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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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A Most Curious Profession A Brief History of The United States Marshals

by Frederick S. Calhoun

They have a most curious profession, these men and women who wear the star. Required by laws dating back to 1789 to attend to the federal courts and to execute all lawful precepts—written orders—issued under the authority of the United States, U.S. Marshals and their deputies have always enjoyed the broadest federal law enforcement authority. Where other lawmen specialize in investigating bank robbery or counterfeiting or illicit drug trading or dozens of other specific federal crimes, the marshals have always been generalists. The job requires a cumbersome combination of talents.

For two hundred years, marshals have been required to be cops and accountants, as adept at balancing complicated financial records as they are at hunting fugitives or serving process or integrating Southern schools and colleges. They keep the court's money and ensure its security, protecting its assets and its people. When a judge orders a car or business, boat or stash of jewelry, seized, marshals take it into their custody and manage it to the greatest profit of the government. If the owner tries to retaliate, marshals protect the judge from any threat. They are cops and accountants,

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The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 2,500 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

by Abraham Hoffman

SEPTEMBER MEETING

"On September 8, 1923, 13 million dollars in ships and 23 lives were lost in 23 minutes." So began the talk of Associate Member Robert Schwemmer at the September meeting, an account of the United States Navy's worst peacetime loss of ships.



Photograph by - Frank O. Newton

September meeting speaker
Robert Schwemmer.

The ships were destroyers, swift four-stackers of World War I design, that were nicknamed "greyhounds of the sea." It was ships of this design that comprised the fifty destroyers that President Franklin Roosevelt "sold" to Great Britain at the beginning of that country's war with Germany that led to World War II.

The fleet had been in the northwest on maneuvers. After a brief stay in San Francisco, the fleet commander gave the order for a speed test run to San Diego with radio silence.

Racing down the coast, the ships were spread so far apart that night-time visibility was non-exis-

tent. Nearing Point Arguello the ships ran into a heavy layer of fog that normally would not have been a serious situation. This time there were other developments—in addition to speeding through fog—that combined to create the decision by fleet navigator Lieutenant Commander Donald Hunter that ended in disaster on a stretch of the California coast that had claimed many ships in the past.

Not long before, the mail ship *Cuba*, out of Panama, had run aground on San Miguel Island in the fog. Navigator Hunter stayed closer to the coast to avoid the possibility of also grounding on the island. His ship was equipped with new depth sounding instruments, on which there was less reliance than there should have been. Finally, navigator Hunter did not believe in his own position calculations. He thought he was farther south—and beyond Point Arguello and Point Concepcion—than his calculations showed, so he changed course eastward to avoid San Miguel Island. In minutes his ship, the *Delphy*, crashed onto the sharp lava rocks of the Honda Mesa part of the coast, followed by six ships immediately behind her.

Considering the rocky points of the sea cliff pounded by waves, the fog, and the darkness of night, only heroic efforts by officers and men and rescue efforts of people on shore prevented a greater loss of lives.

Understandably, the navy wished to have as little publicity as possible of the disaster. But this was not to be. Sightseers flocked to the sight in following days. The Southern Pacific Railroad tracks running so close to the site that passengers could see the wrecks, caused trains to come to a full stop to give the passengers a better look. Eventually, the sea, dangerously destructive at first, in time mercifully removed all visible evidence with its continual pounding of waves. The navy was only required to remove explosive material; the sea removed the rest.

Schwemmer's talk, illustrated with slides of maps and photographs of wrecked ships, held the attention of his listeners in concentrated silence as the Corral members learned much about a little publicized event that took place on the Point Arguello part of the California coast.

NOVEMBER 1992 MEETING

With words, slides, and motion pictures speaker Ken Pauley told more than 100 members the facts about the first aeronautics meet in America. Held on a field that was once part of the Dominguez Rancho, and known formally as Dominguez Field thereafter, the eleven days of the meet—January 10 to 20, 1910—attracted 176,000 spectators to watch the piloting of airplanes, dirigibles, and balloons for \$80,000 in prize money.



Photograph by - Frank O. Newton

November meeting speaker
Ken Pauley.

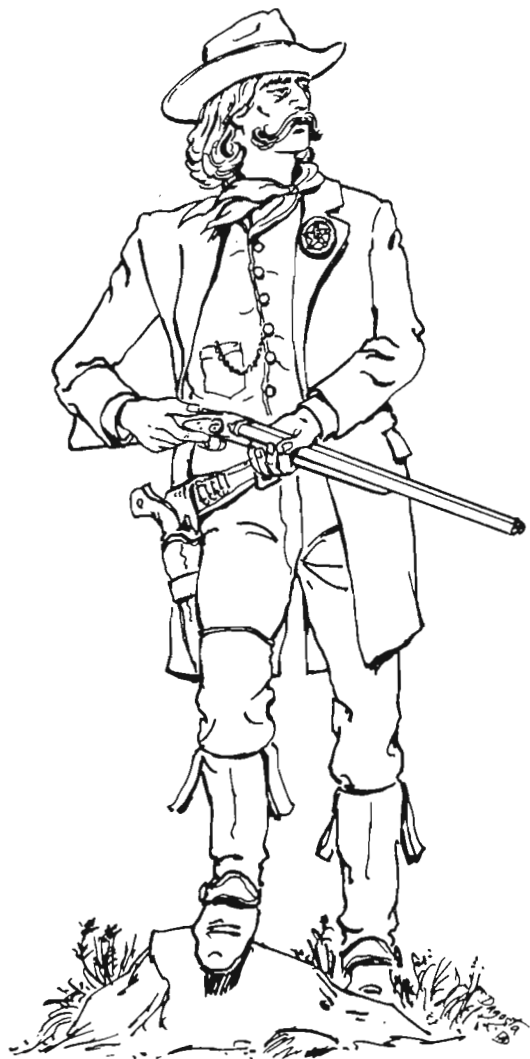
To bring people to the meet, the Pacific Electric Railway operated trains at few-minute intervals to the edge of the field, and from there meetgoers walked to a large grandstand that meet operators erected in just five days. For a general admission price of 50¢ or a box seat price of \$1 spectators saw several "firsts" in American aviation history, such as the first flight with pilot and passenger, and new records for speed—46.5 miles per hour—and for altitude—4,000 feet. Between events spectators could patronize all kinds of food and exhibit booths operated in a carnival atmosphere.

The meet attracted the entry of eleven airplanes, three dirigibles, and nine balloons. Of the eleven airplanes, only four were actually able to leave the ground. The others made interesting, but failed, attempts to fly with the aid of such unusual designs as five wings in line on one plane, and a power unit with the whole motor revolving around a stationary driveshaft on another plane.

Operating the dirigibles called for juggling and

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bodyguards and custodians. Since the U.S. Marshal within each district is nominated by the president and confirmed by the Senate, they need political talents as well. It is a most curious profession.

Their history is also the richest of any lawmen for it is intimately entwined with the history of the nation itself. Created by the Judiciary Act of 1789, the same law that established the federal court system and created the offices of attorney general and U.S. attorney, the marshals have been involved from the beginning. Scratch most any episode in American history from the Whiskey Rebellion to the invasion of Panama and a marshal seems always to appear. In 1794, U.S. Marshal David Lenox of Pennsylvania set out alone to summon delinquent taxpayers into court. When they resisted, the Whiskey Rebellion began in earnest. In 1989, Deputy Marshal Tony Perez led two dozen

members of the Marshals Service Special Operations Group into Panama to assist the Drug Enforcement Agency in arresting Manuel Noriega and to help the U.S. Army identify other wanted criminals hiding out in Panama.

Their duties—historic and contemporary—have been to safeguard the judicial system, keep custody of all federal prisoners from the moment of arrest until acquittal or delivery to prison, rearrest federal fugitives, and execute all the orders of the federal courts. Over the last two centuries, Marshals have enforced the law, executed judicial orders (including federal executions), taken the census, tracked industrial development, imposed the law on virgin territories, registered enemy aliens in wartime, buried presidents, safeguarded civil rights, caught fugitives from justice, protected the courts, ensured the lives of witnesses, and seized the ill-gotten assets of international drug dealers. At no time in their history have the marshals had more than the present high of thirty-two hundred employees. Their only specialty has been to do the most with the least.

The job has been—continues to be—among the most dangerous in law enforcement. In January 1794, U.S. Marshal Robert Forsyth, appointed by President George Washington to serve as the first U.S. Marshal for Georgia, went to serve a simple civil summons on a Mr. Beverly Allen, a former Methodist minister living in Mrs. Dixon's Augusta boarding house. When Forsyth knocked on Allen's door, Allen fired his flintlock at the sound. The ball punctured through the door and caught Forsyth fair in the head. He was dead before his body hit the floor, the first federal lawman killed in the line of duty. Although arrested on the scene by Forsyth's deputies, Allen later managed to escape from the county sheriff. He fled to distant Texas and was never brought to justice.

Since that cold January day, perhaps as many as four hundred more marshals have died in the line of duty, a staggering number far surpassing the sacrifices of any other federal law enforcement agency. The largest single number of deputies were killed working for Isaac Parker, the famous "Hanging Judge" of the Western District of Arkansas, which suffered jurisdiction over the outlaw-infested Indian Territory. Parker lost over a hundred deputies during a twenty-five year period. Among them was Frank Dalton, whose brothers—at one time also deputy marshals—found robbing banks and trains a more lucrative, if as dangerous,

career as enforcing the law. As the Daltons knew better than most, the criminals that Parker's deputies went up against were both vicious and merciless.

