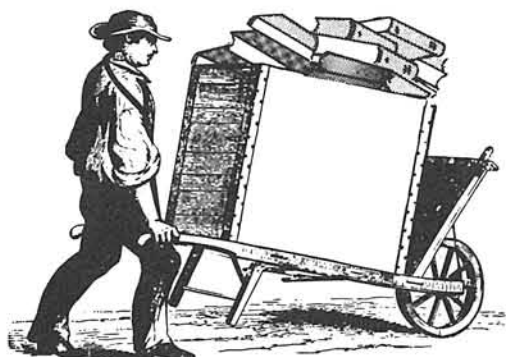




DECEMBER 1978

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 133



“Some Book Totin’ Westerners”

by Anna Marie Hager

First, I wish to pay tribute to those adventurous book collectors who organized and brought to fruition the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. Homer Britzman and Robert J. Woods invited Glen Dawson, Paul Galleher, W.W. Robinson, John B. Goodman, Lindley Bynum, Jim Williams, Jack Harden and Clarence Ellsworth to come together to form an organization dedicated to preserving the history of the West.

December 3, 1947 was the historic date for the beginning of the Los Angeles Corral whose growing membership has contributed so much to the field of Western Americana in their *Brand Book* publications and now just issued their 15th volume and in *The Branding Iron*.

You realize it will be impossible for me to pay tribute to all book collectors in this Corral, so I am going to talk about a few whose libraries have now become part of major libraries or are in institutions today.

One of the earliest members, a good friend to many in the Corral, who is sorely missed for his expertise and assistance in organizing, designing and publishing the first ten *Brand Books*, is Homer H. Boelter.

Homer served as Sheriff in 1949 and his fine collection with a special emphasis on Indians of the Southwest, Kachinas, guns and Western Americana was dispersed and found its way into many a delighted book collector's hands and libraries. Boelter's *Brand Book* Number Three, with its portfolio on Charles M. Russell, is still one of the top highlights in the history of the Corral's publication efforts.

Our friend, Robert J. Woods, was one of those fortunate men, an ardent collector of fine Western Americana in all its fields, who had the financial means, and — most essential — plenty of time to spend in his pursuit of rare books, ephemera, maps, photographs and art work. His collection

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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

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Los Angeles Corral



THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER

For another year the rather traditional September Rendezvous was hosted by our genial past Sheriff Alden Miller. To review all the events is simply too much for our limited space. Suffice it to say that those who attended found the warm congenial fellowship made more impressive by the sounds of the auctioneers voice and the mixing of fire water. The program included a presentation plaque to the family of Lloyd Mitchell as a token of the Corral's appreciation for Lloyd's contribution to Western art.

OCTOBER

Corresponding Member Konrad Schreier, augmenting intriguing commentary with some fascinating slides, soon had Westerners engrossed in a vital and frequently neglected factor in the history of the American West — animal transportation. Beginning with the first United States Army expeditions dispatched to penetrate and map the unexplored reaches of the continent, his presentation brought to life how essential to the success or failure of any forward venture were the horses, mules, donkeys, burros, and oxen involved. Far from being simply accessories to expansion, they constituted a basic source of endurance, utterly depended upon not only to carry human beings, but to pull and haul day after weary day the very means for men's survival. Konrad's knowledgeable and enthusiastic focus on them was "catching," and a lively question and answer period resulted from his treatment of this under-

lying aspect of early journeys into the wilderness.

NOVEMBER

In a program given over to pure visual enjoyment with apt verbal accompaniment, outside the realm of controversy and slated to bring pleasure to every Westerner present, Bill Escherich projected a carefully chosen selection of unusual and meticulously hand-painted lantern slides. Scenes of Los Angeles and vicinity taken between 1850 and 1900, the slides were acquired by Bill's father around the turn of the century from the Los Angeles optometrist who had made them. Over the years that followed, the senior Escherich added some 200 more slides to the original collection. Each of these, too, by means of painstaking brushwork under a magnifying glass, has been exquisitely hand-painted. In many instances, the color is identical to that of the original scene. This short program did not allow Bill to show us but a representative portion of this magnificent slide collection.



Corral Chips

The Pasadena League of Women Voters hears an address by Abraham Hoffman titled "A Brief Plunge into California Water History," while the fall 1978 issue of *Teaching History* features an article by Abe on "Textbooks, Mexican-Americans, and Twentieth-Century American History."

C.M. Gloria Lothrop was announced as the winner of the University of the Pacific-Philip A. Danielson Award by Westerners International for her excellent paper on "Women of the West" presented at our 1977 Fandango. Gloria received the "Little Old

Joe" plaque and a check for \$100. By the way, Gloria's selection was by a unanimous vote of the judges, and this is the first award to a woman by Westerners International.

Due for release early in 1979 by the Arthur H. Clark Company is Clifford Drury's latest book on the American Northwest, *Chief Lawyer of the Nez Perces, 1796-1876*. This publication will be the 24th volume from Clifford's scholarly and prolific pen.

The Death Valley's '49ers have just unveiled Paul Bailey's latest opus, marvelously titled *An Unnatural History of Death Valley: With Reflections on the Valley's Varmints, Virgins, Vandals and Visionaries*. Last we heard, the deluxe, limited edition of 150 copies autographed by Paul had all been gobbled up, but write to Katie Ainsworth at 630 W. Duarte Road, #68, Monrovia, Ca. 91016, and if she can't provide the limited edition, then perhaps she can scrape up one of the softcover volumes for you.

The San Fernando Valley Historical Society hears C.M. Dean Combs's talk on "The Wire That Fenced the West," a fine presentation that traces the history of barbed wire.

At the University of Southern California, Doyce Nunis has been elected to a two-year term as chairman of the American Studies Program. And, in company with several university administrators, he was recently the guest of the Quebec Provisional Government for a week to explore educational exchange and cooperation with U.S.C. Doyce has not been neglecting his writing either, for the long-awaited *Guide to Historic Places in Los Angeles County*, which he edited, has been published, while the autumn issue of *Arizona and the West* carries his finely written dedication to the late and famous historian, Fr. Maynard Geiger, O.F.M.

Herschel Logan's art work illumines the *Gun Collectors Guide*, recently published by the National Rifle Association.

Noted at the Western History Association annual conference held in Hot Springs, Arkansas, were Art Clark, Paul Galleher, George Geiger, Dutch Holland, Rodman Paul; Associate Members Victor Plukas

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Some Book Totin' . . .

became the envy of all who were so fortunate to visit him in his Hollywood home.

