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DON LOUIS PERCEVAL 1908-1979



Westerner Don Louis Perceval at a 1948
Corral meeting, L.A. Redwood House.

The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1,500 words
or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.
Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

June

The annual Fandango held this year at Will Rogers State Park was a stupendous success; indeed, some thought it drew forth the largest crowd ever to attend this always much-anticipated summer outing for Westerners and their ladies. Before the main events got under way, docents conducted visitors through the imposing ranch house itself, giving them an opportunity to see for themselves not only Rogers' impressive personal memorabilia, but also his priceless collection of paintings by such great Western artists as Russell and Remington. In addition, the Park Ranger later provided an overall picture of the estate, e.g., how it became the property of California, how many changes and improvements—always with an eye to proper preservation of the original—have already taken place, and what others lie ahead. Before chuck wagon time, Scott McMillan's spectacular horse and rider show was a truly exciting diversion. It ran the spectrum of superb entertainment from displays of the most expert horsemanship to a Cavalry Charge with an outstanding panoply of the many colorful military uniforms that adorned riders in the days of the Old West.

A top notch dinner of barbecued chicken and ribs accompanied by good wine resulted in a first-rate Epicurean experience.

As the evening wore on, real professional fandango dancers performed enthusiastically and well, to the delight of all, but especially

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In Remembrance
DON LOUIS PERCEVAL
1908 - 1979

by Paul Bailey

The death of Don Louis Perceval, eminent artist and historian, and honorary member of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, occurred May 13, 1979 at his home in Santa Barbara. Active, alert and optimistic in whatever measure his waning strength allowed him, he fought a brave and protracted fight against the illness which so relentlessly and finally was to claim him. Though distance and ill health in his later years prevented Don's once close affiliation with the Corral and membership he so dearly loved, any backward glance of what his long association has meant to this organization, and the vital contributions he has made to it, will verify the measure of our loss.

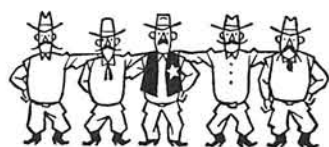
He is survived by his wife Edith—whom Don lovingly nicknamed “Fan,” and by which name she so long and affectionately has been known to us who were friends and associates. Surviving also is a daughter, Donna Perceval Grand, and grandson Bryan James Grand, age 11.

Don Louis Perceval was born January 8, 1908, in Woodford, Essex County, England, a son of parents who also were artists. His first extended visit to the United States occurred in 1920, when he resided with his family, in Hollywood. But from his first contact with America, Don's overwhelming interest was not Hollywood and its glamor, but the nation's historical west; a land stark, rugged, grand and dramatic; a land of horses, riders, cattle, and its proud aborigines—the Indians. The arid Southwest, with its colorful landscapes, and equally colorful peoples, seems particularly to have cast a never-ending spell on the

eager and sensitive young artist. Already he had set his mind. He would portray its dignity and its wonder on canvas.

To Don Perceval's already evident skills and talent were added American schooling, with years of study at Chouinard Institute of Art in Hollywood. This was followed by study at the Heatherly School of Art, and Royal College of Art, on his return to London. To it he added research studies in primitive art at the British Museum, and at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Further studies were pursued in most of the galleries of Europe; the longest stretch being at the Prado, in Madrid. His travels—sketching and painting—led him across Europe, parts of Africa, and the West Indies. But nothing would or could supplant his first love—the American Southwest. And to that he returned. For his devotion, interest, and pictorial portrayal, Don Louis Perceval eventually became an adopted member of the Hopi Tribe.

In 1939 Don made another trip back to England, and while there was faced with the shattering advent of World War II. As a loyal Englishman, he enlisted in the British Navy, little realizing he was to serve it for six long years, through the thick of hostilities, as a fleet officer. At war's end, he returned to the United States with a wife and infant daughter. Back again in Southern California, he accepted a teaching post at Chouinard Institute of Art, in Hollywood, and at the Trailfinder School for Boys, conducted by fellow Westerner Harry James. Later joining the faculty at Pomona College, in Claremont, he taught art at that venerable institution. Again, from





Westerners historic "open" meeting, Pomona College, November 1949. Speaker Don Louis Perceval tells Claremont gathering about "The Art of Western America".



Don Perceval with Glen Dawson and Harry James, Corral meeting, Costa's, May 1959.

his studio in Altadena, and out of his long and repeated travels through "Indian country," came some of the finest paintings and watercolors ever done of the Navajo, the Hopi, and the stark and dramatic beauty of their mysterious homeland.

It was during this period of Don's life that Los Angeles Corral of Westerners came into being. One year after its establishment he became a member, and in 1950 served as its Deputy Sheriff. Although he had, as early as 1927, illustrated a book by Harry James, with whom Don had shared student days with the Trailfinders, it was in these later years that his fame as a book illustrator began to emerge.

