LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

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Arizona Rangers on the move.—*John M. Jeffrey Collection*

THE ARIZONA RANGERS

By John Mason Jeffrey

Too shortlived to acquire a tradition, or even much of a history, the Arizona Rangers truly was a one-of-a-kind law enforcement agency.

Arizona was still a territory, still wild and lawless, with the Apache uprisings only fifteen years or so in the past. Popular demand for years had been for a constabulary on the order of the highly successful Texas Rangers. Outlaw bands and lone wolf bandits terrorized this last outpost of civilization in the United States, and often the county law enforcement officers, and sometimes the lower courts, were hand in glove with the outlaw element they were elected to control.

After several abortive attempts, the Territorial Legislature finally, in 1901, passed an Act that was signed by the then Governor N. O. Murphy, creating a body of lawmen that was to do yeoman duty in the transition from a territory to the 48th state.

The first Ranger Captain was Burton C.

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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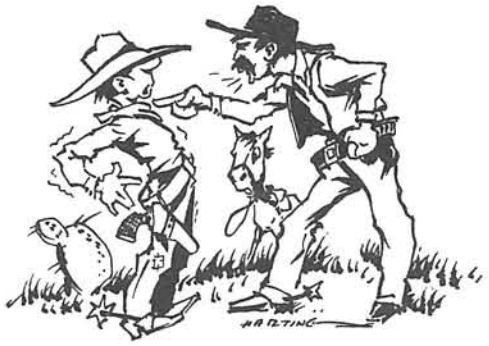
THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.



The Foreman Sez . . .

The editorship of this quarterly is a thankless job. The function not only includes the editing and preparation of the *Branding Iron*, but the hassle in obtaining enough material four times per year to fill these pages. This sounds like a very simple task, but just ask a Corral member for an article. Oh yeah!

After eight years at the end of the plow, I was of the opinion that someone else should hold the reins for a while. Passing on the function of editor is not quite that easy. It is more like passing someone an eight-headed snake. Tony Lehman has been my trusted right arm all this time. Together I believe we have turned out a pretty fair *Branding Iron*. If you say anything to the contrary, better step back as you are likely to get a knuckle sandwich. Anyway I am pleased with the results and that is what counts. While we haven't won any awards other than an empty wine bottle, the two of us have hung in there.

The normal movement of chairs would be for Tony to plunk himself down before the drawing board. In the meantime, he accepted the *Brand Book No. 15* editorship and that cooked his goose. To make matters worse Tony will be our Deputy Sheriff for 1978. While he might be a one-armed paper hanger, the task of planning 12 programs and editing the *Branding Iron* at the same time would be a bit much.

While searching the Corral for a sucker, the lid came down on Ernie Marquez. He is not only an author of books, a bon vivant around Southern California, but a graphic arts talent at Garrett Corporation. His credentials were all plus from head to toe.

To become the Roundup Foreman, which is the nice name for the editorship of the *Branding Iron*, Ernie had to be a regular member. This was taken care of quickly, but Ernie felt he should slip into the job gracefully instead of jumping in with both feet. He is probably right!

So, "All you bastards and sons-of-bitches," as Don Louis Perceval would say, you are stuck with Duke for one more year.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER

The annual Rendezvous, held at the home of Past Sheriff Al Miller, was enjoyed by all. This year each member received an invitation to the Rendezvous prepared by Andy Dagosta. This welcome souvenir of the occasion contained an old Model T stuck out on the desert with the radiator steaming like a locomotive. Illustrated is old Andy and Hugh Tolford pouring whiskey down the brass spout trying to get the car back in action. The Corral auction contained some fine art items and the coins-of-the-realm were quickly snatched by Henry Welcome and stuck in his treasure chest. The food was the usual, and the wine tasty.

This year Past Sheriff and friend Earl Adams was honored for his endless contribution and support of the Los Angeles Corral. A bronze plaque was presented to Earl in recognition of his service to us all.

OCTOBER

"Pioneer Newspapers in the West" was the subject of the October Corral meeting. Corresponding Member Dick Yale shared

Scene at the October meeting. (Left-Right) Hank Clifford, speaker Dick Yale, and acting Sheriff Doc Miller.—*Iron Eyes Cody Photograph*

with us his years of research into his favorite subject, the early newspapers in our western states. Not only did we learn a bit about the old *Los Angeles Star*, but the many papers in more than 17 other states. Yale is the manager of the Old Town San Diego office of the *San Diego Union*. Some of the old papers were on display before and after the meeting.

NOVEMBER

The Corral was favored to have Dan Thrapp back with us for a fine historical program. "Beecher Island Revisited" was the title of his presentation which reviewed the Battle of Beecher Island of 1868. This was a brilliant account of the participants of the battle based around George Alexander Forsyth's recollections. Dan is a military battle buff and is currently editor of the quarterly published by the Council of Abandoned Military Posts (CAMP).

Corral Chips

Ray Billington serves as principal Historical Consultant and writes the first chapter

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ARIZONA RANGERS . . .

Mossman, who proved to be the right man for the job at that time. He became a controversial character, dedicated however to his men. Enlightened public opinion of course supported this fledgling organization, but at the turn of the century, the Arizona Territory was well stocked with citizens who preferred, for one or more reasons, the unfettered days when the law was either a distant abstraction, or a heavy piece of hardware with a revolving cylinder.

These included, of course, thieves, bandits, train robbers, murderers, rustlers, etc., but also the pioneers who had through their own savvy and strengths survived Vittorio, Juh, Mangus, Chatto, Geronimo, Cochise, as well as Mexican and American outlaws, forays from South of the border, and a climate which during over half of the year was as hostile as the Apaches, themselves.

These elements tended to put the Rangers at a disadvantage. Local sheriffs and other peace officers either failed to cooperate or jealously resisted this new organization that didn't recognize county lines or local politics in their territory-wide enforcement jurisdiction.

In 1903 the Governor reported to the Secretary of the Interior:

> "Arizona now has one of the finest bodies of rangers ever recruited for service on the frontier. They are picked men enlisted from the hundreds of fearless cowboys of the Territory, who are skilled in riding, trailing, and shooting. The personnel of the ranger force is not known to the general public, as the success of the work performed by them requires secrecy, and the presence of a body of rangers in a community is seldom known until their work is completed."