An occasional get-together wasn't enough for that inveterate collector; soon a very special club was organized to meet during lunch hours in the well-known El Cholo, on Western Avenue south of Olympic Boulevard in Los Angeles. The name chosen: "Wine, Food and Wench Society," and along with Woods were Ward Ritchie, W. W. Robinson, George Fullerton, John B. Goodman, Lincley "Pinkie" Bynum and Andrew Horn. So Thursday noons became their unique rendezvous session to talk on book collecting, food, wine, catalogues and all such topics which make for a happy, informative time.

After lunch, for those who had the time, some would wander down to Figueroa Street to visit Dawson's Book Shop. Bob, however, almost always managed to visit Dawson's, just after their doors had opened, nearly every day in fact. He would have the most up-to-date information as to new arrivals or about books he'd found tucked away on a Dawson shelf. How he would delight in beating others to the "fast draw" in acquiring some much sought-after title. THAT made his day — but then wouldn't it make yours or mine too?

It was a very sad day when Bob took ill and left us so quickly. The saddest of all, Bob left no will. It used to be a form of amusement to Bob when friends or visitors would seriously try to find out where his great collection would eventually go. He would dangle his library as a piece of attractive bait before the eyes of many collectors, book-dealers and librarians and say: "I've got my own ideas on that subject," and fend off further questioning.

The Woods collection was placed under the custody of a local bank and sold by court action to the highest bidder. So it was that one of the largest private collections of books on California and Western Americana left this area.

The man who put up the money was also named Robert Woods. By a most amazing coincidence, the Robert Woods Library in the University of Alberta, Canada, bears the same name of both the collector and the

donor!

Robert J. Woods served as Sheriff in 1954 and he compiled the bibliographical sources for *Brand Books* Numbers 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6. In addition, he very generously lent the use of many of his rare maps and prints to be used in various Brand Book publications. He was, for more than 45 years, a most knowledgeable collector, with a keen memory and served most willingly and happily as mentor for many collectors in the same field in which he held preeminence.

A good friends of Bob Woods and of George Fullerton, as well as the Corral, was J. Gregg Layne who served as editor for various *Brand Books*. Layne compiled the now very scarce "Annals of Los Angeles," "Books of the Los Angeles District," "Water and Power for a Great City," and "Western Wayfaring: Routes of Exploration and Trade in the American Southwest." All of Layne's works are mines of accurate information. Gregg collected not one but two libraries. One he sold to Mrs. Estelle L. Doheny which was later given to the University of Southern California; the second library went to UCLA. Layne also served as editor of the *Historical Society of Southern California's* Quarterly publications.

In 1937, I walked into the Title Insurance and Trust offices to see if it were possible to meet Mr. W. W. Robinson. Soon, a friendly voice said, "Come in, what may I do for you?" There sat good Bill Robinson, compiler of those popular small community histories that his company had begun to issue in 1934.

Some twenty-two years later, after that happy meeting, and my marriage to former Sheriff Everett Hager, Bill and his Irene came to spend long and happy hours in our little home in San Pedro, sharing book talk and boating trips on San Pedro Bay.

I wonder if any who had contact with W. W., or Bill, even Will (as many called Robinson) did not find him the most helpful and friendliest of book collectors. W. W. always found time to answer the many letters from numerous school children, historians and book collectors. He could always find time for that. Bill and Irene authored and illustrated over eleven juvenile books, not to forget the splendid land

histories and map books with which Bill took such great care and skill in compiling.

Robinson was editor of *Brand Book* Number 7, issued in 1957, and was a most informative speaker at many Corral meetings. His library was divided between the Special Collections of UCLA and Occidental College.

The Robinsons loved Los Angeles and Bill had built up an outstanding collection, not only in non-fiction, but also of little-known fictional studies on Los Angeles and Hollywood. Bill left us in 1972. He felt very strongly about writer-historians who did not make use of local court records or civic files but spent too much time delving into already published works and did not make more use of original sources. He often said: "It takes at least forty years to correct an historical error which has appeared in print. Young writers pick up these mistakes and repeat them again and again without attempting to correct them."

Sheriff in 1961, George Fullerton, served in various offices and always gave the Corral its strong and loyal support. He was so proud of his membership and took a keen interest in its programs and publications. He was especially interested in the Rendezvous, and later the Fandangoes to which he could bring his favorite Belle. His wonderful companion through all the years of happiness and later sadness that came to George when he could no longer keep going as was his wont.

The Corral meetings kept George stimulated and provided the drive to keep going in spite of the severe handicaps which claimed him. Many of you will recall his anticipation, though confined to a wheelchair, to be a part of the Corral at its meetings and the annual functions until it became physically impossible for him to do so.

Fullerton, like Bob Woods, shared a consuming passion in this book collecting game. These two would often spar with one another comparing merits and accuracy of various writers and publications.

It was a difficult time in George's life, more difficult it seemed, than facing the daily pain in which his body became so severely wracked, to release his fine collection to others.

Today, you can see the major portion of the

George Fullerton Collection housed in beautiful cases, in a room deserving to hold his books, at the Azusa-Pacific College.

How did we meet the Meadows? Well, when in Long Beach one evening, attending a Bertram Smith sponsored lecture in the Los Altos Public Library, while waiting for the program to begin, my Everett and I began discussing a new Californiana catalogue. The gentleman in front of us kept edging his chair around, straining his ears, tilting his head in a most provocative manner. You guess it! Of course, he was eavesdropping on our conversation! Finally, he couldn't stand it any longer. "I simply must know whose book catalogue you two are discussing, do you have it with you? Oh yes, I'm Don Meadows, and this is Frances, my wife."

Now friends for a good many years, we've shared in some rich hours of book talk and meeting other collectors in the Meadows' home.

Don served as Sheriff in 1956. Some good years before that event, as a young lad in the United States Navy, Don was pushed, should I say, 'nudged' into this book collecting game? It all began when he was refused the right to borrow a book from a public library, in all places, San Pedro! The rules, at that time, did not permit Navy personnel to borrow books from the Los Angeles Public Library. So the pattern was set for Don and even while in college he always managed to add a few books to his growing collection.

How lucky Don was to find and marry delightful Frances, a librarian, who not only encouraged his book collecting habits but catalogued his book as well. Their dream for a California adobe home came true and it was a delightful day for those invited to share a few hours in the Meadows' adobe and to admire his amazing collection of *Californiana* and *Baja Californiana* in its rooms.

Don also served on various committees of the Corral and was editor of *Brand Book* Number 8, published in 1959, and served as editor of *The Branding Iron* from 1953 to 1955.

