LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS CORRAL
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

MARCH 1978 LOS ANGELES CORRAL NUMBER 130

The Railroad Tramp

by Donald Duke

America has created several interesting and romantic classes of adventurers since white men landed on these shores. First there were the pioneers, frontiersmen, Indian fighters, hunters and trappers; next the gold miners, cowboys, bandits and bad men of the old wild and wooly west. Possibly the most colorful and nondescript voyager of them all was the railroad tramp.

From the first days of steam trains there were men who preferred to ride on or under a train without payment, and did so. They were called tramps and looked upon as law breakers, worthless members of society because of their habit of beating their way on trains and for their loafing and whiling time away, thus avoiding any kind of honest or useful work. The early cartoon artists of the period visualized the tramp as an indescribable male in fearful, tattered clothing, whose face was dark with whiskers and nose tainted with crimson. Over his shoulder was a stick, on the end of the stick a small bundle tied up like a bag in a red bandanna in which were his possessions. Before a decade passed the tramp was a literary classic as well as a growing national problem.

The era of the railroad tramp began with the close of the Civil War. Before that conflict the railroad tramp population was

(Continued on Page Four)

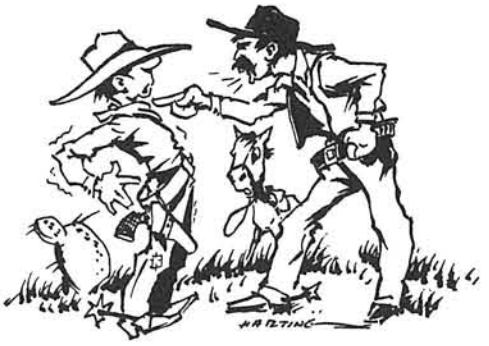
The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

Address for Exchanges
and Material Submitted for Publication:
The Roundup Foreman
DONALD DUKE
P.O. Box 8136, San Marino, Ca. 91108

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 . . .

Most members of the Los Angeles Corral are firmly convinced that I have some sort of article barrel here at my office containing features worthy of publication in the *Branding Iron*. All I need do is ask my faithful rabbit Harvey to select one or two articles for each issue of this publication. I hate to be a party-pooper, but such a dirth of material does not exist. In that old barrel we grow carrots for Harvey. The goats ate all that wealth of articles long before my time.

At the last Trail Boss meeting I mentioned we had nothing to publish in the *Branding Iron* beyond the March issue. This came as no shock to those officials of the Corral who have also struggled with the quarterly. I explained a new editor would be forthcoming with the March 1979 issue, and something had to be done. After a few cups of coffee and some walnut cake bread provided by "Ma" Holland, it was decided the best prospect for our salvation would be to tap the rich heritage of the Associate Member group. Here were fellows wishing to climb the stairway to Active, but in order to do this the group had to be more actively engaged in the Corral's activities. It was decided to ask these fine gentlemen to mine some literary gold and rescue the Los Angeles Corral and the *Branding Iron*.

A letter was sent to all Associate Members explaining our plight, plus offering guidelines as to what they might write about in relation to their special interests. Your editor was fully aware that not every Associate would be able to offer an article, but they still could do research and others might rewrite the facts. He was also

cognizant of the fact that many were afraid to submit articles in fear of criticism from a few scholars in our Corral. Be advised that the *Branding Iron* is a magazine for members, produced and authored by members, and readers are more interested in the material presented them than in scholarly presentation.

The Associate letter was not intended to be a demand similar to one you might receive from a collection agency. It was a request for help. A postage paid envelope was sent along with the request in order that the recipient would be aware we wished some sort of Smoke Signal by March 15. In this way your *Branding Iron* staff would have some idea if it would be feast or famine for the next year or so.

Believe it or not all but a handful of Associate Members responded within a couple of weeks. Several surprised us by forwarding an article that had been cast into some dusty drawer years ago. This response was fantastic. Our sombreros are tipped to those contributors who have cast a ray of hope in the future of the *Branding Iron.*

To those who have not replied to the letter, rest assured you will be phoned after the 15th of March.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

DECEMBER

Edwin Carpenter's talk "Pleasure Seeking in Southern California" was indeed a pleasure for Westerners attending the last meeting of the year.

His slides of photographs taken at the turn-of-the-century covered pleasure seeking events and sites from the beach to mountain resorts, fiestas, parades, and even

Our new 1978 Sheriff Elwood Holland and Deputy Sheriff Tony Lehman are introduced by Sheriff Hugh Tolford.—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph

motor races in Corona, ending with clever advertisements for early day pleasure houses!

JANUARY

Henry Clifford, a long time member of the Corral, presented a fascinating talk about the Russian-American Fur Company and its impact upon California history. Among many interesting facts, Henry pointed out that Russia had a hunter, trader, trapper movement on the Pacific Coast several hundred years before the United States did the same thing. He said that at Fort Ross the Russians had more cannon and men under arms than any of the presidios. Nevertheless, they moved out in 1830-31 and never came back. Henry brought a display of Russian tokens and notes and told of his originals being on display at the old mint in San Francisco.