During the past year, the report continued, notorious outlaws had been captured and bands of cattle thieves demoralized and driven out of the Territory.

Perhaps the greatest benefit was to stockmen, who a few short years prior had faced ruin. By their very presence, especially with their identities uncertain if not unknown, the ranger force had intimidated the outlaws, and had the appreciation of the people, if not all of the local law enforcement officers.

Captain Rynning had by this time replaced Captain Mossman, and reported weekly to the Governor, including felony and misdemeanor arrests, other than arrests where the rangers were assisting local officers.

Horsethieves, cattle rustlers, house breakers, forgers, robbers, murderers, burglars, and common thieves were routine subjects for the manacles of the rangers, whose tally lists also included arresting fugitives wanted by New Mexico or one of the states, diamond smugglers, illegal Chinese, and scofflaws who sold liquor to the Indians. It was a long list of offenses.

The Arizona Territorial Prison at Yuma was the natural destination for these culprits, and provided a Spartanlike, almost escape-proof depository consisting chiefly of adobe, concrete and iron.

On February 22, 1902, one E. (Bertha) Trimbell was arrested by the Rangers for rape. This at first blush would seem to be an improbable crime in those days for a woman, but it becomes more credible when one reads that also arrested for the same crime on the same day was a Walter Trimbell. One might guess that he was related to the lady, and indeed the prison records do reveal that he was her husband. The details unfortunately have been omitted, and the matter is left to speculation. They both spent some tough years in the Yuma "slammer."

As an aside, it is interesting to note in reviewing these old records the considerably higher percentage of convictions and hard time that followed arrest, as well as lawbreakers shot in effecting arrests, than seems to be the case today.

In the Report of the Governor of Arizona Territory to the Secretary of the Interior for the year ending June 30, 1904, Governor Alexander O. Brodie, said,

> "The conditions that demanded the organization of the ranger force in 1901 are greatly improved, although the presence of the rangers is still needed to bring about in a few years the complete victory of law and order over the outlaw element. In a country where vast areas are open ranges lawlessness is more or less rampant, and

unless restricted the Territory suffers through the depredations and desperate acts committed. . . . At the time of the formation of the company the conditions were alarming. . . . Herds of stock were driven boldly out of the Territory, in many instances the rightful owners of the herds being defied by the thieves. . . . Several desperate bands rode the ranges defiantly, the county officers of the law seemingly unable to put a stop to their high-handed operations."

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, there were 453 reported arrests, five of which were charged with murder, 155 with felonies, and 293 with misdemeanors. One man was killed by the Rangers while resisting arrest. The report emphasized that no Ranger had been killed during the year, although "a number" were wounded in fights with outlaws.

"Their services to the Territory can not be overestimated, and I dare say the statement showing the number of arrests made does not represent half of the work done by these men. A great deal of good accomplished is not reported and is probably known to but a few."

The Governor explained that the Rangers "were fearless men, and . . . come for the most part from the interior points of the Territory, where they can be detailed for important work with assurances of success owing to their knowledge of the country."

The books of Captains Mossman and Rynning are replete with stories of individual enterprise and courage, but a story told by one of the original Rangers, William Oliver Parmer, Badge 12, to Charles Lemons, and related to Ranger Historian H. S. Copeland February 17, 1966, brings home some of the frontier flavor and indicates an aspect of the problems generated by proximity to the border.

Charles Lemons, according to Sgt. Copeland, described his uncle Oliver as a "devious person," a hard character, and a bounty hunter, always out for the most money he could get. If faced with a choice among outlaws to arrest, he would take the one with the most money on his head.

It was probably in 1903, near Nogales, where one of the small units of the 9th (Negro) Cavalry with headquarters at Ft. Huachuca was bivouacked. A Mexican Army captain with whom Parmer had had trouble sent word to Parmer that he wanted to meet somewhere along the border to see if their differences might not be resolved.

Hard case or not, Parmer had not been born yesterday, and went to this rendezvous with a friendly cavalry lieutenant and two or three black troopers, including a sergeant. He arrived in time to see the Mexican captain riding in from the south with a well-known gunman.

Parmer dismounted, but before walking to the fence separating the two countries, held a parley with his escort. The Negro sergeant suggested that as long as there were two on the other side, Parmer should have someone with him at the discussion. The lieutenant demurred, saying that if Parmer insisted on keeping the appointment, it looked as if someone would likely be killed. Parmer acknowledged that this seemed to be the way things were shaping up. Tension was building. The sergeant then said that he was no gun-fighter, but that if Parmer wanted company he'd be glad to go along. Parmer agreed that, gun-fighter or not, anyone would look good alongside him just then.

The Sergeant then asked for orders, and Parmer suggested that as the gunman was on the captain's right, that the captain would probably offer to shake hands with his left hand, leaving his right free, and would be prepared to fire at the gunman. The sergeant assured Parmer that he would do his best.

Parmer and the sergeant walked side by side slowly up to the fence. The Mexican captain, just as Parmer had forseen, extended his right hand with an expression of good will. The gunman tensed.

Parmer took the extended hand with his left hand, leaving his right free and in reasonable proximity to his holstered pistol.

The gunman prudently did nothing. After a moment of tension, the situation eased.

The story ends there. Whether the two feuders succeeded in establishing a rapport, or even how their discussion developed, is, alas, lost to posterity. We know that Parmer survived until May, 1961, at the age of 79, when he died of natural causes.

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Soon the Rangers became the target of the Governor's political opponents, who feared a private army loyal to Governor. It was this opposition which, in a woefully short time, accomplished what all the Chacons, Alvords, Stiles, renegade peace officers, and hard cases of a vanishing era could not. The Texas Rangers had their formal inception in 1874, and is still serving a most useful purpose, while the Arizona Rangers, just as useful, were ignominiously legislated out of existence as a rebuke to Republican Governor Joseph H. Kibbey early in 1909. In less than eight years it had become of age, won a place in contemporary law enforcement, and quietly expired, a victim to partisan politics.