In 1949, while associated with the art department of Pomona College, Don Perceval was instrumental in promoting that most unique festival and showing of "The Art of Western America"—an exciting event, lasting the full month of November, 1949. It was sponsored and under auspices of Pomona College, one of America's most outstanding liberal arts educational institutions. Of

special pride to Westerners is the fact that not only did members of Los Angeles Corral aid Don in gathering together one of the most breathtaking shows of western artists ever assembled under one roof—by loaning their priceless Russells, Dixons, Fetchins, Borgs, Swinnertons, Weavers, Begays, and Boreins, but crowned the Pomona affair by holding Los Angeles Corral's first "open" meeting, with ladies and guests invited, on the campus, at Claremont. The banquet, amid the glory of "western" art, with the College's own Dr. Kenneth Foster and Don Louis Perceval as speakers, was an unforgettable experience in Corral history. Quite an accomplishment, considering the fact that Los Angeles Westerners, in 1949, was only two years old.

Even more important to Westerners and collectors was the stunning souvenir book commemorating the month-long affair, artistically designed and written by Don Perceval, loaded with magnificent Russell color illustrations, its typography and printing by fellow Westerner Paul Bailey. Aside from the Pomona affair representing a most unique





Retiring Sheriff Henry Clifford receives Don Perceval's artistic presentation, December 15, 1960.



At Freres Taix, December 1963, Don Perceval presents a painting to retiring Sheriff John Kemble.

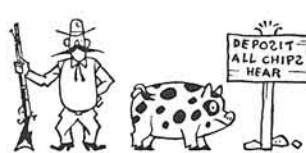
example of joint Westerner endeavor, in the very infancy of the Corral, Don's now-treasured book that came out of it, *The Art of Western America*, helped greatly to establish him as a book illustrator and designer of high repute. There followed that long series of Westernlore and Trail's End books, jacketed and illustrated by Don Louis Perceval. Since then many publishers, east and west, have used his bold and imaginative artistry to enhance their volumes. A total of more than fifty books, published in the United States, bear the unmistakable marks of his genius. Today Perceval is cited in almost every book having to do with western illustrative art.

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners owe a perpetual debt to Don Perceval. His genius as author and artist has been rendered unstintingly over the years to enhance and glorify the organization he never ceased to love and serve. The *Brand Books* especially are treasure troves of Perceval creation at its very best. Of full-length articles, written in his inimitable wry and salty style, include "The Art of Western America," in BB No. 3, 1950; "Forty-

nine A's (and Other Brand Marks)," in BB No. 3, 1950; a 40-page illustrated dissertation on cattle brands, "Names on Cows," in BB No. 4, 1951; and the magnificent 64-page section titled "A Maynard Dixon Sketchbook" in BB No. 8, 1959.

The *Brand Books* were especially enriched by his illustrative genius—the type of Perceval art which commercial publishers have paid heavily to enhance *their* books, but which flowed gratis into the needs of Los Angeles Westerners. Random examples would include the title page to BB No. 2, 1949; title page, dedication page, dust jacket for BB No. 3, 1950; art for Ramon Adams' "Coosie of the Cow Camps," also for BB No. 3; dedication page for BB No. 5, 1953; title page, end papers, dust jacket, and illustrative art for W. H. Hutchinson's "Appaloosa Horse," BB No. 7, 1957; art on pages 16 and 17, BB No. 12, 1966; title page, memorial page, chapter head illustrations, end papers, and dust jacket, BB No. 13, 1969.

In addition to humorously illustrating such mundane items as the Corral's original



dinner tickets, his sketches for the *Branding Iron*, such as *Down the Western Book Trail*, *Corral Chips*, and other page art, starting with *Branding Iron* No.s 9 and 10, 1950, have enlivened the Corral's monthly publication for many years past. And the seventeen whimsical sketches which brighten the *Range Rules* booklets of 1966, 1972, and 1976, have long since changed that utility manual into a collector's item. Even in the 1978 issue of the *Corral Membership Directory* is found the delightful illustration of D.L.P.

Noted in passing should be Don Perceval's equal attention and commitment to E Clampus Vitus in the gracious and lavish gift of his talent for animation. Through the years has come a long and treasured list of broadsides, mailers, pamphlets, and books richly and humorously illuminated in the unique and inimitable Perceval style. Especially is it saddening to this famous but offbeat historical organization that Perceval's forthcoming *Adam Was a Clamper* must now come out as a posthumous publication.

But to Los Angeles Westerners, what more lasting remembrance of Don Louis Perceval can there possibly be than the task he assumed after the death of fellow artist Clarence Ellsworth, of providing the tribute—a painting or watercolor—on the last month of the year—to the retiring Sheriff of the Corral? The presentation, so long as Don was physically up to it, invariably brought Don from Tucson or Santa Barbara, to personally present the treasure in behalf of Los Angeles Corral.

It seems ironical that Don Louis Perceval could not have lived to see the birth and publication of his latest book, tentatively titled *From Ice Mountain to the Golden*

Cities, and scheduled late 1979 by Northland Press. In this book, said to be the best of Perceval, not only has Don written the text, but has executed the illustrations which, in living color, will beautify it. The last and final painting, accomplished under the stress of physical pain and suffering, was completed perilously close to the time of Don's passing. The book will be enhanced with an explanatory foreword by Frank Waters, and produced by a publisher skilled in responding to the depth and beauty of Indian art and color. No man could have left behind a finer testament to himself, and the goal and purpose of his life.

Thus has the attrition of time cut down another Westerner who rode tall in the saddle. Luckily for us Don has left behind—as he would say—“a barmy-assed chunk of himself to mull over.” But to those of us who had the privilege of intimately knowing this sensitive, gifted Englishman, whom “Indian country” turned into a fast riding, witty, and sometimes profane barnyard philosopher, with a tenderly spiritual talent for extracting truth and beauty out of the wide and lonely western world he loved, Don is so unique that no man is ever likely again to ride in his stirrups.

