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Figure 1: *Terry Terrell astride his horse Blackie. Antelope Valley, east of Lancaster, mid 1945. Terrell photograph.*

Horsin' Around With the Los Angeles Westerners

Edited by John Dillon

The quintessential icon of Western America is the cowboy. Much less attention, however, has been given to the hard-working horses they ride, especially today when the only "horsepower" most Americans have experience with is the kind found in their cars. Some of us in the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners, however, have had one-on-one relationships with horse—and occassionally *mule*—power. In this special issue, nine Westerners share the following sampling of histories and personal accounts of equestrian recreation, sport, and work.

(*Continued on Page 3*)

The Branding Iron

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The Branding Iron is always seeking articles of up to around 20 pages dealing with every phase of the history of the Old West and California. Contributions from both members and friends are always welcome.

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Editor's Corner . . .

Celebrate the end of summer 2019 with this exciting, equestrian extravaganza edition of *The Branding Iron!* This special collection features ten entries by nine authors about our hoofed friends. Enjoy articles, recollections, artworks, and poems by Steve Baker, Phil Brigandi, Joseph Cavallo, Brian D. Dillon, Abraham Hoffman, Therese Melbar, Paul R. Spitzzeri, Terry Terrell, and Gary Turner.

If you missed the Fandango or any summer Roundups (due to horse or other problems), catch up on the festivities by reading event summaries written by L.A. Corral fellows Patrick Mulvey and Alan Griffin, and student guest Arkaz Vardanyan. Closing off this issue, former Sheriff Brian D. Dillon reviews the latest book by Westerners Living Legend No. 60, Monsignor Francis J. Weber.

Many thanks to our many contributors who have made this a journal we can all enjoy. Please contact me with your ideas if you want to submit to *The Branding Iron.*

Happy Trails!

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A Horse Named Blackie

Terry Terrell

The place was in the Antelope Valley east of Lancaster, California. The time was the spring of 1944. What seemed like straight out of the blue, my parents suggested that my sister Dorothy and I should have a saddle horse. I was just 14 and Sis would make 13 in July. We were thrilled, excited and overjoyed! We were ready. Our family was on the 60th East Ranch. We had a team of draft horses named Doc and Prince to keep a saddle horse company. There were corrals. We raised grade "A" leafy alfalfa, and we could use the garage tool area for a tack room. All we needed was a horse.

Dad contacted the local horse trader and within a few days he arrived with the sorriest looking nag anyone west of the Mississippi had ever laid eyes on. I did feel a little sympathetic for the old mare as she was a swayback. With a 2x4 placed on her shoulders and rump, the sag to her back was about 8 to 10 inches. We called her "Lightning'' as an inside joke. Within my mind's eye, I can still see a photograph of elder Adele, a dear friend of my parents, sitting atop this ol' nag with her arms folded. A sad sight of both.

With the horse came a ragged saddle blanket and an ancient saddle. The trader did mention that he had washed the blanket. The saddle was unique. The back of the saddle resembled a short chair with a foot-high back. The horn was tall and made of corroded brass. The pommel protruded about 10 inches under which you locked your knees if you were roping cattle.

Immediately the horse trader was informed by my father, the best next stop for the old mare was the glue factory! The trader had a soft spot in his heart for this animal and suggested to my Dad that he could leave her with us while he looked for a more suitable horse. My dad said the trader just wanted us to feed her for a while, which we did.

About a week and a half later he showed up with a little black quarter horse mare in his trailer. She was backed out of his trailer by her halter. Lightning, her blanket and saddle were placed in his trailer. This quarter horse was absolutely gorgeous, but just a little wild eyed, jumpy and nervous. Dad suggested it was because she was young and didn't understand being moved to places with which she was not familiar. The horse trader also brought a blanket and a Mexican tooled saddle. All were brand-new. This whole ensemble was beyond Dorothy's and my wildest dreams. A deal was struck which stated the horse was $75. The bridle, blanket and saddle were $150. Remember, this was 1944 and, where money was concerned, our parents were tight as bark on a tree. Looking back, for them to spend $225 for this horse, which was an unnecessary luxury item, was astounding. At the time my Sis and I never gave it a second thought. This amount was close to the price of 14 tons of alfalfa. Years later the "second thought" arrived and I believe Mom and Dad knew many of our kid friends were riders and we were not. A belated thanks, Mom and Dad, for placing your young'uns up one notch on the Antelope Valley kid's social list. God bless!

The horse needed a name and many were considered. I can't remember the reasoning for naming her Blackie other than her color. It was not as exciting as my offering, "Midnight," but for whatever reason we all agreed on Blackie. Blackie, of course, was black as the ace of spades with one minor exception. On her forehead, between her eyes, there were a few white hairs. Not more than 6 or 8 which I would periodically remove with a pair of tweezers. Blackie did not think this was much fun, but with a little cajoling and a few slices of apple, the task was always completed successfully!

I invited a couple of my friends, Hans with his horse "Lady" and Ron with his racehorse "Melody," to ride to our ranch early afternoon the next Sunday. Ron's Melody, as do all racehorses, had her birthday on January first. Guess whose horse was born in December and sold without papers?

By Sunday, with the help of my dad, I

had learned how to put on a bridle, blanket, and saddle. None of which Blackie enjoyed. I had awkwardly ridden a little around the barnyard. She seemed a little untrained at first, but later calmed down a little. We were getting along reasonably well, and I was very proud of myself. Hans and Ron showed up as scheduled. I was able to get the bridle on Blackie and lead her to the tack room (garage). She needed to be tied short because she tried to reach back and bite me while I was placing the saddle on her back. We finally got her saddled and the three of us headed across a dirt road cutting through a neighbor's alfalfa field to the open desert.

A little over a quarter of a mile from the ranch, she began bobbing her head. She got her head down and started bucking! She was jumping straight up and down, and not paying attention to a five-strand barbwire fence about 10 feet away. That was when I decided to do a rapid dismount. About the time I hit the ground, she took off like a scalded gazelle heading south through the desert. My friends turned their mounts in hot pursuit and disappeared beyond the sand dunes. I started walking following the horse tracks across the desert. She had crossed Avenue I at full gallop and, fortunately, was not hit by any vehicles. After about 10 or 15 minutes, I could see Hans riding back at a trot to tell me they had caught up with Blackie. She was about a mile or more down a dirt road. Ron was holding her until we arrived. I swung up behind Hans and we joined Blackie and Ron.

Blackie was standing there with the saddle and blanket hanging underneath her belly, all 4 legs spread to avoid bumping anything. I took the reins from Ron and tried to move her away from another barbwire fence. She understood what I wanted but refused to move, probably because the saddle would bump her knees. I opened the cinch and dropped all to the ground. The saddle and blanket were placed on her back.

Blackie was not in good physical condition and was breathing like a steam engine. A lesson surfaced not to use the slip ring to hold the reins together behind her neck. Later if I dropped a rein, she could step on it and stop herself. What a way to start a relationship with what should have been a nice, well behaved, four-legged, hair covered, hay-burning riding partner. Blackie and I were becoming acquainted over time. She did not totally grasp English and I didn't speak Horse!

The second lesson I learned had to do with tightening the cinch. When I placed a saddle on her back and started to tighten the cinch, she would take a deep breath. After I tightened the cinch, she let out the breath and began to breathe normally. Which to her meant the cinch was not tight and uncomfortable. I could also deal with that loose saddle if she did not move quickly sideways. She would do that sometimes if she were frightened or surprised by something blowing or other unseen things at her side. Later when I started to pull the cinch, she would take her breath, I would wait until she could not hold her breath any longer and as soon as she exhaled, I tightened all and sundry.

I discovered she didn't know how to neck rein. That means if you wish to go left you move your hand holding the reins to the left. I did not understand why she had not been taught that move. To teach her, I crossed the reins underneath her chin so when you move the reins to the left that pulls the left rein tight because it's going around the right side of her neck. (Dear Reader, I'm sure you don't give a Tinker's Didley about neck reining.)

Later, my father was talking to the owner of the Fernando Milling Company trying to sell him our first cutting. Dad discovered he was the previous owner of Blackie. Dad then related to me a pertinent bit of Blackie's history. Blackie's previous owner had a very nice home on the edge of Lancaster. There was a small fenced clover pasture behind his house in which he kept Blackie. He had four kids and built a set of stairs whereby his children could climb up and crawl onto Blackie. One of the youngsters would grasp Blackie's halter and lead her to the steps. After the kids hopped on, she would walk around wherever she wanted. They would slide off when bored. If she didn't want to play, she just walked away and tended to her

daily horse business.

As mentioned, Blackie arrived without her own saddle. She never had one placed on her. She allowed only four small children on her back. No teenager with the necessary tooled leather attachments would be tolerated. I have often wondered why she accepted the children with grace and charm but dumped my posterior in the pucker brush? However, if she had a choice between myself or a plow, I believe I would have won.

For the next few weeks she and I made small steps forward in my training her and her training me. She had likes and dislikes as did I. Frequently our collective likes and dislikes did not match. As time went on we reached a compromise and were able to work together most of the time. She did have one characteristic in behavior she would not abandon. If we were riding with other horses, she had to be in front, always! Any horse approaching and trying to pass was in jeopardy of being kicked. Holding her back was a struggle but I did so now and then to give her a message. Said message was, "I am the boss!" If she understood she never let on that she agreed. Dorothy would ride her occasionally but had difficulty convincing Blackie that she was the authority figure on her back. I would be required to catch Blackie, get her saddled and ride her to the mailbox north on gravel road 60th East and back at a gallop. This was a mile and a half trip and upon our return Blackie was tired enough to behave. Dorothy and her girlfriends could ride with ease.

During the winter months alfalfa is somewhat dormant. The horses were released into the field and ran free all day. At the north boundary there was a sand dune about 12 feet high. The late afternoon sun would warm the sand and Doc, Prince and Blackie would lay down and nap the afternoon away. Toward sunset they returned to their corral for hay, water and to spend the night

There were times during the winter months when Dot or I wanted to ride. It was necessary to bring Blackie to the tack garage to be curried and saddled. The only problem was that she was on almost 40 acres free as a bird. I conjured up a number of ruses to get close enough to place the reins around her neck. Blackie was no dummy and frequently outmaneuvered me.

As mentioned, she was fond of apples. I would hide the bridle in my shirt and wander onto the field with an apple or two in hand. When I was sure she had seen the apple, I would turn my back to her and mosey hither and yon! Soon she would be sniffing my neck and looking over my shoulder. I would open my pocket Barlow knife, cut a slice for myself and then one for her. This continued until I got close and slipped the reins around her neck. At that point she was mine and we would eat apple slices all the way to the tack shed/garage! There were many times we enjoyed sharing apples with no riding, just walkin' 'n' talkin'. She never commented on anything I said. When Mom discovered missing apples both horse and human were always accused of the theft. My horse justification was always questioned.

In western movies some cowboys mount their horses at a run with the "Pony Express Mount." The rider places his hands and reins on the horn and pommel of the saddle. If the horse does not start to run the cowboy lets out a blood curdling yell. The cowboy holds both feet off of the ground until the horse is at full gallop. He then pounds his feet onto the ground and receives enough lift to bounce him up into the saddle.

I thought this would be a great way to mount and impress any onlookers. I placed myself in position and yelled. My feet were up and ready to slam into the ground. Blackie looked back at me in wonderment as if to ask, *are you crazy?* She never, ever, let me do the Pony Express Mount. She might have been the smarter of our duo!

When riding we carried a pair of fence pliers and a few staples rolled in a gunnysack tied behind the saddle. Sometimes shortcutting we would encounter a barbwire fence. If it belonged to a neighbor friend or an abandoned ranch permission was not needed, and we would pull a few staples. One of us would stand on the wire while another walked our horses over. The fence would be repaired and we were on our way! Fence pliers are a useful tool to this day. I

still have a pair in my tool box. Not many barbwire fences appear in my life now, but if one shows up, I'm ready.

I should mention another loyal riding partner. Mom and I were selling war bonds and stamps from ranch to ranch in '43. A neighbor had a litter of mixed pups and mentioned he would buy a $18.75 bond if we took a pup. Mom agreed and I selected one. When he looked at me his ears folded forward and the brown around the edge looked like a "V". He was named "Victory." Remember WWII, it was in all of the papers. Vic would follow us for hours. When he got tired, he would jump up on Blackie's left side just high enough so I could reach down and pull him in front of me in the saddle. Many times, he would ride all of the way home if it was late or almost dark.

On warm desert evenings, with a full or nearly full moon, we as a group would pair up with our girlfriends and just ride, talk and sometimes collectively sing! One or two of us would have the girls hold our horses while we carefully crawled through a few hundred yards of alfalfa to steal a watermelon or two. We would then go to George Rush's irrigation pump in the center of his alfalfa field. The pump area was covered in tall, cool, green, Bermuda grass on which we would sit or lie down. We would then break open the melons and eat the seedless heart. We would then wash the stickiness from our hands and faces in the irrigation ditch, mount up, and ride off into the night!