Over the years he has truly earned the title, "Historian of Orange County." Don

and Frances, early founding-members of the Baja California Symposium have supported this important people-to-people effort which is now in its 16th year.

Take time, when near the University of California at Irvine, and visit the Don Meadows Library now housed there.

Gregg Layne once remarked, "Don't sell your books unless you have duplicates tucked away — you'll miss them too much!" Not an easy stunt to accomplish if you'd acquired a collection the size of Don's! So, now he has a permanent library card to his former collection and free access to his beloved books even though they're no longer gracing the walls of his very own California adobe.

How about a Corresponding Member? Well, I must tell you about Mike Harrison, a C.M. of the Los Angeles Corral since 1948. I think I'm safe in stating that Mike is a member of more Corrals, throughout this country, than any other member and always attends the Western History Association meetings held each year.

Mike (a former ranger of the National Park Service at the Grand Canyon in earlier days) with his darling Maggie, a superb bookbinder, by the way, have built one of the remarkable collections devoted to the American West with a strong emphasis on the Indian of the Southwest. Their skillfully designed home, complete with a huge bank of catalogue files, humidity and fire control units, holds not only books, ephemera, paintings, but also some of the best examples of Pomo Indian basketry.

I first met Maggie in 1934 when we lived in Arroyo Grande with Hazel Dries, noted bookbinder for the Grabhorn Press. Maggie gave me permission to quote from her choice article, "Life with a Bibliomaniac," written especially for members of the Zamorano and Roxburghe Clubs.

"When the Harrisons moved to Sacramento, in 1939, the little home began filling up with books. Books, pamphlets, filled dresser drawers and every available shelf. Their living room became full of books, in fact, books even seeped into the small back hall. As to her dishes, she didn't put them on the floor in a quiet corner, but used wooden orange crates, covered with oil cloth and

paint and made them into useable cupboards in the breakfast room. Then they began to stack orange crates in the back hall for bookcases. The increase in books meant a larger home and they found a house with a full basement, two bedrooms and a sewing room, in addition to a living, dining and kitchen rooms. Floor space they had but not enough space for bookcases, so they removed windows and doors to make wallspace for their bookcases. Then they discovered that the house had been built for people — NOT books. Books, tons of them, required floor supports, so supports had to be added. Maggie had her bookbinding studio in the basement with plenty of room. But, as the months sped by the living room and the second bedroom began to fill up with books. Even the sewing room became Mike's hideout complete with more bookcases.

In 1960, the Harrisons moved into, as Maggie so aptly described it — "a library with living quarters." Maggie had a strong hand in the designing of this unique setting for their library and bookbinding needs. The original floor plan of the library was set at 30 x 30 feet with consideration given to the possible expansion within the next 15 or 20 years. In less than six years a new addition had to be made and that measured 26 by 16 feet with alcoves four feet wide to permit a card table with typewriter to be set up between the stacks.

You're missing a very great deal, in pleasure and information, if you haven't read Mike's own story, "How to build a poor man's library," which appeared in the Winter issue (1969) of the Quarterly Newsletter of the Book Club of California.

Well, since I've stuck my neck out this evening, why stop? Wouldn't it be great to reprint Mike's excellent article in a future issue of *The Branding Iron*, if approval could be obtained from the Book Club!

As an Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Corral, Horace Albright who adds so much to the meetings, Fandangoes and Rendezvous, recently presented his great collection on National Parks and Conservation to the Department of Special Collections at UCLA. The Horace Marden Albright Collection is a very valuable one with its strong emphasis on Yosemite and

Yellowstone National Parks. A splendid exhibit of some of Horace's gifts was held and what a treat to have even a glimpse of his treasured library. Horace and his Grace were so delighted with the Exhibit, they were almost as two youngsters on a Christmas Eve — but I never could figure out if they were more excited with the large number of old and new friends who came to the exhibit or how beautifully his books appeared "all lit up with fancy lights and on display!"

Three past sheriffs with fine libraries who have found rich enjoyment in their unique collections would include Loring Campbell, Sheriff in 1955, whose fine library on the American West is now in Arizona and very much appreciated by students in that area.

Sheriff in 1963, John Haskell Kemble, also a contributor to the *Brand Books*, has over the years built one of the finest collections devoted to the maritime history of California. His works published by the Book Club of California, as well as the Keepsakes, are most desirable and have become collector's items today. John's fine editing of the two-volume edition of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.'s, "Two Years Before the Mast," remains the definitive work of this noted American classic. After forty years, John Kemble recently retired from the Department of History of Pomona College. Now, he will have more time to enjoy his great collection covering not only Californiana, Pacific Maritime, Pacific Mail Steamship Company files, but a wonderful assemblage of ship prints and paintings, and — of all things — railroadiana.

A good many were most fortunate to attend a very special meeting of the Corral honoring former Sheriff E. I. "Eddie" Edwards' return to Los Angeles from his Sun City hideaway.

At various periods, Eddie built several selective and very rare small libraries covering the American Desert and Death Valley. He utilized his unique collections to compile his bibliographies and the books were dispersed to ever so willing book-collecting hands. Sheriff in 1966 and author of the lovely "Sentimental Venture," and "Twelve Great Books, a guide to the subject matter and authors of the first twelve Brand Books," will serve the Corral as happy

reminders of his work.

Edwards' books have indeed 'opened doors on our California desert,' just read his valuable bibliographies: "Desert Harvest," "The Valley Whose Name Is Death," "Desert Voices," and "Lost Oases Along the Carrizo." Eddie served as Editor for *Brand Book* Number 10.

Speaking of bibliographies — prompts me to tell you of two remarkable works by Active Members to whom tribute for their efforts and great skill as compilers should also be acknowledged.

The honor of being the rarest would fall to John Goodman's monumental "Annotated Bibliography of California County Histories: 1855-1966." John, one of the founding members of the Los Angeles Corral as well as of the "Wine, Food and Wench Society," became involved in a discussion concerning county histories at one of the latter's meetings. Soon, he was hard at work and completed this remarkable bibliography on county histories.

It is a most valuable contribution to the world of *Californiana* and is in two volumes, 557 pages, with a map of each county showing the changes over the years with origin of their names and is beautifully illustrated by John. Rare? Indeed, I would say so! Only six sets were ever made available and guess who has one of those six sets? Yes, you're right, the lucky Harrisons!

John served as Deputy Sheriff but due to the heavy pressure of studio and location work, could not continue as Sheriff. He has contributed fine art work as well as well-researched articles to the *Brand Books*. It was John, along with Bob Woods, and three others, who underwrote the publishing expense for the very first *Brand Book*. There was very little money in the Corral's treasury in those earlier days.