Truly indeed has Los Angeles Corral and Los Angeles Westerners been blessed by this man who so early saw the vision, and so long and loyally served the organization toward which he has been so essential and colorful a part. One of Don's greatest paintings depicts a little group of Navajo riders wearily cresting the hill; looking off into the red buttes ahead. Now that Don himself has crested the hill—may his own ride ahead be easier. And may the color be as real and possessive as the day he himself first painted it.



"THAT'S ALL".



Corral Chips

The Conference of California Historical Societies presents their 1979 Individual Award of Merit to *Henry Welcome* for his outstanding contributions to California history.

Corresponding Member *R.C. House* is hard at work these days compiling the Annual Muzzle Loaders Directory, a publication that will list blackpowder firearms enthusiasts as well as antique and replica arms and equipment dealers.

C.M. *Katie Ainsworth* talks about "Romance California Style" for the Friends of the Old Mill at their annual meeting at El Molino Viejo and is presented with an honorary membership in that group. Later, Katie travels to Sonoma for the annual Conference of California Historical Societies where she represents the Historical Society of Southern California as well as the newly formed Monrovia Historical Society.

Farewell to Durango, ably edited by C.M. *Robert Blew*, is the recently published diary of a German lady in Durango, Mexico, at the beginnings of the Mexican Revolution.

Paul Bailey's new book on Walter Murray Gibson has been contracted for by Hastings House. The Los Angeles Corral had a preview of this book when, in January, Paul used it as the basis for his wild and woolly talk "The S.O.B. of Hawaii." In May he delivered an "expurgated" version of the talk before the more genteel Historical Society of Southern California meeting at the Huntington Hotel.

C.M. *Jim Valtos* is currently serving as president of the San Fernando Valley Historical Society.

This year's commencement address at Adrian College, Adrian, Michigan, is given by *Ray Billington*, who receives an honorary Doctor of Letters. For those keeping score, this represents the tenth honorary degree conferred upon our illustrious member.

The North American Society for Oceanic History presents the John Lyman Annual Award for the best book on maritime history in 1978 to our old salt *Robert Weinstein* for his outstanding volume on *Tall Ships at Puget Sound*.

C.M. *Larry Burgess* takes time out from his duties as Archivist and Head of Special Collections for the A.K. Smiley Public Library to offer a summer course titled "Redlands/Riverside: Heritage and Architecture" sponsored by the University Extension, University of California, Riverside.

C.M. *Norbert (Buddy) Reyes* has been voted in as the new president of the American Indian and Cowboy Artists. After his very successful art exhibits at the Newsom Gallery (Las Vegas), the Files Gallery (Big Bear), and at the 3rd Annual A.I.C.A. exhibition in San Dimas, he leaves for Hawaii to stage another show of his work and to do some sketching of the Hawaiian cowboy on the island ranches.

The Pasadena *Star-News* prints a feature story on C.M. *Ed Carpenter*, describing his distinguished career as an historian, bibliographer, and lecturer.

Holding forth as the capable new president of the Associated Historical Societies of Los Angeles County is Associate Member *Bill Burkhart*.

C.M. *Ardis Manly Walker* has two recent and notable books to his credit. *West from Manhattan*, illustrated with woodblocks by Kirk Martin, is a series of poems in prose inspired by the author's residency of five years in New York, while *Wilderness Quest* is a handsome two-volume set featuring Walker's poetry as well as that of poet-artist Roy Purcell. The prospectus on this latter publication, by the way, quotes laudatory comments by two of our former sheriffs, *Paul Bailey* and *August Schatra*.

The California Heritage Council presents a well-deserved Award of Merit to C.M. *Al Shumate*. Al's recent *Pacific Historian* article

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Monthly Roundup...