At the conclusion of a ride on a hot day Blackie would be covered with perspiration. After removing the saddle and wet blanket I would wipe her down with a gunnysack. She would not be bone dry but a little drier. Occasionally she would roll on her back after returning to the corral. She would stand and shake vigorously. The next day she needed to be curried combed. She seemed to enjoy being curried and would stand as long as she was on the business end of the curry comb!

Not spending my teen years in a city, I often wondered what I missed. However, I could not think of a thing I did on the ranch which I would swap for city life as a teenager!

A couple years later when I turned 16, I received a driver's license and could drive legally. I had been driving, on a very limited basis, since I was 13. Driving in those days was not a matter of age, but if you could reach the pedals. This was April, 1946 and I could legally drive the old 1933 Dodge sedan, which was our only vehicle.

Shortly thereafter, Dad told me of a car he heard was for sale. I was able to buy my first car, a 1934 Plymouth Coupe Deluxe, for $300.00! That sum represented 300 working hours in the alfalfa business for neighbors. I think the *Deluxe* part meant that it had a rumble seat. This was just after WWII ended and cars were hard to come by. It had been used, day and night, for years as an irrigation vehicle, but was mechanically sound. The outside and inside were covered with an inch-thick layer of dried adobe clay!

Looking back, my new legal driving status left Blackie in the dust, so to speak. Dorothy and I did ride her a few times after the car was purchased. She stayed on the ranch with nothing to do. Doc and Prince were employed with cutting, raking, and bailing alfalfa during the summer months.

I've often wondered if Blackie was disappointed when we didn't ride much that last year? Did she miss the apple slices? Was she happy just to stand around and eat, sleep and be a horse of leisure? Those are things I will never know.

During a few years of my early teens Blackie was a major playmate. I have many fond memories in which she was involved. She was not sold until my parents sold the ranch in early 1947 and moved to the Beckwith Ranch near Modesto.

I hope her later owners were kind, considerate and respected her likes and dislikes. I did have a few thoughts later in the late 1960s when Blackie would have reached old age. What happened to her? I would like to believe when she came to the end of her reins, she joined Doc and Prince in that Great Clover Meadow in the sky!

Goodbye Blackie, wherever you are. My dear ol' riding partner. You often gallop across that meadow in my mind's eye on your way to your stall and apples, and will always live within a corner of my heart.

Figure 2: *Albert W. Harris on Khaled, at the Anazel Ranch, Chino Hills, 1933. Photo from Paul Spitzzeri collection.*

Horses in the Hinterlands: Equestrian Breeders Revel English and Albert W. Harris

Paul R. Spitzzeri

Setting the Scene

The horse was a central feature of life in Spanish and Mexican California's missions and, especially, its ranchos. Not only was the animal important for ranch work and transportation, but it was a major aspect of *Californio* leisure. This was especially true in the obsession many had for horse racing. It was a mark of prestige and status for a *ranchero* to have a fine horse when personal possessions were limited in the far-flung "Siberia of Mexico."

In the first years of the American era, the horse continued to be an important element of regional rancho life and the stakes were raised, literally, by the startling onset of the Gold Rush. High prices fetched in the mining regions for southern California's cattle allowed *rancheros* to achieve levels of wealth undreamt of before. Some of this went to accoutrements for horses and for racing wagers of stunning proportions

For example, it was said that prominent *Californio* Antonio María Lugo had a silver saddle for his prized horse that was worth either $1,500 or $15,000, depending on the source. In 1852, a storied race between ex-governor Pío Pico's *Sarco* and José Sepulveda's *Black Swan* purportedly involved tens of thousands of dollars (and large numbers of cattle, sheep and horses) in bets among the owners, plus whatever was gambled by the observers. The contest, which involved a straight run of some 4½ miles south and then the return, was captured by Sarco.

What also began by the 1860s was the importation of purebred horses from traditional American breeding regions like Kentucky, part of a wider trend of animal breeding that included cattle and pigs. Prominent Massachusetts-born rancher F.P.F. Temple

Figure 3: *Albert W. Harris' Anazel Ranch, Chino Hills, 1937. Photo from Paul Spitzzeri collection.*

and a partner, S.A. Jackson, for instance, invested thousands of dollars in an imported purebred horse, which they evidently used for races.

Even when the ranching era ended after the dual disaster of deluge and drought in the first half of the 1860s, the breeding of horses continued and, in fact, expanded. Much of this was done in the San Gabriel Valley, where Leonard J. Rose invested a great deal of money in his purebred stock at his Rosemead Stock Farm. No one could match the number and financial investment of Elias J. "Lucky" Baldwin, who entered the local scene with purchases of real estate in 1875, greatly enhanced through his foreclosure of the large properties of failed banks F.P.F. Temple and William Workman. At his famous Rancho Santa Anita in modern Arcadia, Baldwin's stable included many fine horses whose racing prowess was known nationally.

Into the early 20th century, horse breeding continued to be practiced in the region, with some notable examples being banker Marco Hellman, and humorist Will Rogers, whose Pacific Palisades ranch is a state historic park that has preserved his stables. Horse shows, dating back to events held at Agricultural Park, now Exposition Park, became larger and more formal events and a Los Angeles Horse Show Association was formed to organize and run shows. When the Los Angeles County Fair was introduced at the county's fairgrounds in Pomona, shows were held there.

The most prominent of the region's horse breeders in the first decades of the century was Will Keith Kellogg, the breakfast cereal magnate, who purchased a large property near Pomona and established in 1925 his famous horse breeding farm, prized for its magnificent stock of Arabian purebreds. Kellogg donated his property to the State of California seven years later under the stipulation that the Arabian breeding program be maintained. Eventually, California Polytechnic University, Pomona was established on the site and the W.K. Kellogg Arabian Horse Center remains in operation.

As greater Los Angeles continued its

pattern of intense development from the Boom of the 1880s onward, many of the locales for raising purebred animals consequently moved further into the hinterlands and some areas still have equestrian districts today. These include pockets near the Los Angeles Equestrian Center in Burbank, the Tujunga area, the Avocado Heights area in the San Gabriel Valley, and locations along the region's rivers. There is even a Horses in the Hood program to introduce equestrian culture to inner-city children in Watts and Willowbrook in south-central Los Angeles.

Another equestrian remnant is in the suburban residential city of Chino Hills, which, however, had a tradition of horse breeding long before development came to the area towards the end of the 20th century. The *Rancho Santa Ana del Chino*, granted in 1841 to Antonio María Lugo, he of the ornate silver saddle, was devoted to cattle and horse raising for decades under the ownership of Lugo, his son-in-law, Isaac Williams, and Williams' daughters, Merced Rains and then Francisca Carlisle MacDougall. Tombstone, Arizona mining tycoon Richard Gird acquired the Rancho del Chino in 1881 and continued its equestrian and ranching uses, while also developing the town of that name during the famed boom.

Even when Gird lost control of the ranch during the depression and drought of the 1890s, the hills area at the western end of the ranch remained bucolic. The Chino Land and Water Company, controlled by Edwin J. Marshall, a Texas oil operator, began to sell off large portions of these areas in the first few decades of the twentieth century and a new generation of horse breeders operated in the Chino Hills area. Two of the most prominent of these figures were Revel English and Albert W. Harris, whose endeavors and purebred horses were nationally known.

Revel English: Saddle Horse Champion Breeder

English, who was born in Kane, Illinois, north of St. Louis in 1877, was originally a musician and singer, who worked as a baritone in opera companies, including briefly in New York. In 1904, he migrated across the country and landed in Pasadena, where he took up teaching singing. He became a popular performer at parties among the well-to-do in the Crown City, while also displaying his equestrian skills, learned from his childhood in rural Illinois.

In 1909 and 1910, he was a competitor in chariot races in the Tournament of Roses—this being the core of the "tournament" before other gladiators (namely, football players) took the spotlight! He then opened the Kentucky Riding Academy (his grandfather raised horses in that state in the mid-19th century), located near Fair Oaks and Del Mar, and operated it until about the 1920s, leaving music behind as an avocation.

After his mother died, English's father came out to join his son and the two purchased land in Chino about 1908 where they formed the 70-acre Sierra Vista Stock Farm, dedicated to hay farming, cattle, poultry and, especially, purebred saddle horses. The site is now, appropriately enough, Dón Antonio Lugo High School. The two also acquired 1,250 acres in the Chino Hills for pasture as part of their expanding equestrian operations. After several years, English's father, a Union Army veteran of the Civil War, moved to the National Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, where he died in 1915.

In the 1920s, English sold his Pasadena home, the site of which is in the path of the scuttled 710 Freeway extension, and he and his wife moved to Chino. During that decade, he rose to prominence in the equestrian world for his breeding program and as a competitor as an amateur in saddle horse events. Among his prized animals was one named for his wife, Edith Ames; another was Coquette, who was purchased by film star Gloria Swanson, and, particularly, Edna May's King, who was world's champion among saddle horses in 1924 and 1926, with the latter at the Kentucky State Fair marking the first time an amateur owner won the crown there. This was a feat not repeated for over sixty years.

As the Great Depression hit, however, English, as many breeders did, scaled back. In 1930, he sold Edna May's King, whom he

Figure 4: *Photo of Edna May's King from* the Los Angeles Times*, Sep 24, 1926. newspapers.com image.*

bought from a Kentucky breeder in 1923 for a then-record $12,000, to a Beverly Hills businessman for an astounding $40,000. The following year, he sold, though figures weren't released, a group of fourteen horses to candy kingpin F.C. Mars, as part of his plan to pare his inventory of horses while maintaining general management of his ranches.

In 1940, a fire at Sierra Vista destroyed English's house and consumed his collection of horse-breeding and competition trophies and six years later he sold the property, most of it to Armstrong Nurseries. In 1941, he auctioned off a large number of animals, implements, and tools and sold his Chino Hills ranch to Pasadena capitalist James N. Clapp and his wife. Over time, the property was subdivided to smaller ranches and then to residential tracts, but there is an English Road that leads to the sole remaining equestrian district in the City of Chino Hills today.

English moved to San Marino and then Tujunga, where the equestrian lifestyle has long been in evidence. For many years a sought-for judge at horse shows, English continued to travel the nation participating at shows and events until not long before his death in 1953 at age 76.

Albert W. Harris: America's First Arabian Horse Breeder

While English was a major national figure in saddle horses, Albert W. Harris won fame for being the first American breeder of Arabian horses, predating his more famous colleague Kellogg. He was born in Cincinnati in 1867 to banker Norman W. Harris and his first wife, Jacintha. Norman Harris specialized in investments and moved the family to Illinois, where Albert completed his education at a business college in Quincy, located less than 100 miles from Revel English's hometown.

In 1882, Norman Harris opened the N.W. Harris and Company banking house with just $30,000 in capital and three employees. Several years later, Albert joined the enterprise, which grew rapidly, with assets of $1.75 million by the end of the decade. Despite the onset of the Depression of 1893, a branch office opened in New York, and the business rode out the economic decline and then resumed spectacular growth afterward.

The firm's name was changed in 1907, the year of another major depression, to Harris Trust and Savings Bank and the bank adapted to the economic turmoil by depositing surplus funds in other banks in Chicago to ease the problem there. By the end of the first decade of the 20th century, the enterprise had $11.5 million in assets and nearly 150 employees.

Norman Harris relinquished day-to-day control of his institution to Albert after thirty years of remarkable growth, while remaining as chairman until his death in 1916. One of Albert's early initiatives as president was to create the Chicago Community Trust, a foundation established in 1915 and which now has $2.6 billion in its endowment. As was becoming common then, Harris created an employee savings and profit-sharing plan and, when the Federal Reserve System was established, the bank was an early member. Under

his stewardship of Harris Trust and Savings Bank, assets climbed nearly four-fold in the 1910s.

In 1923, Harris retired as president, though, as his father did, he became chairman. The institution, however, continued its upward climb, having increased assets to $106 million. Even when the Great Depression hit, the bank nearly tripled its assets during the Thirties and doubled that amount during the following decade, during which, in 1943, Harris stepped down as chairman.

Part of the reason for Harris pulling back from active management of the bank was his passion for horses. In fact, he had a fascination with transportation generally, one remarkable manifestation of which was his 1,700-mile excursion by prairie schooner in 1910 from Los Angeles, where he'd acquired a home, to Williams Bay, Wisconsin. He documented this extraordinary exercise in contrarian overland travel in his 1911 book, *Cruise of a Schooner*.

A lover of endurance races with horses and reputedly the last person in Chicago to regularly commute using a horse-and-buggy, Harris bought his first horse in 1891. He realized a long-held dream by acquiring a 140-acre farm in Williams Bay and named it Kemah, which he stocked with cattle, purebred dogs, ponies, mustangs and, most famously, Arabian horses, of which he was America's first breeder. In 1953, Harris donated Kemah Farm to the Chicago Boys Club.

