting aboard the band wagon. Pool hall baskers and barroom troubadours with guitars and nasal tenors blossomed out in ten-gallon hats, pimp shirts and pretty panties and yodelled, "Roll on, little doggies, roll on" and "I just *love* cattle;" "sky pilots" stood on street corners in chaps and tall sombreros and exhorted the strays to consider the promise of green pasture and still water up the dim, narrow trail across the Big Divide; radio stars recited horrendous, "authentic cow-boy" stories; sideshow barkers ballyhooed everything from Joaquin Murieta's head to Al Jennings' pocket knife; cartoonists and pulp authors loaded the stands with Real Ranger Romances; merchants filled their windows with Tom Mix, Jean Autry and Roy Rogers suits ranging all the way from Monkey Ward dollar-ninety-eight bargains to Medicine Square Garden creations. And kids swarmed in

*(Continued on Page Ten)*

SCENES FROM THE

# 1974

# Los Angeles Corral

# ANNUAL RENDEZVOUS

SATURDAY – SEPTEMBER 21

*Page Eight . . .*

*—Iron Eyes Cody and Donald Duke Photographs.*

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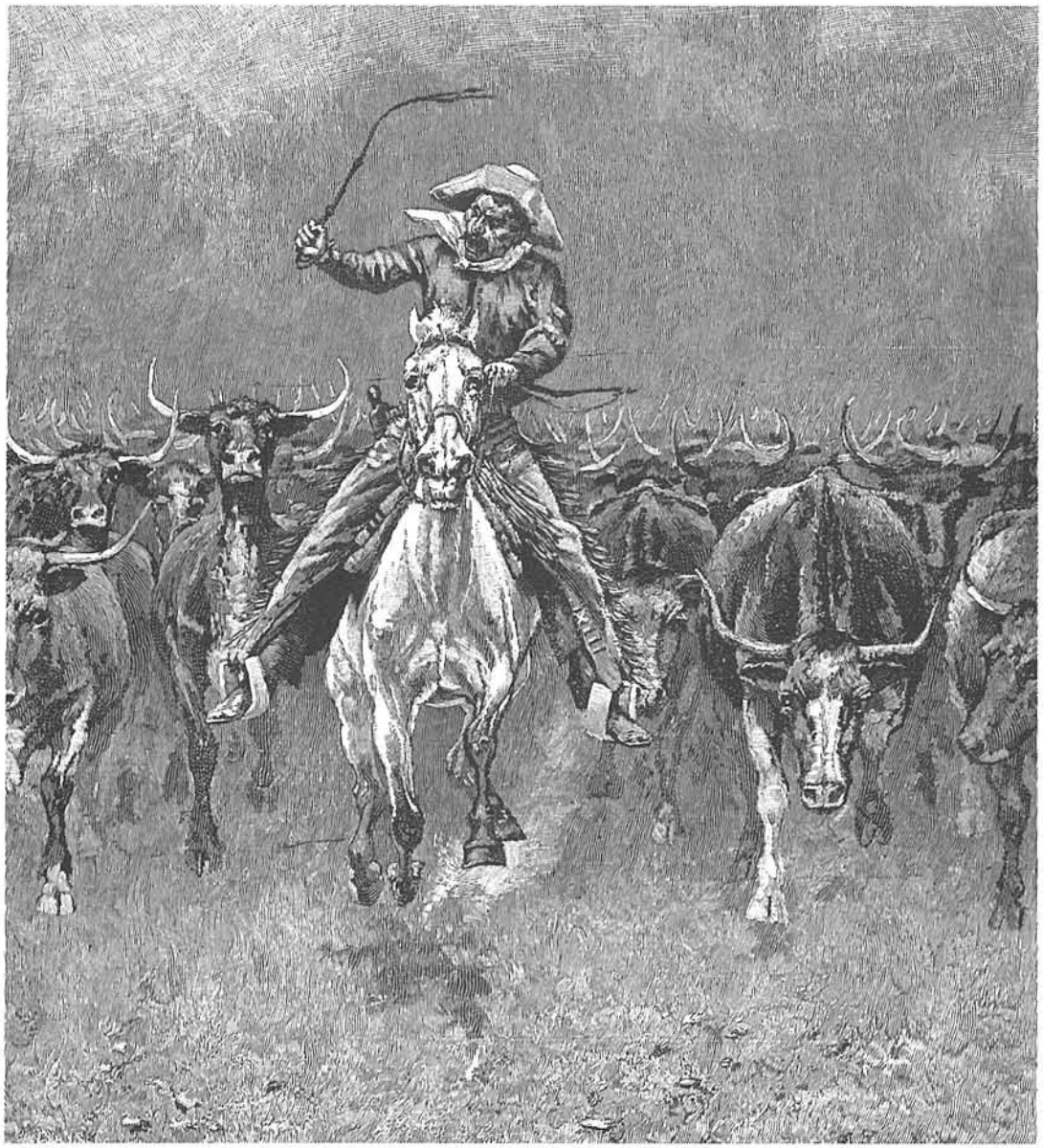
## Cowboys . . .