Scene at the February meeting (Left-Right) with Paul Bailey who presented introduction, speaker Ray Wood, Deputy Lehman and Sheriff Holland.—Iron Eyes Cody Photograph

FEBRUARY

Ina Coolbrith, librarian and poet laureate of California, was the subject of Raymond

(Continued on Page Eleven)

not considered significant, but it did exist. With the termination of hostilities, thousands of young soldiers were released from both armies. These young men, who had traveled little prior to the war, acquired a taste for adventure while in the service and wished for more. Railroads were being constructed in all parts of the country and thousands of laborers were needed. As the years passed, construction work ceased and these laborers were thrown out of work. Their calling gone, many of them degenerated into tramps, working little, if at all, simply beating their way around the country on trains—begging and stealing.

From a few thousand tramps in 1865, the hobo forces soon grew to hundreds of thousands of professional tramps—hoboes. This vast gathering of vagrants reached its greatest numbers between the years 1885 and 1905 when it was estimated that there were between one and two million tramps in the United States and Canada.

The water tank was often the tramp's depot. Here a young lad gets a briefing about the outside world from the travelers who walked the tracks.

A fresh supply of recruits came from teenagers possessed with wanderlust and few ever wandered back home to their parents. These lads fell easy victim to the lure of tramp life and soon blossomed into full-fledged hoboes. Seeing the country and getting into the growing world tempted many a youngster from his farm duties to hoboland. Men temporarily out of work also were thrown into the wanderlust and became a part of the fast growing throng of tramps.

James Scott of Alhambra, California, a former knight-of-the-road told me: "I was one of those individuals with the wanderlust and a craving for thrills and excitement. Born of a well-to-do middle class family and offered a good education, and all the advantages of a good home, I spurned these for a life of adventure and hardship with tramps on the road. At the tender age of 13, I ran away from home and joined the ranks of the professional tramp and for more than 20 years I rode the trains, hung out in hobo jungles and tasted the sweets of thrill and adventure.

"I knew all the famous old-time tramps, such as 'No. 1,' the greatest tramp the world ever produced, who beat his way more than 500,000 miles on the trains during his 30 or more years on the road; there was 'Back Door Slim' the most successful panhandler the road ever knew; 'Box Car Joe,' the millionaire tramp, worth half a million in cash and property who preferred to bum around on freight trains with tramps rather than live in a mansion and ride the plush Pullmans; there was 'Peen,' 'Rambler,' 'Mover,' 'Denver Red,' 'The Katy Flyer,' 'Seldom Seen,' 'Beef Stew Mike,' 'Hard on the Bulls,' and many others."

In the old days, when tramps were so numerous in this country, it was the custom to work as little as possible, since it was considered a disgrace to do manual toil except when forced. They took great pride in their ability to live without doing any work in exchange for food and clothing. Most of the food was begged from housewives at back doors and at hotels and lunch rooms.

Tramps resorted to all kinds of trickery to persuade ladies to give them a handout or

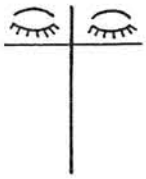
sit down without the necessity of doing any work in return for victuals. One of the commonest tricks was to pretend to be a working man who had become paralyzed in one arm or had suddenly been stricken deaf and, being unable to secure work, was forced to beg food. They also used these tricks to get used articles of clothing. A tramp soon became a shrewd judge of human nature and at first glance sized up the lady of the house when she answered the knock at the back door. They could tell by her looks what line of talk to give her and what kind of trickery to use. So successful did many a tramp become at the begging game that they were not only able to beg all of the food and clothing they needed, but also received considerable sums of money on the streets from prosperous looking individuals. A flush tramp usually spent his money on booze or some kind of pleasure.

The hobo mecca for almost a century was the city of Chicago or the "Big Junction" as the professional tramp called it. Chicago has long been the railroad hub of the United States, a city with some 3,000 miles of tracks and yards within its city limits, a city from which fan out some 40 different railroads to all parts of the country. Practically every city, town or railroad junction throughout the United States and Canada had camps commonly called hoboland or hobo jungles. a place where the bums would congregate. to cook, sleep, wash and be sociable. These hobo jungles were located near the railroad tracks, and concealed from public view. The camps were generally in a grove, a clump of high weeds, a ditch or gully and, when possible, close to a water tank or stream of running water. Each jungle had a supply of cooking utensils—pots, pans, cans, and other paraphernalia for the convenience of the hoboes. Most of the encampments were open air places without shelter, but near large cities, camps were composed of small shacks or shelters built of old lumber or scrap materials—a shanty town.

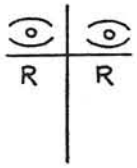
Upon arriving in a town, the tramp always headed for the nearest jungle where, perhaps, he would find other hoboes and no doubt some Mulligan stew on the fire and a cup of coffee. Here they would swap stories and experiences, and report a good catch.

The hobo had a code all his own. These symbols were chalked on a wall or fence indicating the type of reception a fellow tramp might receive.

Traditionally, a handout of food was purchased with an hour's work cutting wood, raking leaves, or general yard care.