With his long-standing interest in greater Los Angeles, Harris acquired 170 acres in the Chino Hills in April 1927, this said to be the last major acreage in the Chino Ranch sold by the Chino Land and Water Company. Adjacent to the Los Serranos Country Club, which opened two years earlier, Harris' property, dubbed Anazel Farm, was quickly improved with a Spanish Colonial Revival house and barns, stables and other elements. It was reported that the banker expended a quarter of a million dollars on this work.

Harris, whose inventory of Arabians was smaller than that of Kellogg (there were a few other breeders in Massachusetts and New Hampshire), quickly became part of the local equestrian scene. The 1929 Los Angeles National Horse Show, held at the Ambassador Auditorium, included an Arabian category for the first time with Harris and Kellogg the major exhibitors. A couple of months later, he, Kellogg, Hellman and others participated in a charity show to benefit Pomona's hospital and community chest.

Harris was a vice-president and then president for ten years of the Arabian Horse Club of America and was director of the Arabian Horse Registry for a quarter century, ending both associations in 1949. He published four books about the breed, including a 1950 history of Arabian breeding in America. In 1952, Harris sold the Chino Hills farm, just before he donated the Kemah farm. He died in 1958 at the age of 91.

Urbanization and the march of suburbs throughout greater Los Angeles have erased most of the physical traces of the region's equestrian history, but there are still remnants and pockets out there. The English Road district remains today along with English Springs Park, while much of Harris' Anazel Farm is still undeveloped but will eventually become a residential tract as Chino Hills approaches buildout. The City does, however, maintain another former horse breeding facility, the McCoy, as a community center as recognition of its equestrian heritage.

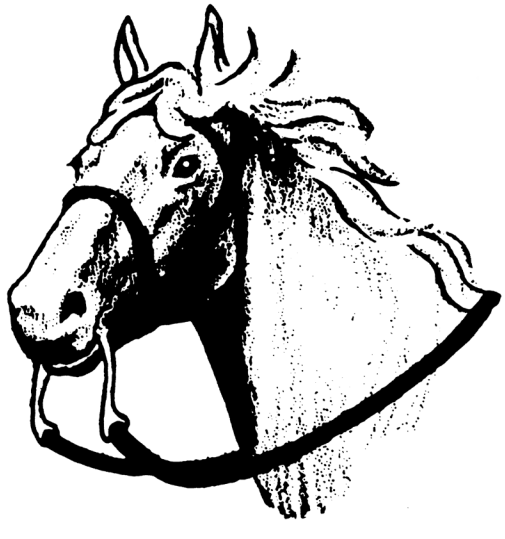

Figure 5: *The very last Cowboy of Science? Brian D. Dillon sits his mule in the Sierra de Chinajá, Alta Verapaz, Guatemala, while on an archaeological survey during the dry season of 1976. Mark Johnson photo.*

Cowboys of Science Say *Make Mine Mules*

Brian Dervin Dillon

Introduction

Since I have never roped and branded a steer, I am not a *bona fide* cowpuncher. But I have ridden more horses, mules and burros than most of the skoal-dipping, Stetson-hatted, country-western-listening, wannabe cowpokes driving through America in shiny pickup trucks (with automatic transmissions turning street tires) ever have or ever will. My Dad put me up atop my first noble steed, a very placid burro, at Yosemite National Park when I was only three years old (Figure 6) and I was hooked for life. *Man, this sure beats walking!* I thought, from what seemed, from my diminutive perspective, the saddle of a gigantic animal as we plodded sedately through the most beautiful valley in the Sierra Nevada. By the time I was five years old, I had graduated to even bigger mounts, horses. The stirrups were still a little distant, but I had the unutterable joy of riding the most wonderful of all American breeds, the Appaloosa,[1] through the coniferous forests and volcanic badlands of California's empty northeastern quarter (Figure 7).

A few years later, still way back in the early '60s of northern California, it seemed that most girls were "horse crazy" while all but a few of us young males were "car crazy." But just because you liked hot rods didn't mean you couldn't also "horse around." So my best friend and I used to hang out with horses. An added inducement was that at age nine and ten we were too young to drive, but *not* too young to ride. My buddy had a part-time job mucking out the stalls at a horse-boarding ranch three miles away, and

Figure 6 (Left): *Predestination, or "born to do it." Future archaeologist Brian D. Dillon at age 3 in 1956 atop a stud burro, who fathered many pack and saddle mules. Yosemite National Park, California. Patrick Dillon, Brian's first cousin, (1954-1971) at left.* ***Figure 7 (Right):*** *Dillon a couple of years later, atop an Appaloosa at Child's Meadows, Lassen County, California, in 1958. Both photos by Richard H. Dillon.*

I often rode my bike down to there to help. We wielded the *Irish National Weapon*[2] and pushed the *Cowboy Cadillac*[3] as manure-removers. We not only shoveled out the horse stalls, but curry combed the critters and exercised them. I worked *pro bono* while my best friend and blood-brother earned 50 cents an hour, a much better wage than I got laying bricks at a miserly ten cents an hour.

We were poor kids, but all of the horses at the Tennessee Valley Stables were owned by little rich girls, their fathers typically bankers, lawyers, or businessmen.[4] The horse operation was a sideline run by a commercial dairy farm. Around 1955 the dairy farmers began to get out of the milk business and converted some of their barns to horse stables, since they could make more money boarding the horses of rich kids than milking cows. There were no burros, mules or even cow ponies at the stables, just pampered, high-dollar, riding and "show" horses.

Many, if not most, of the young female owners of the two dozen horses at the stables outgrew their passion for their mounts. By the time the little rich girls were in high school, they were seldom seen, only coming out to ride one or two weekends a year. This meant that, until things came to a halt in 1963, my buddy and I had "free rein" (pun intended) over just about the entire *remuda.*

We interpreted "exercising" these horses to mean saddling them up or just going bareback, and tearing through the hills and valleys of backwoods Marin County as fast as we could. We raced each other, jumped over creeks, and got bucked off pretty regularly, sometimes into barbed-wire fences or onto pointy rocks. We got kicked, stepped on, and infrequently, bitten too.[5] But all that saddle time was free, and neither of us ever had to pay for feed, boarding, or vet's bills. And, since we never mistreated or injured any of the horses, we had the thanks of the parents who had plunked down the big bucks to buy their little darlings horses for that special birthday, Christmas, or Hanukkah a few years earlier. We were valued surrogates, attending to the four-legged gifts ignored ever since their rightful owners moved on from horses to "boys." So it was a good deal all around.

My best buddy was always destined to become a cowboy, and, miraculously enough in that time and place, he did just that. By the time we were in high school he had his own ex-PG&E surplus pickup truck with a portable forge in the back, and was making

a living as a horse-shoer all over Northern California.[6] Like many wannabe-cowboys who actually finished high school and went on to college, he decided to become a veterinarian (a horse doctor) as a means of supporting his "horse habit."

He went to U.C. Davis, which all of us U.C. Berkeley boys refer to as "Moo-U" because of its animal husbandry program, but there he got sidetracked. My old friend ended up "living the dream," both as a Country-Western singer and as a Rodeo Cowboy. At the same time that he fronted a cowboy band he also entered various college-level and amateur bucking horse and bull riding competitions. He never got around to breaking all 206 bones in his body, but he broke his arms and legs with such great regularity (often the same bone, over and over again) that about half the time he entered rodeo competitions with one foot or an entire arm in a plaster cast. No shrinking violet, he won the U.C. Davis Annual Picnic Day Rodeo bull riding competition the year he graduated with his right arm in a cast: conveniently, since your "grab hand" is your left one, anyway.

Meanwhile, after our time spent "horsing around" during the Kennedy years, he and I philosophically diverged. I became a long-haired hippie, while he was a full-on cowboy, complete with an Australian Shepherd doggie. "Buster" had one blue eye and one brown, and followed him everywhere he went. Eventually, every time we saw each other, especially in front of unsuspecting bystanders, my old Cowboy buddy would ask his dog:

> "Buster, would you rather be a Hippie, or Dead?"

The well-trained dog would roll over on his back, all four paws in the air, his tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth, playing possum in an Oscar-worthy performance.

My friend left U.C. Davis to manage a millionaire's horse ranch and to run the annual Bishop, California, Mule Auction. He finally found his permanent niche as a thoroughbred auctioneer. Once or twice a year he banged the gavel on million-dollar horses bought by oil sheiks, who walked them into "stable-configured" 747 jumbo-jet horse-haulers for the flight back to Arabia. And, truth being stranger than fiction, I also ended up in a profession where, off and on, I was mounted. Not necessarily on horses, but on their half-brothers, mules.

The First Cowboys of Science

A few times while lost in childish rapture atop one steed or another I would ask my pedestrian, historian, father walking alongside: "Dad, how can I make a living where I can ride as much as I want to?" Had a Hollywood hack written my memoirs, my father's response would have been: "Why, son, become an *archaeologist*, and you can ride off into the sunset at the end of each day!" But, sadly, this was not his answer: he simply stated that he didn't know, and that he was spending too much time himself buried in musty, underground archives and all-but-deserted libraries. So it was not until many years later, when I was an anthropology undergraduate at U.C. Berkeley, that I discovered the close, nay, formative, link between mules and the birth of heroic, red-blooded, Maya archaeology.

Scientific archaeology in tropical America owes much to the mule, for all of the earliest (1839-41) archaeological explorations in search of ancient ruins were mule-powered. The American diplomat John Lloyd Stephens (1805-1852) and his sidekick, the talented artist Frederick Catherwood (1799-1854) made the world aware of the fascinating Maya Civilization in two best-selling, two-volume books published before the California Gold Rush.[7] These pioneering English-speaking Maya archaeological adventurers were never far from mules, some of them beloved and trustworthy, others cantankerous and despised. Protagonists recurring throughout Stephens' entertaining narratives were the ubiquitous *arrieros,* or muleteers, without whom his early explorations would have been impossible.

Stephens' description of his very first muleback venture into the wilds of Guatemala in 1839 was humorous, if not ironic:

Figure 8: La mulada, *the quadrupedal half of my archaeological exploration team in "downtown" Raxrujá, Alta Verapaz, Guatemala, during the 1976 dry season. This tiny hamlet was about 90% Kekchi Maya, with a 95% malarial infection rate. Forty years later, it would be transformed into a modern town by the Guatemalan transversal superhighway. Mules, and the old way of life, were rendered extinct. Today, both only exist as folklore to the younger, now mostly non-Indian, generation. Brian D. Dillon photo.*

> At daylight the muleteers commenced loading...[and] At seven o'clock the whole caravan, consisting of nearly a hundred mules and twenty or thirty muleteers, was fairly under way[8]...At eight o'clock Mr. Catherwood and I mounted, each armed with a brace of pistols and a large hunting knife, which we carried in a belt around the body. Agustín [their Mayordomo] carried pistols and a sword. Our principal muleteer, who was mounted, carried a machete and, on his naked heels, a pair of murderous spurs with rowels two inches long; two other muleteers accompanied us on foot, each carrying a gun.
>
> The woods were of impenetrable thickness and we could see nothing beyond the detestable path before us... we were dragged through mudholes, squeezed in gulleys, knocked against trees, and tumbled over roots. Every step required care and great physical exertion and, withal, I felt that our inglorious epitaph might well read "tossed over the head of a mule, brained by the trunk of a mahogany tree, and buried in the mud..."[9]

Forty years after Stephens, Alfred Percival Maudslay (1850-1931) expanded our archaeological horizons with the first comprehensive photographic coverage of Maya ruins and Maya hieroglyphic monuments. He published five magnificent volumes at the end of, and just after, the turn of the 19th century.[10] As with Stephens, Maudslay's many years of fieldwork in Mexico and Guatemala were mule-powered. Then, thirty years after Maudslay's first, 1880, field season, Sylvanus Morley (1883-1948), as the head of the Maya Research branch of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, initiated nearly a half-century of focused fieldwork in, and publication

Figure 9: *My UCLA E-plate California State Truck (left) on the Honduran Continental Divide, at the head of "truck navigation." Some of our host's* milpas *drain north towards the Caribbean, others south towards the Pacific. Since no roads of any kind lead away from here, my truck was parked, and my archaeological team switched over to mules. I bought my archaeological field vehicle with money raised by doing contract archaeology in California. Walt Disney might call this "the circle of life:" archaeology in* Gringolandia *earning the money to pay the expenses for pro-bono Central American archaeology. Brian D. Dillon photo, dry season, 1983.*

on, the Maya area.[11]

The chicle boom (chicle tree tapping for the sap used to make chewing gum) facilitated Maya archaeology in the years just before, during, and just after World War I. Dozens of mule-borne *chicleros* (chicle sap harvesters) opened up hundreds of mule-tracks throughout the tropical rain forests of southern Mexico and Guatemala, finding many Maya ruined cities abandoned a thousand years earlier. Then they guided the Carnegie Institution archaeologists to them. Transportation for all of the earliest Carnegie archaeologists was by dugout canoe on water or by mule on not-so-dry land. Morley's research, and that of his followers, bridged the gap between the old, 19th century mule-powered archaeology and that of the 20th and 21st, dependent upon trucks, trains, and airplanes.