Those deputies that survived the Daltons delivered seventy-nine murderers, rapists, and brigands to the top of Parker's multiple scaffolds. Among them were such ruthless killers as Cherokee Bill and Rufus Buck. Others seemed unnaturally cruel, men like Harris Austin, who killed Thomas Elliott for a bottle of whiskey. Silas Hampton brutally murdered Abner Lloyd, then stole his pocketknife and pocket change. Such becalmed depravity infested the Indian Territory, where the only thing that seemed dearer than life was death. Sentenced to hang for killing James Harris and his twelve-year old son, Aaron Wilson calmly returned to his cell. Turning to his guards, the echoes of Parker's death sentence still reverberating, Wilson exclaimed, "By God, that is nothing when you get used to it." Parker had no problem convicting criminals such as these. The biggest problem was arresting them.¹

As the Dalton brothers illustrated, deputies composed a curious class of men. Although many made careers as deputy marshals—men like Heck Thomas, Bill Tilghman, and Chris Madsen, known to history as the Three Guardsmen of Oklahoma—others slipped easily back and forth across the thin, violent line separating lawmen from outlaws. When Justice Department Examiners Joel W. Bowman and E.B. Wiegand audited the accounts of former Deputy Marshal H.A. Wilson of Southern Alabama in the spring of 1883, they soon uncovered a number of irregularities. When Examiner Wiegand happened to run across Wilson one day, he politely asked the former deputy to come by the marshal's office so the examiners could question him about the discrepancies.

Wilson took offense. Calling Wiegand "a vile and vulgar name," the deputy "struck him in the face with his fist," knocking him to the ground. Drawing his pistol, Wilson "endeavored to shoot him down." Fortunately for the hapless examiner, several bystanders wrestled the pistol away from Wilson before he could fire.

In his report on the attack, Examiner Bowman complained of the dangers facing him and his colleagues whenever they investigated marshals. "Deputy Marshals throughout the country, as a rule, are a rough class of men," he wrote, "Their occupation has a tendency to make them reckless

of human life."²

Eventually, training helped smooth out the roughness and professionalism introduced the necessary caution and care. Yet, the job still lures a curious breed of men and women. Unlike the Federal Bureau of Investigation, it isn't just the thrill of investigating criminal activities that attracts the deputies, though they track down thousands of fugitives each year. Unlike the Drug Enforcement Administration, it isn't only the war on drugs that appeals to the deputies, though they now manage over one billion dollars worth of assets they seized from drug dealers. Nor like the Secret Service, it isn't protecting dignitaries that adds spice to the job, though deputies protect federal judges and other court officials, as well as over six thousand federal witnesses and their families. It isn't any single one of these duties that appeals to the deputy, it is the opportunity to do all of them.

One can sense now a budding specialization within the Service. Witsec Inspectors protect witnesses; Courtsec Inspectors safeguard the courts; Enforcement Inspectors chase down federal fugitives. Yet, these are still hardly more than temporary designations, a simple expedience to define the job more than the deputy. Ample training and opportunities aplenty offer every deputy the chance to move from one duty to the next, from protecting a Mafia witness to finding an escaped drug dealer, from responding to a federal judge threatened for his decisions to implementing those decisions.

During the recent anti-abortion protests in Wichita, Kansas, one team of deputies enforced Judge Patrick Kelly's orders to keep the abortion clinics open despite the organized efforts of thousands of demonstrators to close them. Another team of deputies protected Judge Kelly twenty-four hours a day. At any point, the teams could easily have switched. When peace finally returned to Wichita, the deputies went back to their home districts to take up again the peculiar routine of transporting prisoners, protecting the courts, chasing fugitives, and managing illicit drug assets.

It is this motley collection of duties, each requiring a distinctive array of talents and special skills, that has made the history of the marshals so compelling, so intimately a part of the history of the United States. They have been—continue to be—involved in so many events because, as law enforcement's generalists, they are the most flexible and the most available. It is, indeed, this unusu-

al concoction of responsibilities that makes the offices of U.S. Marshal and Deputy U.S. Marshal a most curious profession.

¹Glenn Shirley, *Law West of Fort Smith: A History of Frontier Justice in the Indian Territory, 1834-1896* (Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1968), pp. 211-12, 223, 224, 226. See also Frederick S. Calhoun, *The Lawmen: United States Marshals and Their Deputies, 1789-1989* (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1990), pp. 143-171.

²Calhoun, *The Lawmen*, pp. 140-41.

Frederick S. Calhoun is the historian for the United States Marshals Service and the author of *The Lawmen: United States Marshals And Their Deputies, 1789-1989*, which is available from the Smithsonian Institution Press (hardcover) or Penguin Press (paperback), reviewed in this issue.



Corral Chips

by Donald Duke

For the first time, in the history of the Corral, *Ranger Active* Robert Clark was the only representative of the Los Angeles Corral at the Western History Association meeting which was held in New Haven, Connecticut, this past October. Bob said he sort of felt like he was back home in Los Angeles, as all the buildings on campus and in town were covered with graffiti.

Honorary Doyce B. Nunis shared a Westerners International Co-Founders Book Award, at the Western History Association Westerner Breakfast, for his *The Bidwell-Bartleson Party: 1841 California Emigrant Adventure* published as our Brand Book No. 18. The competition was so stiff that the second place award was split between three authors, Doyce being one of the three to receive the award.

The Fall 1992 issue of the *Buckskin Bulletin* carried an announcement of Doyce's *The Bidwell-Bartleson* brand book. Apparently few Westerners read the *Buckskin Bulletin*, as this review has resulted in only one order according to Siegfried Demke, chief mailing officer for the Corral.

The Bureau of Land Management newsletter called "News Beat" featured an article called "Hollywood's Bad Men." Western Star and *Honorary* member Iron Eyes Cody was featured, not necessarily as one of the Bad Guys, but on account of his being in 220 shoot-em-up films and a spokesman for the "Keep America Beautiful" campaign.

C.M. Steve Born, a member of Platrix Chapter of E. Clampus Vitus, announced that the Clampers plan to honor California's First Gold Discovery, a subject on which John Robinson wrote in the Spring 1992 *Branding Iron*. On Sunday, November 15 they placed a plaque on the site to replace a bronze plaque which had been stolen. Who, pray tell, will stand guard over the new plaque? Robert Kern, a loyal un noble Humbug said they were to drive a chain into the ground five stories deep to keep anyone from stealing it. Rots of ruck ECV.

Catalog No. 831 of the Arthur H. Clark Co., carried a very nice write up about their friend, and our friend and Corral founding member, Paul William Galleher. His obit by Arthur H. Clark is in this issue. At age 91, he was chipper right up to the wire. He certainly will be missed.

Norman Neuerburg's chief publicity agent, Msgr. Francis J. Weber, advises that Norm gave a talk at the Archival Center, San Fernando Mission called "Junipero Serra in Context" on November 8th. His lecture was to be delivered with "visual accompaniment." I was not aware that Kodak had invented the camera in Father Serra's time! Ba humbug to you too!

In the Catholic *The Tidings*, Msgr. Weber tells about the history of the peafowl at the San Fernando Mission. He claims most of the peafowl in California are descended from the Baldwin Ranch in Arcadia. Anita and Lucky Baldwin were so taken by the birds when in England in the early 1800's that they brought a pair home with them. The result is that Arcadia is overrun with peafowl and that Cardinal Mahoney plans to have a stuffed one for his Thanksgiving table. Drumstick anyone?

Martin Ridge has recently edited *Atlas of the American West* and an autograph party is to be held at the Huntington Library on November 30.

They have a dummy all jacketed and encased in glass in the "Footnote Coffee Shop" of the Huntington Library. The dummy is of the book, not Martin.

C.M. Sid Gally was the featured speaker at the annual meeting of the Catalina Island Museum Society this past July. His talk was entitled "Five Pasadenans and Santa Catalina Island."

Mission Play Historian and Bon Vivant of San Gabriel, Dave Gillies, was featured in the October 5th edition of the *Pasadena Star News*. The article, complete with a picture of Gillies holding up Mission Play program, explains his interest and years of research into John Steven McGoarty's extravaganza, and the construction of the Mission Playhouse.

The Miniature Book Society held its annual Grand Conclave this year in San Diego, over the Labor Day Weekend. Several Westerners were in attendance for the event. They were Glen Dawson, Jerry Selmer, Msgr. Francis J. Weber, and C.M. Jim Lorson. Randy Joseph visited the group on Sunday for the book sale. The highlight of the Conclave was a presentation of the "Glasgow Cup" to Glen and Mary Helen Dawson for their years of effort at promoting and encouraging interest in miniature books and their continuing support of all those involved in the field.

Jerry Selmer, our past Sheriff, and his wife Doris, recently completed a 4,000 mile drive through Montana, Wyoming, and Utah. During the trip they viewed the great Charles M. Russell collections in Helena and Great Falls, Montana, and at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. Among the other historic sites they visited were Nevada City and Virginia City, Montana, and Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Then they returned to their home in that peafowl trampled town of Arcadia.