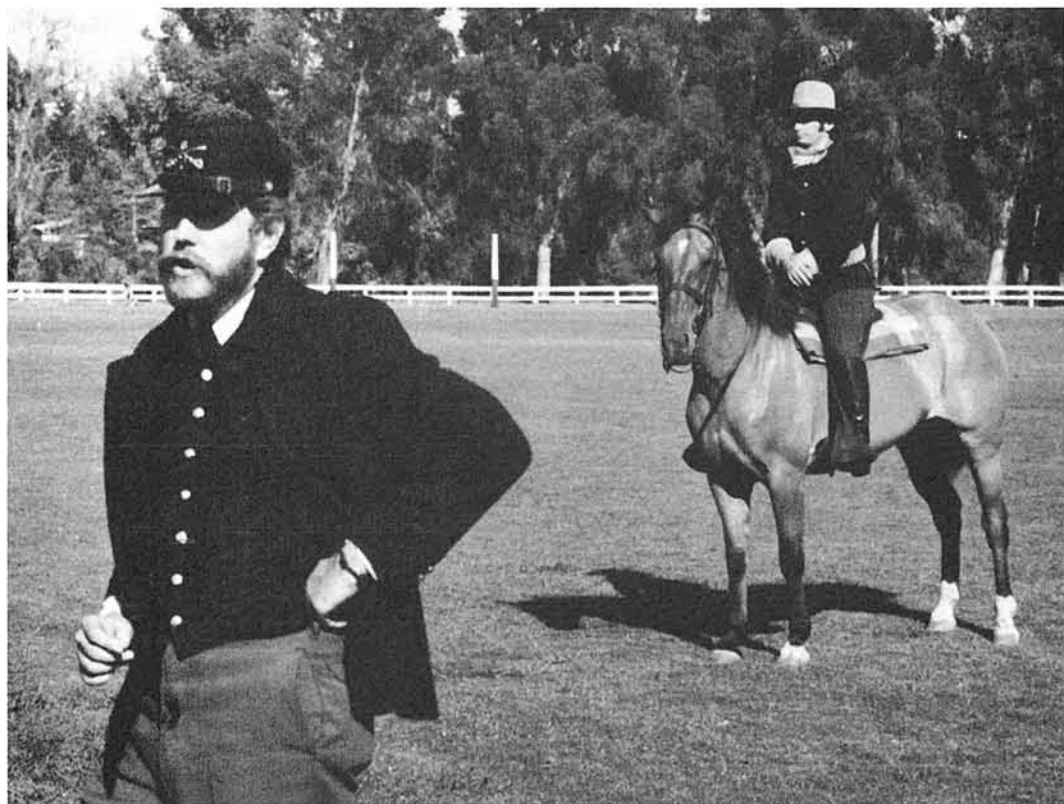
that of Deputy Sheriff Donald Duke. For years now, that eminent member of the Westerners has insisted, "If we're going to have a Fandango, we should at least have some *fandango* dancers!" Logic has seldom prevailed more pleasurably. To those Westerners who worked long and hard and well at planning this most successful outing, as well as to those Wranglers who kept things running smoothly from hour to hour, go our most sincere thanks for the creation of a most gala occasion.

July

"Corn Flakes and Orange Juice: the Men Behind the Modern Breakfast" was the cryptic title of Donald Pflueger's presentation at the July meeting. Nevertheless, accepting

the speaker's contention that orange juice and corn flakes do still, or at least should, appear on every man's morning table, his audience was quickly caught up in the captivating story of two self-made millionaires; both living in California, yet destined never to know each other. The men referred to, of course, were W. R. Kellogg, inventor of the ultimately internationally known cold breakfast cereal, and Charles C. Chapman, known at one time as the "Orange King of California." Chapman, who never passed beyond fifth grade in school, nonetheless achieved phenomenal success and recognition as a writer and publisher of books on local history, and found his way into numerous business enterprises that were to bring him great financial rewards. He was most successful as a citrus grower. Specializing in the Valencia orange and applying unique growing techniques to its production, he raised it to the status of most famous and most expensive

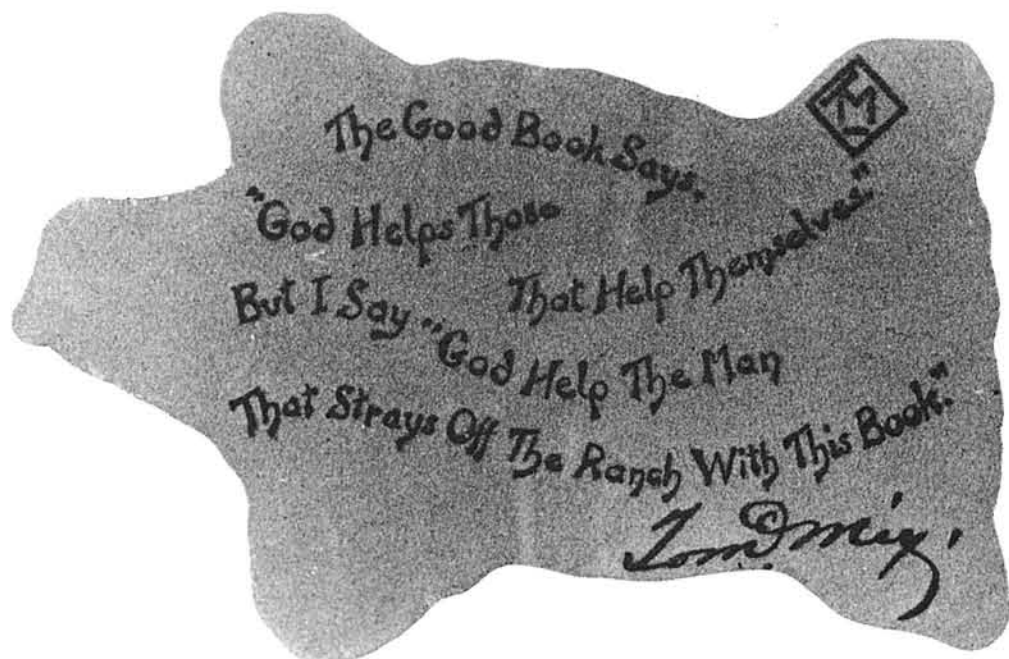
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Scott McMillan, Adjutant C Troop, Sixth Cavalry Garrison uniform — 1885 and Mike Mallon, mounted on Messina, C Troop, Sixth Cavalry Field uniform — 1885, performing at the Fandango.

Tom Mix's Bookplate — An American Era Revisited

by David Kuhner



The bookplate of Tom Mix. From the collections at
Sprague Library of the Claremont Colleges.