Sylvanus Morley's life was even inadvertently saved by his trusty mule. One day he was riding at the head of the Carnegie Institution *mulada* (its string of riding and pack mules) when his hat and spectacles were knocked off by a low branch. The lead archaeologist dismounted so that he could recover his eyeglasses and headgear, and, while he was doing so, the expedition's physician, who had been following behind, passed him, now becoming first in line. Unfortunately, the Carnegie boys were in the wrong place (on the Mexico-Guatemalan border, then as now unmarked) at the wrong time (during the height of the Mexican Revolution) and rode right into an ambush. A fusillade of rifle shots rang out, killing the Doctor and one of the Carnegie *arrieros,* who had been mistaken for *guerilleros revolucionarios*. Had it not been for Sylvanus Morley's mule banging him into the low branch, his archaeological career would have been terminated by rifle bullets more than thirty years early.[12]

Sixty years after Morley and his saddle mule cheated death, the border between the two countries was still a free-fire zone. Communist guerillas shot down three Guatemalan military helicopters in a row to

Figure 10: *All three domestic equine sub-species in the home corral up in the high country of Honduras, 1983. One of my* arrieros *(muleteers) is preparing one of my saddle mules for our archaeological expedition in search of prehistoric rock art. Note his machete and Model 1917 Smith and Wesson .45 ACP revolver in "Mexican Carry" mode. In addition to the young mule in this happy family group photo are "Mom" (the white mare at upper right), "Dad" the diminutive burro at left, and a half-brother horse at center. Brian D. Dillon photo.*

celebrate the 4th of July, then rounded up all of the locals and the *gringos* for a "political re-education seminar" at gunpoint. One year later I "made my peace" with both guerillas and soldiers.[13]

The Last Cowboy of Science?

Archaeology, the study of humankind's prehistoric past, is a hard discipline to pigeonhole. It is generally misunderstood by the lay public, which routinely confuses it with *palaeontology*, the study of dinosaurs, not people. The discipline is even misspelled by U.S. governmental mandate (with only one "a"), perhaps the legacy of some long-forgotten "paperwork reduction" directive, or to prove that no government archaeologist is in actual possession of a university diploma containing the correct spelling. And many universities around the world have trouble deciding what division to place archaeology within. Is it a Science? Or one of the Humanities? Should it go under History? Anthropology? Or should it stand alone within its own department?

Many years ago, my very wise U.C. Berkeley graduate advisor, a Harvard-trained Maya epigrapher, told me that archaeology was, simultaneously, *the most Scientific of the Humanities*, and also *the most Humanistic of the Sciences.* I have not heard a better definition in the nearly 50 years since.

Around six years after I began doing fieldwork myself, Hollywood discovered "archaeology" and put its own poorly-understood interpretation of it up on the big screen. Immediately afterwards people began asking me to show them tricks with a bullwhip. An almost inevitable outgrowth of the new, *Tinseltown,* image of the archaeologist, out-Bonding James Bond as a less debonair but more rugged action hero, was the label bestowed by our fellow academics: we

were dubbed the *Cowboys of Science*.[14]

Modern archaeology wherever found can be divided into two categories defined by the thoughts and deeds of its practitioners: 1: that of the *movers and shakers,* those who actually do fieldwork, and publish their discoveries, vs. 2: that of the *theoreticians,* Ivory Tower shut-ins, who simply interpret the evidence produced by other, more energetic, humans.[15] Many years ago, while Nixon was in the White House, I was a U.C. Berkeley archaeology undergraduate. I aspired to belong to "category 1," and cordially despised members of "category 2" as lazy intellectual cowards. So, after two field seasons of apprenticeship as a neophyte Maya archaeologist in Mexico (1973) and Guatemala (1974) I set out to blaze my own archaeological path through the Maya area.

In 1975, as a 21-year-old 1st year graduate student, I was absolutely unwilling to rake over the cold, dead, embers of any other archaeologist's campfire. Determined to make my own discoveries, I was honored as the youngest-ever *gringo* archaeologist granted a permit to conduct archaeological fieldwork by the Guatemalan government.

Contemporary Ivory Tower pseudoarchaeologists spent their time devising "research designs," so much so that few ever got around to actually *doing* any research. My own "research design" was the reverse: I looked at the Maya archaeological map, found its biggest empty spot, and went there. This cartographic *terra incognita* suggested not the absence of Maya archaeological sites worth investigating, only that no archaeologists had yet preceded me. The reason for their absence was, of course, the near-total lack of roads, towns and sources of supply, everything termed "infrastructure" today. In order to get to my "empty spot" destination on the Maya archaeological map, no 20th century transportation could be utilized, only tried and true 19th century variants, like dugout canoes, mules, and pedestrian locomotion. Once I got there, in order to do archaeology, I quite literally lived off the land for more than a year. But that is another story, for another time.[16]

There is probably no single archaeologist alive today who has traveled to and through the Maya area by more modes of transportation than I have over my 45+ year career: bus, train, car, pickup truck (Figure 10), flatbed diesel semi-truck, swamp-buggy, motorcycle, hitch-hiking, horse, mule, dugout canoe, aluminum skiff, shank's mare (with backpack), WWII surplus C-47, single and twin-engine light planes, military twin-boom cargo plane, and, last but not least, Vietnam-surplus Huey helicopter. One night I even rode, standing up, with my backpack on, in the dark, in the rain, hour after tortured hour in the lifted scoop of a D-9 Caterpillar tractor heading home through the Guatemalan jungle to the very first commercially successful oil operation in the Maya lowlands. And, oh yeah, I have even traveled by commercial airline, just like the tourists do.

What was good enough for John Lloyd Stephens, A.P. Maudslay, and Sylvanus Morley was good enough for me. Stephens' 1839 observations still rang true and were completely accurate 137 years later, as I can attest from personal experience (Figure 5). By 1976 I was the inheritor of nearly 140 continuous years of Central American archaeo-logistic tradition: when I was not going upriver in dugout canoes I was mounted on a mule, or cutting jungle trails with my machete in my right hand, my Silva compass in my left. Looking back after almost a half-century of hindsight, I realize that I may be the last of my tribe. Since I became a *Cowboy of Science* almost 50 years ago, few, if any, archaeologists have ridden off on muleback to boldly go where others have not yet gone. Most now just wait for the roads to go through instead, then drive to their "discovery" locations. The even lazier, chairborne, ones only do "make believe" archaeology through simulation modeling on computer.

Make Mine Mules

Mulefathers are always male burros, typically diminutive in size, but often possessed of great stamina, personality, and self-awareness. This latter trait is often translated into stubbornness and vocal objection: think "Bantam Rooster" of the equine

Figure 11: La Mulada, otro día, otro paíz. *Three brothers prepare two mules and a horse to receive their three new, gringo archaeologist riders, atop the Honduran Continental Divide. The brother's father came with us as our* arriero, *just to take care of the* mulada, *as a hired-hand. Mom, the white mare in the rear, supervises the saddling of her offspring. Our mules, after the course of our archaeological explorations, were happily re-united with their mother the mare, and their father the burro. Brian D. Dillon photo, 1983.*

world, and you have defined the stud burro. *Mulemothers,* on the other hand, are always female horses, of all sizes, colors, and configurations, generally more placid and gentle than their paramours. The larger the mare, the larger her mule offsprings will also be. Under the microscope, burros have 62 chromosomes, horses have 64, while mules split the difference with 63. Throughout North and South America mulefathers are called *Burros,* while the same animals in the British Isles, perhaps because of their resemblance to members of the Royal Family, are instead called *Donkeys.* Burros are too small to compete with horses and mules as long-distance mounts or pack animals in the tropics.

Compared to horses, mules won't win any beauty contests, with their broad, long heads, jackrabbit ears, and two-tone muzzles. But mules are the "mellow" members of the equine family, much less obstinate than most burros, and much less high-strung than "spirited" horses. Perhaps as many civilian equestrians have been killed by their own homicidal or suicidal horses (broken heads, backs, necks, etc.) as their military counterparts have by each other in all cavalry battles combined since classic times. A spooked horse will gallop off, killing itself and its rider without a second thought, while a mule, confronted with the same hazard (a sheer cliff, a raging river, a widow-maker dangling just above the trail, or a jagged stump just waiting to impale or eviscerate you) will stop short, and refuse to go, until its rider comes to his senses and belatedly recognizes and avoids the danger to the both of them.

Mules are less finicky in terms of what they will or will not eat, preferring, as the old joke goes, cactus thorns to hay. Mules are also much more disease-resistant than horses, and tend to live much longer, giving

Figure 12: *I switch from mule to horse for a while on the Continental Divide of Honduras. My* arriero, *with his long pole used to "encourage" our mules, precedes me. Mal Sibberensen photo, dry season, 1983.*

a much better return on their initial purchase investment, and canceling out upkeep costs through many years of hard service. Mules are stronger than horses for the equivalent weight, and can carry heavier loads or riders, or both, over longer distances for greater periods of time. Think *torque* vs *horsepower.* Compared to most horses, mules are smarter, more energetic, more sure-footed, more careful, and have greater endurance. Mules have great patience, and some of them have remarkable memories. If horses are the "dumb blondes" of the equine world, then mules are the great exponents of hybrid vigor and superlative intelligence: but don't take my word for this, take Charles Darwin's. For any practical purpose, such as field archaeology in the American tropics, nobody in their right mind would ever choose horses over mules. I have used mules for field archaeology in both Guatemala (Figures 5 and 8) and Honduras (Figures 9-12). One mule-borne Guatemalan expedition resulted in a brief scholarly publication[17] whereas an Honduran one inspired a co-authored "how to" chapter within an archaeological textbook.[18]

While not mandatory, it is nevertheless recommended that when mounted you sing the appropriate verses from the immortal Vicente Fernández song, *El Rey*, to your mule. El Rey is the "National Anthem" of *charros, vaqueros*, and *arrieros* throughout Mexico and Central America. It is guaranteed to save your life if you sing it when cornered by gringo-haters in any south-of-the-border *cantina,* and will also get your mule "on your side" as an ally, rather than an opponent:

Una piedra en el camino,
Me enseño que mi destino,
Era rodar y rodar...

Me dijo un arriero,
No hay que llegar primero,
Pero hay que saber llegar...

(A stone in the road,
revealed that my destiny,
Was to roam, to roam...

A muleteer once told me,
You don't have to get there first,
You just have to know how to get there...)[19]

But mule use can also be a double-edged sword, especially if your *béstia* (as mules are called in Guatemala and Honduras) feels either abused or under-appreciated. Mules have such well-developed memories that they can store up slights and then exact revenge when the human offender is least prepared to withstand mulish vindictiveness. Like many Central American arrieros, I can truthfully say that more than one mule has "left a lasting impression on me."

Payback for too-tight cinches, or a little too much "switching" on hindquarters, or not enough snack time when "pushing on" have found me flying through the air to land head-first in the only mud-hole encountered all day. My mule simply bided his time until he saw his chance, and took it. And then there was the time I was kicked on the left wrist after dismounting: my Timex took a licking but *didn't* keep on ticking afterwards. This was my mule's way of terminating the "hurry up" schedule after seeing me constantly checking my wristwatch. The most painful mulish payback for real or imagined human slights, however, was ramming my knee into an *escoba* palm trunk, from which sprouted thousands of jet-black, fragile, needle-sharp, spines. Upon penetrating your flesh, these fragment into tiny sections, almost impossible to remove without cutting open the wound for tweezer access. I still carry a few in my left leg, 40+ years on, the flesh over them still pocked and dark. All of the above notwithstanding, mule use in my own experience has been vastly more beneficial and pleasant than otherwise.

So, in conclusion, Burros? *Been there, done that* (Figure 6). Horses? *Been there, done that* (Figure 7). I would rather have the best of both worlds (Figure 5)—*Make Mine Mules!*

Notes

1. ***Appaloosa:*** is, indeed, the "painted" or "spotted" horse bred by the Indians of the Plateau, west of the Rocky Mountains, yet still shy of the Pacific Northwest Coast. The breed takes its name from the Palouse Valley of eastern Washington and western Idaho, whose most famous Native residents were the Nez Perce. Similar horses in Indian hands in the American southwest and northern Mexico were generically called *Caballos Pintados*- "painted horses." The most spectacular of all the Appaloosa variants is the "blanket with spots" where the head, neck and forequarters are dark, but rump and hindquarters are light, and covered with dark, irregular, spots.
2. ***Irish National Weapon:*** aka the shovel.
3. ***Cowboy Cadillac:*** aka the wheelbarrow.
4. ***Tennessee Valley:*** lies south of Mill Valley and north of Sausalito. Its meets the Pacific Ocean at Tennessee Cove about midway between Chronkhite Beach to the south and Muir Beach to the north. It was named for the paddle-wheeled steamer *S.S. Tennessee* that rammed an offshore rock on March 6, 1853 while trying to make it in through the Golden Gate in dense fog. The ship's very skillful captain saved all 550+ passengers from drowning by powering through the surf and beaching his sinking vessel on what was, ever afterwards, called Tennessee Beach. All through the 1950's and early 60's remnants of the old paddle-wheeler were still visible at low tide. The Gulf Oil Company's Marincello Development, proposed in the mid-1960s, would have filled Tennessee Valley with an "instant city" of thousands of people in hundreds of houses, and just about everybody I knew fought tooth and nail against this ill-conceived idea. In 1972 Tennessee Valley was incorporated into the Golden Gate National Recreation Area to save it from development, and the structures built by the developers to attract investors were torn down. The old Tennessee Valley stables became "Miwok Stables" in 1981, the new name connoting the local California Indian group pushed past the point of extinction in southern Marin County nearly two centuries earlier.
5. ***La Venganza del Caballo:*** Neither of us sustained any serious horse-induced injuries. A Mill Valley friend, however, some years later at age 16, was killed by a single kick to the head from his own horse.
6. ***Horse-Shoer vs Farrier:*** I am often corrected

by Ivory Tower types insisting upon "Farrier." But these "experts" wouldn't know a horseshoe from their own Birkenstocks. No horseshoer I know likes the "F-word," as it sounds just a tad too androgynous.