Police Not Hostile



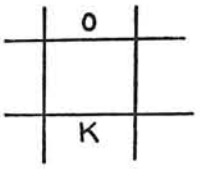
Police Hostile (RR Police)

Plainclothes Detectives Here

Jail Is a Workhouse

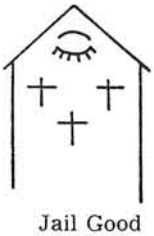
Town Is Hostile

Saloons in Town

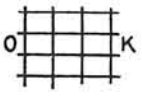


Streets Good for Begging

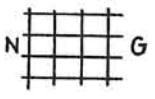
Jail Has Rock Pile



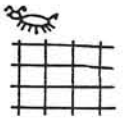
Jail Good for Nights Lodging



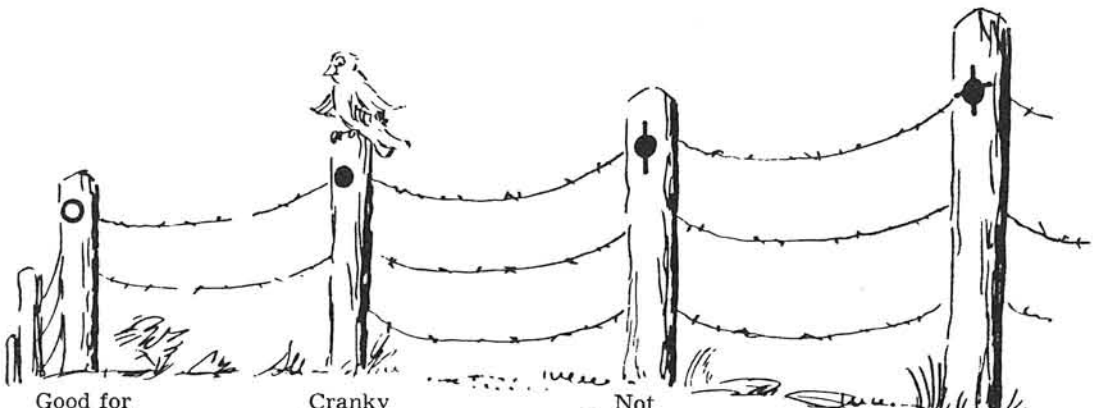
Clean Jail



Jail Food No Good



Cooties In Jail



No one has ever chronicled all the various signs and symbols left on walls and fences by the tramps. Here are a few of the common signs and symbols found on railroad property during the years.

Practically every city, town or railroad junction had camps commonly known as hoboland or hobo jungle. This was a place where bums would congregate to cook a good stew, sleep, or just be sociable during the heat of the day.

On occasion hoboes would get a case of beer or a jug of cheap whisky and all hands would get gloriously drunk. They slept in the camps around an open fire unless there was some sort of shelter. The old-time hobo jungle camps were to the tramp what a church or club would be to a law abiding citizen; a meeting place to map out future plans—if any.

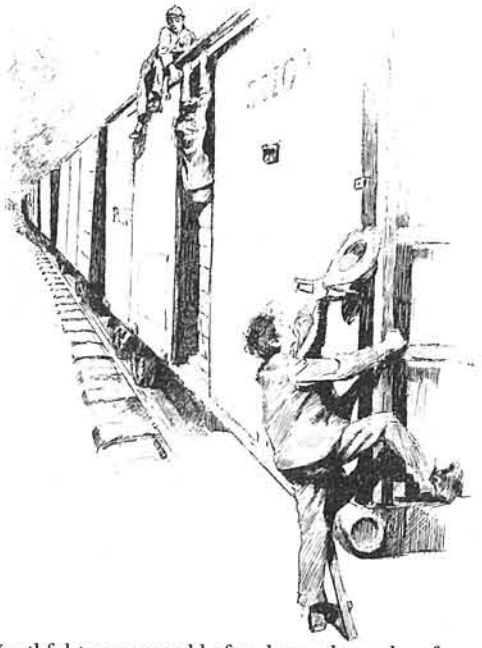
The police sometimes raided the camps, but not often, as the jungles were frequently moved and usually hidden from view. If a camp happened to be in a bad location, a guard or lookout was posted to sound a warning alarm in case the "bulls" tried to raid them. While the police were called by many unpopular names, the term "bull" was the most common expression for any type of law enforcement.

Tramps usually took to the freights in preference to passenger trains because the freights were easier to ride and much safer to board. They generally rode during the nighttime in order to dodge train crews and the "bulls." A tramp generally boarded outbound freights just as they were pulling out of the division freight yards or at a street crossing. This was done to avoid being seen by the railroad police, who were stationed in the yards to prevent pilferage.

On occasion railroad police would ride the freights out of the yard in order to catch any hoboes trying to board. The unlucky tramps either had to jump off the train or get arrested. As a group, old-time tramps were docile and avoided a fight whenever possible. But there were hard-boiled members among the clan who delighted in a fight with police or train crews. Occasionally criminal type tramps defied the railroad police and many a thrilling gun battle was staged atop a moving freight between hobo and "bulls." Sometimes the police and sometimes the hobo came out victorious in the battle fought to the death. In either case it was the unwritten custom for the victor to throw the defeated party off the moving train.

Empty boxcars probably carried more

. . . *Page Seven*



Youthful tramps would often lower themselves from the roof of a boxcar to the protection inside. As the train began to leave town, the tramps would run out of the ditch, reach for a grab iron, and climb to the car roof.

tramps than any other accommodation. If the doors were all closed the boys might ride any place where they could sit down or find a foothold—in a coal car, cattle car, tank or flat car, in the ice section of a refrigerator car, or ride the rods. The rods were iron truss bars that formed a part of the freight car frame. They permitted a space of some 18 inches between bars and the bottom of the car. Here a man not too stout could lie flat across the rods and ride, certain death a foot or so beneath, with dust and maddening noise all around. Riding the rods was not the choice spot to say the least.