Bob Kern, aka "Big Red," gave a talk and slide show to the San Dimas Westerners for their October program. This month's program said, in retrospect, "Bob forgot his notes for his talk to us—but he certainly didn't forget any of the data relating to trains and railroading! He presented us with some beautiful slides and a very interesting program." If he is that good, how come he doesn't present a program to the Los Angeles Corral?

Elizabeth Waldo (Dentzel) has rung the mission bells of Dentzel Manor honoring the opening of the new Mission Theatre on December 13th.

The whing ding was called "Rancho Cordillera del Norte" complete with festivities for Christmas.

Arthur Clark got his hands wet with book publishing once again, while babysitting for the Robert and Atara Clark offspring while they attended the Western History Association convention in New Haven. He completed a book on Santa Cruz Island which will be published soon.

Hal Edgar reports that the South Pasadena Public Library held a miniature book exhibit which remained open until December 2nd. Too late to go and use the magnifying glasses available in the lobby, but worthy of comment. This was a traveling show assembled by the Massachusetts based Miniature Book Society. So check your library, maybe it will show up at your town. By definition, a miniature book must be no larger than three inches in height, leaving a lot of room for creativity. Prominently featured in the miniature book display at South Pasadena were works by Msgr. Francis J. Weber. I always wondered how he started collecting miniature books? Suppose it was space limitations at his digs?

Monthly Roundup (continued) . . .

acrobatics. For elevation the pilot dropped sand for lift and released hydrogen for descent. He steered with rudder attached ropes and with body movements back and forth, while straddling the understructure, he tried to keep the craft level.

The balloons had the most difficult time and were aloft the least. With balloon movement being solely brought about by air currents, the weather turned out to be uncooperative when flights were scheduled. In short, there was too much wind and usually in the wrong direction.

The meet established the first two aeronautical heroes for hero-worship-prone Americans. (The Wright brothers did not fit the hero mold, and they had tried to stop the meet on the grounds that some of their patents were being infringed upon.) Louis Francis Pauhan, a Frenchman, was the more spectacular of the two, setting endurance and stunt records. But his later career was the usual short-lived one of that time of flimsy crafts and no parachutes. He died in a crash not long after the meet. The other important flier was Glenn H. Curtis, who set the speed record at the meet, and whose name has come into modern times through his much longer life and establishment of one of

(Continued on Page Seventeen)

Joe De Yong

The Cowboy Etcher-Artist

by Siegfried G. Demke

An awareness of cowboy artist Joe De Yong began in a little art gallery in Los Olivos, a one traffic sign town, five miles due north of Solvang, California. There was good work on all the gallery walls, produced by capable artists, mostly from the southern part of the state. There were oils, watercolors, and etchings. Among the etchings were two, by Joe De Yong, that caught and held the eye, and with longer examination they impressed the viewer with the artist's ability and boldness.

One etching, titled *BREED TRAPPER*, showed a half-breed trapper contentedly smoking a briar pipe. Relaxed with his own thoughts, the trapper has the unkempt appearance that comes from living primitively. He is enjoying smoking his tobacco in a fine little pipe of the type affected by French artists and writers in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a pipe the trapper possibly obtained as part of the income from furs he had brought to a Hudson's Bay Company trading post.

The etched lines of the drawing go in every direction, in a seemingly disorderly fashion. Yet they bring out the substance characteristics of unwashed and uncut hair, worn fur on the cap and even more worn fur on the coat, and the thin, uneven growth of face hair of a man who is the son of mixed Indian and non-Indian parents. The lines of the slender pipe stem flow to the importance of the bowl to establish the smooth hardness of polished briar root, ending in those simple few lines creating the slow upward floating of wispy smoke.

The other etching, titled *SAND AND SUN*, in the execution of its theme, goes directly opposite to what usually happens in an etching. Usually, most of the area of an etching is filled by the artist. In his *SAND AND SUN* De Yong has packed the etching area with an absence of lines, letting a large expanse of empty space create the effect of a bright, hot sun on a lot of sand. Only the simple ripple of two broken lines, depicting the trail followed by the horse and rider, and the fan of lines in the farthest corner of the etching area, depicting a distant, shadowy side of a sand dune, create perspective and depth.

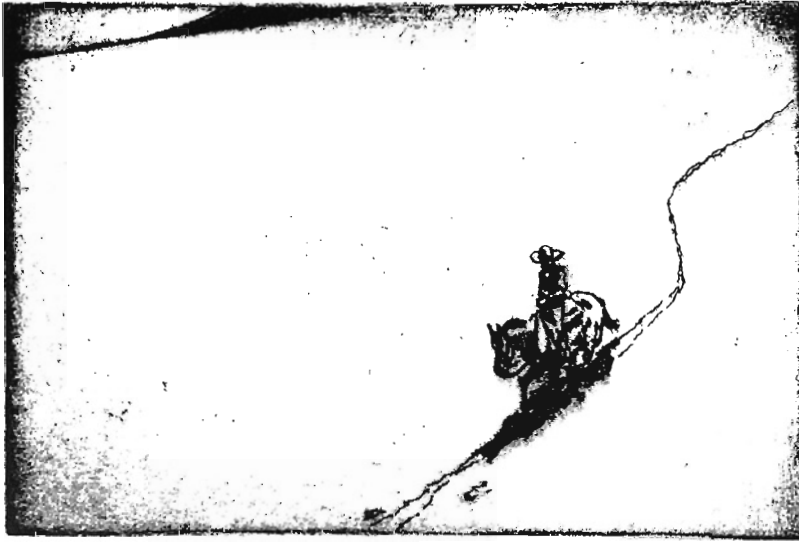


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Joe De Yong
4

This is great control, and indicates an artist with masterful ideas. Using a lot of empty space to create an effect is very daring and strong action. Many times I have heard artists say that one of the big problems they face is knowing when to stop working on a piece of art, and then doing it—laying down the brush, pencil, scribe and not putting another spot, dot, or scratch on the work, regardless of strong urges. James Abbot McNeill Whistler, the American expatriate who became a world famous artist during his years in England, used this large open space technique to produce—among his *THAMES RIVER* series—some of the most important etchings of his career.

In the process of buying the two etchings, I questioned the gallery owner about Joe De Yong. His answer was: "The jury is still out on Joe De Yong's work." This had a knowing sound to it,



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Art. 100. 100. 100.

implying that the artist was a borderline genius case, and if “the jury” brought in a verdict in favor of genius, people would line up, clamoring to buy his work, resulting in a subsequent upward surge in prices. I had heard the jury reference before, and recognized it as convenient expression used by some gallery owners when they feel that committing themselves on the ability of an artist, or the quality of a piece of work, might jeopardize a sale. So the only thing to be done was to look elsewhere for more information.

Although the gallery owner was reluctant to comment on the quality of De Yong’s work, he did supply an important piece of information about the quality of De Yong’s friends. De Yong had been a close friend of Charles M. Russell for many years, and had studied with that great painter of the American West. In addition, the gallery owner made a statement that has come out of several sources. De Yong was the closest thing to an apprentice Russell ever had, and lived with Russell and his wife, Nancy, during the last ten years of Russell’s life—living, studying, painting, listening to Russell’s humorous, helpful criticisms in the log cabin studio where Russell had done his painting in the earlier years. Subsequent to the etchings purchase, research on the question of whether or not Russell had ever done etchings, involved a correspondence exchange with Russell expert Dixie Renner. She confirmed for me this information on the Russell-De Yong relationship.

On the whole, there is not a great deal of information available on De Yong and his art. That “jury” still seems to be out, and that jury may be unable to reach a decision because De Yong’s art output was not a great amount, when compared with the output of his famous artist friends. As an artist De Yong seems to have been important more for his friends than for his work. In books about the work of his friends Charles Russell, Edward Borein, and Maynard Dixon, the authors have given De Yong mention in a few sentences or a few paragraphs. He was a friend of Charles Lummis, and with the other western artists, was often among the guests at El Alisal, the Lummis home. But he was—even with his closest friends—somewhat withdrawn, and an observer more than a participant because of losing his hearing when he was nineteen years old.

De Yong was born in Webster Grove, a suburb of St. Louis, Missouri, in 1894. He died in Los Angeles in 1975. When De Yong was four years old his father moved the family to Dewey, Indian Territory, now Washington County, Oklahoma. Growing up in that area, De Yong had much contact with and learned much about the ways of Delaware, Cherokee, and Osage Indians.

In 1912 Tom Mix came to Dewey on location to film *LIFE ON THE DIAMOND S RANCH*. De Yong worked in the picture as a cowboy. The following year Mix made another *DIAMOND S*

series film in Prescott, Arizona, and De Yong worked for him there. While on that location De Yong was stricken with spinal meningitis. In the many months that followed, his strong will to recover enabled him to overcome all but one of the effects of this terrible illness. At age nineteen he was totally deaf. From then on, except for when he became a close friend of Russell, he did all his listening and a lot of his talking with pencil and paper.

From early boyhood, De Yong had admired the paintings of Charles Russell, first seeing an exhibit of them at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. During his convalescence, after the spinal meningitis attack, De Yong practiced drawing by copying some pictures in a folio of Russell reproductions he had bought on a visit to Cheyenne. Eventually, he wrote Russell and sent him some of his drawings. Russell's encouraging answer is one of his famous illustrated letters. The letter is reproduced in *GOOD MEDICINE* (page 76), the book of collected Russell letters, with an introduction by Will Rogers and a biographical note by Nancy Russell, published by Garden City Publishing Company, Inc. 1929. That letter bears a Russell self-portrait on horseback, with a line drawing and verbal instructions on how to draw horses in proportion, and includes a "Regards" to De Yong's father, indicating that Russell and the elder De Yong knew each other. In other correspondence Russell invited Joe De Yong to visit him. Eventually De Yong did, developing into living with the Russells from 1916 to 1926.