Captain Mossman, while reflecting the best of his era, was a realist, and believed in getting the job done without undue concern about the nicities of civil rights that plague today's law enforcement officers. Miranda was to be half a century in the future, and the focus in that time was on the victim and his rights, rather than on those of the scofflaw. Mossman gave no orders to let the outlaw get in the first shot, quite the contrary. Of course, in that era and frontier setting, guns were a practical adjunct to an outdoor man's wardrobe. They were not worn for decoration. In fact, unless they were fully prepared to use them, the citizenry were careful not to go armed, and the question of bravery or cowardice was not involved.

Cap Mossman, as he was familiarly known, thought in terms of getting the job done. Details such as international boundaries, if not irrelevant, were subjects of consideration only incidentally.

Of course, it was frustrating to chase an errant band of Indians or bandidos across the Territory, and have them thumb their noses from the other side of the line. Usually Mexico was quite jealous of its sovereignty, and it was later that there developed a standing agreement that lawmen from either side of the border could follow fleeing suspects of *their own nationality* when in close pursuit.

During the closing days of his year of service Cap was engaged in a highly illegal adventure, which of course appealed mightily to most Arizonans except possibly the Governor. Not in hot pursuit, but in a carefully planned campaign, Mossman crossed the border alone to rendezvous with two outlaws, Alvord and Stiles, who had been persuaded to help him capture a third, much wanted vicious outlaw named Chacon. The strategem worked, and the captain's return to Arizona with his prisoner was neither unheralded nor, by his enemies, uncriticized. He found other immediate business in New York, where he remained until he was satisfied that Governor Brodie had lost interest in making an example for the neighbor across the border.

This is not to say, or even suggest, that many considered the affair discrediting to the Captain, or to the Rangers. The point was, he got the job done, and at least in that area, people expected that eggs might be broken in the making of omelets.

Three captains, in all, administered the Arizona Rangers: Burton C. Mossman, Thomas H. Rynning, and Harry C. Wheeler. Capt. Rynning was an appointee of Governor Brodie, who later appointed him Superintendent of the Territorial Prison at Yuma.

Rynning was an engineer and a man of many talents. Honorable yet indomitable, he brought the Rangers to its peak. He weeded out the questionable characters that Mossman had employed in his pragmatic program of riding a horse to catch a horse. Unfortunately this failed to head off the Service's detractors.

Wheeler was the colorful third and last commander. He enlisted in the Rangers as a private in 1903. Three months later he was promoted to sergeant, and in July 1905 he was commissioned lieutenant. He became captain March 1907, remaining in this capacity until the organization was abolished in 1909. Subsequently he served as deputy United States marshal for the Tucson district and as sheriff of Cochise County.

All three captains personally took the field. Enforcement to them was not a mere matter of administration.

History and Me

By Katherine Ainsworth

The Emperor Napoleon once said, "What is history, but a fable agreed upon." Emerson wrote, "I am ashamed to see what a shallow village tale our so-called history is." Nietsche in his *Twilight of the Gods* stated, "History is nothing more than the belief in the senses, the belief in falsehood."

The definition which delights me is that of Ambrose Bierce in his *Devil's Dictionary*. "History," he wrote, "an account mostly false, of events mostly unimportant, which are brought about by rulers, mostly knaves, and soldiers mostly fools."

I shall end these definitions with the terse but golden statement of Henry Ford, whose Model T Ford car, along with the Sears Roebuck catalog, changed the course of American civilization. Henry said unequivocally, "History is bunk."

Is there a vestige of truth in all of these derrogatory definitions? Why have so many of us become enthralled by the study of history? Why have we succumbed to the siren's lure and become ensnared by this harridan of knowledge until sometimes we become lost to ourselves and to others? Because it is one of the pleasantest things a child can do.

In the opening chapter of his beautiful book *Coronado's Children*, J. Frank Dobie, one of my favorite authors of American history of the West, tells how. "When in 1542 Coronado returned and told the truth about his barren search, men refused to believe him. One who did believe him, Castaneda, chronicler of the expedition, set down an exquisite point of view in these words, "'Granted that they did not find the riches which they had been told, they found a place in which to search for them.'"

Dobie then continues, "the opportunity that Coronado thus opened has never since this time been neglected; the dream he dreamed has never died. For thousands of happy folk the mirage that lured him on has never faded."

So that is what we really are. Those of us who love history are mirage chasers all. Now, I hope to tell you of my experiences as a mirage chaser.

Getting autobiographical may seem akin to personal agrandizement, but truly, in speaking in such a personal vein, I am merely following the principal of one Shanghai Pierce when he had a life-size marble statute of himself carved by a tombstone maker and set up overlooking his ranch. Somebody asked him why he put it up and he said, "I knew damned well nobody else would do it if I didn't."

I have been all my adult life, until several years ago, a librarian. I was recognized as some sort of specialist in historical research. Well at least I thought I was until one fateful day when a little, retiring, foreign-looking woman approached the reference desk and said to me in very broken English, "I would like some information, please."

"Yes," I responded, "May I help you?"

"I would like to know," she timidly said, "Vy de United States alvays supports dictatorships governments?"

I sort of smiled condescendingly, patted her on the shoulder, and said, "You wait right here."

I went back to the cloakroom and grabbed my purse and coat and, not only left the library, I left town.

Kind mention is often made of my great literary accomplishments, but I must in all

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honesty tell you that I came late in life to authorship. Ed and I had a joint contract with Doubleday to write a book on Junipero Serra's nineteen years in Mexico before coming to Alta California. Hardly underway, Ed died and I was left with the task of meeting that publication deadline. Somehow I managed and the book was published, but a strange thing happened.

Vroman's book store in Pasadena, at that time, and maybe they still do, held a gigantic book review meeting at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. I was invited to be one of the several authors speaking about their books. I was scheduled to be the third speaker of the day. The first two were dull stuff, but I was awfully good that day. I held my audience in the palm of my hand, in fact, and was well on my way to being the hit of the program. But then a slightly built young man followed me. He'd written some sort of non-book type thing, a sort of ridiculous ephemeral flash in the pan sort of thing doomed to certain failure. He called it *All You Wanted to Know About Sex, but Were Afraid to Ask*. The strange thing that happened was, at the end of the first year, I ended up owing the publisher of my book money, and that little bastard was an instant millionaire. To this day I have never been able to figure that out!