John and his Jessie have shared a keen interest in building a fine and very selective library of overland journals and *Californiana*. In spite of the heavy demands on his time, John has always been a staunch supporter of the Corral.

He is presently involved in compiling a maritime biography of each of the 775 Gold Rush ships that left the United States' east

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An Easterner Goes West

from Arthur Clark

Today this article may seem more "Eastern" than "Western," but the personal narrative which follows was a part of the "West" when it was written. The reference to Ohio being the "new" state may qualify my great grandfather as a Westerner.

This manuscript came to me through family channels some years ago. It was hand-written and rather difficult to follow, but I tried not to lose anything in editing this for the *Branding Iron*. My great grandfather was born in 1813 in the most western county of central Pennsylvania. He was a farmer and of farm parents, none of whom were of particular note, but worked their hearts out providing for their families. For some unknown reason his father moved to a pioneer area some 30 miles south of Cleveland. My great grandfather tells of his schooling, farm and family matters, and work on a canal project which was typical of the time. There is mention of Civil War events and young men going into military service, but his son Beecher Bell, my grandfather, never experiences war service since he had an exemption receipt for which he paid the sum of four dollars.

This narrative was written in 1874 when my great grandfather was 61, and he added no more to it before his death in 1889 — at the age of 76. His mention of his second wife, Laura Cleveland, is interesting as she shares the same ancestors as Moses Cleveland, founder of the city to bear his name, and as one Grover Cleveland — though the relationship was quite distant.

I hope that some Westerners will find this rustic story of interest and join me in my appreciation of his account and quaint sense of humor in relating his life. While explanatory notes might be helpful, it seems

best to let the old boy tell his tale without embellishment and schoolroom grammar.

Today (January 7, 1874) I commence writing a short history of my life. I was born in Mercer Co. Pa on the 6th day of June A.D. 1813 of poor parents and on poor land too. My father's name was James C. Bell. My mother's name before marriage was Nancy Byers. She was born in Virginia. My father was born in Westmoreland Co. Pa. His father was born in Ireland, his mother in Holland. So you see I am a mixed mess. At five years of age, I was sent to what they called a school. It was in the woods about 3/4s of a mile west of where we lived, but Oh! what a school! The house was built of logs. It had but one window with a kind of sash but no glass. In lieu thereof there was a greased paper which admitted but little light. The light came more freely down the chimney & every class stood with its back to the fire so that the light of Heaven could shine down the chimney on their books, and such teachers! God deliver this generation from the likes. All they knew was to put the gad to them. I will here relate a circumstance that happened in a school taught by an Irishman named John Riddle. I was then only seven years old but it is yet fresh in my mind and ever will be. There was a boy that did something that was not in accordance with his Irish views. He sent a boy to cut a hickory. He then stuck the top of it in the embers of the fire and then twisted it. The boy was made to take off his coat and then was put on the back of a larger boy. He then put the hickory into the hands of a big red haired girl that was mad at the boy to be punished and told her to put it on to her heart's content and she did so shure. The scene was affecting so that most of the

scholars were affected to tears.

I went barefoot summer and winter, wore linsey-woolsey clothes, had no hat until I was twelve years old, and then I worked out and got a straw hat of a woman named Perry, gave her 37½¢ for it. My mother was taken sick when I was 6 years old. She was sick 3 years and died in March 1822. I was 9 in June following. My family was then broken up and scattered and was never all together again.

My oldest brother Samuel was bound to a man in Youngstown in Ohio, then called the new state, to learn the wagon maker's trade. The next oldest, my sister Elizabeth worked out. The next oldest went to live with his grandfather and 2 uncles all living together. His name was Andrew. I was sent to live with my grandfather Bell, one uncle & three aunts. Took a pair of oxen with me, and drove them all summer — had more bosses than any boy ought to have. I had to do a man's work, plow, drag, draw wood, got many a good scolding and now and then a licking, but no pay. My sister Margaret and brother John and sister Rebecca were all bound to a man named Mayers.

Then we had another brother that died before he was a year old. He got the best home of any of us, I think. Our father then left us and came to Ohio in May 1822. He worked at carpentering and bought a place of 50 acres of Jonah Turner in Copley on the Smith Road one miles west of Latta's Corners. Then in Oct 1823 he sent a man by the name of Paul Lebeau with a pair of oxen and wagon after my sister and me and what effects we had. I put our oxen on forward of his and started for Ohio, was four days on the road, got through, went to keeping house in the woods in a great big log house. It had but one room, a cold thing right in the woods. You could not see the road from the house. All the neighbors were strangers we had nothing to do with and nothing much to eat but johnny cake and milk. The milk we begged of the neighbors for six weeks. We then bought a cow and pig, put the pig in a hollow stump.

James Dunbar was killed a short time after we came, at a chopping bee cutting old timber on a farm west of ours then owned by J.T. Morse. G.W. Hawkins lived on the next

farm west of that. He had 8 children making 10 in the family. They all, but one boy died years ago. That boy now lives on the next farm west of his father's place. Almost all the neighbors we then had are dead and many of their children. Very few are left. O what a change since then. The first man I ever saw die was old Jonah Turner in 1825 in a log house on the Copley side close to Yellow Creek on the first hill. God only knows how many I have seen die since. The first money I ever had earned by working for C.N. Griffen helping draw in wheat. I pitched on and off all day and got one shilling for the day's work. That was in 1825. In 1826 I worked for Mr. Latta hoing potatoes one day and got 25 cents. I then rode a horse at a race at Copley centre for him and he gave me 25 cents more. Then he made a bet with Pulsifer of Cleveland that he could get a boy that could climb his sign post feet fore most and he got me to do it. He won the bet and gave me the 50 cents he got. With this money I bought a Mexcan dollar and that I have in my pocket now and have carried it every day since. I have a Prussian Dollar that I have carried with it since 1832. I got that of N.S. Jones in Bath. So you see I have never been without money.

Before this I should have mentioned that my father married again to a lady near Mansfield, Ohio. Her name was Katharine Welsh, was 42 years old and was as good a woman as ever lived. She was kind to me and tried to lead my mind to Jesus. Many a time I knelt by her side while she laid her hand on my head and prayed to God that I might become a good boy, and make a good man and these kind words were never forgotten. Many thanks to her ashes, although I tried to repay her kindness in my feeble way. I staid by her until death. She died with cancer in her breast. I did not leave her for six days and nights in her last days. All that I slept was in a chair where she could lay her hand on me. If I could only die as she did, I should be glad to go. Her last words were "Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

I worked at home, went to school in winter in the N. West part of Copley, first to Abigail Hills. She was a good teacher. Then I went to John Coddington esq. two winters. He was a first rate teacher and a good man. I then

went one winter to Doc Forbes, an old tyrant. I never was struck a blow in school but once in my life, not but what I deserved it, but I always got out of it some way. All these schools were in the same log house first mentioned in N. West Corner of Copley.