In Montana De Yong continued to acquire a vast knowledge of Indian ways, this time about Blackfeet, Plains Cree and Crow tribes, Kootenai, and Flathead. He became well acquainted with Two Guns White Calf, hereditary Chief of the Piegan Blackfeet, and was a frequent tepee guest of the Chief. De Yong's continued time spent with the Indians was greatly enhanced by the fact that Russell had taught him sign language. In the years they knew each other the two men enjoyed conversing in sign language, even telling "tall tales" through that medium of communication.

When Russell died in 1926, in Montana, De Yong happened to be in Santa Barbara, enrolled in a bronze-casting class at the School of Arts. With his most important friend gone forever, De Yong seldom went back to Montana. He decided to stay in Santa Barbara and established his own studio in an old adobe house in the downtown section of the

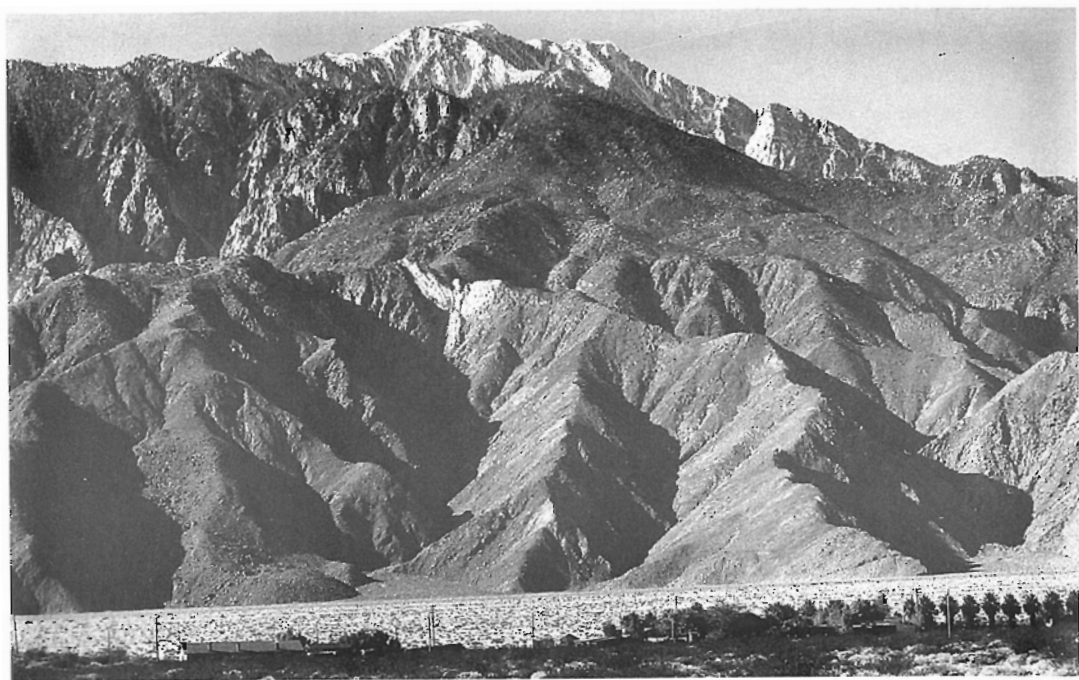
city. As an authentic cowboy artist, like his Santa Barbara cowboy artist friend Ed Borein, he was soon invited on *visitadores* rides—that annual May ride of more than a hundred miles from ranch to ranch made by riding enthusiasts among Southern California ranchers, businessmen, and motion picture industry and political celebrities. Although not a tall man—he was described as a wiry five feet six inches—his past as a real working cowhand made him stand out on these rides.

It was on one of these rides that his vast knowledge of Indians led to his career as the outstanding technical consultant on western films. He met John Fisher, business manager for Cecil B. de Mille, who persuaded De Yong to submit some of his drawings to the producer. De Yong was hired and soon began work on *THE PLAINSMAN*. This turned out to be such a successful arrangement that he soon became the expert consultant to hire whenever a large budget, authentic western film was planned for production. In the following years, other western classics on which De Yong was technical advisor included *UNION PACIFIC*, *NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE*, *REAP THE WILD WIND*, *TALL IN THE SADDLE*, and *RED RIVER*. There were also lighter themed westerns on which De Yong worked, like *PALEFACE*, in which Bob Hope starred.

De Yong's method of working was to obtain a copy of the film's script, study it, and produce a series of drawings of scenes, costumes, and props. These would be presented to the producer and the director. He would design the costumes of the principal male actors, and even the costumes of many of the extras and bit players. Color arrangements on whole sets were worked out so that people and backgrounds complemented each other. The importance of this color and design arrangement was vividly demonstrated in the film *NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE*. No detail was too small for De Yong, like how many feathers a particular tribe of Indians wore on a deer hunt, the kinds of cufflinks worn by professional gamblers, the kinds of rowels that were on Texans' spurs in the 1880s.

At the peak of his consulting career work became so heavy that De Yong moved to Los Angeles to be nearer to the film studios. By this time he seems to have gone completely from making a living from pure art to making his living from consulting work. His success as a consultant had,

(Continued on Page Twelve)



The Angel with Mount San Jacinto in the far background, as seen from the Southern Pacific tracks near the Garnet station in the 1930s. — *Author's collection.*

Angel of the Mountain

by Donald Duke

Los Angeles was finally connected by railroad from San Francisco when the first Southern Pacific train steamed into town on September 5, 1876. The SP was already operating trains in Los Angeles, having taken over the Los Angeles & San Pedro Railroad in 1872, and was building north to San Fernando and east toward Yuma, Arizona Territory. SP rails reached Colton on July 16, 1874, 60 miles east of the center of Los Angeles. The railroad lost no time building its tracks up San Timoteo Canyon in order to reach the summit of San Gorgonio Pass at Beaumont, and then dropping down into Coachella Valley en route toward Yuma. Within a short time the SP railroaders named this heavy grade Beaumont Hill.

Once the trains began operating over Beaumont Hill, it was all the engine crews could do to handle their locomotives and, thus, they seldom had time to gaze out of the engine windows except to look straight down the track. On one particular day in 1883, a helper engine, working its way back toward Indio, pulled into a siding at a place called Hugo which was just north of present day Palm

Springs. It would be at least an hour-long wait, so the engine crew, in order to pass the time away, got down from their locomotive, and idly kicked around at the ground and threw some rocks, etc. The fireman, surveying the area, looked up toward the summit of the rugged Mt. San Jacinto Mountains. As his eyes followed the rugged contours down the side of the mountain, he spotted something strange in a crease of one of the canyons. He called over to the engineer saying, "Hey! Take a look at this Fred!" Both men shook their heads in disbelief. "It looks like an angel up there on the mountain," stated the engineer. When the helper crew returned to Indio, they immediately spread the word as to what they had seen. As a result of their story, all the Southern Pacific crews now had their heads out the windows, searching for the earlier sighted "Angel of the Mountain."

It was discovered that the Angel is more clearly visible in the early morning hours and, also, at certain times of the year. However, it can be seen at anytime, but not as well as at the times just mentioned. The Angel constantly watches over the

Coachella Valley, albeit that sometimes she is shrouded in the early morning mist, while at other times it is boldly silhouetted on Mt. San Jacinto in the bright sunlight. The Angel is an extraordinary formation of white rocks—not unlike that of the famous “Arrowhead”—located north of San Bernardino which was described in the *Branding Iron* for Spring 1988. The white rocks are wedged in a V-shaped gorge about halfway up the eastern side of Mt. San Jacinto, at the top of a main ridge. One huge white rock forms the head of the Angel. The wings are also formed of white rock situated on the two ridges just below the 2,300 foot level. The elongated body stands about 450 feet high and consists of white rock which has broken from the formation and slid into the canyon. The “Angel of the Mountain,” with its wings half-spread, is as clear and ageless as the mountain itself. It would seem as if God had placed the image there himself.

The Indians of the region knew the Angel as a great spirit. Helen Hunt Jackson’s novel *Ramona*, whose tragic and heroic life was played out on the slopes of Mt. San Jacinto, is recounted each year in the celebrated Ramona pageant at Hemet. The ancient Cahuilla Indians believed the mountain to be the dwelling place of a “living spirit,” called *I Au Quitch*. He was a mythical outcast chieftain, who, when burned at the stake, vanished to Mt. San Jacinto, never to return.

When Southern Pacific’s rails were the only means of transportation over San Gorgonio Pass, except for a wagon road, the “Angel of the Mountain” was viewed by the train crews as their guardian Angel. However, she has largely gone unnoticed since the “Ocean to Ocean” paved highway reached across San Gorgonio Pass in the 1910’s, bringing a rush of humanity to Southern California.