cowboy – and cowgirl – garb, snapped cap pistols and yelled "Yippee!"

The East was not to lose its estray hero who had ranged west. The Wild West show, formalized into rode-ee-oh (misspelled *rodeo*), has gone to Madison Square Garden, Hollywooden heroes crash across screens in hamlet, and Appalachia has its quota of dude ranches where transvestites in "authentic cowboy gear" can call each other "podner" and talk of the "critters," "doggies," "palominos," and "six-guns." Even Sullivan's refutation of the Constitution's provision, "the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed," can be circumvented. Wooden, plastic and metal models of frontier six-shooters are available for the modern two-gun cowboy.

The wanderer has returned with fatted calves to the home of his ancester, the cowboy of the wild and wooley range drained by the Hudson river. The cowboy was produced by the East.



In a Stampede.


# Corral Chips

Recently returned from a six-month visit to southern Spain, where he spent some time working in Seville's *Archivo General de Indias* taking notes and copying documents relative to the military history of California, is C.M. *Raymund Wood.* Ray also visited other libraries, archives, and museums, particularly the Military Museum in Madrid and the national archives in Simancas.

Under the guiding hand of Production Chairman *Hugh Tolford,* the 25th Annual Death Valley Encampment features a throng of Westerners on its four-day program: *George Koenig, Don Torguson,* and *Alden Miller;* Associate Member *Jack Stoddard;* Corresponding Members *Burr Belden,* Capt. *Ray Gibson,* and *Ron Miller;* and Honorary Member *Horace Albright.*

*Christopher Mason* has chalked up what must surely be another first for Westerners when a covered bridge in New Hampshire is named after him.

The Santa Barbara Corral draws upon some of the talent of its southern compadres when it hears two fine talks recently, one by *Doyce Nunis* on "The 1769 Transit of Venue: The First Planned Scientific Expedition to the Pacific Coast," and another by *Iron Eyes Cody,* who recalls "The Great Sun Dance of the Sioux of the Old Days."

The American Indian and Cowboy Artists Society sponsors an exhibit at the Downey Art Museum featuring works by *Andy Dagosta* and Corresponding Members *Lloyd Mitchell* and *Ken Mansker.* Ubiquitous *Iron Eyes Cody* delivers the invocation during the opening festivities.

Serving as chairman of the History Committee of the San Francisco Twin Bicentennial (honoring the birthdays of both the U.S.A. and San Francisco) is C.M. *Al Shumate.*

Bookish endeavors by Corral members again loom large in this issue of the *Branding Iron.* Associate Member *Dan Thrapp* has yet another outstanding volume published by the University of Oklahoma Press, this one dealing with *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches.* On the distaff side (and let's not forget our many female Corresponding Members who add lustre to the Corral's reputation) C.M. *Harriet Weaver* authors a blend of fact and fiction entitled *Beloved Was Bahamas,* the story of a young boy and his pet calf told in the setting of California's redwood country.

C.M. *Hank Johnston,* residing in the pure ether of Yosemite of late, culminates "six years of work and worry" with the publication of *Death Valley Scotty: The Fastest Con in the West.* Several Westerners, incidentally, provided invaluable help on this volume: *Hugh Tolford, Don Duke,* and C.M. *Russ Leadabrand* supplied photographs and other materials, while Honorary Member *Horace Albright* penned the Foreword.