I'll tell you this, though. I accomplished one thing that young shrink can never boast. My book went out of print and became an immediate collector's item. Fact is, and I don't want to appear boastful, but I am one of the few authors you will ever meet who writes only first edition books.

Brushing aside such a trivial mischance, since you Westerners are all keen on history, I'll wager three-quarters of you plan to write a book someday. It seems to be the in thing now to have your name in gold on a piece of buckram. So I am now going to list for your edification Katie's rules for writing historical books. To do so I must once again relate my own personal experiences.

Rule One—Don't be afraid. Just be yourself. I learned the truth of this rule in sort of a messy way. My friends, realizing my impecunious situation, advised me to start writing history books with just a smidgeon of pornography in them. In other words, write some damned thing the public will buy. It may surprise you to learn that despite the everyday earthiness of my personal conversational language, my books contain no vulgar words and are crystal pure in thought. Well my friends' advice seemed worthy of action, so I bought an armful of paperback books at one of those adult only bookstores. The titles looked inviting, and oh those covers! I read several and got real scared. What bothered me so much was the fact that I found nothing which shocked or titillated me. There was no relationship between the cover art or title and the contents. I became bored and began to wonder what was the matter. I then slunk to an all-time low and slipped into one of those R-rated movie houses. I bought myself a big bag of popcorn and a large paper container of coke and settled down in the loge section, where no one would see me, and sat there prepared to salivate and squirm with erotic desire to whatever salacious influence that dirty movie might arouse.

What a bummer! The truth is the so-called actors got down to cases right away without waiting for the plot to ripen. They were all such unattractive people and the men were so flaccid—that's a nice word meaning flabby. It was all so "ho-hum" and dreary, and they weren't doing anything new either, that I could see.

So, as a last resort I started reading *Playgirl* magazine—the kind they keep on the back shelf at the beauty parlor. This is not the kind of magazine with naked girls, mercy no, I mean I was only interested in the nitty-gritty male nudes, you may be sure. But I immediately became aware of an astonishing similarity in every nude male, especially the centerfolds. Listen, I'd like to ask you fellows something. Does somebody use a measuring stick before the photographer clicks the shutter? As a lady, all I can say is, if you've seen one, you've seen them all.

Unbesmirched by this shoddy research, I've gone back to writing my own sweet stuff—unprofitable as it may be.

Rule Two—Learn the delicate art of historical poaching, the art of filching somebody else's stuff. It's done by the greatest, so why not you and me? Besides it

saves duplication of effort. Even Charles E. Chapman did it. I quote from his volume of *California History—The Spanish Period* where he says in the preface, "Bancroft's work and the author's own monograph, *The Founding of California,* have been drawn upon freely and in less degree so, also the great general histories of Hittell and Eldridge. Since these, or some of them, have been used in most chapters, it has seemed unnecessary to cite them."

I like that last statement very much, where he says it's unnecessary to own up to filching. Besides, it's a good trick when you can steal from your own stuff, as Chapman confesses he did.

Those of you who aspire to being published in academic journals pay heed to Katie's rule number three.

Rule Three—Be meticulously careful to squelch all lively language and repress all signs of enthusiasm on your part. Boredom is greatly desired. I have never understood why dullness was one of the prerequisites of scholarly research. I can recall historian Doyce Nunis lecturing to a meeting of either P.E.N. or the California Writers Guild one night when and he lamented the aridness, the parchness, the dullness of written history. In this belief I heartily agree.

Rule Four—Cloak little thoughts in big words. Academic journals, have you noticed, demand a certain obfuscation of language. Have you ever made a determined effort at reading one? Better than any barbiturate I ever found.

As an example, I chanced upon this in a botanical journal. Do you know what the "renegade neophyte hypothesis" is? Or an "emigrant pauite?" Well, pursuing the matter further, I discovered that a "renegate neophyte" was a Christianized Indian who ran away from one of the California Missions; and, on the other hand, an "emigrant pauite" was a renegade neophyte who ran away and later returned to the mission from which he renegated in the first place. So be sure to use all the verbiage you can dust off. Always write so no one knows what you are writing about.

Rule Five—Stake your claim. Find some obscure segment of history and announce that you are the specialist in this area, that you know more than anyone else. For instance, there's a fellow Westerner Dudley Gordon and his old corduroy garbed Charles Fletcher Lummis. Why nobody in his right mind would dream of writing about Lummis, he has become so identified with Dudley. And I'll just bet that old boy whirls around in his grave when he finds himself having been places and doing things Dudley says about him.

It really doesn't matter which specialty you choose, but it does help if you know just a little something about it. This leads to Katie's next rule.

Rule Six—Always have somebody accessible who knows a little more than you do. Not anyone too close to your own turf, but somebody you can get to in time, if an emergency arrives. This person must have enough knowledge to keep your research from going astray—down the primrose path to fallacious assumption which can lead to disaster.

One time, my dear husband Ed, a reliable researcher and historian, became so enthusiastically carried away with nautical history he misread one statement and ended up having an entire fleet backing into the harbor. Artist Clyde Forsythe caught this error just hours before the book went to the publisher.

While researching on the Serra book, I was reading the official list of the young priests being sent from Cadiz to the new world to convert the heathen. You can appreciate my aroused interest when my eye chanced upon mention of Serra's having a dark beard. This was news to me—an historical first, I thought, but the late Father Maynard Geiger, the Franciscan great authority on Serra saved the day for me when he pointed out that instead of a beard, Serra merely was afflicted by what we today call "five o'clock shadow." I was saved the ignominy of having Junipero Serra limping up and down the state of California from mission to mission with his long black beard flapping in the breeze.

If only Daniel Defoe had had someone to set him straight, perhaps he would never have had his hero Robinson Crusoe swimming naked out to an abandoned ship,

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boarding it, and then filling his pockets with biscuits.