Now about my moral training. I was brot. up a Presbyterian, went to church all my life, went to Sabbath school from the time I was five years old and go yet. The first S.S. I went to in Ohio was in the old log school house at the N.W. corner of Copley. Charles Goodwin was my teacher. I recited, one summer, six hundred and sixty (660) verses and worked all the week besides. I then began to go to Bath Centre which was 3½ miles from home, went three years, missed but two Sabbaths, one of them I was sick and one I had to stay at home to take care of a sick horse. I attended church at Bath and Richfield from 1827 to 1845. I united with the Congregational church in Bath in 1832 under the labors of Rev. Horace Smith and enjoyed many happy hours with that church. I belong there yet, was a member of the choir there and in Richfield and sung at the dedication of both churches. I have done many things that I have to regret and but few that I can look back upon with approbation, but through the mercy of God I still live, and desire to live with Christian people and die with them and have sabbath School scholars sing at my funeral. In the summer of 1827 I took our oxen and drew timber to build the aqueduct at Furnace run under the Ohio canal. I boarded at Jonathan Hall's, worked with Jared Wells. There were many others there a very rough set. They drank whisky freely but I never drank a drop. Then in the winter of 1827 and 1828 I drew stone for the lock at old Boston village. My father had the job and hired Hamilton Hills and Luther Coddington to help him quarry while I drew. I worked hard, slept on a rock and under a rock in the gully west of Boston, lived poorly and received no pay for the man who built the lock when he drew the pay ran away and we never got anything!

The next summer we got stone for Capt. Howe — then we got our pay. In the fall we built two bridges on the Truman road east of Weymouth, chopped out some of that road, eat pork and bread and drank out of the

brook for sixty days. I worked too hard for a boy of sixteen and never was well after that. I staid at home the following winter, helped father get out stone near the canal and then drew them for facing the canal or the protection wall. We staid in an old hovel north of Jonny cake lock. I came near freezing to death, my clothes all froze on me stiff when wet in the rain. That summer I staid at home, worked hard, got in the crops in the spring, summer fallowed twelve acres and sowed it to wheat, but my father had a lawsuit on his hands that had been running for a long time. It commenced about a watch worth \$9.00. Sometimes he would beat and then the other man would beat. I tried to have it settled all that summer but I failed and I got discouraged. I then bought my time of my father, gave him \$40. and was to cradle the twelve acres of wheat. I then left home and hired to Ward K and Royal Hammond for seven months at \$10. pr month and I was to go home and cut my father's wheat. I worked my time out and got the money, paid my father \$40, got me some clothes, a hat and a pair of boots the first pair I ever owned. The next winter I worked for my board at Mr. Sweets on the Smith road and went to school to Hamilton Hills forty days. I learned more that winter than I ever did before. I then went to Richfield and worked for Nat. Oviatt and others for a short time. Then I went to Middlebury, worked for H. Squires in an ashery some and drove 4 yoke of oxen drawing ashes from all parts of the country. That was in 1831. I then worked for Charles Sumner in Springfield south of Middlebury one mile. I then went to Richfield and hired to Mr. Fitch and moved with him in Sept. 1831 to Sharon. He had hired five acres chopped at the centre on the north west corner. He had a small house put up. We logged off the five acres and got it into wheat. It was very new and I had no company and I was lonesome. I hired Myron C. Hills to take my place at \$10. pr month and I went back to Richfield to work for Oviatt and Bronson in the ashery at \$14. pr month half the day and half the night with Lyman Green, staid all winter, worked hard. In the spring I hired to Dr. Rawson for one year at \$10. pr month. I worked 'till Feb 1833. I was married at his house to Aurora C.

Piper. I staid my time out, than I hired in March 1833 to C.N. Griffin in Copley for 7 months. My wife taught school near the old Miller tavern in Bath. I worked my time out, said to be the first man that ever staid his time out with him. In the winter I chopped eleven acres of heavy timber for the Hale boys and six for Hawkins on the Smith road. That was the time I thought to get sick by hard work. I did too much for my health. I then took C.N. Griffin's farm for one year, did well and got a little start in the world. Aug. 31st 1834 we had a daughter born. In the fall late I sold out to Griffin, and went to live with Esq. Mores folks. In the spring I went to Sharon south of the centre about one mile. That summer Mr. Wadsworth's wife died and we went to live with him right where the graveyard now is. There in March 1836 we had a son born (Frank) and when he was nine days old his mother died. Thus I was left with two small children on my hands and I was poor — I got good places for them. I then went to peddling trunk goods, then dry goods from a wagon, then tin. In May 1837 I was married again in Hinckley to Laura C. Cleveland. I still kept on peddling until August. We then went to keeping house at Hammond's Corners in Bath and kept boarders. I worked out through the fall. In the winter I hired to H. & R. Hammond as clerk in their store. Staid with them five months. Then in the spring I worked out until July 3rd, then I started for Philadelphia with cattle for Peter Vorhis and son Alvy. He was then eleven years old. He is now Col. A.C. Vorhis of Akron. I was gone eight weeks. I then came home horseback, got home, worked out till fall. My wife staid with her brother Sylvester Cleveland in Richfield — We went back to Bath and both went to work for Theodore Hammond, worked through the winter. In the spring we went to keeping house at the corners. I was elected constable, attended to that business and worked for Hammond and others. That was in 1840 the times of Harrison mass meetings coonskins and hard cider. I drove team some for Vorhis, drove a four horse team to all mass meetings over the country. Such times we never saw before nor since and more I never want to.

The summer of 1841 I worked for Col. Gale

in a shovel factory, made shovels part of the time and peddled the shovels all over the country, sold a good many, traveled most of the time in Stark and Wayne Counties. The next spring I bought five acres of land of Hammond a little west of the corners, and built a house on it and got it paid for. I worked out by the day, my health was very poor and so was I poor. I had the dyspepsia so bad some of the time that I could not get into a buggy without help but kept about every day. In the winter of 1843 and 1844 I run a blacksmith's shop at the corners. Five months I did very well at the business. We kept boarders most all the time, boarded two men four years right along. In Sept. 10th 1844 we had a son (Beecher C.) born, my wife was sick a long time, had to have two hired girls, worked in the house most all the time, so that we used up most all we had accumulated and then had a doctor's bill of \$50 to pay. I came very near having to spend the old dollars, and would have to let them go but for a good name of always paying promptly what I owed, and my old friend O.M. Oviatt trusted me for some goods when in a tight place, thanks to him for it, but he got his pay sooner than he expected.