Selected for inclusion in the Rounce and Coffin Club's touring Western Books/1974 exhibit is C.M. *Richard Curtiss'* study of *Thomas E. Williams and the Fine Arts Press,* a work printed and designed by C.M. *Richard Hoffman* and published by *Glen Dawson.*

Lastly, the Johns-Manville Corporation has published Corresponding Member *A. B. Cummins' Chronicle of the Celite Enterprise,* an account of the world-famous California business based on the operation of the extensive diatomaceous earth deposit near Lompoc in Santa Barbara County.

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## Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners extends the hand of friendship to the new Corresponding Members.

They are: Cap R. A. Gibson, Laguna Beach; David Lavender, Ojai; Helen Raitt, San Diego; Ted Soule, Glendale; and John Swingle of Laguna Beach.

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## Corral Thanks All Those Who Donate Time

Members who have attended the Fandango held each June or the annual September Rendezvous are undoubtedly aware of the many volunteers performing the several tasks necessary to insure that the occasion is an enjoyable one for all. The entire Corral owes the following people a hearty round of applause in appreciation for making the 1974 events the successes that they were.

Donating their time at last June's Fandango were Allen Willett, Bill Rasmussen, Stan Malora, Dutch Holland, Andy Dagosta, Bob Cowan and Byron Bailey. Joining these gentlemen were the ladies whose pleasant smiles greeted us at the door — Vernice Dagosta, Ruth Malora, and Ruth Parker.

This fall's Rendezvous again saw Byron Bailey, Andy Dagosta, Dutch Holland, Stan Malora, and Allen Willett busily engaged with either the bar or the auction. Stalwart aid was also rendered in dispensing booze or books by Bob Zamboni, Hank Welcome, Don Torguson, Hugh Tolford, Victor Plukas, Jack McCaskill, Tony Lehman, Bud Laird, and Bill Kimes.

All told, a fair to middlin' bunch of folks and certainly one which does us all proud.

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## Let Us Remember George Chalfant

All who knew George Chalfant, who for five years or more modestly signed himself "Secretary, Redwood Coast Outpost, The Westerners," will be saddened to hear that he passed away in Los Angeles on August 21, 1974. Instead of being just the "Secretary," he was in fact a combination of Sheriff, Trail Boss, Keeper of the Brands, and all other offices usually associated with any well run Corral of Westerners. He was its founder and throughout its brief history, its moving spirit.

My file on George Chalfant begins with an announcement he mailed on March 3, 1967, to all members of the California Conference of Historical Societies. In this announcement, he solicited information regarding the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company in California. This became for him a subject of absorbing interest. As a result of his efforts and enthusiasm, a historical marker was dedicated at 505 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, which marked the site of the Hudson's Bay Company's California Headquarters. George was then living on his ranch at Ukiah, California.

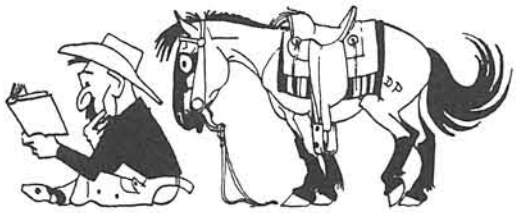
A second historical marker was placed at Bodega Bay in 1970, again as a result of George's consuming desire to see that the activities of the H. B. C. in California should be properly memorialized.

Under date of December 31, 1972, George sent out an announcement to all "Partners" which stated: "Effective December 31, 1972, the Redwood Coast Outpost of the Westerners will cease operations and be disbanded." The reasons — "the death, disability, financial reverses, and moving away of key members who had carried the main burden of the society." Although this Outpost had such a short life, yet much was accomplished, not only in the placing of two historical markers, but also in stimulating interest in western history and in preserving documents, artifacts, maps, etc. Several libraries and depositories of historical materials were the beneficaries of his collecting zeal.