If only someone had spoken out, perhaps Michaelangelo would never have made the classic blooper of all time when he painted the Garden of Eden showing Adam with a navel.

Rule Seven—Keep staunch hearts. Often research on what at first appeared to be a marvelously intriguing subject seems to go nowhere—comes to a dead stop when the road you have been following takes a turn and fades away.

I once had just such a disheartening experience. There is, or once was, a famous house of entertainment in Charlestown, New Hampshire, named Walker's Tavern, which has a sign out front bearing a skep and some bees emerging from it. The motto on this sign was a four line bit of doggerel verse. The first two lines were:

Here in this hive we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny.

From personal experience I knew all about the funny business of liquor, but that skep mystified me. I looked it up and found that a skep was the original man-made beehive made from a straw rope twisted into a bell shape like they show in some illustrations of folk tales.

The last lines of that verse were:

If you are dry, step in and try
The delights of our honey.

I searched and searched but I never could find that girl honey's real name.

Sometimes we're just destined for bitter disappointment, but we must not get discouraged. Let me give you a word of cheer. I have sometimes found a happy outcome to such a disappointment. The research path sometimes takes a nice turn and this leads to another rule.

Rule Eight—Welcome and keep on the lookout for historical serendipity. By this I mean unexpected, joyous tidbits of information. For example, you can imagine my delight one day when I read, totally apart from my subject matter, that Benjamin Franklin was the first person to be received by Louis XVI without a wig because there wasn't a wig in all Paris big enough to fit Franklin's head.

I came upon another tidbit of historical conjecture while reading Blaise Pascal's *Pensees*. He was discoursing upon the absurd tragedy of life and love, and wrote: "Love, so small an object that we cannot recognize it, agitates a whole country, princes, armies, the entire world."

Then he added: "Cleopatra's nose, had it been shorter, the whole aspect of the world would have been altered." I worried about this for three days.

Elsewhere Pascal, commenting upon another historical figure and his downfall wrote: "Oliver Cromwell was about to ravage all Christendom; the royal family was undone; and his own forever established, save for a little grain of sand which formed in his ureter. Rome herself was trembling under him; but because of this small piece of gravel having formed there, he is dead, his family cast down, all is peaceful, and the king is restored." I don't believe Oliver Cromwell ever recited:

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land."

Rule Nine—Stop goofing off and write. This is sagacious advice which I am all too slothful to follow. When I whip myself into writing, where to begin is the problem, and I find myself in the predicament of the little boy whose mother warned him he would have to leave home unless he stopped using such naughty words. When he again ripped off a string of profanity she packed his bag and ordered him to leave. He sat on the front curbing until almost dark and his mother, relenting, said to him, "Why are you sitting there? I told you that if you said one more bad word you would have to leave home." The little fellow looked up, sighed, and said, "But I don't know where in hell to go."

Like that child, I frequently stumble around for days trying to determine where in hell to begin. As often happens to me, what I thought was the opening chapter, eventually turns out to be more appropriate placed over in the middle of the book, or no place at all.

Equally difficult, at least to me, is ending a piece of writing. Perhaps it is because I become so enchanted with every word I write, stopping becomes impossible. Fre-

quently I find myself somewhat in the same frame of mind as the old codger who had lived all his life in one place, and since he knew more about it than anyone, felt qualified to write a book on local history which he entitled *The Sons of Bitches of Boon County As I Have Known Them.* When asked when he was going to get it finished, he replied, "Everytime I think I'm through, I discover another one."

Now we have come to the last of Katie's historical research rules which is: Collect characters as you read along. I have made some lasting friendships amidst historical people I've encountered in books, some non-descript and others in exalted social circles. Recently my historical interest has been focused upon that period just before, during and after the War with Mexico. Because all pomp and circumstance has always struck me as being ludicrous, I am especially enchanted with the crackpots and dingbats to be found in the military records of this not too popular war.

True there were many brave heroic men who went on to greatness—Robert E. Lee, Ulysses S. Grant to name a couple. Zachary Taylor, the commanding general, had to struggle against political pressure and jealousy from Washington, and petty rivalries among some of his officers, but there were others and these are the ones who endeared themselves to me.

One general, whose name I can't recall right now, was assigned to supervise the construction of a fort in the wilderness, which he very successfully did except for one error. When the stockade was built it was discovered that he'd had a wide protective moat put just inside the walls enclosing the stockade.

I sort of developed a fondness for lovesick General Winfield Scott, generally known as "Old Fuss and Feathers." Opinions may vary as to his military ability but all had to agree he was the epitome of martial glamour. Standing six feet four inches, and straight as a ramrod, he was a gentleman of the old school towards the ladies. A prominent phrenologist of the time felt of the general's head and found an amative bump. The General once confided to an aid that all his life after this experience he'd had to curb his mutinous appetites and to discipline his amatory impulses.

The soldier who steadfastly remains locked into my affections was General David E. Twiggs. Big necked, big voiced engaging in riproaring profanity, his good humor often got results from his men other officers couldn't get even by strictness. Commander of the First Division, Twiggs was admired for his great feats of strength and was nicknamed "Old Roaring Bull." While it is not dinner table conversation, please forgive me, I must tell you of Twiggs's pet theory which almost was his undoing. This was his loose-bowel theory—which was to take a strong physic before going into battle so that if wounded, the bullet would pass harmlessly through his purged intestines. In preparing for the battle of Monterey, Twiggs was to have led the attacking division, but it had to leave without him. Twiggs had become so busily occupied and weakened by his pet theory, a Lieutenant Colonel Garland had to take command of the division.

Unfortunately quarry holes and cornfields hedged by shrubs hid the view and Garland made the wrong turn and landed smack in the middle of direct enemy fire and suffered considerable losses. The next battle was at Teneria, but all was not lost, for at the last moment, Twiggs came riding up, still wobbly from the effects of his theory, but at least able to sit on his horse and take command of his division.