The bookplate is in the shape of an animal hide and the words on it read "The Good Book says, God helps those that help themselves, but I say God help the man that strays off the ranch with this book." And there's the signature of Tom Mix and his T.M. Bar brand.

What a place to find an echo of the cowboy-turned-movie star, this shelf in the Sprague Library at The Claremont Colleges, lined with books on the history of World War I aviation. Some friends from his circus tours of Europe probably presented this memento volume of British battleplanes. So here, next to printed images of Amelia Earhart and Charles Lindbergh, is a sudden memory of the man in the white Stetson hat, the fancy-buttoned shirt, the custom-fitted trousers, and the hand-carved boots.

He was a genuine cowboy and a sheriff before he ever saw a movie camera, and the

monument near Florence, Arizona, where he met his death, bears the inscription, "In memory of Tom Mix whose spirit left his body on this spot and whose characterizations and portrayals in life served to better fix memories of the old West in the minds of living men." From the bookplate you have to go back a good many years.

Mix was born in 1880 near Driftwood, Pennsylvania, the son of Ed Mix, a lumberman, and Elizabeth Smith of Pennsylvania Dutch ancestry. His later publicity releases would claim El Paso as his birthplace and mention his one-eighth Cherokee Indian blood; this was movie stuff and he himself denied it later on. But when he was ten, a big event happened. He saw the wild west show of Buffalo Bill, Annie Oakley, and lots of cowboys and Indians. After the show he raced around on an imaginary horse, spinning

a lariat of his own.

When he was eighteen he enlisted in the 4th Regiment of U.S. Artillery at Washington, D.C., lying about his age to get into the Spanish-American War but he saw no action. Later, in 1902, when he and his first wife, Grace, moved to Guthrie, Oklahoma, the sequence of events which would push him into prominence really began. He met Will Rogers at the St. Louis World's Fair; there was just a year's difference in their ages and they became great friends. Rogers was the rodeo clown in Colonel Zak Mulhall's Wild West Show, and one of the best of the Mix biographers, Paul E. Mix, tells a very amusing story of Will Rogers' own climb to fame:

"During a show, a runaway steer . . . headed up the grandstand seats and into the stands, roped and tied the steer, and dragged him down the aisle by his tail . . . The announcer asked Will why he wouldn't let the steer stay in the grandstands and Will replied, "He doesn't have a ticket."

The stunt proved so popular it was built into the show and stories about Will Rogers and the steer were so widely publicized that eventually Flo Ziegfeld heard of the episode and hired Will to spin his rope and tell those yarns at the Ziegfeld Follies.

Tom Mix's own rope-spinning began not long afterwards. In 1905 he started working for the famed Miller Brothers 101 Real Wild West Ranch near Bliss, Oklahoma, and followed that by some service down in Austin, Texas, with a Texas Ranger Company B, and then worked as a deputy sheriff in Dewey, Oklahoma. Tom's duties in the latter post, mostly clamping down on bootleggers, brought this reminiscence from him:

"Railroad trains, naturally, were ideal hiding places for the demon rum. We used to hold up the trains regularly to find out if there was any booze aboard. So expert did we become in detecting the presence of anything stronger than water that we could walk through a car and learn whether any bottles were concealed in grips, merely by kicking them. You know how a fellow can feel a

letter and tell you whether it contains a greenback? Well, that's how expert we became in sighting bottles through leather and carpet bags."

The movie career that was to make Tom Mix a popular hero to patrons around the world began in 1910 when friends introduced him to William Selig of the Selig Polyscope Company. Near Prescott, Arizona, Tom and another ex-deputy sheriff, Sid Jordan, began concocting movie stunts of shooting and riding that put a lot of punch in those old one-and two-reelers. It took four days to shoot a film then; the cast had the weekend off but you still went to church on Sundays.

From a friend, Pat Chrisman, Tom purchased a chestnut, white-stockinged horse named Tony, and the partnership began which launched them both into the American legend. In 1922, working now for the William Fox Productions company, Mix reached the height of his career as "King of the Cowboys" with Tony, "the Wonder Horse." The titles of some of the films—"Fighting for Gold," "The Wilderness Trail," "The Coming of the Law"—tell of the simple formula that set the standard long before the days of Ken Maynard, Gene Autry and Roy Rogers. As writer Paul Mix in his 1972 book *The Life and Legend of Tom Mix* puts it, "Grown men today admired Tom and his horse as boys and will fondly remember them until their dying days . . . The combination of man and horse has never been equalled."

Interestingly enough, George O'Brien was a cameraman with a Tom Mix production crew, John Wayne was a "prop boy," and Mickey Rooney appeared in one of Tom's last pictures for Universal. And who now remembers that Constance Bennett, Billy Dove, Clara Bow and Colleen Moore were heroines of some of these early films?

The depression years marked a very hard trail for Tom Mix. He lost a million in the stock market crash, tried his luck as a circus star, had marital troubles, suffered illness, injury, and law suits. But there was a fundamental goodness about him that would not die. Returning to Hollywood to film a series, he said, "I was mad at the conditions I saw and read about every day. Criminals on the loose. Boys and girls learning Communist



Circus World Museum, Barnaboo, Wisc.

TOM MIX
Cowboy, Movie Star, Circus Performer

propaganda in the schools... Finally, I figured out a way that I could help—by returning to the screen with a picture with some good old-fashioned virtues and justice.”