Hoboes preferred, in decent weather, to ride the deck—which was the top of a freight car or coach. Here was a pleasant open air observation platform to watch the world roll by, but it did have its dangerous moments. A short wink of sleep might send a man rolling off the heaving cars, and then there was the matter of clearance in tunnels or an onrushing bridge structure with only inches to clear. Tramps also rode the blind on passenger trains. The "blind" was the space between the baggage car and the

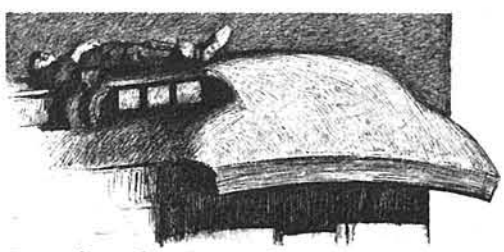
Page Eight . . .

locomotive. Baggage cars did not have a forward-end door, hence they were "blind." Riders in this spot were comparatively safe from engine crews who often threw chunks of coal at their unwelcome riders.

Freight train crews of the nineties recognized the hobo as an extra source of income. The rate for travel on certain freight trains was more or less standardized at ten cents per hundred miles, or 20 cents for an all night ride. The brakeman with club in hand would come around and pocket his fares. All non-paying guests were forced to jump or be bodily thrown off the train. After institution of the freight train rates, tramps became adept at catching trains while they were moving at high rates of speed and then concealing themselves from crews. It worked most of the time as walking over moving freight cars to catch a few tramps was a great risk even to train personnel.

A tramp was usually satisfied to travel over one freight division (about 150 miles), a night, then rest a day or so before moving on. He was in no real hurry and quite often content to make a new town every few days, where panhandling was good and the handouts plentiful. Life was carefree and each day brought a new adventure. When the tramp tired of any one place he moved on to pastures new and green. There were no rents to pay, no bills; he needed no cash for food, lodging or clothes, as he begged his daily bread and raiment and slept in jungle camps, box cars or barns. He had no work or boss to bother him and cared not one whit what society thought of him or his mode of life. He was really a free man, and did as he pleased.

Wanderlust kept the hobo moving all the



In good weather the hoboes preferred to ride the deck—but it was also dangerous if he fell asleep.

Non-paying guests were forced to jump or were bodily thrown off the train. Here two bums intend to take on the conductor who threw them off the train, unaware a brakeman and engineer are running to his aide.

time, except for the hardships incidental to riding and sleeping in all kinds of weather. The life of roaming was as nearly ideal as man could invent. And yet each knew that sooner or later his carefree life would land him in jail, the poorhouse, and finally in Potter's field. A life of idleness and ease, pleasure and dissipation, such as was led by the railroad tramp, was sure to lead to disaster. Old age, disease and accidents took a tremendous toll each year from the ranks of the ragged.

In the old days, when tramps were at their greatest height, there were three separate and distinct classes of wandering vagrant. First and largest in number came the professional tramp who worked not at all except when forced. He begged or stole all his clothing and food, slept in box cars or jungle camps, and beat his way all over the country on trains. Next in point of numbers was the hobo. He was really a migratory worker who worked on farms, ranches, public works and on railroads. The hobo used to pay for his food and clothing if he had the money, but beat his way over the countryside on trains and hung out in hobo jungles with the tramps. The bum moved from town to town and hung out in cheap saloons and flop houses where he held a nightly drunk. You might say a tramp dreamed and wandered, a hobo worked and wandered, and a bum drank and wandered.

There were women tramps too. Nearly 2,000 wandered and rode the freights both before and after the Depression of the 1930's. One of the most articulate of them all was "Boxcar Bertha." Occasionally Bertha would meet up with a tough brakeman or conductor who insisted on a little cash in order to ride over the division in the comfort of a boxcar. She said that only a minority of the female tramps ever "gave themselves" to railroad men in return for privileged transportation.

A special class of tramp, and the least in number, consisted of the tramp-criminals, gunmen, yeggs and thieves. It was this class of vagrant that gave all other classes of tramp an evil reputation. The tramp-criminal also hung out in the hobo jungles, saloons and flop houses. He usually had plenty of money, due to his criminal activities, but beat his way on freights

. . . *Page Nine*

because it was safer than paying his way on passenger trains, where he probably would have been recognized by the ticket agent, passenger crew or railroad police.

The criminal type would commit a crime in some city or town, then make a quick get-away. The first place he would head would be the nearest railroad yard or track where he could board an outbound freight train and be fairly safe from capture. Modern day yeggs deserted the freights after World War II and now use the more mobile automobile as a get away device. These outlaws were as tough a lot of men as ever lived, and the regular hoboes were afraid to cross them. They would stop at nothing to gain their ends—even murder.

It was not uncommon for these villains to murder train crews, or kill the railroad "bulls" who patrolled the railway yards. These criminal types also murdered their brother tramps, with robbery as their purpose. During the great western wheat harvest the tramp-criminals rode freights into the wheat belt, where they made a practice of robbing harvest hands of their wages. These yeggs blew safes in post offices, stores and banks, and spent their ill-gotten gains on drunken carousals in the jungle camps.