That got me out of a tight place and I never got into one quite so bad again and I never want to. In Oct 1844 I had to sell my last cow for \$15. The same cow would now sell for \$60. I offered the purchaser two cows for her after he had her two years. In the summer of 1845 I worked out by the day at anything I could find to do. This was a very dry season and fodder was very scarce and dear, but in Oct. I went to Columbus and bought five head of blooded cattle, made a little but the neighbors made the most. You can see some of the stock yet here and in Bath.

In the winter of 1845 and 6 I traded my little place for 119 acres of land in Indiana.

In Feb 1846 I went out to see the land and found good land but in a very sickley place, came home and sold it to Doct. Wheeler of Richfield and took the pay in very poor notes that had been given him for Doctor's bills. Among them was one against myself. That was good to me. Some of those notes I have yet, unpaid and never will be! The last of Feb we moved to Hinckley. I was worth then not far from \$300 clear of debt. Father Cleveland

made me an offer of a deed of an undivided half of his farm if I would come and live with him and help build a house. I went and he made the deed and got it all done and handed it to me and I was going to buy some cows and I told them to lay it up till I came back, they had burnt it up! So much for connections, but after all that I staid there a year. I took the mail to carry from Brunswick to Hudson once a week, carried it for three years, for \$90 a year, Was not that big pay! When I got throug[sic] my year at Father C's I went onto the Wilkinson farm on the west town line in April 1847. I bought out two of the heirs, got half of the place, paid one half down, got time on the other half, worked hard, got it paid for, bought one more share, paid for that. Then in 1852 we built a house, worked hard, sold everything we could spare, got it done and paid for. Then in Nov 1853 I sold out for \$1350. was to give possession in March 1854. In Feb I hired a farm in Eaton Co. Michigan four miles north of Olivet, paid the rent for two years in advance, moved there in March, got there the 28th day, went across the lake, horses, two wagons, and all. I did quite well that summer, made a good deal with my team but we found in August and fall that all around us, had the ague or chill fever, and we concluded that we would come back to Ohio.

I made an auction, sold the remaining use of the place, got settled up and started back to Hinckley, and got back on the 28th of Sept. 1854. In Oct. I bought 50 acres at the geographical centre of Hinckley of H. Phiney gave him \$1500. paid him \$1200 down, was to have three years to pay the balance but I paid it the next year and in Oct. got up a horse team and sold my oxen. We got along finely — in March 1858 I bought four acres of S. S. Waldo east of the Rocky river, gave him \$42 pr acre for it and in May 1858 bought 10 acres of P.C. Parker west of the river for \$38 pr acre, got that paid up in less than a month, had good crops and got along finely. In 1860 I bought 6½ acres south of the centre road of O. Bradway and got it paid for.

I do not use tobacco. I quit its use in Dec. 1859. I had used the weed four over 30 years. During the years 1860 and 1861 I think I enjoyed myself as well as I ever did. I was out of debt, had a good team and my boy was big

enough to go right to work and was willing to do it. We had money enough to spend and I never had any enjoyment before that. I had many happy days when I was very poor. Truly I can say goodness has followed me all my days. I never had very good health but never had a run of fever, never had a bone of my body broken, never had a cut with an axe over an inch long in my flesh, never was housed up six months in my whole life now over sixty years. I have said and done many things that I look upon with regret and very few that I can look upon with joy and gladness. In money matters I have got more together than I ever thought I would but have not got the treasure above that I should have nor what I thought I would have when I started in the Christian life. I have had my ups and downs in life and made many crooked paths but where I have failed the worst was in listening to others and not acting on my own better judgment. In April 1861 war broke out which caused much stir, things came up in price or at least many did. Wool come up high, some of the time as high as \$1.10 pr pound. Cotton goods sold as high as 60 cents pr yard. Horses were low — I sold three to go to the war one for \$60 one for \$80 and one for \$90. The best one would not bring \$180. All the young men went to the war no help to be hired but old men and boys, but all worked with a will, money was plenty, you could hire all you wanted for 6 cents. Every woman was up and doing, sending things to the boys in the war. Things went along with me quite well until Aug. 1864. I got thrown from a horse at the centre of Hinckley. My head struck a stone, cut the scalp open seven inches on the top of my head and shoved my scalp back leaving the skull bone bare. It was a very bad wound, drove the gravel and dust all under the scalp. I was carried into Mr. Piper's and in ten minutes the Doc. was there. They worked at it for two hours, sowed it up and left one gravel stone in I carried it for seven years. I was then carried home and laid on my back where I had to lay six days and nights and have cloths taken out of ice cold water and laid on my head every five minutes. For six days and nights all I slept was in the five minutes that the cloths were on. The weather was very hot. That wound cost me some

money. When the sore got to running it was the most stinking sore I ever smelt. A skunk was nothing compared with it. I got around the eighth day but not work for three months. I rode around and did some business, some that paid and some that didn't.

In March 1864 we had a draft on this township for 20 men which made a great stir. We had war meetings most every night and one on a Sunday. I paid into the war fund \$180 and then I was chosen to hire the men. I commenced work and in about three weeks got the 20 men, gave \$500 to each man and paid the expenses to Wooster. I would get two and sometimes six and then start and get every man there by the time. I was out in many a March storm, went to Akron, then took the cars, had some very good times with the boys, got the last man by the 6th of April had some care on my mind, handled a pile of money, done some driving about, had some fun and lots that was not fun. That year the war was ended, the boys all came home but some died soon after they got home. In May 1866 I sold my farm, was to give possession the first of Nov. I tried to buy a good many places but did not act on my own judgement. I should have said that my son was married in Oct 1865. Then there were four of us to suit all. Some wanted a place in one town and some in another. I got tired of trying to suit all and gave it up and bought where I did not want to. I bought and done it all up in about three hours, bought out Luther Parker, gave him \$4000 for 75 acres and 1000 Dols for the 1½ acres with the house, got it all done and paid for before the time. Never had a note mature in his hand nor in any other man's hand unless I made some arrangement with him before it was due. My son lived on the farm. We run the farm together the same as we did when he was a boy. His wife's health was poor and she failed all the time. In Feb 1871 we sold the farm for the same as we gave. I bought some more to the small place and in April I bought a set of moving tools and I and my son went to moving buildings when he could leave his wife. She grew worse. We made a good living but it cost a good deal to take care of his wife. It cost us about \$50 a month but we done it freely and kept along till Sept 1872 when she died. We kept along together, moved buildings some

of the time and farmed some. The next May I bought 20 acres of C.R. Ward, gave him \$935 for it, paid for it right down and had half of the crops on it. The next April I bought 25 acres of the old farm for \$1200 and gave it to Beecher. That summer he farmed and I moved buildings, did well, made \$200 in the months of May and June.