Because of failing eyesight, George found it necessary to sell his 2,200 acre ranch in August 1973. He moved to Los Angeles to be near his daughter, Mrs. Helen Angwin. He was then confined to a wheel chair. Mrs. Angwin has passed on to me the following facts about her father's life: "Born in 1793 in Cleveland; Lived in St. Louis & Boise. Went to Whitman College 2 years; graduated in 1915 in pre-law from Stanford. He was with the telephone company (P.T. & T.) 40 years in Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco. He retired at 60 to spend time with his ranches near Half Moon Bay and Ukiah. History was his hobby."

George Chalfant deserves to be remembered with gratitude for all that he did to awaken interest in California's early history and for the lead he took in collecting historical materials and marking historical sites.

— Clifford M. Drury.



# DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

A MORMON MOTHER: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANNIE CLARK TANNER. University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City. 346 pp. $10.00

This reviewer must confess that he faced this book with reluctance and trepidation. Having digested too many volumes of "faith promoting" spiritual effusions endorsed by the Latter-day Saint "authorities," or hate-pieces aimed at scalping the Mormons, or those hoping to gain mileage by ridiculing the Saints and/or blowing up their cultural mores and plural marriage history into lewd sensationalism, I expected this volume to fit at least one niche of the several time-tested patterns. This it did not do. I found it to be unique, informative, absorbing, and altogether wonderful.

In 1883 Annie Clark, born into a prominent Utah Mormon polygamous family, married Joseph M. Tanner while both were attending Brigham Young University in Provo. Her husband was a teaching assistant at the college, just stepping into a distinguished educational career that would lead him to Harvard, to the high posts of commissioner of education for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to the presidency of Brigham Young College at Logan, and to the same post as president of Utah State University. That Tanner already had one wife when Annie Clark married him was not considered by her as anything out of the ordinary. Her own mother was married plural. It was the thing to do if one wanted exaltation in the celestial glory.

To complicate things, she honestly loved John Tanner. Worse, the marriage also happened to coincide with the U. S. Government's merciless program against Mormon polygamy – which would end only when, a few years later, the government had filled the western penitentiaries with the "cohabs," ruthlessly confiscated the church property and physical assets, and the Mormon President, Wilford Woodruff, had been forced to reveal to his beleagured Saints the "Manifesto" which would put instant end – at the price of disfellowship and excommunication to any brother who further added to his "increase."

Professor Tanner, however, continued with his marryings, until his Mormon harem totaled out at six wives – some of them, in spite of the harsh edict, added after the Manifesto. In this remarkable book, Annie Clark Tanner tells how it was to be married plural during the time when one had to hide in the "underground," and where a swollen belly, or the blatting cry of an infant, meant a fast ticket to Utah territorial penintentiary, if not for her, certainly for her husband.

Being one of the Mormon elite, Professor Tanner was able to escape durance vile, with a European mission, a sojourn in Mexico, and finally, because of his marrying propensities in defiance of Church edict, he was forced to abandon his high educational posts and flee to Canada with thousands of other Mormon "cohabs." In Alberta he traded the classroom for an immense amount of tillable acreage, wiping out Annie's family inheritance and leaving her in poverty with nine tiny children. In spite of the fact that at least three of his wives had followed Professor Tanner to Canada, and that she had a heavy stake in the exodus, Annie steadfastly refused to leave her own nest in Farmington, Utah. It proved to be a life of utmost sacrifice and deprivation.

In spite of the fact that Professor Tanner shone with brilliance in Mormon educational history, he seems totally lacking of any luster as a husband. What makes this book so extraordinary is not so much the "plural" turmoil of Mormondom when it ran head-on into public weal and official censure, but in the candid, honest recital of what it was like to be inside the "plural" conjugal nest, with the whole world turned against you. To my knowledge, nothing in Mormon literature begins to approach this recital of what it was like to be caught up in an Old Testament marriage pattern in this strange attempt to weld an ancient social concept into 19th and 20th century America. Without rancor,

*. . . Page Thirteen*

still clinging to the religious faith of her birth, Annie Clark Tanner tells it as it was.