Over the years, the character of the Southern Pacific has also changed. The locomotives have become larger and more powerful, thus replacing the smaller engines. The freight trains are now heavier, longer and run more often, threading and winding their way faster over the summit of San Gorgonio Pass or Beaumont Hill as the railroaders call it. Even the railroad crews have nearly forgotten the “Angel of the Mountain.”

A good place to view this natural landmark is in the vicinity of North Palm Springs (formerly known as Garnet on the railroad). This is near the intersection of Indian Avenue and Interstate 10. The “Angel of the Mountain” may also be clearly

seen from Desert Hot Springs. Here an old Indian had built a fake pueblo with a huge sign that read, “Best view of the Angel of the Mountain from inside the Pueblo.”

Anyone wishing a closer view may enter Angel Springs Canyon by driving south on the highway into Palm Springs, on North Palm Canyon Drive, and onto an unimproved road, located two miles north of the city limits of Palm Springs, called Angel Springs Road. It is situated three ridges north of Chino Canyon Road, site of the Palm Springs Aerial Tramway.

Soil erosion, over the last 20 to 25 years, has taken its toll on the “Angel of the Mountain” as mud has covered over some of the white rocks. But the Angel still stands there with her wings spread out as if ready to fly, looking down over the Coachella Valley and acting as guardian of Southern Pacific’s trains as they crest San Gorgonio Pass, known to the railroaders as Beaumont Hill.

Joe De Yong

The Cowboy Etcher-Artist

(continued) . . .

obviously, affected the amount of his art production in all the mediums in which he chose to work. It might also be said that his production was thin in each medium because he chose to work in so many. His most important artist friends worked in fewer mediums; Russell worked in oils, watercolors, and small sculptures, but did no etchings. Borein worked in oils, watercolors, and extensively in etchings, but not in sculpture. Dixon worked in oils and watercolors, but not in etchings or sculptures. Possibly, also, film work taking him away from his art work prevented him from developing into a more prominent level as an artist. Nevertheless, De Yong was that rarity of a real life cowboy artist, who left a legacy of authentic information on the American West.



Rendezvous October 1992

The setting—as for so many previous Rendezvous—was Al Miller's beautiful *ranchito*, the weather was ideal, and the participation in the audible and silent auctions added almost \$4,000 to the Corral's publication fund.

Adding an exotic touch to the audible auction were two items donated by Al Miller and Henry Clifford that stretched the western connection a bit thin. Miller donated a stuffed pheasant reported to have been a western U.S.A. inhabitant before being stuffed. Clifford donated a three-foot-high stuffed kangaroo reported to have been an inhabitant of western Australia. The kangaroo appeared to be a little worse for wear, possibly because of the need to hop halfway around the globe to attend



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Is Iron Eyes Cody teaching Donald Duke the Indian prayer?

This year there were some really desirable books that auctioneer Hugh Tolford and his assistant, Loren Wendt, "knocked down" to the highest bidders. The silent auction, better known as the Trading Post, had more items than ever before, and included some low-priced gems for collectors. The Trading Post also enabled new members and guests to purchase back issues of *Brand Books* and *Branding Irons*.

the Rendezvous. Despite the tenuous western provenance of the items, there was spirited bidding to acquire them.

That mighty smith, Bill Miller, set up his portable forge again, rippled his muscles, and fascinated kibitzers with his metal shaping expertise.

During the afternoon, as accompaniment to the auction, large amounts of pretzels, pretzel sticks, and pretzel nuggets were washed down with beer



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Mike Nunn shows off cotton stuffed pheasant to the pretzel stuffed peasants.

sold by the caterer and soft drinks sold by the Corral. According to the following Monday's financial news, however, this was still not enough to affect the stock of pretzel bakers.

the assemblage and blew stirring Scottish melodies into the air. After the concert of many tunes, the pipers led the way to the barbecue dinner, playing a rousing march.



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

The Highland pipers at the lowland Rendezvous.

A large display of works by artist members Ben Abril, Andy Dagosta, and Randy Sage created a truly colorful atmosphere. Each of these artists helped the publication fund by generously donating a painting to the audible auction. Another special art feature consisted of professional portraitist Leslie De Mille doing skillful, on-the-spot, pastel portrait commissions.

Another new feature of this Rendezvous was the music that replaced the two-hour, rinky-dink piano "concert" during the early part of the auctions of previous years. After the auction two Scottish pipers, in full colorful regalia, strode before

The barbecue dinner—delicious as usual—consisting of steak, salad, beans, garlic bread, accompanied by either red or white wine, and apple pie dessert and coffee, was catered in the usual efficient way by Chris' and Pitt's caterer George Pelonis.

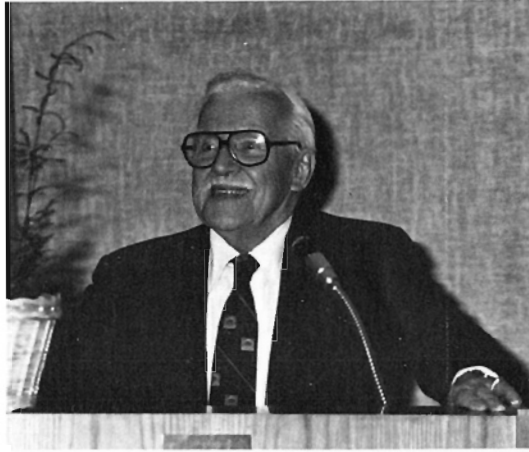
At this year's Rendezvous the Corral's honored guests were Frank Q. Newton, Corral Daguerrotypist for many years, and Raymond F. Zeman, author of many *Branding Iron* articles. A special western motif plaque was presented to each honored guest by Sheriff Don Pflueger.

The Editor



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

Honored guests Ray Zeman (left) and Frank Newton with commemorative plaques.



PAUL W. GALLEHER

1901-1992

On Saturday, September 5, 1992, death claimed one of the two surviving founding members of Los Angeles Corral. Paul Galleher was a devoted participating member for 46 of his 91 years. Born in Indiana, he grew up in Port Clinton, Ohio, where his connection with publishing began as a delivery boy for the Cleveland Plain Dealer and other local papers. After completing studies at Cleveland's Case School of Applied Science, rather than continue as an electrical engineer, he took a job as shipping clerk with The Arthur H. Clark Company in 1923, a firm which became his vocation for over 60 years, rising to Secretary, President, and Board Chairman. In his duties with the firm he became thoroughly immersed in Western history through handling publications of the firm.

In the mid-1920s Paul married Ethel Peoples, and after their move to California in 1930 they raised three fine boys, Don, a YMCA executive, and twins, Gerry, a McDonald-Douglas engineer, and Dick, an American Express executive. Six grandchildren and two great grandchildren came along in due course. Paul is survived by his wife, Ethel, a brother and sister, and his progeny. Paul's memorial service was conducted by his son, Don, and his grandson, Tim, at the Glendale Presbyterian Church on Wednesday, September 9.

Paul was a devoted and actively participating member of our Corral. In his first year he served as a Wrangler along with Noah "Pidge" Beery Jr., for first Sheriff Homer Britzman. His second year, 1948, found Paul as the second Sheriff of the Cor-

ral. In his 44 years in the Corral it was only on rare occasions that he missed attending a Westerner gathering, until recent years when health problems forced a few absences. In recognition of his service to the Corral he was recognized as an Honorary Member in 1973. He had been both a contributor and editor of our *Brand Book* No. 2 in 1948. In numerous *Branding Irons* he appeared as an author-contributor, editor of book review pages, and writer of obituaries. And Paul served as an auctioneer at several of the Corral's Rendezvous meetings.

New memberships in the Corral was always a vital concern to Paul. As Membership Chairman on various occasions, his desire was to see that approval of member applications were based on a solid interest which promised sincere participation and contribution to the Corral's monthly meetings and to articles for the *Branding Iron*, *Brand Books* and Keepsakes. For *Branding Iron* No. 103, of 1971, Paul wrote an article that was entitled "What is your Membership Worth to You?" It spelled out his thoughts on past years of the Corral and his hopes for the future of the Corral and its members, and won an award from Westerner's International for the outstanding article in a Westerner periodical that year.

Paul was not only a true L. A. Corral member, but he was a corresponding member of a number of other Corrals and Posses, particularly those in Chicago, Denver, New York, Potomac, Kansas City, Stockton, Spokane, Tucson, Sacramento,

Santa Fe, Yellowstone, The English Society, and others. As a result of these contacts, and of collecting publications of other Westerner groups, he compiled and printed in 1974 "A Mini-Bibliography and Cataloging of Publications, 1944-1974" of printed matter issued by other Westerner groups. A number of his collections of this material are now in the Westerner archives at the University of Southern California Library. It was Paul's firm belief that publishing was the essence of survival for any Westerner group, and was convinced that it was the backbone of the L. A. Corral's *raison d'être*.

Paul was the guiding light in the distribution of the *Brand Books* of our Corral. His detailed records of promotion, distribution and accounting for over a dozen of the *Brand Books* resulted in complete sell-outs of the editions which are now scarce and are sought-after collector's items.

Along with his work in publishing and selling Western Americana, Paul had an avid interest in bibliography, particularly in books of Western exploration, overland travel and trails, fur trade, military expeditions, biography, and a host of other phases of the West.

During Paul's publishing career it is of interest to note that several members of our Corral were among the authors of books issued by The Arthur H. Clark Company. Among these were LeRoy Hafen, Clifford Drury, Charles Outland, George Koenig, Roscoe Conkling, Robert Cowan, Sheldon Jackson, Dan Thrapp, Nancy Schreier (Konrad Schreier's wife), Henry Welcome, and John Terrell.