On the 30th of June sold my tools and quit the business. I worked through haying and hoeing and helped cut the oats. In Aug. I started west on business, went horseback, was gone three weeks. I rode about 650 miles through the hot weather and dust. I saw a good many little towns, the meanest one I was in was Monroeville. Plenty of poor whisky, paid \$2.75 for me and my horse staying over night! I was in one place of about 3000 inhabitants that had 42 beer saloons and I was told by good authority that one of them sold 26 kegs of beer the Sabbath before. How is that for high? I saw the most poor hogs I ever saw in the same time before. I stopped and drove a pair of oxen to a log awhile. It seemed like old times. I travelled most of the time in the west tier of counties in this state but went in Michigan some. Saw some very small cattle and poor at that. Found very poor water most of the time. Some of the worst I ever saw anywhere was in Henry county. That was like some men, it would never settle clear unless you boiled it. Some men must be boiled before a justice of the peace before they will settle. I got back Sept 3rd 1873. I found all well and then went to work and helped get the fall's work done. Nov 12th 1873 Beecher got married again and left home in every sense of the word and we went to staying alone, not living by any means, that is sure. We had a very open winter. I had a great many poor spells but kept around, did nothing but chores of any account. I spent some time in looking after my business. In March 1874 almost every one was sick with sore throats and hard colds and I had a bad spell. Justin Waldo died very suddenly on the morning of March 26th supposed to be of heart disease. Aug. 18th 1874 we voted for or against a new constitution. It went by the board, all right. I sat as one of the judges, was very sick, came very near dying right there. I am very sick yet — *[here the narrative abruptly ends]*.

Some Book Totin' . . .

coast to enter San Francisco Bay during that golden year — 1849. For the past eleven years John has worked on this important study and has amassed over 5,000 pages which fill seven 2½-inch ring binders. He is also making the illustrations of some of the ships covered in this maritime bibliography. The Goodmans have spent many years in travel, visiting numerous libraries and collections, as well as corresponding with various collectors in pursuit of nebulous data. When completed there will be hundreds of grateful historians ready to express their gratitude to John Goodman for his dedication to such a difficult and demanding task.

After many years living in Orange County, William and Maymie Kimes, have found their very special home, tucked away in lovely Mariposa County, their own "Rocky K Ranch." Just published is an accomplishment both Kimes may feel justifiably proud and happy. "John Muir: a reading bibliography," with a foreword by Lawrence Clark Powell, is their tribute to the noted Scottish-Californian writer. A true labor of love, the Kimes avid mountaineers, and very pro-Muir, searched for all possible references to this noted mountaineer. Hundreds upon hundreds of newspaper and magazine stories, art criticisms and public lectures are in their bibliography. Bill and Maymie have amassed the largest private collection of *Muiriana* in private hands today. Their collection fills the small library of their home and contains multi-volume sets of Muir's works in various published editions as well as Muir's hand-written manuscripts and bound copies of scores of magazine articles by John Muir.

Incidentally, three hundred copies of this splendid bibliography were printed by Grant Dahlstrom, of the Castle Press, a C.M. of the Los Angeles Corral. When the announcements were mailed out orders flew in from all parts of the world. Of course, the National Library of Scotland is listed among the first to order a copy of the Kimes' work!

Paul Galleher, in *Brand Book* Number 5, stated: "With the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, success is reflected in the past years of memorable meetings, close-linked

fellowships, conspicuous and outstanding publications. The Corral's appreciation for an opportunity to meet with this group has created a loyalty and cooperation which is frequently lacking in other organizations."

I'd like to add another line to Paul's tribute to the Los Angeles Corral and say that very few groups may take such pride in viewing the outstanding collections that now grace many southland libraries and colleges that were originally assembled by members of this Corral.

Corral Chips . . .

and *Martin Ridge*; and Corresponding Members *Don Bufkin*, *Russ Elliott*, and *Erl Ellis*.

C.M. *Dorothy Gleason* has compiled and annotated an important new publication, *Beloved Sister*, which contains the letters of James Henry Gleason written from Alta California and the Sandwich Islands during the period 1841 to 1859. On hand for the reception marking the debut of the book are *Dutch Holland*, *Art Clark*, *Bob Cowan*, *Tom McNeill*, *John Urabec*, *Tony Kroll*, and C.M. *Anna Marie Hager*.

Speaking of *Tony Kroll*, materials from his personal collection form part of a fascinating exhibit on the art of Bernhardt Wall that is staged in the Ella Strog Denison Library at Scripps College. "The Artist with the Itch to Etch" is the droll title of the unique show.

Readers of this column should know that one of our most recent Corresponding Members, *Don Pflueger*, serves as editor of one of the finest quarterly journals devoted to the history of Southern California — the *Mt. San Antonio Historian*. Formerly known as the *Pomona Valley Historian*, this publication has expanded its scope to cover an area ranging from El Monte on the west to Rancho Cucamonga on the east, and devotes itself to covering all aspects of the history of the nineteen cities and ten unincorporated communities immediately beneath the historic and majestic mountain from which the journal derives its name. If you wish to subscribe for a modest ten dollars per year, write to the Historical Society of Pomona Valley, 1569 North Park Avenue, Pomona, Ca. 91768.

Contributing to the City of Arcadia's Diamond Jubilee is Associate Member *Jack McCaskill*, whose postcard collection on Arcadia from 1900 to the present day is on display at the Arcadia Public Library and draws considerable attention and praise.

In ceremonies marking the third annual American Indian Awareness Week, *Iron Eyes Cody* is honored at a testimonial dinner held at Los Angeles' Biltmore Hotel.

Dwight Cushman is elected Elder General of the Society of Mayflower Descendants.

In a feature article titled "Retired Magician Turns to Western History," the *Burbank Daily Review* does a profile story on *Loring Campbell* complete with a photograph showing Loring comfortably ensconced in his book-filled library.