Driving through Arizona on Saturday, October 12, 1940, with plans for his future in his head, Tom pushed his green Cord roadster towards Phoenix at top speed. Much like another legend, T.E. Lawrence, just five years earlier, he suddenly found some people in the roadway, swerved into a detour, and turned over and over. When people reached

him, his cream-colored western dress suit was practically unwrinkled. But a metal suitcase on the rack behind his head had broken his neck. At his funeral in Glendale his favorite song, “Empty Saddles,” was sung by Rudy Vallee.

And now a bookplate in a dusty volume. But his wish for his fans is as good today as ever: “May you brand your largest calf crop, may your range grass never fail, may your water holes stay open, may you ride an easy trail.”

Monthly Roundup...

and most popular orange for Eastern consumption. Kellogg, in much more prosaic fashion, spent twenty-five years of his youth working for his older brother, and together they invented the method of flaking grain which developed into the giant Kellogg cereal industry.

Kellogg's interests were much different than Chapman's. Arabian horses occupied his heart, and eventually the largest and finest herd of Arabians in the entire United States was to be found on his Pomona Valley property. Before his death he gave his ranch and its magnificent equine tenants to the University of California only to see it deteriorate to a point where he schemed to get it back. World War II came and the property was transferred to the U.S. Army who took worse care of it than the University. Kellogg was heartbroken. Fortunately, before his death at age 91, he lived to see his ranch transferred back to the State of California and become the site of California State Polytechnic University.

Donald wound up his excellent presentation with a movie detailing the history of the Kellogg ranch.

August

Speaking cogently and convincingly as he warmed to his topic, Corresponding Member Scott McMillan successfully demonstrated to his audience that the countless hair-raising escapes and daring exploits of a somewhat obscure hero, Frederick C. Burnham, though mythical in quality, actually added up to the life of a real person, not a legendary figure. Scott's interest in Burnham began when, as a Boy Scout, he read Burnham's book *Scouting on Two Continents*. Fascinated by his subject, he continued to search out every available detail about the man. Frederick Burnham's career spanned the entire closing of the Western frontier and the opening of the African continent. He took part in the Mexican Revolution; then left his family and moved to Alaska when gold was discovered there! His involvements in Los Angeles ranged

from the hanging of Tiburcio Vasquez, to discovering oil in Dominguez Hills, to an unsuccessful effort to grow oranges in Pasadena!

Scott's chronical of Burnham's life proved to be a worthwhile and enjoyable talk.

Corral Chips...

titled "A Note on the Donner Party Tragedy" interestingly observes that frontiersman Jim Clyman was not the only individual who advised the Donner Party not to take the now-notorious Hasting's Cutoff. Solomon Sublette, one of the five famous Sublette brothers, also cautioned them to avoid this route.

C.M. Marie Harrington receives an award of appreciation from the Advisory Committee of La Purisma Mission State Historic Park for her many devoted years of service as an advisory board member. She also gives a tour of San Fernando Mission to members of the Southern California Historical Society on their annual trek.

Finally, a host of Westerner Baja buffs invade Ensenada for the 17th Baja California Symposium: *Glen Dawson, Everett Hager, Bill Hendricks, Henry Welcome, and Walt Wheelock*; Associate Members *Bill Lorenz, Victor Plukas, and John Swingle*; plus C.M.'s *Anna Marie Hager and Joe Northrop*.

Match the Hero to His Horse

By — Abraham Hoffman

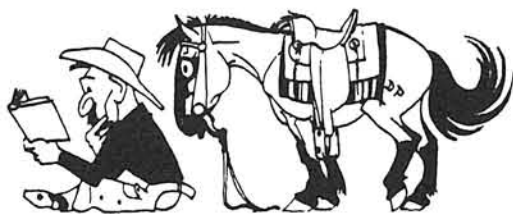
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|-------------|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Tony | — | A. Gene Autry |
| 2. Silver | — | B. William S. Hart |
| 3. Champion | — | C. Tom Mix |
| 4. Topper | — | D. Tonto |
| 5. Soapsuds | — | E. Roy Rogers |
| 6. Fritz | — | F. Lone Ranger |
| 7. Thunder | — | G. Straight Arrow |
| 8. Scout | — | H. Will Rogers |
| 9. Trigger | — | I. Red Ryder |
| 10. Fury | — | J. William Boyd (as Hopalong Cassidy) |

(answers on Page Sixteen)

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Westerners Los Angeles Corral welcomes the following new corresponding members:

George Greene, Los Angeles
Robert Dohrmann, San Marino
R. Max Barnett, Los Angeles
Terry Tirado, Redondo Beach
Betty Hoag McClynn, San Mateo



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

More Burs Under The Saddle by Ramon F. Adams. University of Oklahoma Press. 182 pages. \$14.95.

This is the final book from the pen of the late, venerated author and historian, Ramon F. Adams. Subtitled "Books & Histories Of The West," the volume serves as a sounding board for Adams' indignation towards writers who sensationalize the legends and rumors of the Old West at the expense of historical accuracy.

Adams' 400 annotated entries will be heartily welcomed by Western history buffs, for the actual event was usually more dramatic or ironic than the exaggerated yarn, whether the story be told by campfire or at a saloon. No need for embellishment says Adams; let the facts speak for themselves.