In addition to his Westerner activity, Paul was one of the organizers, along with Ray Billington and others of Ray's caliber, of the national Western History Association. Paul was a member of the Zamorano Club and of E Clampus Vitus. In his community he served as a Board member of the Verdugo Hills Boy Scout Council, as well as an instructor/trainer of scout personnel. For two terms he was president of the Board of the Glendale Symphony Orchestra, and was a long-time member of the Rotary Club, for which he acted as song leader. In addition he was a worker with the United Way, the YMCA, his church, and other service programs.

The Corral feels a deep sense of loss in the passing of Paul Galleher. In his 91 years he served his fellow man well.

Arthur H. Clark

New Members

The character and importance of an organization are established by the aims of that organization and the dedication of its members to reach those aims.

The aims of the Los Angeles Corral, just as for all other Westerners corrals, is to provide a meeting ground that enables its members to exchange interests in the Trans-Mississippi West. These aims have been in a state of constant attainment as the result of the actions of its members. Also, the Los Angeles Corral has been fortunate throughout its existence in that it has always had some members whose dedication to the Corral's interests has been exceptional. As a means for giving exceptional recognition to such members, there is the category of Honorary Membership.

At its meeting of October 24, 1992, the Trail Bosses voted unanimously to elevate Henry H. Clifford and Iron Eyes Cody to Honorary Membership. Certificates of that membership were presented to them at the November meeting.



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

New Honorary Member
Henry Clifford.



Photograph by - Frank Q. Newton

New Honorary Member
Iron Eyes Cody.

In another action, recognition of his willing participation in Corral matters prompted the Trail Bosses to elevate Perry L. Deters to Associate Membership.

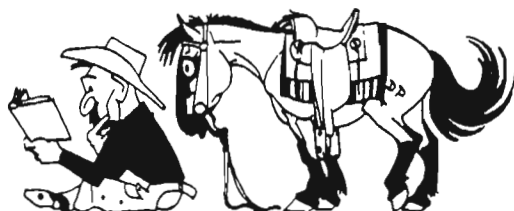
The Editor

Monthly Roundup (continued) . . .

Southern California's first, and long successful, airplane manufacturing companies.

In other business of the evening, Honorary Memberships were bestowed on Henry H. Clifford and Iron Eyes Cody, and Perry L. Deters was elevated to Associate Membership.

Nominating Committee member Siegfried Demke announced the nominees for 1993 officership and invited nominations from the floor. Nominations for 1993 officership are: Ernest Marquez, Sheriff; Michael W. Nunn, Deputy Sheriff; Thomas W. Bent, Registrar of Marks and Brands; Robert Blew, Keeper of the Chips; Siegfried G. Demke, Publications Editor.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

THE CIVIL WAR IN THE AMERICAN WEST, by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1991. 448 pp., maps, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$27.50.

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. has long been a distinguished historian of the American Indian. *The Patriot Chiefs* (1961), *The Nez Percés and the Opening of the Northwest* (1965), and *The Indian Heritage of America* (1968) are all outstanding works. Josephy has now expanded his field of expertise with a superb history of the American West during the Civil War years.

It seems appropriate that an Indian historian

should take on this task. For the Civil War in the West was a three-sided conflict, involving not only Union and Confederate forces but Indians as well. At stake was control of the vast landscape twice the size of the eastern United States.

The South came close to some notable victories. The Confederate success at the Battle of Wilson's Creek seriously threatened Union control of Missouri. Not until the Northern victory at Pea Ridge, Arkansas was Missouri secured for the Union, although brutal guerilla warfare continued until war's end.

Brigadier General Henry H. Sibley's New Mexico campaign very nearly succeeded in gaining the Southwest for the Confederacy. Sibley's Texans captured Santa Fe and almost won the Battle of Glorieta Pass, "The Gettysburg of the West." They were defeated only because of a daring end run by Major John Chivington's Colorado Volunteers, who swooped down and destroyed Sibley's entire supply train in Apache Canyon, a few miles behind the battlefield.

An ultimate goal of Sibley and another Confederate that captured Tucson, Arizona was California gold and an outlet to the Pacific. A small skirmish at Stanwix Station, only 80 miles from the Colorado River, was the westernmost action of the Civil War.

California was the great prize, and Union control was shaky at first. Almost half of the population, including a majority in the Los Angeles Area, came from slave states. Not until Leland Stanford's election as governor in 1862, writes Josephy, was California put "firmly behind Lincoln and the cause of the Union."

Western campaigns were often characterized by brutality, particularly where the Indian was involved. The great Minnesota Sioux uprising of 1862 saw massacres of innocents on both sides. Kit Carson's Navajo Campaign was won through a "scorched earth" policy which starved the Indians into submission. The most horrible brutality was Colonel Chivington's slaughter of Black Kettle's peaceful Cheyennes at Sand Creek, Colorado. Chivington's Colorado Cavalymen, bent on vengeance for some Indian atrocities committed elsewhere in the state, deliberately massacred a people who had done no wrong. And when it was over, Josephy relates, "the Colorado cavalymen, with continued fury, desecrated the bodies of the Indian wounded and dead, bashing in the skulls of babies, mutilating and cutting up

corpses, and taking scalps, skin and genital organs as souvenirs." One would have to look hard to find a blacker disgrace in American military history.

The Civil War in the West involved an unusual number of colorful, often flawed characters.

There was Major General David E. Twiggs, who meekly surrendered, without a fight, all federal forts and arsenals in Texas. The West Point code of "Duty, Honor, Country" meant nothing to him. He was court-martialed for "treachery to the flag of his country." The arms Twiggs so readily surrendered were used by Texas units throughout the war.

Twiggs' cowardly actions stand in contrast to those of Major General Albert Sidney Johnson, commander of the U.S. Army on the West Coast at war's outbreak, who upheld his sworn duties to protect federal property despite loyalty to his native South. He honorably resigned his commission before leaving for Confederate command.

There was the incredibly incompetent Major Isaac Lynde, commander of Fort Fillmore in southern New Mexico, who, although outnumbering the enemy, ordered his troops to abandon their post and flee across a waterless desert. Lynde and his men, as much from thirst as from military action, surrendered to a Confederate force half their size.

Already mentioned was Major, later Colonel, John Chivington, victor at Apache Canyon and villain at Sand Creek. Chivington was called "The Fighting Parson," but his was a religion of hate and vengeance rather than love.

Brigadier General James H. Carlton led his California Column to New Mexico's rescue, then was put in charge of pacifying the Navajos and Apaches. The vain, iron-fisted Carlton supervised the harsh suppression of the Navajo and their wholesale removal to the Bosque Redondo reservation. "An Indian is a more watchful and a more wary animal than a deer," he declared, "He must be hunted with skill."

It became the unfortunate duty of Kit Carson, who sympathized with the native peoples far more than most whites, to carry out Carlton's brutal orders, forever staining Carson's otherwise good reputation.

There was Major General Nathaniel Banks, whose incompetency in the Red River Campaign revealed the folly of Lincoln's appointment of generals for political purposes.

There was the great Chiracahua Apache chief Cochise, friendly with Americans until an inexperienced junior officer seized him and killed his brother and two nephews. The chief escaped and thereafter was the sworn enemy of whites.

Josephine integrates all the Western military and quasi-military operations in the context of the overall struggle between North and South, and relates them to later Indian campaigns. The result is the first truly comprehensive overview of the Civil War period in the West, and the influence the conflict had on Western history for decades afterwards.

John Robinson



THE GREY FOX: *The True Story of Bill Miner, Last of the Old-Time Bandits*, by Mark Dugan and John Boessenecker. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992. 260 pp. Illustrations, Maps, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$24.95. Order from University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019.

I first encountered Bill Miner when the motion picture *The Grey Fox* came out in 1983. The film skillfully blended fact and fiction and left filmgoers wondering where the line could be drawn, if at all, for a folk hero. My next meeting with Bill Miner, the "Grey Fox," occurred while doing some research into San Quentin State Prison in the early 1900s. Miner's release from San Quentin in 1901 marked the point where *The Grey Fox* film began. So where was the rest of the life of this interesting but, until recently, overlooked Western outlaw?

That question has been thoroughly answered by the authors of what is surely the definitive biography of Bill Miner. Solidly researched, the book not only separates fact from fiction, but truth from falsehood. For Bill Miner was a notorious liar. He lied about his age, place of birth, family background, and economic status. He carried an assortment of aliases and often insisted his real name was one of his aliases. He lied as an outlaw, as a convict, and in between. Wardens, gullible accomplices, and newspaper reporters believed his lies, and for many years what passed as knowledge of his outlaw career was studded with distortions and falsehoods. Bill Miner was a man who preferred things that way.

The fact of the matter is that Bill Miner (1846-1913) was a habitual criminal, and not a particularly successful one at that. He scored only a few major robberies and as often as not netted small change for his efforts. His life was a repetitious cycle of criminal activity, arrest, conviction, prison time, release (or escape), and renewed criminal activity. Most of his adult life was spent in prison. As a convict he seized every opportunity to escape. He committed crimes and served time in California, Oregon, Colorado, British Columbia, and Washington.