Train robbers in the good old days made big headlines, but they never were as costly to the railroad as the tramp. This was not because the tramp rode without payment of fare, but owing to the theft and damage to freight. The average hobo realized he had no means to carry away large or bulky goods. When he entered a merchandise car he broke open many cases and boxes in search of small, compact, valuable items that could be carried off concealed on his person. Tramps often damaged boxcars by lighting small fires on the wooden floor for warmth in winter. Due to some circumstance, like spotting a trainman or "bull," a tramp or small group might alight from the car quickly leaving the fire burning. By the time the fire was noticed by the train crew, the wooden freight car was a charred ruin.

Another class of vagrant in the old days was the saloon bum. He usually was an ex-road tramp too old or disabled to ride the trains. He hung around the cheap bars in the large cities, begged drink, nickels and dimes, and robbed drunks. The bums also hung around cheap lodging houses, where they would steal the clothing from the backs of sleepers, which in turn were peddled to a pawn shop or to anyone with a few coins. With the advent of prohibition and the closing of the bars, the old saloon bum practically disappeared.

The shovel and blanket stiffs were old and half-witted tramps, found mostly in the southwest desert states. These crazy coots usually dressed in filthy rags and carried sacks full of cooking utensils, tin cans, and other junk—also a roll of stinky blankets. The blanket stiffs seldom rode the trains, usually walking the railway tracks between towns, camping out at night under a tree or some other shelter. They either begged their food or did odd jobs, seldom speaking to anyone unless pressed. The loony shovel and blanket stiff has nearly disappeared, but now and then one may still be seen walking the tracks.

In those days when America was overrun with the huge army of hoboes, all large cities throughout the country had tramp districts which catered to this kind of trade. In these sections were cheap saloons where a huge glass of beer and a free lunch could be had for five cents, also low-priced wines and liquors. Each saloon had a small back room, or a flop room as the hoboes called it, where they could sleep off the drinks—and be robbed while doing so. There were modest hash houses offering fairly good meals for ten to 20 cents and reasonable lodging houses where a clean bed went for 25 cents.

One of the first employment agency schemes was set up in the early 1900's and called a shipping office. Here for a dollar fee a tramp or hobo could get passage to almost anywhere in the country for work on railroad construction, section and extra gangs, public works and in the harvest of crops. Many vagrants would pay the dollar fee in order to get free train rides to some distant point, then refuse to work after reaching their destination.

It was the general public opinion that old-time tramps and hoboes were a lot of ignorant, low-born misfits, who had just

Page Ten . . .

enough brains to come in out of the rain. This impression is entirely wrong. Old-time hoboes were an intelligent lot. Their wide travels educated them, and many hours of reading used books and newspapers sharpened their wit. There were many educated men among the ranks of these fellows who passed on their knowledge during camp conversations and bull sessions. The highly educated deserted the humdrum monotony of everyday life for the adventure of the open road.

The life of the tramp was crammed full of one adventure and thrill after another. His entire time was spent in travel. Summers were passed roaming the cool northern states, and winters wandering down south. Every day of his life was consumed dodging the police and train crews, begging handouts at back doors, sleeping and loafing. He was exposed to all kinds of weather, had no regular habits and at times was near starvation, jail, chain gangs and prison.

It was the custom among tramps of the old school to chalk, paint or carve their nicknames on railway depots, water tanks and bridges wherever they journeyed. These monikers were used by all tramps, as no one at any time used his real or given name. These tramp monikers also served to keep the other tramps posted as to the whereabouts of their comrades, and to pass along information. Many of these markings can still be seen in all parts of the country on old structures.

Here is an example of an old-time tramp moniker:

"Back Door Slim"
West
6/21/85
B.B.G.S.

The "Back Door Slim" was the moniker of the tramp; the "West" meant that he was traveling westward; the 6/21/85 was the date, June 21, 1885; the B.B.G.S. indicated that in this particular town the "bulls" were bad and the grub scarce.

The American railroad tramp is now extinct, among the relics of the past. While there are tramps today, and hoboes who ride freights and beg handouts, these new and up-to-date tramps are few in number and they differ from the old school of railroad tramp. The new generation are mostly younger men out on a lark, seeing the countryside for a short duration without the necessity of paying fare, or a "hippie." The old-time, tough looking, ragged and bewhiskered tramp and hobo, who thrived from 1885 to 1915, is extinct.

The continual warfare waged on the tramp by local police, the railroad "bull," communities, prohibition, changing conditions of modern life, and industrial expansion finally drove the vast army of tramps into history. Their place has been taken by a new generation of wanderers, namely the highway bum who dresses fashionably in a tight leather jacket, and begs for rides from passing motorists.

The beginning of the end for the old-time professional tramp began with World War I and prohibition. Since the conclusion of World War II, his disappearance has been swift. While the tramp was a picturesque character, the life of the old ramblers was hard and led to sure ruin. Eventually the hobo achieved immortality in American folklore comparable to that of the traveling salesman, boomer railroader and the steam locomotive. The man who walked the miles of track with his bandanna-wrapped bundle tied to the end of a stick has become an American legend.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

Wood's talk at the Los Angeles Corral monthly gathering. After a fitting introduction sprinkled with bits of humor by Paul Bailey, Ray told a colorful tale about a fascinating woman who became a California legend in her lifetime. She began a literary and poetic tradition in an anti-intellectual West and helped give California a significant dimension in literary history. Ray obviously knew his subject well and held the rapt attention of the audience throughout his talk. Along with Josephine DeWitt Rhodehamel, Ray co-authored a definitive and comprehensive biography of Ina Coolbrith published by Brigham Young University Press.