The perpetuated myths Adams challenges include numerous and unsubstantiated reports of Wild Bill Hickok's duty as a pony express driver, distorted recollections of the Dalton Brothers' ridiculous and thwarted double bank robbery and the false views of Westerners as an uncouth, illiterate group (when, in fact, many were educated second-sons who were cut out of their inheritance

and looked to the West as their future.)

Adams also rebukes the stereotyped image of the American Indian, the false martyrdom of Jesse James, and misconceptions about Billy the Kid. The Texas Rangers are revealed as a brutal, reactionary force, who far exceeded their authority and purpose. Likewise, romantic notions about cowboy life are impatiently dismissed, for Adams knew all too well how monotonous and exhausting life in the saddle could be.

Dissolving this "great mass of absurdities," Adams the demythologizer gives no quarter to the guilty authors, regardless of their academic or literary standing. Indeed, many of the culprits are a surprise, being individuals of recognized authority on the Old West.

Adams simply has no tolerance for lazy and irresponsible research. This is the sharpest burr of all for him, as he vents himself in a sardonic, persuasive manner that will surely make the offending authors cringe intensely when they see this book. But for those persistent souls who would separate fiction from fact, Adams has produced a fascinating and indispensable book.

—Jeff Nathan



Dateline Fort Bowie: Charles Fletcher Lummis Reports on an Apache War, edited by Dan L. Thrapp. 206 pp., maps, illustrations, and index. University of Oklahoma Press, 1979. \$10.95.

With the publication of this volume, non-resident member Dan Thrapp adds yet another distinguished work to his on-going study of the Apache Indian in the Southwest, an investigation that has already resulted in such notable books as *Al Sieber: Chief of Scouts*, *The Conquest of Apacheria*, *General Crook and the Sierra Madre Adventure*, and *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches*.

Figuring that the army's pursuit of the Apache war leader Geronimo could use a little bit of honest reporting rather than the fanciful half-truths that had characterized most of what had been written about General Crook's efforts to corral the Apaches in 1886, flamboyant Charlie Lummis managed to convince his boss on the *Los Angeles Times*, Harrison Gray Otis, to send him to Fort

Bowie, Arizona Territory, to get the facts. The result was an impressive number of news dispatches reprinted here with consummate editorial work and annotations.

Lummis proved to be an excellent reporter, diligently uncovering his source material, grasping the military situation with alacrity, and relating his information objectively and accurately in a prose that was nonetheless redolent with color and bristling with style.

The story of Geronimo's depredations above and below the Mexican border as well as the efforts of the military to capture the elusive leader of the Chiricahuas is the backbone of this volume. Other chapters focus on Lummis' views on the nature of the Apache, the scouts employed in the various campaigns, Crook's Indian policy, a superbly evocative mood piece on the Fort Bowie cemetery entitled "Headboards," and the death of Captain Emmet Crawford at the hands of Mexican

irregulars in the Sierra Madre that threatened to become an international incident.

From the standpoint of today, perhaps the greatest virtue of Lummis' reporting is the vivid and unique insight it provides of the personalities engaged in the conflict, frontier figures such as "Buckskin" Frank Leslie, John G. Bourke, Lt. Marion Maus, General Nelson Miles, Frank Bennett, and especially Brigadier General George Crook, who emerges as a talented officer and sympathetic human being.

Dan Thrapp is to be congratulated for rescuing these news articles from the dusty files of the *Los Angeles Times*. They provide us with valuable firsthand information on a significant phase of Southwestern history, related in the inimitable style of Charles Fletcher Lummis, no less a colorful individual than those he described.

—Tony Lehman



Iron Eyes Cody presenting painting by Clarence Ellsworth to the Cowboy Hall of Fame. Accepting is Dean Krakel and admiring the painting is Earl Adams.

Red Gold: The Conquest of the Brazilian Indians, 1500-1760, by John Hemming. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1978. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, and index. \$18.50.

Leading Western historians have increasingly urged that the study of the frontier be expanded to include comparison with other lands. For those who are interested in Native Americans, John Hemming's study offers an important survey of how the Indians of Brazil lost a two-century struggle against the "civilizing" efforts of Portuguese pioneers. The first Portuguese explorers believed the Brazilian Indians to be living in a state of nature, noble savages lacking the complexities of culture or custom. Brazil itself offered little in the way of the wealth the Spaniards found in Peru and Mexico. There was the dye of the brazilwood tree, and the potential success of tobacco and sugar cultivation. But such efforts needed labor, and the Portuguese soon began mining "red gold"—the labor and the lives of the Brazilian Indians.

The native peoples of Brazil may have had names unfamiliar to our ears—Tupinamba, Tamoio, Guarani, Aimore, and many others—but their tribes illustrated a tremendous diversity in geography and culture. The Portuguese, secure in the belief of their time that their European culture and Catholic religion were far superior to whatever the Indians might possess, simply ignored native religious beliefs; they considered the Indians "lazy" for not working beyond acquiring life's necessities; and they condemned ritual cannibalism, going naked, infanticide, and other practices without ever attempting to understand why the Indians performed such activities. The Portuguese presented their alternative: Catholic Christianity, "just" wars to capture slaves for the plantations, and "descents"—the bringing down of Indians from the interior to *aldeias*, villages under religious supervision, mainly and most successfully by the Jesuits. As inducements, the natives were offered fishhooks, axes, beads, and other items; once in the *aldeias*, there was little difference between their work obligations and slave labor. Tens of thousands of Indians were thus brought under Portuguese control. And tens of thousands died, from European epidemics of smallpox,

measles, and influenza; from two centuries of war; and from being worked to death on the plantations.