7. ***John Lloyd Stephens:*** 1841, 1843.
8. ***100 Mules:*** Stephens 1841, Volume 1: 28-29.
9. ***Tossed Over the Head of a Mule:*** Stephens 1841, Volume 1: 30-31.
10. ***Alfred Percival Maudslay:*** 1889-1902.
11. ***Sylvanus Morley:*** Morley, Brainerd and Sharer 1983.
12. ***Morley's Mule Cheats Death:*** this story is one of many recounted by Wauchope 1965.
13. ***Archaeological Free-Fire Zones:*** since 1975 I have told students and colleagues that I like doing archaeology in Central American free-fire zones, since this reduces the number of bothersome uninvited visitors (tourists, bureaucrats, etc.) who eat up your food and cut into your field research time. After the opposing guerillas and counterinsurgency forces visited me and determined that I was absolutely non-political ("neutral") and was working for the benefit of all, both sides left me alone.
14. ***Cowboys of Science:*** Dillon 2016: 43, 47.
15. ***Ivory Tower Theoreticians:*** one brain-dead UCLA "archaeologist" bragged to me, forty years ago, that he "had never been on an archaeological site he couldn't drive to," self-proclaiming his reduction from a potential scholar to a mere tourist. His example is why we Berkeley Ph.D.s say that UCLA stands for University of California for *Lower Achievers.* Harvey (2001: 175) terms such Ivory Tower Theoreticians *Postheroic Archaeologists*.
16. ***"Jungle Jim:"*** only after earning my Ph.D. in Maya Archaeology at U.C. Berkeley did I learn that some Department of Anthropology faculty members referred to me, throughout my graduate student career, as "Jungle Jim."
17. ***Results of Archaeological Mule use in Guatemala:*** Dillon 1978.
18. ***Results of Archaeological Mule use in Honduras:*** Banks and Dillon 1982, 1989.
19. ***El Rey:*** was written and originally recorded in 1971 by José Alfredo Jiménez (1926-1973). By 1974, it was the #1 most popular song on Mexican radio, and the tune most requested of mariachi *conjuntos.* Perhaps its best-known version is that by Vicente Fernández (b. 1940, with more than 50 albums and appearances in more than 30 movies to his credit), the one taught me by my Kekchi Maya friends and archaeological employees, which is still played throughout Mexico and Central America more than 40 years after it became Fernández' signature closing number.

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"Horse Head" Origami

Joseph Cavallo

Origami is the art of paper folding. Many people are familiar with simple designs like paper balloons, cranes, and flowers, but origami as an advanced art form is capable of highly complex creations rooted in mathematics as much as they are in design. One such intricate piece, pictured here, is "Horse Head," 2008, from the book of the artistic work by Eric Joisel, *The Magician of Origami*, Tokyo, Japan: Origami House, 2010, Editor Makoto Yamaguchi, page 9.

Two separate processes were required to make "Horse Head." The first was the imagining and designing of the piece by the original master artist, Eric Joisel. "Horse Head" used a single 25-inch square sheet of paper, where the artist drew a crease pattern consisting of a layout or series of many intricate horizontal, vertical, and diagonal lines. The second activity was the work of creating and interpreting the artist designer's work, folding, creasing, and making each portion of the paper into a three dimensional creation, done here by Nicholas Cavallo. The quality of paper, its texture, and color were important considerations and had to be selected carefully for the work to be both artistic and structurally sound. By using his own artistic interpretation, Nicholas created a 10-inch tall, freestanding sculpture without using any cuts or glue. It incorporates balance, symmetry, and a congruity that is recognizable, pleasing to the eye, and gives a sense of beauty. To complete "Horse Head," many more smaller, tiny creases and a gentle layer of glaze were added to provide more detail, texture, and permanence.

Figure 13: *"Horse Head," by Nicholas Cavallo. Joseph Cavallo photo.*

Horses in Hollywood

Abraham Hoffman

You can't film a Western movie or TV show without horses. Galloping, trotting, or just standing at the hitching post, they enliven every scene and create a sense of reality not available in the best of space operas. Before adult Westerns became the vogue, and even during the adult Western heyday of 1950s and '60s TV, Western actors had horses with names, giving the steeds personalities that also appeared on radio, movies, comic books, and comic strips. Stars of B Westerns from silent pictures through the 1950s rode horses whose names were branded into the memories of kids who saw the films at Saturday matinees. These films consisted of fast horses, lots of fist fights, and an occasional gunfight as a villain got his just reward. Consider the following examples (not

a complete list by any means).

William Boyd began his acting career in the silent film era, but it was as his alter ego, Hopalong Cassidy, that he achieved major success in movies, television, radio, records, and comics. Television resurrected his career and created a craze for Hoppy accessories. Boyd wrote Topper into many adventures. Topper actually replaced Boyd's earlier horse, King Nappy, injured in 1939. Presumably no one noticed the difference.

Before Boyd, William S. Hart won overnight success in a series of Western films in the silent era. He rode Fritz in most of his Westerns. The horse became so popular that Hart, who wrote some Western novels, edited a book allegedly written by Fritz—*Told Under a White Oak Tree*, by Bill Hart's Pinto Pony. Fritz's grave can be visited at William S. Hart County Park in Newhall.

Other pre-World War II cowboy actors include Tom Mix, Buck Jones, and Gene Autry. Mix made films in the silent and sound film era, riding Tony. Mix remained a hero even after his death in a traffic accident in 1940, appearing posthumously on a long-running radio program, with Curly Bradley as the "voice" of Tom Mix. Tony continued riding for "Mix" on the radio. Also, death didn't prevent the late actor from being with his horse in comic books in the 1940s.

Buck Jones rode Silver (not to be confused with the fictional Lone Ranger and his horse) in about fifty Westerns, plus another two dozen other films. Tragically, Jones died in the Boston Coconut Grove fire in 1942.

Gene Autry rode Champion in Hollywood films, television, radio, and comic books. Although he wasn't the first singing cowboy, he made music an important part of his films and had the distinction of many rivals in the "juvenile Western" genre. Gene and Champion have been memorialized in the statue in the forecourt of the Autry Museum of Western Heritage, Los Angeles.

Among the most successful rivals to Autry, Roy Rogers, the self-claimed "King of the Cowboys," rode the Palomino horse Trigger and righted wrongs when he (Roy, not Trigger) would stop the plot to sing some songs. His partner in many of his films and on TV, Dale Evans, rode Buttermilk. Rogers also hit it big with radio, comics, and comic strips. While Boyd enjoyed financial success later in his career, Rogers cashed in on accessories such as clothing, cap pistols, lunch boxes, and other tokens of cowboy merchandise. Like Autry, Rogers opened a museum, his in Apple Valley. Unlike Autry, the museum was never the success that the Museum of Western Heritage would be, and after being moved to Branson, Missouri, it eventually closed its doors. By then Roy and Dale were singing with the angels.

Other actors clearly played Western heroes as characters, not as alter ego personalities. Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Tyrone Power, and Guy Williams, among others, made Zorro an eternally favorite hero and confused some students of California history into thinking Zorro was a real person. The film versions didn't have names for Zorro's stallions, but the Disney TV series had Zorro riding Tornado. Another character played by several actors including Warner Baxter, Cesar Romero, Duncan Reynaldo, and, as recently as 1994, Jimmy Smits, was the Cisco Kid. Cisco and his *compañero* Pancho had names for their horses on the radio program in the 1940s. Cisco rode Diablo, Pancho rode Loco, and the names carried over into the TV series, where Leo Carrillo rode Loco. The Cisco Kid also appeared in comic books and comic strips. Oddly, the Cisco Kid as written by O. Henry was no "Robin Hood of the Old West"—he was a cold-blooded killer.

George "Gabby" Hayes, who looked old when he was young, enjoyed fame as sidekick to Roy Rogers and William Boyd's Hopalong Cassidy, among others. In the late 1940s Hayes achieved the honor of having his own comic book in which his horse Corker could move sideways and do other tricks. On film, Hayes rode Calico, Eddie, and Blossom.

Another fictional character that enjoyed a lengthy run on radio, movies, television, and comic books and comic strips began as a radio hero in 1933. The Lone Ranger, with his faithful Indian companion Tonto returned radio listeners to "those thrilling days of yesteryear." The Lone Ranger rode Silver, and Tonto rode Scout. One interesting subplot

gave the Lone Ranger a nephew, Dan Reid, who rode Silver's son Victor. Several actors played the ranger on radio, Brace Beemer holding the role the longest. The radio version ended in 1956. On television, Clayton Moore became so identified in the character that he appeared in public wearing the black mask, and raised a ruckus when he wasn't chosen to play the ranger in the 1981 film *The Legend of the Lone Ranger*. The part went to Klinton Spilsbury, whose career went nowhere after appearing in that film. Apart from Moore's feature films about the Lone Ranger, Hollywood hasn't done well with Lone Ranger movies. The most recent one, *The Lone Ranger* (2013) starred Arnie Hammer as the ranger and Johnny Depp as a rather surreal Tonto. It was a flop at the box office.

Another fictional character appeared in more than two dozen films, a long-running radio series, and in comic book and strips. Red Ryder, created by artist Fred Harman, put his name on toys and other merchandise, but may best be known for the endorsement of the Daisy Red Ryder BB gun. The gun became the centerpiece of Jean Shepherd's *A Christmas Story* which has become a favorite holiday film. Red rode a black horse, Thunder, and his young companion, Little Beaver, named his horse Papoose. Allan Lane, Bill Elliott, Don Barry, and others played Red in the movies. Allan "Rocky" Lane liked Thunder so much he bought the horse, renamed him Black Jack, and the two made more than ninety Western films.

Getting back to actors portraying real people, from 1951-1958 *The Adventures of Wild Bill Hickok* was a successful TV series making up fictional tales about the famous gunfighter. Guy Madison played Hickok, whose sidekick, Jingles, was played by Andy Devine. Hickok rode Buckshot; Jingles, usually shouting "Wait for me, Wild Bill!" rode Joker. Sponsored by Kellogg's Sugar Corn Pops (the "sugar" in the name was removed when consumers became worried about the amount of the sweet stuff in their children's breakfast cereal), the cereal is still on the grocery shelves after more than half a century. Incidentally, though it's no longer called "Sugar Corn Pops," its sugar content is twelve grams.

Earlier in John Wayne's career he rode a white horse, Duke, who received co-star billing in a series of B Westerns in the 1930s. The horse, smarter than the average horse or human (to paraphrase Yogi Bear's claim of intelligence) could untie the knots from ropes holding Wayne prisoner, and apparently knew enough English to warn people about outlaws preparing to do dastardly deeds. Later on, Wayne rode Dollar, a horse that was reliable but no match for Duke's (the horse, not Wayne) abilities.

Any number of actors starring mainly in B Westerns had names for their horses. Lash LaRue rode Black Diamond, later changing the name to Rush. Lash's whip-wielding competitor, Whip Wilson, rode Silver Bullet, later shortened to Bullet, and still later the horse became Rocket. It seems that Roy Rogers had a dog named Bullet. Other name changes came with Johnny Mack Brown who rode a white horse, Scout, and subsequently a Palomino he named Reno, a name later changed to Rebel. Apparently, the horses never objected to the name changes.

Smiley Burnette enjoyed a long career (more than sixty films) as a sidekick to Gene Autry, Charles Starrett as the Durango Kid (56 films), and other pictures co-starring with Roy Rogers and Sunset Carson. In all of these films Burnette rode the same horse but with no less than three name changes; Black-eyed Nellie, Ring-eyed Nellie, and Ring Eye. Why the "eye?" A large ring was painted over the horse's real eye.

Tex Ritter, who sang the title song for the motion picture *High Noon,* did not forsake his horse White Flash who carried him through twenty Westerns. When the horse grew too old to gallop around in movies, Ritter simply applied the name to several different white horses. Sunset Carson rode Buck Jones's Silver but after the Coconut Grove fire Carson changed the horse's name to Cactus. They made dozens of films together in the 1940s. Rex Allen rode Koko in thirty Western films.