My best friend amongst all of the fascinating characters coming out of research on the Mexican War is, interestingly, a woman. She has been called the Amazon of the U.S. Army, the heroine of Fort Bragg, and this handsome giantess appeared one day, out of nowhere, driving a buckboard wagon loaded with a cookstove and provisions and attached herself to Old Zach Taylor's little army. To this day her true name is not known and she was commonly called the Great Western. She was always vague as to her point of origin and said her name was Sarah, but gave several last names until all we can assume is that it began with the letter B and might have been Bourdette, Bouget, Borginnis, or Bowman.

Briefly, since time is rapidly passing and I am writing too much, I'd like to tell you the

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Saga of Sarah B. . . .

You will recall in my list of rules given you earlier I mentioned staking a claim on a subject and holding it exclusively yours. Now, the Great Western has been claimed as his very own by a shaggy historian named Arthur Woodward who lives over in the boondockies of Arizona—Patagonia, or some place.

I recall Art and my husband Ed had a rollicking running feud, not over the Great Western, but other equally trivial matters. Woodward is remembered as a quiet, studious person until he got himself a buckskin pioneer fringed suit, a flint-lock rifle, and a coonskin cap, then all of a sudden he became a combined Lewis and Clark sort of fellow. Only one thing wrong, though, Art couldn't handle his liquor.

One madcap night during our younger more frolicksome days when we were whooping it up in Death Valley, Art Woodward, overcome with an overdraught of something or another, began shooting his rifle hither and yon and at the full moon. Finally, all worn out, he laid down on the desert sand to sleep it off, hands crossed over his deerskin covered chest, his trusty gun at his side.

From somewhere Ed found faded wildflowers and put a small bouquet into Art's clasped hands and then reported to the management that Art was the victim of his own shooting. Pandemonium raged, Art revived in the midst of all the confusion and hysteria, and giving Ed a baleful look, staggered off to bed.

But, Woodward is a patient man. He waited and got his revenge.

When Ed co-authored the big California centennial pageant held in the Hollywood Bowl, Woodward wrote a letter which was printed in the Los Angeles Times in which he publicly criticized the production and Ed as an historian, proclaiming that Ed's efforts were pediculous—meaning lousy. From then on Ed always referred to Art as pediculous Woodward.

I don't know why I'm telling you all of this except to proclaim publicly that if pediculous Woodward doesn't hurry up and do something really important with the Great Western, I'm going to jump his claim and steal her away from him.

Let's revert to this six foot, warm hearted dame, who was a heroine worthy of highest regard. Have you ever stopped to think about it, we haven't produced too many heroines in our history—no Joan of Arcs for instance, and who are the heroines of today. The women's libeers, Gloria Steinman, Bella Absug, Betty Friedan—what a winsome trio they make!

Some of you Westerners know about the Great Western because of Art Woodward, but for those who don't know about her, I'd like to take a few moments, and tell you why I think she is worthy of being proclaimed a national heroine. I'll just give you a few instances in her life and relate several of the gloriously rowdy tales which have sprung up about her.

Whether her romantic interlude with her latest, enormous paramour proved to be too much even for the amorous proclivities of the Great Western, or a dismal fornicating failure, no one knows, but she appears to have left the expedition at this point. Some say she became ill and had to be left behind, and later, after much privation, suffering, and hardship she somehow reached El Paso. Did she finally get to California? Only vague rumors indicate that maybe she did, for a short while, at least.

The Great Western returned to Yuma where George Henry Pettis of the famous California column on its way east to combat the Confederate invasion of New Mexico, reported seeing her in April of 1862.

After that, there seems to have been no more reports about her until her death on December 22, 1866, at Fort Yuma.

The following day a Mrs. Sarah A. Bowman was buried in the lonely cemetery on the northwest slope of the hill on which Fort Yuma stood—the only woman to lie there. Her burial was the first in the new settlement and the military from the post gave her a splendid funeral, with a band and full military honors.

CORRAL CHIPS . . .

of the *Reader's Digest Great American West*. Another piece of polished prose from Ray's pen, "An Informal History of the Western History Association," appears in the *American West* magazine.

Currently presiding as President of the California Heritage Council is C.M. *Al Shumate*.

The latest work in *Glen Dawson's Baja California Travel Series*, now consisting of some 39 volumes, is *Doyce Nunis' The Mexican War in Baja California*. Doyce has also written a memorial tribute to Fr. *Maynard Geiger*, O.F.M., and a complete bibliography of his published writings for the winter issue of the *Journal of California Anthropology*.

Once again, Westerners are well-represented on the Board of Directors of the Historical Society of Southern California. Associate Member *Bill Escherich* has been re-elected president, *John Kemble* is first vice-president, and *Katie Ainsworth* is serving as second vice-president and program chairman. Other Westerners on the Board are *Bob Cowan*, *Dudley Gordon*, *Wade Kittell*, *Tony Kroll*, *Walt Wheelock*, and C.M. *Charlie Wise*.

C.M. *Jack Lincke* is teaching creative writing and public relations at the night division at Pasadena City College while awaiting word on the three book-length manuscripts presently under consideration by different publishers.

The fall issue of *The Pacific Historian*, a publication of the University of the Pacific, features on its cover a superb painting of "The Casa de Rancho Los Cerritos" by *Andy Dagosta*. In the same issue is an article by *Ray Wood* on "Jedediah Smith, a Protestant in Catholic California." Ray, incidentally, spent part of the summer in Mexico City working in the *Biblioteco Nacional* compiling a comprehensive bibliography of the Mexican journalist and novelist Ireneo Paz.

"Los Charros" is C.M. *Katie Ainsworth's* interesting article appearing in a recent issue of *Westways* magazine, published by the Automobile Club of Southern California.

Dwight Cushman takes time out from his summer vacation in Siskiyou County to address the Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County on the topic "Mayflower Pilgrims, the Spiritual Ancestors of all Americans."

Three new publications by prolific C.M. *Dabney Otis Collins* have made their appearance: "Requiem for a Rendezvous" for *Colorado Outdoors* magazine; "Blackfoot vs. Barefoot," the tale of John Colter's great race against the Blackfoot Indians; and *Land of Tall Skies*, a book on the history of the Colorado high plains.