Two elements raised Miner's life out of the mundane lawlessness of a minor criminal career. One is that he began his career as a stagecoach robber in the late 1860s and, following his release in 1901 after serving 20 years in San Quentin, started the 20th century by adapting to newer transportation technology, robbing trains. The other element concerns why people find such a criminal life fascinating. Was Miner a special bandit, a folk hero, an outlaw in the folkloric tradition of Jesse James and Butch Cassidy? The authors reject the social bandit theory of the American West. They argue persuasively that Miner was a "folk bandit," an outlaw who never killed anyone, whose misdeeds were eventually admired by people who marveled at a 65-year-old criminal still successfully breaking out of jail, even if he was shortly recaptured.

Dugan and Boessenecker don't spoil the image of the Grey Fox. They demonstrate that solid research can have a story tell itself. Their book doesn't debunk Bill Miner; it puts the human dimension on a folkloric figure and leaves us wondering how someone could waste his life for so little in return.

Abraham Hoffman



THE LH7 RANCH IN HOUSTON'S SHADOW: *The E. H. Marks' Legacy from Longhorns to the Salt Grass Trail*, by Deborah Lightfoot Sizemore. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 1991. 225 pp. Illustrations, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$22.50. Available from University Distribution, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843.

Could a ranch survive within the borders of a large city? Absolutely not, and so it moved when the oil boom hit Texas and Houston. But the LH7 did begin in Addicks (now a Houston suburb) and it flourished on the sales of fresh beef to the city's markets. The longhorn cattle fattened on rich, luxuriant salt grass and were immune to Texas ticks, Texas fevers, and rattlesnake bites. At least they recovered when humans and herefords did not.

The story of E. H. Marks and the LH7 is a wonderful tale, as E. H.'s eyes saw the ranch and as his mouth recounted it. The children added their bit, but the old man recited thousands of poem lines and hundreds of songs from the cattle days, adding endless tales that he heard from the frenzied days after the Civil War and the cattle drives. E. H. kept longhorns when others scorned these ugly creatures. He carefully selected and bred for size and weight and preserved the tradition of the famed beasts. We now recognize their merits—meat with less fat, easy breeding and birth, true to blood lines, and the capacity to fatten on any feed. The ranch spread outward from the city and, when surrounded by Houston, moved to a location further west. It survived until the depression of the 1930's when the larger ranch went under from lack of cash, miserable prices for beef, and taxes that allowed no rancher a margin of profit. A smaller ranch, still LH7, kept the name alive, with the help of sons, where longhorns feed their heads off. Some of the wilder variety are used for the ranch rodeos; visitors view these longhorns with awe. The LH7 has one of the larger holdings of these creatures and definitely the purest and best.

What is wonderful in the book is the language, the images, and the emotions that are created from E. H.'s own memory and mouth. He quoted poetry in a steady stream and sang range songs for hours. His family tallied these, taped some, wrote others down, and transcribed some memories; the songs are part of the Texas legend and a few are preserved in the books of John Lomax. Ms. Sizemore must be praised for her preservation of the color, tone, and dimension of these days. It is a

splendid book without pretensions; readers must be satisfied with a small book on a small subject. Even Yankees must enjoy this amputated story of E. H. Marks and the LH7, a very small portion of Texas very close to Houston.

Raymond E. Lindgren



FINAL HARVEST AND OTHER CONVICTIONS & OPINIONS, by C. L. Sonnichsen. El Paso: Texas Western Press, 1991. 91 pp. Paper, \$12.00. Order from Texas Western Press, University of Texas at El Paso, TX 79968-0633.

This collection of essays is the concluding work of a lifetime output of twenty-eight books, many of them classics in the literature and history of the West.

Over the years C. L. "Doc" Sonnichsen's books have been widely read, quoted and collected by those interested in the Real West. Among them, *Billy King's Tombstone*, *Cowboys and Cattle Kings*, *The Mescalero Apaches*, *Tularosa*, *Last of the Frontier West*, are typical of familiar titles.

Originally intended to reflect some highlights in a lifetime of teaching, speaking and writing, Sonnichsen had compiled and edited his essays, speeches and reminiscences. His chosen title for the book was *Late Harvest*, but it was changed to *Final Harvest* after he died on June 29, 1991 at age 90, with the work completed but before publication.

An arduous and struggling beginning as a scholar and teacher in the Midwest, plus a doctorate from Harvard in classical literature prepared "Doc" Sonnichsen for a teaching position at the small El Paso College of Mines and Metallurgy (today named University of Texas at El Paso).

Arriving in El Paso in 1931 at age 30, he felt trained and qualified to bring the classics to a "barren" spot in the Southwest section of the United States. Shortly after his arrival the president of the college ordered him to start a course in Southwest Literature. His annoyance at this directive was obviously short-lived, because his words and deeds reflect a lifetime love affair with the subject.

The reader of this book is provided a stimulating, entertaining and provocative mixture of ideas, pronouncements and philosophical conclusions

attained by the author over the span of sixty active years in the West.

In the role of teacher, historian and writer, "Doc" Sonnichsen was superbly able to observe and comment on such things as academic scholarship, publishing, western fiction and experiences with peers such as Vardis Fisher. "Doc" was a teacher of the old school and his words reveal a conservative but enlightened viewpoint that demonstrates that above all else he was a thinking man.

This reviewer enjoyed the book and considers it a worthwhile addition to any collection of literature of the Southwest.

It would probably be equally enjoyable to teachers and writers regardless of the Western emphasis.

"Doc" Sonnichsen gave a talk to the Los Angeles Corral at a meeting in June 1979 about feuds in the West.

"Bill" Lorenz



MISSOURI 49ER: *The Journal of William W. Hunter On The Southern Gold Trail*, edited by David P. Robrock. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1992. 299 pp. Map, Illustrations, Notes, Appendix, Selected Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$32.50. Order from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591.

During the great overland migration to the gold fields of California in 1849, it is estimated that 49,000 people made the trek. Of this number, 40,000 followed the trail via South Pass while a more modest 9,000 traveled by way of Santa Fe and the Gila River. Of the body of diaries and journals produced that year, Merrill Mattes has listed 375 accounts of the trail via the South Pass while Patricia Utter has recorded only 57 for the southern route. Therefore, worthy additions to this more select group are greatly welcomed by trail buffs and historians alike.

The Journal of William W. Hunter is exceptional among trail diaries. The writer was extremely well-educated, with the ability to record day-to-day eyewitness accounts of camp life, Indian and Mexican

villages, trail topography, the shape and markings of an unknown lizard or sweeping vistas with equal literary skill.

After arriving in New Mexico, over the well known Santa Fe Trail, Hunter's wagon train followed a leisurely course through the various Mexican settlements in the region. For the next twenty-three days, only seven were actually spent in travel. Unlike their counterparts on the South Pass trail, they did not have the problem of racing toward the Sierra before the first snow. On the contrary, they purposely lingered in New Mexico to wait out the rainy season and for the grass to sufficiently ripen for the livestock.

This sixteen days of virtual free time gave Hunter the opportunity to visit with families, attend fandangos and explore towns and countryside, allowing him to give full reign to his powers of observation and literary talent.

The remainder of the eight-month trek, however, was hardly a picnic. It followed the little known

tional forty-mile jornada, the journey to San Diego became a much more pleasant experience.

No diary of the overland trail, no matter how well written, can stand alone. The value of such a work requires a collaborative effort between author and editor. In this area, David P. Robrock has performed an excellent job. His introduction sets the stage, giving the reader a clear understanding of the journal's place in an historical context. Each chapter is also prefaced with an overview of the events that follow, aiding the reader in following the text. But Robrock's well researched notes are the essential factor which add another dimension to this scholarly work.

This latest addition to the literature of the overland trail should be not only interesting reading for any western history enthusiast, but also a valuable resource for the library of trail historian or buff alike.

Powell Greenland



trail left by Kearny and Cook southwest into Mexico, then west near the Sonoran border, entering Arizona through the rugged country of the Guadalupe Pass. The trail then led north to Tucson, then northwesterly to the Gila River and the Pima villages. At this point the most trying portion of the trip began. With worn out oxen and mules and jaded spirits, the weary Argonauts plodded toward the Colorado River, which included the feared ninety-mile "jornada del muerto." After fording the Colorado and the passage of an addi-

ACOMA: *Pueblo In The Sky*, by Ward Alan Minge. Albuquerque. University of New Mexico Press, 1991. Revised edition. 245 pp. Map, Illustrations, Tables, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Paper, \$22.95. Available from University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591.

Overall, the author has given us a credible view of Acoma history up to the present. In this volume, the Acoma people are treated as a separate and distinct tribal and cultural group among the Pueblo Indians, as they should be, yet with periodic descriptions of the interaction with their kindred neighbors. With a degree of necessity, the relation of this tale takes on a certain Eurocentric perspective. It might have been a stronger work had there been more quotation directly from Acoma sources. This suggestion, however, is probably easier said than done.

Minge has done a thorough job researching anthropological and archaeological data as well as U.S. and New Mexico state government records, both for statistical and narrative records. Much of this material relates to land claims and disputes (as one might expect), but there is also interesting

sociological, economic and health data presented.

The book is well written and the photographs, both historic and modern are striking. Given the general excellence of scholarship, I find it disconcerting that Minge persists in misspelling a neighboring tribe's name as "Navaho." For decades the official and correct spelling is "Navajo." He should do them the proper courtesy of appropriate recognition.