Bob Steele appeared in more than 240 pictures and TV shows between 1920 and 1974. He starred in many B Westerns but could also play characters in other action

films and, on occasion, a feature role such as the Korean War drama *Pork Chop Hill.* Unlike other Western actors, Steele used dozens of horses in his films. His favorite steed may have been Brownie, but he also rode Flambow, Boy, Shiek, and Sacks.

Charles Starrett's character in the Durango Kid films switched horses when he donned the Durango Kid's mask and outfit. When not in disguise he rode a white horse, Raider. As the Kid, he rode Bullet, a brown horse (prior to Roy Rogers acquiring the dog). Actually, two horses played Raider, an understudy (so to speak), named El Granito that replaced Raider as the occasion warranted. The "real" "reel" Raider appeared in twenty films between 1940 and 1952.

Ken Maynard was a major star in the 1920s and 1930s, but by the 1940s his star had dimmed considerably due to his alcoholism, extravagance, and bad business decisions. In his films he rode Tarzan, with four backup horses with the same name. Offscreen Maynard called the horse Wonder Horse.

Tim Holt's career was quite unusual in that he appeared in a supporting or starring role in such classic films as *Stagecoach, The Magnificent Ambersons, Treasure of the Sierra Madre,* and *My Darling Clementine.* He also starred in numerous B Westerns with horses named Duke, Shiek, Lightning, and Steel. It's not clear whether Duke and Shiek were the same horses ridden by Wayne and Steele.

Holt teamed with Richard Martin in quite a number of B Westerns in which Martin played Chico Bustamante, the half-Mexican, half-Irish, and 100% lover. Martin had the unusual and very rare opportunity to play his character's own grandson in the World War II film *Bombardier* where he said he was the grandson of an Arizona Territory lawman in the Old West.

Some top Western stars seldom named their horses. Randolph Scott rode Stardust. Joel McCrea starred in the radio series *Tales of the Texas Rangers*, the modern-day Western in which he abandoned motor vehicles and rode Charcoal when it was necessary to track down criminals in remote areas.

Apart from Dale Evans, one doesn't find women as main characters in the old B Westerns beyond playing the pretty girl who gets to kiss the hero at the end of the film. Neither Joan Crawford or Mercedes McCambridge rode horses with names though they had plenty of nasty names for each other in *Johnny Guitar.* No horses with names for Rock Hudson or Elizabeth Taylor in *Giant*, or for Barbara Stanwyck in her hit television series *Big Valley.*

Gail Davis proved the exception to the rule by starring in the TV series *Annie Oakley* in the 1950s. In this highly fictionalized program, Davis rode Target, and later on, Daisy. The actress didn't own these horses; they were rented from the Ace Hudkins Stables.

Not counting animal-based stories, a horse and a mule had their own starring roles. In the 1950 movie *Francis*, an army mule could speak (voiced by Chill Wills) and actor Donald O'Connor became a war hero because of the mule's military acumen. The film was such a hit that it spawned six sequels. On television, *Mr. Ed* was a talking horse who got his owner into hot comedic water in each episode. Allan Lane provided Mr. Ed's voice. Unlike Francis, the mule had no name; when Mr. Ed wasn't acting, his name was Bamboo Harvester.

As noted at the beginning of this article, the actors and horses named here are far from a definitive list. Horses with names generally appeared in B Western films on tight budgets from small studios such as Republic or Monogram. Many of these films, usually an hour or so in length, were intended for a juvenile audience that consisted mostly of young boys. The more successful actors, or, in the case of the holders of copyrights for the fictional characters, or the actors themselves, remained in the public eye for decades. Thanks to Youtube, many of the old B Westerns can be seen today.

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Cricket Was His Name

Gary Turner

The following tale is proof that not all horses are your friends. I heard this story at an *E Clampus Vitus* Old Timers initiation a year or so back. The facts are the best that I could remember under the circumstances. The laughter was so loud I missed a lot of the story and most of the initiation.

Cricket was his name but I guess I'm to blame
for taking the horse instead of money owed me
I did not know this beast was not friend but foe
though it didn't take long for me to see

He was not ordinary and certainly not sedentary
for he kicked the barn boards and broke them all
Got loose in the pasture and then he turned pure disaster
for he did not like being penned in the corral
My dog walked to him and got caught with a hoof to the chin
so I rushed the dog to the vet if you will
Got stitches on his face then left posthaste
after paying the huge doctor bill

So that was the start of my big aching heart
and a growing dislike of this horse
But I had made a deal though this beast was unreal
it was now only mine, of course

I looked him eye to eye but he just stared high
and avoided any contact with me
So I petted him down but he stomped the ground
this cayuse was one nasty pedigree

He ate lots of hay then slept during the day
and would stomp anything that came near
He would bite if you got close and would not allow a rope
this horse was always free and clear

A tame cat I fed wound up dead
A kick bounced it off the wall
The nag didn't even turn but I got on a real burn
when I found it stiff in the stall

I thought I could break this beast and he would cease
doing his rough and tumble deeds
But I couldn't get a saddle on so one of us had to be gone
he was just one ill bred steed

I am always very mild and it takes a lot to get me riled
but I had had enough of this horse
His time was running out and I knew it, no doubt
I have never seen an animal worse

Six weeks I lived though hard to forgive
I made one final effort
To reach a peace with that forlorn beast
for his time was running short

I tried to make strides but on my insides
He had gotten the best of me
Someone named him Cricket but I was beset
with the pain and misery

I called him Prisoner and did nothing to stir
his ire or upset this steed
Though fed every day he did things his way
I was the prisoner, indeed

An aura of dread camped out in my head
As I thought every day of this horse
But nothing I did as I tried to get rid
of these thoughts of morbid remorse

He got worse every day and I tried to give him away
But the horse rescue folk walked out
PETA just laughed when they saw the horse thrash
and flail, and jump all about

I could not ride him but continually fed him
and made repairs to the barn
A broken stall was the least of all
then I thought of the glue farm

But they said "No" and seemed to know
this horse was a liability
So I had to step up or I'd be bankrupt

I needed to be set free

I had had enough and this wasn't a bluff
He kicked out the side of his stall
So I pulled out my rope and I never spoke
and lassoed him once-an-for-all

It was on a clear day and he fought all the way
A mile or so from the ranch
I found a big tree and there it would be
as I tied the rope to a branch

He was kickin' and bitin' this wasn't to his likin'
But I proceeded on
I pulled out my rifle and I did not trifle
but loaded and cocked this gun

It took just one shot and I finally got
relief from two months of pain
He dropped dead at the tree and I could now see
that his loss was my great gain

I rode back with my dog wagging his tail quite hard
He was really happy too
I let him lay, there'd be no feed today
I'd return in a year or two

Coyotes have to eat and they like horsemeat
They howled a lot that night
I smiled in my sleep and never did weep
My future suddenly turned bright

A man has to do what a man has to do
Sometimes he has to stand tall
I tried my best and now I can rest
And I'm not the prisoner, after all.

A Civil War Letter

Phil Brigandi

A while back, I received a packet of early letters from a collector of postal covers who had little interest in the contents of the envelopes he was selling on eBay. I was interested because they were written to and from Sam and Alice Armor, two early pioneers of Orange, my hometown.

The oldest letter in the group was written to Alice by her brother, Ezekiel Duncan Taylor. It is undated, but a little research shows it was written during the Civil War, perhaps in the spring of 1862. Spelling, syntax, and underlining is original.

Four miles beyond Cum. Ford

Dear Sister

In my last I mentioned the monotony of camp life, the sameness, the ennui of soldiering. and now I propose to tell of my pleasure's in camp.

Owing to the dulness of the daily drill, meal, sleep, anything exciting is hailed as a godsend It is for this reason that games of skill & chance are so prevalent in the army.

Reading is very scarce, generaly and something is absolutely necessary to stir up the sluggish mind. Garfield saw this and recommended cards, as a means of rexalation before we left Camp Chase, but strictly forbade games on Sabbath and gambling in any shape.

During the winter our mess took up chess and made great progress in that royal game. At present marbles are at premium all over camp and it is not unusual to see a pair of epulettes bending with anxious solicitud over the ring in which is to be decided the game.

I dont like marbles and am not good at chess, but I like to run through the guard, when not needed in camp and mak a trip to some other Reg't, into the country for buttermilk, or up the hills in to the woods.

Or I like to jump onto a mule and take a wild ride over the bridle paths.

Such rides! An ohio horse would fall down at the first 30 feet and break his riders neck or his own But a mule, you go

Figure 14: *A Muleback "break neck" joyride, sketch by Dunton Taylor, c. 1862. Phil Brigandi collection.*

on the keen run up hill and down around bends over logs through brush. If your mule falls down your fate is sealed but it never falls. And after riding two miles and back at a break neck pace there is no wheezing & sobbing but the mule looks at you as if to ask, what Next?

Company Drill
Brother Dunton
Address as before

I am about out of stamps paid ten cents for the one that sends this

Taylor illustrated his letter with a sketch of one of his "break neck" rides (Figure 14).

Dunton Taylor (1842-1917) served as a private in the 42nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The 42nd was organized at Camp Chase, near Columbus, in the fall of 1861. The first commander was Lt. Col. James A. Garfield, already an Ohio State Senator, and later President of the United Sates.

The Regiment spent much of the spring and summer of 1862 in and around the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky, so perhaps Taylor's abbreviated dateline is for "Cum[berland] Ford."

Taylor spent most of his life as a newspaperman, artist, and author. He edited newspapers in New York and Minnesota, and established a small reputation as a humorist, under the alliterative pen name "J. Joshua Jenkins." His little essays are typical of that droll, late 19th century storytelling style—sort of a poor man's Mark Twain. (In fact, Taylor was a cousin of Twain's wife, Olivia.) His essay "How We Hunted a Mouse" was his most popular, and was included in many anthologies over the years. He also illustrated some of his longer stories, including *An Angel for an Hour: Being a Full and Accurate Account of a Trip from Earth to Heaven, and (alas) Back Again, by Balloon Atlantic* (1871).

Like so many Midwesterners, Taylor eventually came to California, and with his son-in-law, Will Parcher, founded the *Hollywood Citizen*. In 1910, Parcher acquired the *Owens Valley Herald*, and Taylor followed him to Bishop, where he wrote regularly for the paper until the last year of his life.

A Friend Named Doc

Terry Terrell

I had just turned 12 when my family moved, lock, stock, and barrel to the 60th East Ranch in the Antelope Valley east of Lancaster in early April of 1942. There I met my first Antelope Valley friend, Doc. He was about five years old, large for his age at about 1700 pounds, always hungry and somewhat clumsy. He brought to mind an overweight thirteen-year-old teenager. No doubt you realize my friend was a hair-covered, four-legged, hay-burner. He couldn't change the fact he was a horse. Being a horse was no reason why he couldn't have friends.

Doc was one of a pair of draft horses inherited with this run-down, "million-dollar" hay outfit my parents purchased. Why they acquired this 40-acre mess only God knows, and He ain't tellin'.

Doc's partner was named Prince. He was about the same age, had a Roman nose, was slightly taller and weighed a hundred or so pounds less. His legs were longer than Doc's but both had the same stride.

Within the pages of my imaginary *Equine Behavior Manual* there should be a chapter pointing out that Prince was more advanced and mature emotionally than his harness companion .

When I walked by the corral Doc trotted over and walked with me stride for stride. He trained me to grab a couple handfuls of grass, growing by the irrigation ditch, and hand feed him a snack.

When we needed Doc and Prince, Dad placed bridles on them and brought them to the barn. Sometimes he assisted me on to Doc's back and I rode to the barn. Doc was so large that when I tried to sit astride, like the movie cowboys, it was like trying to mount your kitchen table.

The harnesse for each hung on pegs on their side of the barn walls. At 12, I did my best to assist in the harnessing business. I reached up and placed the pad and collar around their necks while standing on a dynamite box.

Sometimes Doc started moving his hind end about an inch at a time toward the wall. If Dad or myself did not pay attention to Doc's side move, we soon found ourselves pinned against the wall. When we detected his shenanigans, one of us poked his ribs and told him to behave. He stopped moving and just stood there as innocent as an angel's dream. Why he did this is still a mystery.

Dad employed Doc and Prince to pull the old, early 1930s, iron wheel Admiral hay bailer at daybreak. Doc and Prince worked for room and board: Grade A Leafy Alfalfa meals and a quiet, shady place to live.

During this hay-bailing process, they walked past 2-foot-high piles of hay which Dad fed into the bailer's plunger. The row was on Doc's side. Sometimes he attempted to reach down and grab a mouthful. Dad had him on a short rein to eliminate this move. However, he scored every time on the higher piles. As soon as Doc grabbed his mouthful, he hunched his back feet up closer to his front anticipating the smack across his left rump with the backside of Dad's pitchfork.