The first annual Maynard J. Geiger, O.F.M., Memorial Lecture in Mission Santa Barbara's famed church is presented by *Ray Billington*, who is introduced on the occasion by president of the Mission-Archive Library's Board of Trustees, *Doyce Nunis*.

Pearsons Hall at Pomona College now features a John Haskell Kemble Seminar Room for History Concentrators engaged in research, named in honor of *John Kemble*, who served the college as a Professor of History from 1936 to 1977.

Three Westerners are on hand for ceremonies designating the pioneer oil town of Mentryville, in Santa Clarita Valley, as a California Registered Historical Landmark; *Dwight Cushman*, *Henry Welcome*, and C.M. *Marie Harrington*.

Attending the fall conference of the Associated Historical Societies of Los Angeles County, meeting at the new Long Beach Public Library, were the following Westerners: *Dutch Holland*, *Ray Wood*, *Wade Kittell*, *Ernest Marquez*, and Corresponding Members *Bill Burkhart* and *Larry Burgess*. Speaking to the conference were Wade Kittell and Larry Burgess, on "Historical Long Beach" and "Student Internship Programs" respectively.

"Charles Lummis' Contribution to Cultural Los Angeles" is the subject of *Dudley Gordon's* address to the assembled members of the San Fernando Valley Historical Society.

C.M. *William Peacock*, down Texas way, is trying to reconstitute the Houston Corral of Westerners and is anxious for interested history buffs around the nation to join. For more information, write Bill at P.O. Box 9200, Houston, Texas, 77011.

Even *Wade Kittell's* vacation back in his home state of Iowa is chocked full of

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historical doings, for last summer he was guest speaker at the Shelby County Historical Society in his hometown of Harlan, at the Southwest Iowa Tourist Commission, and at a conference sponsored by the Iowa Historical Society on preserving historical records. Returning home, he continues the frenetic pace with appearances before the Long Beach Elks Club, The Fifty Year Club of Scottish Rite, and a series of four lectures for the Long Beach Community College Forums.

Twenty-six members of the Los Angeles Corral attend the Western History Association meeting in Portland, Oregon. The Westerners Breakfast brings out an exceptionally large group of members from other Corrals, including two individuals from the London Corral. Those attending from our Corral were: *Tom Andrews*, *Ray Billington*, *Arthur H. Clark*, *Paul Galleher*, *Everett Hager*, *Dutch Holland*, *Doyce Nunis*; Associate Members *John Caughey*, *George Geiger*, *Rodman Paul*, *Victor Plukas;* and Corresponding Members *Todd Berens*, *Don Bufkin*, *Bill Burkhart*, *Don Franklin*, *John Gilchriese*, *Mary Gormly*, *Le Roy Hafen*, *Anna Marie Hager*, *Michael Harrison*, *Gary Kurutz*, *Martin Ridge*, *Al Shumate*, *Michael Thurman*, *Jo Beth Van Gelderen*, and *R. Coke Wood*.

Nationally known artist C.M. *Ben Abril*, whose work has been owned by such people as Presidents Kennedy and Nixon, demonstrates his palette knife technique for the members of the San Pedro Art Association.

The Zamorano Club is treated to two Westerner speakers, *Robert Weinstein* providing an illustrated talk on "Ships, Seaports and Seafarers: A Selection of Pacific Coast Maritime Photographs," and C.M. *Dick Yale* telling "The Story of American Wood Type: Its Manufacture and Application."

The colorful Avila Adobe on Olvera Street is the setting for *Doyce Nunis'* talk before the Historical Society of Southern California, who hear Doyce describe "El Pueblo de Los Angeles—Past, Present and Future."

Working out of his place of business in Redondo Beach dubbed The Art Den, C.M. *F.A. Hogrebe* has had the delightful task lately of restoring two fascinating portraits that have considerable interest for students of California history. The subjects of these 125 year old paintings are Alfred Robinson and his younger sister Maria. Alfred, you may recall, arrived in California in 1829 aboard the ship *Alert*, married into Santa Barbara's influential De La Guerra family, and wrote the classic *Life in California*.

Corresponding Member *Ed Crigler* of Rocheport, Missouri, has been a frequent speaker on "L.A. Huffman, Frontier Photographer." An authority on the life and works of Laton Alton Huffman (1854-1931), Ed recently addressed the Kansas City Westerners, the Midwest Photographers Historical Society, and the annual meeting of the American Photography Museum Associates. Ed is active in the Kansas City Posse of Westerners, and is a member of the Western History Association. He operates the Gallery of Western Photography in Columbia, Missouri, which features Huffman's original photographs and other Western art.

C.M. *Marie Harrington* is named an honorary member of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, New York—the museum where her late husband, the distinguished archaeologist Mark Harrington, was associated with Dr. Heye for many years before coming to the Southwest Museum.

Finally, Associate Member *Abraham Hoffman* receives a Summer Teaching Seminar Grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities which has him spending the summer at the University of California, Davis, under a seminar on "The History of the American West: The New Humanistic Interpretation," directed by W. Turrentine Jackson.

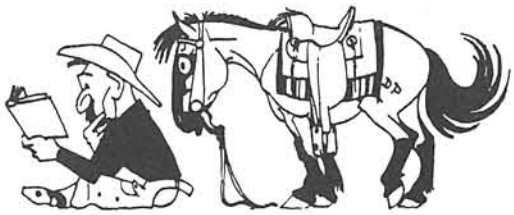
ATTENTION AUTHORS

All members who have had a book published in 1977 should contact George Koenig, Chairman of the Westerners International Awards Committee.

Two books (one for graphics, the other for text) will be entered into the WHA competition with a first place prize of $100 and a trophy. All entries must be in the hands of Koenig by March 1978. Contact George at 13749 Wyandotte, Van Nuys, Calif. 91405.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners extends the paw of friendship to the following new Corresponding Members. They are: Robert A. Clark, Glendale; Charles A. Durten, South Pasadena; Ralph Goodson, Marina del Rey; Sol J. Grossman, North Hollywood; Clarence F. Harmes, Pasadena; John H. Heflin, Inyokern; Roy L. Kidman, Marina del Rey; Carl E. Kloos, Arcadia; Jack R. Lincke, Pasadena; Gloria Lothrop, Pasadena; Scott McMilan, Costa Mesa; Al Musso, Sherman Oaks; Roberta A. Nichols, Long Beach; Martin Ridge, San Marino; Ralph W. Selk, Northridge; Byron C. Smith, Calabasas; Dr. Michael E. Thurman, Solano Beach; Bob Whaley, Sherman Oaks; Albert C. White, Jr., Laguna Hills; and James W. Wright of Costa Mesa.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

MINES OF THE SAN BERNARDINOS, by John W. Robinson. La Siesta Press, Glendale, California, 71 pp., 1977. $2.50.