. . . *Page Eleven*

IN REMEMBRANCE

Tim McCoy 1891-1978

By Iron Eyes Cody

It was during the making of Western films that Iron Eyes Cody, on the left, first met Colonel Tim McCoy. Iron Eyes was Tim's friend called "Trail Boy" in two films.

Tim McCoy was born in Saginaw, Michigan, on April 10, 1891, to Cathrin and Timothy McCoy. His father was employed as Chief of Police of Saginaw, the center of Michigan's lumber industry. Young Tim grew up listening to the tall tales of lumberjacks and stories of Chippewa Indians.

At the age of 12 he was made an honorary member of the drum corps of the Grand Army of the Republic. Later he became interested in a battered old bugle and learned to play it well. By the time he reached 14 he was granted special permission to enlist in the Naval Reserve.

During his growing years the elder McCoy required Tim to read history, insisting he develop his mind by reading about historical events and interesting adventures. While at a Jesuit College in Chicago at the age of 17, the youthful McCoy began to read stories about cowboys and Indians. In 1898 he met Col. William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody and was fascinated by the live cowboys and Indians. These rich early experiences led to Tim's dual interests in military achievements and Indian customs.

Tiring of college life, and with only $5.00 in his pocket, he took a train to Lander, Wyoming. Here he started wrangling horses at round-up time. Learning how to rope by the time he had received his first horse, this experience would earn him the title of a full time cowboy.

Learning Indian ways from "Buffalo Bill" and his Indians, he became acquainted with the Araphaho and Shoshone Indians in the Wind River country. Curiosity over the hand signals they used to communicate with each other found Tim trying to learn the codes. An Indian friend named Bill Shakespeare finally taught him sign language. After he mastered the language he was adopted into the Arapaho tribe and given the name of High Eagle or "Nee Hee Cha Oot" in Arapaho.

Tim joined the U.S. Cavalry during World War I and at its conclusion had reached the grade of Lt. Colonel and aide to General Hugh Scott. Scott retired from the service and was appointed head of the Board of Indian Commissioners. Tim's good friend Bob Carey from round-up days had become the new governor of Wyoming. Learning that Tim was out of the service, he offered him the job of Adjutant General for the State of Wyoming. Naturally he accepted and at the age of 28 became a one-star general.

Famous Players Laskey (later to become Paramount Studios) was working on a motion picture entitled *Covered Wagon.* They needed a few hundred long haired Indians to be in the picture. Some how they got in touch with Tim who, by now, was proficient in sign language. He was asked to gather some 500 Indians together and to come to Hollywood to help make the film. Since various tribes were involved and none of the Indians could understand each other's language, let alone English, McCoy was in

Page Twelve . . .

immediate demand. Resigning his commission in the guard, Tim came to Hollywood.

His good looks and experiences were immediately noticed by Hollywood producers. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him to star in a series of Westerns they had in production. His first film was *War Paint* in which he portrayed a cavalry officer. It was during the making of this film that I first met Tim. I was a long haired Cherokee Indian boy. I was hired to act as a technical advisor, bow and arrow expert, sign talker, dancer, and was fortunate to have a part in the picture too.

Tim later went to Universal Studios in 1930 to work in its first Western serial called *The Indians are Coming* and *Heroes of the West.* I appeared in both of these pictures as Tim's friend called Trail Boy.

He moved on to Columbia Pictures and worked there for four years making Westerns, plus doing other films in varied roles. It was in 1941 that he teamed up with Buck Jones and comic Raymond Hatton.

It was not long before World War II rolled around and Tim served as a liaison officer with General George Patton between ground and air tactical units in England, France and Germany. At the end of the conflict he retired with the rank of full Colonel.

Returning to Hollywood at war's end, he appeared on KTLA television in a new show called *The Tim McCoy Show and His Pal Iron Eyes.* This was a show that demonstrated Indian dancers, customs of the Indian, a bit of history and of course sign language. The show went on to earn an Emmy for its quality and content.

McCoy was elected to the Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1973, and was the last of the "Big Five" Hollywood cowboys. Along with Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, and Buck Jones, McCoy was one of the most popular cowboy stars. During his Hollywood career he starred in over 200 films. In 1977 he was presented the Buffalo Bill Award, during Nebraskaland Days at the Buffalo Bill Rodeo by Lt. Governor Jerry Whelan for his contribution in keeping alive the traditions of the old West.

By 1962 Tim and his wife had had enough of Hollywood. The whole family moved to Nogales where he had built a Spanish type home on the old Pete Kitchen Ranch. To keep active he toured with various small circus units, doing trick shooting and whip tricks. He came back to Hollywood to play a part of a U.S. Cavalry officer in Mike Todd's famous film *Around the World in 80 Days.* In appreciation for his coming back to Hollywood on special call, Todd gave Tim a set of 13 gold miniatures of his campaign medals.

Tim and Inga McCoy were the parents of two boys named Ronnie and Timmy. Both are grown up and married now and they live near Nogales, Arizona. When Inga died in 1973, Tim retired from his circus life and a rumor got around that he had passed on. This was not so. He was busy writing a book entitled *Tim McCoy Remembers the West* which was published last November. His son Ron helped Tim a great deal in completing this project. My last visit with Tim was when he came out here to publicize the book. We talked about old times and experiences with early day Indians who have now passed on. Tim said to me, "Soon I will be with my Indian brothers, eat buffalo steaks and smoke the pipe of friendship." Tim passed on peacefully in the Army hospital at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, on January 29, 1978.