Not content with the offerings of our local book emporiums, C.M. *George Whitney* spends a month in Alaska where he ransacks the bookstores of Anchorage, and is both surprised and delighted over the quantity of books on all aspects of our northernmost state.

Ever on the go, *Robert Weinstein* speaks at a symposium on Maritime History organized by the Bath Marine Museum in Bath, Maine. A few weeks later, Robert speaks at a conference on Photography and History. The conference, entitled "The Eyes of Time," was organized by the Public Archives of Canada and was held in their building in Ottawa, Canada.

Raymond E. Lindgren presently serves as secretary of the Cultural Heritage Committee of Long Beach. The group is responsible for recommendations on landmarks and their preservation, and also is attempting to preserve other historical materials. Cited so far for landmark designation are the Pacific Coast Club, the Villa Riviera, West Coast Theater, and the Greene and Greene house on Ocean Boulevard.

There is no way that the annual Death Valley Encampment could function without the bevy of Westerners who contribute to the success of this overwhelmingly popular event. *Hugh Tolford* has been Production Chairman, it seems, since William Lewis Manly! But look at the roster of those who helped out last November in some way or another: *Alden Miller*, *Don Torguson*, *Jack*

Stoddard, *Bill Newbro*, *Paul Bailey*, plus CM's *Katie Ainsworth*, *Ron Miller*, *Bill Bender*, and *Phil Nadler*. In fact, I bet there is a whole passel of Westerner folk I've plumb forgotten to mention.

Associate Member *Earl Nation* has just completed his term as the 73rd President of the American Urological Association, stepping down in impressive ceremonies held in Washington, D.C.

The fall issue of the *San Bernardino County Museum Association Quarterly* is entirely devoted to C.M. *Arda M. Haenszel's* insightful article on "The Topock Maze: Commercial or Aboriginal." Anyone who has seen this curious configuration on the desert, and even those who have only heard of it, will enjoy Arda's in-depth study.

The mayor of the City of Santa Monica has appointed A.M. *Victor Plukas* to the Historical Landmarks Commission. Victor also is active as the Membership Committee Chairman for the Conference of California Historical Societies.

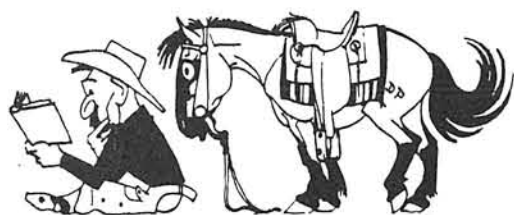
On hand for the 42nd World Shooting Championships in Seoul, Korea, is *Bill Kimes*, who watches as his son C.M. *David Kimes* sets a new world record in the 300 meter Big Bore Standard Rifle event. Returning, Bill stops in Tokyo to visit Ryoza Azuma, the John Muir of Japan. He then spends a memorable day in the ancient papermill at Utsunomiya, and another visiting the unique Paper Museum and Library in Oja.

Finally, we welcome *Hugh Tolford* back to the United States from his 3rd annual trip to France for more research on pioneer balloonists. Being no fool, he made the journey himself in 747's.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners extends the hand of friendship to the following new Corresponding Members. They are: Reynold Brown, La Verne; L. Craig Cunningham, Los Angeles; Norman Deitchman, El Segundo; Claude J. Dellevar, Jr., Sylmar; Vernon Farquhar, Hollywood; B. Gordon Funk, Alhambra; Robert Gwodz, Universal City; Marion P. Harless, Colorado

Springs, Colorado; Russell D. Hartill, Canoga Park; Juan H. Martinez, Pico-Rivera; James D. McLeod, Arcadia; Joseph M. Northrop, Los Angeles; Paxon H. Offield, Avalon; Stewart J. Rogers, Apple Valley; Philip Swan, South Pasadena; Hiram Van Horn, Santa Barbara; Donat Vincent, Pasadena; Mary Helen Wayne, South Pasadena; and Loren R. Wendt of San Dimas.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

Holy Smoke: A Dissertation on the Utah War, by Paul Bailey. Westernlore Books, P.O. Box 41073, Los Angeles, Ca. 90041.

This volume gives an overall account of this fracas, sometimes called The Mormon Rebellion, Echo Canyon War, Buchanan's Blunder, and the Mormon War in the press. In official government documents it is referred to simply as The Utah Expedition, and in military records as The Army for Utah — all giving some indication as to the confusion existing as to what the whole thing was about.

Bailey, no stranger to his subject, has written some five or six books interpreting Latter-day Saint leaders and the practices of frequently misunderstanding Mormonism. He also has to his credit the distinguished award winning novel *For Time and Eternity*.

Prompted by recollections and stories told by his maternal grandmother, a lively old Mormon lady, who tenderly jogged him on her knee to such folk tunes as:

"When Johnston's army comes,
We'll drown 'em in the lake,
And leave their bones
To bleach upon the sand."

Bailey decided to delve into "this weird

chapter of American history with all its interplay of comic and tragic events."

Bailey begins his carefully researched but never ponderous account with the enforced migration and expulsion of the Mormons from Illinois in 1857 and relates their painful struggles to cross the plains of America and how they built their Zion in the desolate desert regions no one wanted. They planted their colonies from Salt Lake to the Pacific and had truly made the desert "bloom as the rose" under the guidance of Brigham Young, duly appointed territorial governor and unchallenged leader of the Saints.

Ten years later, a curious surge of national and political hysteria convinced President Buchanan that the Latter-day Saints and their polygamist practices had become such a lethal threat to national security that he hurled an army against them which was almost larger than the total Mormon populace. One man alone defended the people in far off Utah and he, Thomas L. Kane, was not strong enough to prevent the senseless struggle.

Buchanan appointed Alfred Cumming governor to succeed Young and sent Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and his troops against the Mormons. What followed was the bitter clash between Saints and Soldiers. This proved to be a military and political boondoggle worthy of a 20th century Hollywood fantasy of horror.

"The 'Utah War of 1857,'" writes Bailey, "if not America's most curious war to preserve the Republic, is certainly the nation's most lively struggle to make the world safe for democracy and monogamy."

—Katie Ainsworth

Department of Corrections

The *Branding Iron* wishes to note an error for which it alone was responsible in Charles Clarke's fine article on "Griffith J. Griffith and His Park," which appeared in the June 1978 issue. In speaking of Tena Mesmer, Griffith's wife-to-be, we included the sentence "She, naturally, had been raised in the Jewish faith." In point of fact, the Mesmer family were prominent members of the Catholic community in early Los Angeles.