This informative little volume joins John Robinson's companion works on the *Mines of the San Gabriels*, the *Mount Wilson Story*, and his just published *The San Gabriels: Southern California Mountain Country* (Golden West Books), to help establish this author as the pre-eminent historian of our local mountain ranges.

Drawing upon eyewitness accounts, contemporary newspapers, old mining records, and reputable historians of San Bernardino County, the book narrates the story of mining in the San Bernardino Mountains as it actually occurred, "unvarnished with myth and exaggeration that often accompanies stories told and retold." Only in the final chapter, devoted to "Legends and Yarns," will lovers of fantasy find their tastes assuaged.

The earliest mining in the San Bernardino Mountains that can be documented occurred in 1855, when small amounts of placer gold were found by prospectors in Bear Valley. The first real gold rush, however, began with Billy Holcomb's discovery of the Holcomb Valley placers in 1860. Later gold and silver discoveries were to follow, such as those at Cushenbury Springs, Lone Valley, Rattlesnake Creek, near Coxey Meadows, and on the slopes of Gold Mountain. Indeed, mining was a major economic enterprise in the San Bernardinos from 1860 well into the 20th century. The author estimates that the total yield of gold and silver has been in the neighborhood of 15 to 18 million dollars.

The period certainly was a colorful one as well as lucrative, and the author devotes many pages to such topics as law and disorder in hell-raising Holcomb Valley, the potpourri of interesting prospectors of the period, and of course the flamboyant E.J. "Lucky" Baldwin, who bought Gold Mountain and bankrolled its huge 40-stamp mill, a structure whose ruins remain visible even today.

It may seem like petty niggling, but somebody should have caught the plethora of typographical errors or outright misspellings that mar the text. Such a fine bit of research, and a story so knowledgeably and so devotedly told, deserves better editing.

—Tony Lehman

MYRON EELLS AND THE PUGET SOUND INDIANS by Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown, Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, Washington, 128 pp., 1977. $12.95.

Details about the Northwest Coast Indian tribes are quite scarce. While I certainly lack adequate information on Indians, in my case I was not aware of a volume on the subject. Hence "Myron Eells and the Puget Sound Indians" was a delight to see.

Perhaps the most significant element of

this book is the abundance of accurate illustrations of Indian implements, tools, weapons, and buildings which can no longer be seen except in a few museums. Many of the drawings were drawn from life by a man who was there.

The Reverend Myron Eells was not only a missionary to the Indians of Puget Sound during the late 19th century, but he was also a good observer of Indian culture.

Ruby and Brown took the best from Eell's six volumes of hand written notes, sketches and photographs to prepare this book. All Indian buffs of the Pacific coast region will want this title for their library.

—Art Brush

YESTERDAY'S LOS ANGELES by Norman Dash, E.A. Seemann Publishers, Miami, Florida, 1977. $12.95.

Norman Dash, Sunday feature editor of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, has assembled more than 300 historical photographs for this picture history of Los Angeles. Like so many general books of this nature it is impossible to cover Los Angeles in 200 pages and 300 illustrations, thus the text becomes pedestrian and the captions to many of the pictures lack research. Dash has Court Flight mistaken for Angels Flight, which were only a block apart but certainly did not look alike at all. In many cases the compiler fails to give the information needed to get the most out of a picture. It would appear that Dash is a newcomer and not fully aware of the Southland's highlights.

—Sven Undum

GUIDE TO THE WYOMING MOUNTAINS AND WILDERNESS AREAS, by Orrin and Lorraine Booney, The Swallow Press, Inc., Chicago, Illinois, 700 pp. $20.00.

Some of America's most breathtaking mountains and much of its last virgin wilderness areas are to be found within the state of Wyoming. The Booney's guidebook is, to my knowledge, the only definitive guide yet produced.

This is not a new book, but a third edition which is completely up-dated and revised. This edition includes the latest surveys by the United States Geological Survey, new maps, photographs and aerial views. Covered are all the major and minor ranges, details on more than 400 trails, plus 1,400 climbing routes that can be taken. If you are not interested in hiking, there is new material on skiing, hunting, fishing, and rockhounding. Even river-running if you are young at heart. Additional chapters cover Wyoming's history, its geology, and how to plan a trip to the state.

The Booneys know the challenging Wyoming mountains from years of actual climbing experience. Their guides have won awards from both the Wyoming State Historical Society and the Outdoor Writers of America.

—Sid Platford

GENERAL CUSTER'S LIBBIE by Lawrence A. Frost, Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, Washington, 336 pp., 1977. $19.95.

Added to the literary lore on General Armstrong Custer is this new book by Lawrence A. Frost, who for 25 years was the Custer curator of the Monroe County Michigan Historical Society. He is nationally recognized as the outstanding living authority on the life of Custer and his wife Libbie. This is Frost's third book on Custer.

Elizabeth Bacon Custer was a lady of great breeding. As an Army wife she shared the anxieties and hardships of the frontier. As an Army widow she spent 50 years upholding her husband's reputation against those who would "kick a dead horse." Elizabeth appears to have been a remarkable woman, and as the wife of General Custer lived through some of the most exciting historical times of this country.

Frost presents the complete story of Custer's Libbie from her early childhood to her death at the age of 91. This pictorial account is based on her diaries, letters, unpublished sources, as well as her own three books on her life with the General.

I am sure Al Hammond would be able to pick this volume to pieces if he were here, but the Los Angeles Corral's authority on the subject has passed on to his own "Little Big Horn" in the sky.

—Art Brush