In spite of poverty, defeat, humiliation, her book is a song of triumph. In her fight against unbelievable odds, there was little time to tally the gains – one of them being that her entire family, abandoned by their father, turned out to be the pride of Utah in the educational field, and in business pursuits. The book, fashioned by a gifted and enlightened woman, is no skimp-worded diary or journal. It sings, it soars, it is tender and dramatic. To read it is a rare experience, and a pleasure.

– PAUL BAILEY.

WALT COBURN: WESTERN WORD WRANGLER. An autobiography with a foreword by Walter Brennan, Northland Press, Flagstaff. $8.50

To tough-minded high-brows of The Westerners the guy who wrote a virtual cloudburst of western yarns for the "pulps" would very likely be considered with suspicion if not with downright contempt. Reading Northland Press's recently published *Walt Coburn: Western Word Wrangler* we learn that Coburn must certainly have been one of our most prolific writers. In the period from 1922 to shortly before his death by suicide in 1971 he pounded out, by the hunt-and-peck system, over one thousand short stories and one hundred books, all of which got published. At the peak of his career he could turn out six hundred thousand words a year.

Born in 1889 on his father's Circle C ranch in Montana, he was such a puny baby that his father mixed a teaspoon of whiskey in his milk bottle. Appreciating the value of this tonic, Coburn relied upon it to an extraordinary extent throughout his life.

His boyhood on the Montana ranch was followed by a wildly adventurous life which served well as his apprenticeship to writing westerns for the pulps. He got kicked out of Stanford University before he even got in. He served, we trust with distinction, with Pancho Villa.

Badly busted up in a cowboy accident, he began reading western pulps and decided he could turn out better yarns than some he read. He got some paper and an old Oliver typewriter and with advice from Robert J. Horton, whom he had known as a sports writer on the Great Falls *Tribune* and now turned writer of westerns, Walt Coburn, Word Wrangler, was on his way.

Despite his enormous output, one cannot help but wonder how much of it, beyond his excellent *Pioneer Cattleman In Montana,* will rate survival.

– HARRY C. JAMES.

THIS WAS CATTLE RANCHING: YESTERDAY AND TODAY, by Virginia Paul. Seattle: Superior Publishing Company. 192 pp, large format, illustrated with 300 rare and historical ranch scenes, Charles Russell art dust jacket. Index. $13.95

This book is concerned with cattle and cattlemen. It speaks their language, and tells their story. Yet for the very reason that it talks gut-level of the great wide rural world that was once America, and still is to a lesser degree, makes it important to anyone interested in gleaning substance out of the fictionalized cowboy myth, and once and for all laying it to the factual world of cattle ranching. The book tells how and shows how the cattle industry does its work. How it was in the historical days; how it is in present modern times. It spans just about everything in ranching – from cowboys and drovers, to the feeding and fencing of cattle. In text and pictures it portrays early and modern ranches, cattle drives, branding, treating, and preparing cattle for market.

The author has skillfully leavened the mix with personal histories of pioneer cattlemen, including many of the old-timers and heroes who created the American cattle saga. The author, being a part of, and having deep family roots in the ranching of the Pacific Northwest, naturally has written of the country she knows best. If there be fault in this book it must be blamed on its geographical insularity, and its more sparse treatment of the great "spreads" of the mountain west, middle west, and the great southwest. But the ways of men, horses and beef critters being essentially the same wherever the ranches may have come into existence, the book can still stand archetypal for all. For the author wisely tells her story from home ground. And she tells it well.

But the 300 cow country photographs –

ranging from ancient and unpublished visual relics of another day, to the more modern pictures of the timeless beef-raising industry – are, to Westerners, worth more than the price of the ticket. Branding, driving, grazing, loading – showing men and horses at work – this book is loaded with visual action and beauty.

It is also a handsomely turned out book, in the best tradition of a publisher already known and respected for craftsmanship and artistry in print. Superior Publishing Company can be especially proud of this one. With a Charles Russell dust jacket in colors for final dressing, it is something every Westerner will want for his library. A true piece of nostalgia for the once free and wide American West. – PAUL BAILEY.