All in all, I highly recommend the book to those who are interested in the pueblo cultures of the Southwest.

Jerry Selmer



WHERE THE STRANGE ROADS GO DOWN. By Mary and Fred del Villar. Tucson, University of Arizona Press, 1991. 244 pp., one map, soft cover, \$14.95.

Mary and Fred served as journalists in Washington for many years, before leaving in 1948 to be married in Morelos, entering into what Mary called "a lifelong passion for Mexico." The following year they moved to a Tarascan Indian village on the shores of Lake Patzcuaro, Michoacan.

Here they heard tales of a *camino real* (literally "right route" such as only a mule track, rather than California's fanciful: Kings Highway"). This route was a mere track, passable by burro or on foot. It led down the slopes of the Sierra Occidental to the *tierra caliente*, at the ocean near Playa Azul.

Three years later, they sold their car and other belongings to raise funds for an expedition along "the Strange roads that go down." They purchased two burros, bought a few supplies and obtained the services of a thirteen-year-old mozo. When they started on their journey, a stray dog joined the party. A shake-down journey was started, but when they arrived at the first small village, Fred was lame, a burro wounded, the dog missing and the mozo in tears. Fortunately a passing truck returned the youth to his home.

From here on their trip was to truly prove to be an adventure. Some nights when reaching a large hacienda, they were welcomed. Now and then they found a small *tienda* in a village and were able

to purchase supplies, hopefully *cerveza*. More often they stopped at a small farm, where the *senora* would prepare a meal for a small fee. Other times they were told that there was hardly enough for her family and would refuse them; forcing them to dig into their packs for small canned or dried foodstuffs.

The story tells of many problems, burros that refused to cross bridges, etc. Often cold nights in the Sierra and very hot days in the low lands proved to be uncomfortable.

After traveling some 250 miles, they climbed a peak named Guerrero and gazed out across the Pacific Ocean. It was to be another three days before the ocean was reached.

From here their route led north, past Playa Azul, today a popular resort for those from the highlands. Now a month on the road, they were to start their return journey, up the rugged Rio Cachan. The return journey was a near disaster. They were plagued with chigger bites, one of the burros was unable to continue and Fred came down with amoebic dysentery, and was unable to continue. Fortunately they were near Buena Vista, and he received treatment, though he made part of the remaining trip on a bus.

Then after seven hundred miles of adventurous travel, they finally returned to Patzcuaro. However Mary was able to report a happy ending, as she was then with child.

I very much enjoyed this book and can sympathize with Mary. A few years ago, scouting the uncompleted Highway 200, crashed against an uncompleted bridge approach, near Playa Azul, losing two tires. Visa is an assistance in such cases.

Walt Wheelock



HELL'S HALF ACRE: *The Life and Legend of a Red Light District*, by Richard F. Selcer. Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1991. 364 pp. Maps, Illustrations, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$24.95; paper, \$15.95. Available from Texas Christian University Press, Box 30776, Fort Worth, TX 76129.

Hell's Half Acre chronicles Fort Worth's search for respectability in the frontier era. This Texas

prairie settlement epitomized the "Wild West," and fought for civility against a backdrop of gaming halls and saloons. Only the passage of time and the coming of a new age would bring social order to the Texas frontier. Richard F. Selcer meticulously reconstructs Fort Worth's reform efforts directed against the unseemly establishments that catered to the transients and desperadoes of the western plains. With urbanization came social awareness and response. The city's "vice districts" changed in composition and character, reflecting progressive mores and civic improvements of an industrial era.

Selcer's animated writing style provides the reader with an eye level view of Fort Worth's outcasts and villains. One meets the notorious "Three-card Johnny," the ubiquitous Robert Leroy Parker and Harry Longabaugh of the infamous "Wild bunch," and the villainous gunslinger Luke Short. Anecdotes into the lifestyles of Fort Worth's wayward populace enhance the narrative. The red light districts are considered within the social context of desperate women surviving within a desperate world. Hence, barroom molls such as Mary Porter took the role of mother, patron, and friend to the vulnerable and destitute.

Hell's Half Acre satisfies as more than a simple narrative about a "Wild West" town that eventually is "tamed" through western settlement. The book provides historical perspective as to the changing role of blacks, immigrants, and reformers in the evolution of the district. The railroad brought demographic changes, including an influx of Afro-American migrants that comprised the bulwark of the "Acre's" residents. A real estate boom brought economic growth, while greater law enforcement contributed to a more stable social order. Temperance movements and increased missionary zeal characterized progressive crusades, which energized civic leadership and prompted legislative reform.

Selcer offers substantive conclusions about the "Acre." Fort Worth's southern districts had a distorted reputation of simple lawlessness. Yet, the "Acre" was primarily a refuge to the displaced, and suicide rather than the six-shooter proved the greatest culprit, a rude reminder lost amidst the romance of gunslingers and gamblers. The "Acre" mirrored "Jim Crow" America. The black populace, segregated and excluded from the mainstream economy, found limited expres-

sion in the district's halls and saloons. Only civic reform, urban renewal, and political will would ameliorate the condition of Fort Worth's aberrant class.

Richard F. Selcer's analysis places Fort Worth in broad historical context. Western settlement is best understood through the progressive reforms and socio-economic trends of late nineteenth century America. A detailed map of the "Acre" adds credence to events and places, while over two dozen photos and sketches provide texture to that place and time. The lengthy bibliography of primary materials is a credit to the support of the Tarrant County Historical Society. *Hell's Half Acre* is lively reading, and an incisive look at Fort Worth's search for order in a passing frontier era.

Ronald C. Woolsey



FRONTIER DEFENSE IN THE CIVIL WAR: *Texas Rangers and Rebels*, by David Paul Smith. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1992. 238 pp. Maps, Appendices, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Cloth, \$39.50. Order from Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, Texas 77843-4354.

This fine book fills a major gap of knowledge about the Texas Rangers and the problems of domestic violence in Texas amid the cataclysm of the Civil War. The problems facing Texas were grave. Indians seemed to have a free hand. Outlaws plagued communities and the roads. Draft dodgers lurked in brush. Further, the governments of the Confederacy and of Texas could not agree on how to handle the situation. David Paul Smith skillfully describes how these problems found solutions and how a degree of order arrived in frontier Texas.



Confederate and Texas government officials were in conflict over what should constitute a frontier defense. How much should be spent? Who would pay the bills? Who could control the troops? Would there be conscription? Unfortunately for the victims of crime and Indian raids, these questions, often put in states' rights contexts, made frontier defense ineffective until 1863. Despite the fact that the Texas legislature created the Frontier Regiment in 1861, the debate made operations impossible.

By 1863 the objections of President Jefferson Davis were satisfied, unified command obtained, and a military organization established. But now the Frontier Regiment had its attention turned to catching draft dodgers and deserters. The great Indian raid of December, 1863 altered this attention to Civil War related matters. The Comanche wiped out one settlement after another with a force of three hundred. The Frontier Organization rangers turned to meet the Indian threat, but were hampered by poor equipment.

With equipment and leadership the tide turned in 1864-65 with both deserters and Indians under control. The only blemish on this record was the disaster on January 8, 1865 at the Battle of Dove Creek. Poor reconnaissance spelled bloody and humiliating defeat at the hands of the Kickapoo. Combined Confederate and state forces lost twenty-six dead and twenty-three wounded, the heaviest losses in the entire conflict with the Indians.

This is a well-written and skillfully edited book about a little known aspect of Texas history. The book is further enhanced with excellent maps produced by Don Bufkin. Persons interested in Texas must have this book in their library.

Gordon Morris Bakken



THE LAWMEN: United States Marshals and Their Deputies 1789-1989, by Frederick S. Calhoun. New York: Penguin Books U.S.A., 1991. 388 pp. Illustrations, Notes, Index. Paper \$11.95.

Although it is the oldest Federal law enforcement agency—founded in 1789 to enforce the decisions of the newly formed Federal courts—the Marshals Service has never received the publicity of such other, more recently created, Federal agencies as the FBI and CIA. Frederick Calhoun has done a good job toward correcting that oversight.

This is a well researched, fact-filled book—that this reviewer found to be slow reading, but rewarding for the information obtained—that involves the monumental task of covering the history of the first 200 years of an organization of a comparatively few men whose actions carried out every major and minor decision of the Federal courts. These were dedicated men. To carry out the courts' orders, at times they were even forced to make expenditures out of pocket for which they were never reimbursed by the government whose laws they were enforcing. They were a tough breed. In the late 19th-century West their ranks included much publicized characters as Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett, Virgil and Wyatt Earp, and other men who at different times were on different sides of the law.

In covering so much history, Calhoun has divided his book and the life of the Marshal Service into three parts: Constitution and Courts, 1789-1861; Federal Constitutionalism, 1861-1900; Constitutional Challenges and Changes, 1894-1983. In the first part the Service is formed and establishes its authority. In the second part it carries out the orders to protect the government, at times with the Deputy Marshals having to carry out court decisions with which they did not personally, philosophically, agree. In the third part the Service is the enforcer of unpopular decisions by the Federal Courts during such times as prohibition and civil rights activities. Throughout, the author supplies information on both the activities of the Marshals Service and the political maneuvering affecting it.

Siegfried G. Demke