After the rump thump he continued his pulling job with Prince. He walked and ate his mouthful of hay as if all was right with the world. He did this snack grab three or four times each bailing morning. One could assume Doc believed the rump thump was a small price to pay for an excellent snack.

The half horse, half cow water trough was an old four-legged bathtub stuck in the ground. Said bathtub was covered with moss, dried mud and other who knows what? It looked awful!

A neighbor was trying to finish building a house while suffering shortages in some building materials. Remember, WWII started only a few months before and metals were needed for guns, bombs and other weapons.

He and Dad made a deal whereby he supplied us with a suitable horse/cow water trough in exchange for the bathtub. After the swap the bathtub was spotless with nary a crack in the porcelain. The outside was painted gloss white. It appeared brand new.

We installed the new trough with loving care so my friend must play by the new rules. New rule number one was the new hose bib in a place where it could only be reached by us.

My job was to fill the trough when the water level got low while trying to keep Doc from playing in the stream of water. How could I refuse an old friend when he was pushing me away with his nose? If no one was looking I let him play a little. The stream was such Doc could thoroughly enjoy himself. He bit the stream and splashed it over himself, Daisy the cow, and the ground.

Prince watched this fooling around with the water and no doubt wondered if this kid would ever grow-up. Which kid did he mean?

During summer the fly population around the corrals was robust. Doc and Prince stood next to each other in opposite directions. The result when each moved their tail to keep flies from themselves was to also keep the flies from the face of their partner. I always wondered if their mothers taught them this maneuver or they figured it out for themselves.

There were times when the two horses played. The first time I witnessed this I ran to my father and told him they were fighting. He explained it was just their way of playing. While standing next to each other, usually Doc started the fun by reaching over and biting Prince on his rump. After the bite Doc swung his backside away before Prince could return the favor. They chased each other around the corral. Their scariest behavior was when they reared up on their hind hooves and pushed their front hooves at each other. It appeared to the casual observer they might seriously hurt themselves. Maybe their mamas didn't explain that hazard to them.

Dad and I constructed a lean-to corral roof about 25 feet long, closed off at each end with a post in the center of the front edge for support. Doc used this post to scratch his side, neck, posterior and many other parts of his body.

The first post was a 4x4 placed in the ground about two feet and nailed to the support for the roof. Doc managed to push this post over a foot or two by the second day.

The replaced post was a length of 2-inch iron pipe set in 2 feet of concrete with a flange for large screws supporting the roof. The next day Doc was observed scratching his side and shaking the entire lean-to roof and part of the barn to which it was attached. The next morning Dad wrapped a strand of barbed wire around the pipe from top to bottom. Doc tried to scratch himself only one more time. Surprise!

During the winter months Doc and Prince were turned loose on the entire alfalfa field where they roamed at leisure. The alfalfa field was divided into 32 feet wide checks a quarter of a mile long, separated by small dikes. The irrigation ditches were 3 feet wide and their bottoms were the same level as the check. We didn't irrigate in winter.

When Doc and Prince wandered the fields, Doc stumbled every 32 feet over these little dikes. When he tried to cross the little irrigation ditches, he brought his hind feet forward in an attempt to jump: always a total failure. He somehow stumbled through each empty ditch and went his way. Maybe he needed glasses.

Doc and Prince walked on dirt and were never shod. As a result, their hooves needed a pedicure every 6 months. Prince didn't seem to be too concerned about this activity. But when Doc saw the farrier arrive, he was always nervous. Doc tolerated the trimming of his two front hooves with little or no problems. But his back hooves were a different story. In the anatomy of a horse, their hooves are the nail on their middle finger.

As always the tried and true procedure was followed. Dad used a device called a twitch. This was a foot and a half end of a broken hickory pitchfork handle with a small rope looped through a drilled hole in the end. This device was used to get Doc's attention. Dad reached through the loop while sliding it over Doc's upper lip. He then twisted the wooden handle until it would hold his upper lip. I know you are thinking that when the handle was twisted this twitch would create pain. That was the plan to encourage Doc to behave.

The farrier raised the right hind hoof

with a small block-and-tackle attached to a loop of rope over his back. This was necessary because Doc would not lift his hoof. He now had three hooves on the ground.

On this occasion the farrier had Doc's hoof lifted, turned over and placed between his leather-covered knees. He was filing off the excess "nail" (so to speak), when Doc lost his balance and lunged forward, knocking my father flat on his back.

Three-legged Doc stumbled over my Dad while trying to regain his balance. I was terrified! Dad was able to roll over and get away. It is not known which hoof came down on the flesh inside of my father's left thigh. He was untouched elsewhere.

Doc regained his balance after hopping for 6 or 8 feet. After Dad, the farrier and myself recovered from this close call and some of Dad's pain lessened, this whole procedure started again. This time it was successful.

However, this time Dad was holding the twitch at arm's length and to one side. Talk about thanking your lucky stars!

In 1947 Doc and Prince went with the ranch when it was sold. I still want to believe the new owner understood my friend's out-in-left-field personality.

These two old friends are still alive 'n' well and will be forever within my memory of the good ol' days on the 60th East Ranch.

A Tail of Two Cities

Steve Baker

Jerome Increase Case was born December 11, 1819 in Oswego County, New York. As a young man, he tinkered with a primitive threshing device purchased by his father, made improvements, and then perfected his own threshing machine by the early 1840s. He ultimately located in Racine, Wisconsin, where he built a large manufacturing plant. In the 1860s he was joined by several partners and the J. I. Case Company was organized. It evolved into a prosperous farm implement manufacturer that exists today as the Case Company. Some of the company's vintage tractors are highly sought-after collector's items.

In the 1870s, with greater wealth and fewer responsibilities, Case turned his attention to the sport of kings—horse racing. Case spent considerable time breeding race horses on his Hickory Grove Farm near Racine. One of Case's favorites was a black gelding, foaled in 1878, that was given the name Jay-Eye-See, a phonetic rendering of Case's initials. Jay-Eye-See set a trotting record in 1882 and won many other races, becoming the Silky Sullivan of his era.

In the meantime, Case had discovered the fledgling community of Monrovia, nestled at the base of the San Gabriel Mountains. Case was nearing seventy, and the harsh winters of Racine induced him to establish a winter residence in sunny Southern California. The "Monrovia Planet" of March 26, 1887 proudly claimed that J. I. Case of Racine, Wisconsin and J.M. Studebaker of South Bend, Indiana were new residents of Monrovia and "have invested about $200,000 in Monrovia real estate, and will both erect handsome residences in the near future, as soon as plans, etc. can be prepared."

Case was also one of the founders of the Granite Bank of Monrovia, serving as vice president of the institution. His winter home, completed in 1887 at a value of $10,000 in 1887 dollars, still proudly stands in the foothills of Monrovia.

A week earlier, the "Planet" had reported "that famous horse, J.I.C. (sic) has been purchased from Mr. Case and will be brought to Monrovia." Either the "Planet" source was inaccurate or there was a change of heart, since Jay-Eye-See never did venture south of the Tehachapi Mountains. But his name did. William Monroe, who bought land from E.J. "Lucky" Baldwin in 1884, settled the future site of Monrovia, and gave his

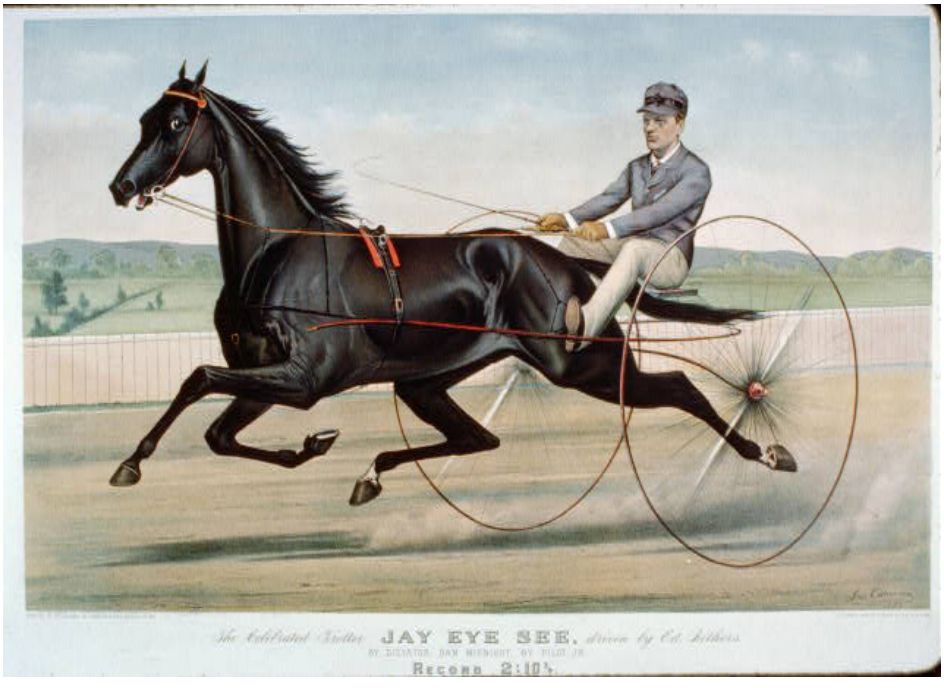


Figure 15: *Promotional lithograph of Jay-Eye-See setting a speed record of 2 minutes, 10 seconds in the 1-mile harnessed trot, 1884. Public domain image courtesy of U.S. Library of Congress.*

name to the new community in 1886, decided to name one of the streets in his 1887 Monroe Addition to the Monrovia Tract after the famous race horse. Rather than using the phonetic rendering Jay-Eye-See, Monroe chose to use J.I.C. instead. The uninitiated thought the street was named for Jerome I. Case, but it was actually named for his horse.

Speaking of Jay-Eye-See, he was injured in 1889 and was retired from racing, but not before he became nationally famous and was even featured in prints by Currier and Ives. Much lesser known is the fact that Jay-Eye-See captured the attention of a noted phrenologist of the time, who published a book on phrenology with an image of the horse on the cover. I know, because lurking somewhere in my collection of historical memorabilia is that very book.

The last reference to Jerome I. Case in Monrovia comes from the "Monrovia Messenger" of February 19, 1891, "J.I. Case of Racine, Wis., is in Monrovia at present. He owns considerable ranch property and has a beautiful home here." It was his last visit. He died December 22, 1891 in Racine at age 72.

But what of Jay-Eye-See? After his injury in 1889, he was re-trained to a new gait, joined the race track once again, and set a pacing record in 1892. He died in 1909 at the ripe old age of 31, and was buried on the Hickory Grove farm. When his unidentified resting place was threatened by development, aficionados located his bones and removed them to a safe storage area. As funds permit, they will be re-interred in a memorial near the Case family mausoleum in Mound Cemetery.

The City of Racine also memorialized Jay-Eye-See by naming one of their streets after the famous race horse—and unlike Monrovia, they used the proper spelling. The street exists today. Monrovia, on the other hand, succumbed to the urge to change the prosaic "J.I.C." to "Alta Vista" in the early years of the last century when Spanish place names were coming into vogue. It is fitting yet ironic that the original name of the street succumbed at about the same time that the horse whom it honored succumbed as well. Old maps of Monrovia kindle the memory and old historians love to tell the tale.

Horseback Riding, the "Indian," and a Pink Ribbon

Therese Melbar

When I was young, my parents gave us kids horseback riding lessons. For years, we would drive to the entrance of Azusa Canyon for riding lessons. We rode English style. Every Saturday equestrian skills such as grooming, reining, walking, trotting, cantering, jumping, and other basic horsemanship principles were taught.

My sister, being the eldest, started the year before; which gave us younger kids a chance to run and play beyond the corral and explore the San Gabriel River where it washed out of the canyon. It made for a terrific day outdoors. She naturally needed to be outfitted with the proper riding equipment, so mom and us kids all went together to the western wear mercantile. Here, my sister was fitted for black leather riding boots, a pair of jodhpur pants, a crop with an impressive leather flap at the business end, and a black riding helmet covered in velvet with a bow at the back. The next year when the rest of us started to ride, we only received the necessary helmet, which is just the way things go with families that have too many kids. Not to worry though, we got by just fine without the other items.

There were lots of things to do at these equestrian centers. We could help prepare the horses by grooming them and finding the necessary tack they needed for our lessons. If we got some change off our parents, we could purchase a tall bottle of soda. The machine had an assortment of beverages and took some strength to pull the bottles out. It had a bottle opener and a rack for holding the empty bottles. Five kids meant this was more of a dream than reality. There was also an old abandoned wire mattress frame with rusty coils which we were told to stay away from. It was so much fun for jumping on. When someone got hurt from getting their feet caught in the springs from a misstep, a decision had to be made if they would tell on themselves, potentially getting all of us in trouble, and hearing yet again that "We could have broken our necks." The alternative was to resolve to be less clumsy the next time we did what we should not have been doing. Either outcome was possible.