KACHINAS: A HOPI ARTIST'S DOCUMENTARY, by Barton Wright. Northland Press and The Heard Museum. $40.00

Many changes have occurred during nearly two centuries that have passed since the meandering trails of Fages and Garces converged in Southern California and the southern plains of the San Joaquin. Gone are the murmur and splash of the millions of waterfowl that animated the maze of lakes and sloughs. In fact, gone are the lakes and sloughs in the wake of the agriculture empire and the metropolitan civilizations that have emerged in their wake. Even the Kingdom of New Spain, wherein the bones of the two guides of empire were laid to rest, has disappeared from the continent. Now their old trails thread modern frontiers of two nations whose new horizons verge on interstellar space.

For more than twenty years Barton Wright, Curator of the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff, Arizona, has been immersed in the study of everything pertaining to Hopi Indian Kachinas. This massive book deals not only with the well-known Kachina dolls, available in Indian stores and gift shops throughout the West, but also with the supernatural beings, the representatives of which play such an important part in various Kachina ceremonies, or dances, of the Hopi Indian villages.

*Kachinas* is superbly illustrated by two hundred thirty-seven paintings in full color by Cliff Bahnimptewa, a young Hopi artist of Moenkopi village. Every detail in the complex symbolism of Kachina masks, costumes and accouterments has been faithfully shown in Bahnimptewa's remarkable pictures.

As a result of lengthy and thorough study and his intimate personal knowledge of the Hopi people, Barton Wright has been able to adequately record the role played by Kachinas in both the religious and the secular life of the Hopi. In *KACHINAS: A Hopi Artist's Documentary* we have indeed the first comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject, and Northland Press has done itself proud in its production. – HARRY C. JAMES.

## Kimes Breaks Record in Shooting Championships

Corresponding member David W. Kimes earned a place on the United States Rifle Team to compete in the World Shooting Championships held in Thun and Berne Switzerland, September 19-28. Kimes set a new individual world record by 9 points with a score of 575 in the 300 meter Army Rifle Match that consists of 60 shots – 20 each prone, standing, and kneeling in two and a half hours. The United States also took the individual silver and bronze medals, and in addition won the gold team trophy, breaking the world record by 53 points, and surpassing the USSR's competing team score by 90 points. USSR has held the world individual and team records in this match since 1969.

Kimes reported that the spectator interest was exceedingly keen, and that the gallery with a seating capacity of 2,000 was packed with standing room only most of the time. The Swiss were extremely interested in this particular match, since every able-bodied Swiss male must qualify each year with the army rifle at 300 meters (more than the length of 3 football fields – the target 3.9 inches in diameter). When Kimes fired his last shot with only 45 seconds to spare, there were not only cheers and applause, but he was immediately surrounded by a couple of hundred autograph seekers and well-wishers – even had a request to purchase his rifle. Sixty three nations competed. USSR won the overall with 42 medals to 41 of the United States; however, USSR had 23 gold medals to 15 of the United States.

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**announcing NUMBER 14 of the**

# BRAND BOOK of the WESTERNERS, Los Angeles Corral

A welcome addition arrives to the beautifully produced series of the Corral's publications—again a storehouse of a broad spectrum of fascinating Western history.

As usual this Brand Book (of 252 pages, 7 by 10 inches, bound in black gold-stamped natural linen) is produced in a limited edition—500 copies—and will very likely be out of print before or soon after its publication about November 15, 1974. It behooves you to order your copy (or copies) promptly to avoid the disappointment of missing the boat (or the book)!

The capable Doyce B. Nunis, Jr. has assembled, edited and prefaced the eleven solid text contributions to the book. The able authors and their subjects are detailed in the accompanying contents list.

The text and illustrations are presented in attractive format and skillful design by Arthur H. Clark and Robert Weinstein, with liberal help from many Westerners.

A special art section, as in the former books, appears—this time a reproduction of twenty-three early sketches by Charles M. Russell—one, full color. The sketches are introduced with appropriate text by art-collecting Westerner Carl S. Dentzel.

Other pictorial inclusions find eight full-color reproductions of paintings by Father Nicholas Point, a color frontispiece to John Dunkel's verse, twenty-six illustrations to complement the text, and eleven fitting decorations and end papers by Westerner artist Andrew Dagosta.

## THE CONTENTS



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