He will be missed by Westerners and historians alike for his keeping alive the story of the West.

Iron Eyes and McCoy photographed during the taping of the award winning KTLA television show "The Tim McCoy Show and his Friend Iron Eyes."

. . . *Page Thirteen*

Corral Chips

In ceremonies before the Los Angeles City Council, *Henry Welcome* is presented with a beautiful, hand-prepared resolution. The scroll, sponsored by Councilman Arthur K. Snyder, describes Henry's civic contributions over the past sixteen years, with emphasis on his involvement with local history. In this category, his activities with the Los Angeles Corral are specifically mentioned.

Associate Member *Rodman Paul*, Professor of History at the California Institute of Technology, is named president of the Western History Association.

The Holt-Atherton Pacific Center for Western Studies at the University of the Pacific announces the publication of a monograph by C.M. *Albert Shumate* entitled *Francisco Pacheco of Pacheco Pass.*

C.M. *Grant Dahlstrom* has designed and printed a collection of Ward Ritchie's early poetry in a handsome volume called *A Bowl of Quince*, published in a signed edition limited to only 199 copies.

Respendent in his colorful Indian garb and astride a spirited Pinto pony, *Iron Eyes Cody* is again a participant in the annual Tournament of Roses Parade. Later in January he visits Seccombe Lake in San Bernardino for the shooting of an anti-litter slide program series, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. in conjunction with the Keep America Beautiful organization and the Clean Community Systems of San Bernardino and Riverside.

John Kemble speaks on the topic "Smuggling on the California Coast" to a meeting of the Claremont Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The San Bernardino Valley Corral of Westerners awards an honorary membership to C.M. *Arda Haenszel*, whose research and dedication to historic preservation have made many notable contributions to her community.

Horace Albright and his wife attend the 65th reunion of the University of California, Class of 1912. Both were classmates together.

On hand in San Diego for the 14th Annual Workshop sponsored by the Conference of California Historical Societies are *Dwight Cushman*, *Walt Wheelock*, *Ray Wood;* Associate Members *Bill Burkhart*, *Ernie Marquez*, and *Victor Plukas*; plus Corresponding Members *Billie Robinson* and *R. Coke Wood.*

"Image of the Southwest" is the title of *Ray Billington's* brief essay in *Westways*. In the same issue is a fascinating profile of Ray's distinguished career as an author and teacher entitled "Corralling History."

Associate Member *Abraham Hoffman* appears as a panelist at the first meeting of "A Bridge Over Troubled Waters," a series of four seminars sponsored by the Victor Gruen Center for Environmental Planning. Also participating in the meeting is *Dudley Gordon*, who serves as a discussion leader.

The long-awaited *John Muir: A Reading Bibliography*, by the devoted and knowledgeable hand of *Bill Kimes*, makes its appearance. The volume is dedicated to C.M. *Ed Carpenter*, while the list of subscribers to the limited edition includes the names of *Glen Dawson*, *Tony Lehman*, *Doyce Nunis*, *John Urabec*, and C.M. *John W. Robinson.*

Dwight Cushman receives the Fifty Year Veteran Scout Award at the annual dinner of the Topanga District, Great Western Council, Boy Scouts of America. Dwight is also the featured speaker on the topic "Religion in Colonial Days" for the Los Angeles Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West.

Los Compadres con Libros, an Orange County-based group of book collectors and history buffs, hear *Tony Lehman* present a slide program on "Adobe and Gingerbread: Some Historic Homes of Southern California" at their breakfast meeting at the Sherman Foundation in Corona Del Mar.

The Texas A&M Press publishes a new small book by *Ray Billington* entitled *America's Frontier Culture: Three Essays.* Billington fans will want to read another of his pieces in the December, 1977 issue of *American Heritage* called "Full Speed Ahead and Damn the Tomorrows: America's Frontier Heritage of Waste."

Carl Dentzel delineates "California's Cultural Crisis" before a meeting of the San Fernando Valley Historical Society.

Walt Wheelock is boasting that his La Siesta Press has now gone international. Their bestseller (100,000 plus copies), *Basic Rockcraft* by Royal Robbins, has just rolled off the press of Shinrin Shobo, Ltd., in Tokyo. Walt is pondering just how he is going to check it for typos.

Hugh Tolford journeys to the aviation museum in the Chateau de Balleroy, France, to do research on two pioneer balloonists named Blanchard and Jennings who were the first men to traverse the English Channel in a gas balloon from Dover to Calais on January 7, 1785. While in the town of Balleroy, Hugh and his wife Jean are interviewed by the local newspaper in an illustrated article which provides us with a little international publicity by noting Hugh's membership in the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners.

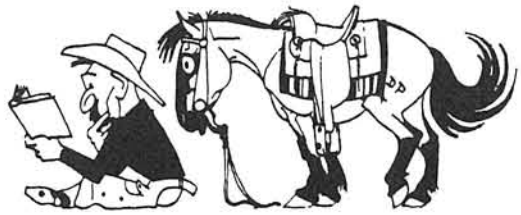
C.M. *Richard Hoffman* has just authored a new book entitled *The Art & Craft of Handmade Paper.* On pages 66-69 we find those soft surgical hands of *Doc Urabec* running his fingers through squishy pulp as photograph after photograph show the reader how to make paper.