Trapped by the beliefs of their time, the Jesuits could only commit the souls of the Indian dead to the blessings of heaven and work hard at bringing still more Indians down to replenish the numbers lost. Jesuits fought settlers over control of Indians (while approving the importation of African slaves). The Portuguese fought hostile Indians, usually with the aid of Indian allies. Indians, motivated by vengeance and long-standing tribal rivalries, readily joined the Portuguese to war against other tribes. Besides the excuse of just wars, Portuguese settlers obtained slaves through "ransom" expeditions—allegedly buying slaves from tribes but often as not taking captive the native sellers as well. In a unique duality of heritage, the *bandeirantes*—the men who brought back Indian slaves—were also the pioneers who explored much of the South American continent and helped secure half of it for Portugal. The Treaty of Madrid in 1750, in conceding territory to Portugal far beyond the Treaty of Tordesillas' Line of Demarcation in 1494, recognized this accomplishment.

The success of the Brazilian colony came at a heavy price to its original inhabitants. Whatever the economic effort made by the Portuguese—tobacco and sugar plantations, cattle raising, gold mining—Indians lost their land, their independence, and their lives. Hemming draws on contemporary descriptions and generously quotes from them in his narrative. He is also the founder of Survivors International, an organization that helps tribal peoples, and in 1972 he spent a year among Brazil's surviving Indians. This perspective enables him to draw comparisons between Indian life and customs of three centuries ago and today. The Indians who survive in Brazil's interior want little of modern civilization; they want to be left alone, just as their ancestors had wished. Aboriginal Brazil, in any event, has become irrelevant to the modern state: of an estimated two and a half million Indians in the year 1500, barely 100,000 remain. Hemming's book is required reading for anyone who wishes to see beyond the borders of our own Native American tragedies.

—Abraham Hoffman

The Southwest Indian Detours, by Diane H. Thomas. Hunter Publishing, P.O. Box 9533, Phoenix, Arizona 85068. Illustrated. Softcover. \$5.95.

Designed by the Santa Fe Railway and the Fred Harvey Organization, the Southwest Indian Detours was a fascinating adventure in tourism. As explained by author Thomas, this "experience in roughing it first class" introduced "dudes" of every nationality and background to the American Southwest's exquisite natural wonders.

The Detours' golden years, 1926-1930, are discussed in detail, and Thomas includes a bevy of menus, time schedules and travel folders to further immerse the reader. Especially interesting are the chapters on the couriers and the drivers for the Detours. These dedicated individuals were the real force behind the Indian Detours, and without them, this celebrated travel organization wouldn't have been nearly as effective.

The popularity of the Detours wavered throughout the depression years of the Thirties and ground to a halt during World War II, Thomas tells us. With the improvement in automobiles and highways afterwards, the Indian Detours soon became a losing venture, and in 1968, all interest in the company was sold to the Gray Line.

Writing with panache and style, Thomas conveys a vigorous enthusiasm, which should prove welcome to readers of history, adventure and travel. Maps and photographs are generously dispersed throughout.

—Jeff Nathan



Southern California's First Railroad by John W. Robinson, 111 pages, Dawson's Book Shop, 535 N. Larchmont, Los Angeles, CA 90004, \$18.

A few months after the transcontinental railroads were united in 1869 at Promontory, Utah, the Los Angeles & San Pedro Railroad opened for business. The story is expertly told by John W. Robinson in *Southern California's First Railroad*.

Robinson relates how the little railroad that hauled passengers and freight between El Pueblo and Wilmington was financed largely by the citizens of Los Angeles. Small

railroads, their accomplishments and controversies, are seldom discussed by historians. Yet Robinson defines the importance of community railroads and includes rare photographs to enhance this handsome book.

—Jeff Nathan



The Lost Works of Edward Borein by Harold G. Davidson, published by Davidson, Santa Barbara, Calif. 1978. First edition, \$25, limited edition, \$100.

For those western buffs who collect art works of Edward Borein, this book by CM Harold G. Davidson, can be an important addition to a Borein shelf of books and memorabilia. This is the second major hard-bound publication by Davidson who has long been considered the authority on the works of Borein. In addition, he collaborated with the author of the *Etchings of Edward Borein* published in 1971.

The Lost Works of Edward Borein is divided into eight sections with appropriate information introducing each section. These statements are needed as the book contains no central separate text. Some of the illustrations do have captions.

Readers who prefer a condensed biography of the artist will find this on pages 13 and 14. It is a remarkably complete, clear, and accurate account. An unusually striking full length photograph of Borein standing in front of his studio in Santa Barbara adds a personal touch to the book.

To me, the highlights of the book are the sections: Illustrations for Sunset and the Land of Sunshine, and Commercial Illustrations for books, magazines, newspapers, and business firms. These two sections represent the kind of art work intended to tell a story, sell a product, promote a project. These are executed with great clarity, artistic contrast, and imagination.

—Tom McNeill

Answers:

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| 1. C | 3. A | 5. H | 7. I | 9. E |
| 2. F | 4. J | 6. B | 8. D | 10. G |