Associate Member *Bill Burkhart* acts as program chairman for the winter conference of the Associated Historical Societies of Los Angeles County. Westerners attending the affair, whose theme was the "City of Los Angeles—Its Library and Historic Areas," are *Dwight Cushman*, *Wade Kittell*, *Henry Welcome*, and *Ray Wood*; Associate Member *Bob Scherer*; and Corresponding Members *Ed Carpenter*, *Marie Harrington*, *Jean Poole*, and *Billie Robinson.*

Lastly, our Roundup Foreman, the old curmudgeon *Don Duke*, gives a slide talk for the San Marino Historical Society on "The Pacific Electric Red Cars."

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: Esther B. Black, Claremont; Mary DeDecker, Independence; Robert M. Ebiner, West Covina; Marian Grinnell, Rancho Palos Verdes; Jordan Kurnick, Canoga Park; Joseph B. Nelson, Pacific Palisades; Konrad F. Schreier, Los Angeles; Nathan C. Sweet, Jr., Cambria; and Henry W. Wright of San Marino.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

The San Gabriels: Southern California Mountain Country, by John W. Robinson. Golden West Books, P.O. Box 8136, San Marino, California, 214 pp., 1977. $19.95.

John Robinson has already been honored by the Sierra Club for his numerous publications on the mountain regions of Southern California, but the appearance of this handsomely printed and engrossingly written book should have immense and widespread appeal, not only to the hiker, but also to the historian and to the homebody as well.

The volume is lavishly illustrated, featuring more than 340 vintage illustrations, many of them rare and previously unpublished. And the captions are so informative that a reader pressed for time could read them by themselves and garner the gist of the entire book. To do so, however, would be to miss the merits of the text, which manages to be scholarly and detailed without sacrificing its charm and readability. Perhaps this is so because John Robinson loves the San Gabriel Mountains as keenly as he knows them.

. . . *Page Fifteen*

In all, there are twenty chapters devoted to such topics as the history of the Mount Wilson Toll Road and Observatory, the Mount Lowe Railway, the Great Hiking Era of the first few decades of this century, the mining period, and the creation of the San Gabriel Timberland Reserve. Other chapters deal with the major canyons in the range, their development, and the stories of the men whose names are to this day memorialized on various geographical features within the San Gabriels: Thaddeus Lowe, Benjamin S. Eaton, "Commodore" Perry Switzer, William Sturtevant, Delos Colby, Lester Loomis, Louie Newcomb, and a host of other colorful individuals who add humor, interest, and tragedy to the narrative.

One of the most interesting chapters chronicles "The Great Hiking Era," the first 35 years of this century when multitudes of lowland residents, young and old alike, thronged on weekends to the trails, the streams, and the secluded camps that offered surcease from the cares and tensions of city life. Hiking was a favorite sport for some, a religion for others. Whatever the reason, they came by the thousands. Even the Pacific Electric built branch lines to the foothills where the red cars deposited the outdoor enthusiasts on Friday and picked them up again on Sunday, footsore in body but refreshed in spirit.

Not surprisingly, numerous trail camps sprang up along the major pathways and in shady nooks in the range, places like Carter's Camp, Quarter-way House, and Orchard Camp in Little Santa Anita Canyon; Joe Clark's Halfway House, First Water Camp, and Robert's Camp in the Big Santa Anita Canyon, the latter so popular that in its heyday it could accommodate 180 guests and boasted a branch of the Los Angeles County Library and a United States Post Office!

The Great Hiking Era, unfortunately, came to an end for many reasons. The devastation of the 1938 flood, which wiped out so many facilities, was a major factor. But the building of the Angeles Crest Highway and the easy auto access it provided, along with the distraction of World War II, were other contributing causes in the decline of interest in hiking. After the war, television and the era of spectator sports continue to keep the trails of the San Gabriel Mountains less traveled than they were half a century ago. This is both sad and ironic for an age that professes to be concerned with ecology and that is rediscovering the value of physical exercise.

Many of us in Southern California live within the shadows of this magnificent range of mountains, and we owe it to ourselves to enhance our knowledge and to deepen our personal acquaintance with them. Without a doubt, this vivid and definitive book contributes much to our appreciation and understanding of the San Gabriels, whether we prefer sitting in an armchair or chugging up a switchback.

—Tony Lehman

Bunker Hill: Last of the Lofty Mansions, by William Pugsley. Trans-Anglo Books, P.O. Box 38, Corona del Mar, California, 80pp., 1977. $7.95.

Back in the days when Los Angeles was emerging from the pueblo status but still had less than 50,000 citizens, culture-conscious and idle rich people began to build magnificent homes atop Bunker Hill. This area of downtown Los Angeles would be hailed for its beauty and individuality for years.

This beautiful volume brings to life those good years on the Nob Hill of Southern California. In both word and picture the reader will relive the growing years of Los Angeles and learn a little of the architecture and embellishments of those plush Victorian mansions with ornate lines so familiar to the times.

William Pugsley and photographer Roy Hankey have recorded the saga of the growth years of Bunker Hill. Not forgotten are Court Flight and Angels Flight, transportation mediums necessary unless you wished to walk up some 450 flight of stairs. Included is the rebuilding of Bunker Hill with high-rise structures known to all of us as "redevelopment."

It is all here except for a good map of the hill in its glory days and an index.

—Art Brush

Page Sixteen . . .