Another point of fascination was the skywriting that could be seen from our vantage point at the horse stables. In a series of white dots that would grow and expand before ultimately vanishing in the air, we could see words form. It was a welcome distraction for a young rider waiting their turn during a horse-riding lesson.

Each of us had our favorite horse and would often get to ride them if they were not being used by others. My favorite loved to be groomed and would stand patiently to be brushed with a curry comb. When being ridden, this "glue factory horse" didn't pay much mind to my commands but was smart enough follow the herd and do what it saw the other horses doing. I could see it turn its ears listening for the instructor while I attempted to cue it to perform by making clicking sounds, heeling its sides, or working the reins asking for obedience. When the horses didn't mind our requests, the instructor got after them, so they knew enough to be somewhat responsive. Other than the perils of being thrown, bit or stepped on, our lessons generally went well.

I always associate horseback riding with an Indian that I never really met. It was when I went exploring by the water when I first discovered him. I didn't actually see him though, just the occasional air bubbles coming up from the bottom of a pond down at the stream. I instantly knew this was an Indian because at my young age, there was no one else physically capable of quickly getting in a stream without making a splash or disturbing the water. He was so skillful at hiding from view, holding his breath for minutes at a time and leaving no trace by the streambank. I had seen enough shows on TV to know that Indians were smart and were unmatched in trail craft skills; everyone knew this. But he couldn't keep the air from escaping his lungs, which is how I was cleverly able to detect his

Figure 16: *Photo of the author on her horse in the early 1970s facing east, with the San Gabriel Mountains near Azusa Canyon at the right, and Duarte, California off in the distance. Melbar photo.*

location. After months of fear and intense curiosity pondering his actions, I ultimately determined that no one could hold their breath for so long. Not even an Indian could be this skillful. So even with the proof in front of me, I resolved to use my courage and choose not to believe in what seemed so apparent. It is the first example in my young life of pondering where to place my belief and has led to a creed of banishing all superstition.

Another lesson was learned at a horse show. One day at the stables there was a horse show for the students. My siblings each won one or more ribbons. There were blue, red and white rosette ribbons for the winners of the various heats. It was at the last competition of the day when it came down to two riders, and my instructor chose me for fifth place. The ribbon was pink, and meant that I was not going to feel the shame of being the only one not receiving a ribbon. I was so proud to be with my favorite horse, but it was too stubborn for me to control. I remember to this day the worry of not winning and the sadness of my beloved favorite horse not performing well under my control.

The story of the Indian is something I always kept as a secret to myself growing up. Never would I take a drive up Azusa canyon without thinking of the Indian in the water, the fear I experienced as a young child, and the never-discovered reason for the air bubbles. I often thought too, of the horse show and the kindness of my instructor who gave me a ribbon that I probably did not merit and the horse that was a dear companion for my lessons. I learned to never be the last one out in the area, to avoid being kidnapped by Indians. I learned that the experience can be more valuable than the results. And, I learned of the enduring value of kindness. But the greatest value for my years of horseback riding was the lesson learned about banishing superstition by the Indian, which has molded me into the person I am today.

Fandango, June 2019 . . .

In June the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners held its Fandango at the *Rancho Los Cerritos* in Long Beach. The land the rancho resides on originally belonged to Spanish soldier Manuel Nieto in the 1780s, part of his 300,000 acres in California. This land was divided and his daughter Manuela Cota received the area known as *Rancho Los Cerritos*, Spanish for "Ranch of the Little Hills," which was 27,000 acres in size. The land was then sold to John Temple in 1843 after her death.

Temple built the Monterey-style adobe house in 1844 which still stands to this day. John used the location as a summer home, and also as a cattle ranch. Having many successful cattle years during the California Gold Rush, followed by terrible flooding, he sold the ranch to Flint, Bixby & Co in 1866. Jotham Bixby managed it as a sheep ranch. In the 1870s much of the land was sold and the cities Long Beach, Signal Hill and Lakewood eventually grew up in the surrounding areas. In 1930 the adobe house was extensively remodeled and repaired. The family eventually sold the remaining 4.7 acres the house sits on to the City of Long Beach in 1955, and it was opened as a public museum.

The Westerners received a tour of the rancho, starting off with some of the natural flora of the area, then moving to the building itself. The adobe house was quite large, with many specialized rooms. Among them were the foreman's room, where he had a view of the rancho, a ledger to keep track of daily activity, and a bed held up by ropes. There was also the laundry room, and kitchen, where the women and Chinese cook worked. The kitchen contained many different kinds of food to feed the Bixby family and their ranch-hands, as well as some Chinese specialty items the cook obtained from his friends. The rancho had a very large library, as Bixby valued education, even sending his daughters to college, uncommon at the time. The children's rooms were adorned with toys and books of the era, and the dining table was no doubt fancy for the time. The house had a second floor, very uncommon for adobe structures, as it was expensive and a sign of luxury. In addition to the excellent tour of the historic rancho, the June 2019 Fandango included a book auction, food and drink aplenty, and live accordian music. Overall, it was a great event.

— Patrick Mulvey

Opposite: *The Westerners enjoy an outdoor dinner.* ***Top left:*** *Sheriff Jim Macklin makes an announcement.* ***Above:*** *The book auction.* ***Left:*** *The courtyard of the* Rancho Los Cerritos *adobe.* ***Bottom:*** *A tour of the adobe house interior. All photos by Patrick Mulvey.*

Monthly Roundup . . .

July 2019

Alyssa Kreikemeier

July's Roundup featured a wonderful presentation that challenged us to broaden our view of history to include how the Earth's natural environment has influenced the growth of our society. Alyssa Kreikemeier—L.A. Corral's 2019 Autry Fellow and a Ph.D. candidate at Boston University—showed us how America's Western skies informed not only native folk wisdom and record keeping, but our forebears' drives towards Western settlement and the successes thereof. Her lecture, within the vibrant field of environmental history, was an astute reminder that the people responsible for shaping our history did not act in a vacuum, but were shaped by their environments as much as they shaped them in return.

Ms. Kreikemeier pointed to three ways in which the sky has been crucial to the development of the West: the sky's role in residents' daily lives, the useful portrayal of its beauty to promote settlement, and that an understanding of the sky was essential to the successful expansion of settlers into the West. The sky was the metric by which native people had long reckoned their years, resulting in the Winter Counts—some of the few non-oral records kept by the tribes of the Great Plains, and crucial to reconciling their calendars to ours. The tribes' intimacy with the sky greatly influenced their culture, as is shown by their anthropomorphizing of the cardinal directions; each personality evocative of the weather flowing whence. Day-to-day, the natives of the West used their knowledge of the sky to plan events and to anticipate poor and good weather. Understanding the sky was key not only to their survival, but to the development of their culture.

The stunning photography of Frederic Hamer Maude, and the wonderful paintings of Maynard Dixon, were used by Ms. Kreikemeier to illustrate her second point: that Western settlement was spurred by capturing and disseminating fantastic images of its wide, open sky. The mythology of the West was built on a framework of images so astounding that there has been much discussion into whether or not Dixon's work can be called realistic. We got a taste of that conversation in a fruitful post-lecture discussion, but anyone who looks at Maude's unbelievably vivid and surreal photographs would be hard pressed to argue that Dixon goes too far in his pigmented approximations of the Western sky.

Ms. Kreikemeier concluded her lecture by enumerating the many technological and logistical developments the West has utilized in order to survive and thrive under such an active sky, and it is the enumeration of these advances that drives home the point that our understanding of our environment is continually evolving and ever crucial. Inventions such as the telegraph made it possible for the settlements laid out in the West to receive weather news from across the country, greatly increasing their chances for survival. As we move further into the 21st century—replete with much ado over climate change—we would do well to remember the lessons of the 19th and 20th, for we know just how integral the environment has been to our development in the past, and should expect nothing less for the future.

— Alan Griffin

August 2019

Abraham Hoffman

Attendees to the Roundup this August were enlightened to the martial prowess and gallantry of Bernardo de Gálvez, a Spaniard from the 18th century with an impressive administrative resume that lent to the cause of American Independence. Educator and Living Legend of Westerners International Dr. Abraham Hoffman illustrated the recent upsurge in academic acknowledgment for Gálvez's accomplishments, mirroring the prestige this war hero had already received as the eighth Honorary Citizen of the United States and providing an exploration of his military career. Without the strategic ministrations and successes of Gálvez's service, both in directing the prelude to conflict and in tipping the scales in favor of the American side, the colonists would have been overwhelmed in their rebellion against Britain.

Through a potent combination of unabashed nepotism and genuine skill, Gálvez proved himself time and time again to be a worthy candidate for leading military campaigns and assuming executive positions. Gálvez found his career advancing rapidly with numerous promotions, thanks to the substantial political influence of his uncle José. He continued his early American military career in New Spain where he led an assault against the Apaches, chasing them across the Rio Grande. After this, Gálvez was transferred back to Seville to participate in the invasion of Algiers, where he sustained serious injuries before digging his heels in the formerly French province of Louisiana as its newly appointed governor in 1777. With the stage set for Gálvez's future involvement in the American Revolution, he set his sights on buttressing his vulnerable territory—and the Mississippi River in particular—against British encroachment.

Eager to gain the upper hand, Britain was edging its way towards economic dominance in the New World, their Caribbean colonies challenging Spain and its shrinking territories following the great loss of Florida in the Seven Years' War. Additionally, Britain made its presence known in Florida and became an imminent threat in the Mississippi River Valley. Gálvez made use of his station in Louisiana by enabling the smuggling of Spanish supplies on the Mississippi River during the conflict, as well as furnishing the American rebels with armaments and gunpowder in direct defiance of British officials in West Florida. Determined to capture the British outposts and secure a stronger tactical position in the Southwest, Gálvez led a series of military victories once Spain officially declared war against Britain, seizing Baton Rouge, Fort Bute, Mobile, Natchez, and most notably Pensacola. Gálvez effectively relieved the colonists of British threats along the Gulf coast, ensuring their ultimate victory.

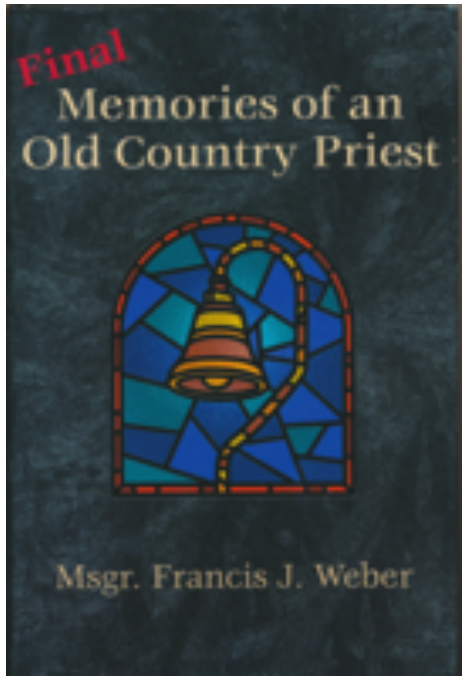
A war hero noble of manner towards his captives and instrumental to the American cause, Gálvez stands one of the main pillars supporting the American Revolution's success. He eliminated Britain's ability to force a multifront assault on the Americans and showed his support—albeit out of a want for payback—even before he entered the battlefield. Gálvez proved himself a formidable military leader and a nominal luminary of American patriotism.

To focus solely on the actions of the rebels on the East Coast is to unjustly disregard the broader picture of American Independence. It was a war not only fought by its main benefactors, but also by a foreign ally. The Thirteen Colonies were fortuitously united with Spain as a result of hurt feelings and powerful grudges across the Atlantic Ocean.

— Arkaz Vardanyan

Down the Western Book Trail . . .

Final Memories of an Old Country Priest (Volume 3, 2018), by Monsignor Francis J. Weber, Saint Francis Historical Society, Mission Hills, CA. Available at the Mission San Fernando Bookstore. $35.00.



A thousand-year-old Iberian proverb known to every Spanish-speaker on the planet is that:

> *In every man's life, he should do three things: he should plant a tree, he should have a son, and he should write a book.*

My good friend Msgr. Francis J. Weber, world-famous California Mission historian and archivist, may be responsible for at least some of the trees decorating the lovely grounds of Mission San Fernando, Rey de España (1797) where he has lived for much of the time since his ordination sixty years ago. And while Catholic Priests are proscribed from actual *biological* fatherhood, they are nevertheless accorded the affectionate honorific of "Father" in the spiritual sense. Which brings us to the third *proverbial* requirement: Msgr. Weber, the *Old Country Priest* and author of dozens of wonderful books about California's past, has now published the third and final installment of his own autobiography.

Amongst the treats inside are a recapitulation of one of Weber's most thoughtful articles demolishing erroneous myths about the California Missions, previously published in the Los Angeles Corral's *Branding Iron*. Also included is his own, self-authored Obituary, just so that the facts will be stated correctly at his final eulogy, hopefully not to be read for many years to come. Westerners Living Legend Weber concludes his volume with two thumbnail descriptions of him by friends and admirers from the Los Angeles Corral, presented as separate appendices.

Every person walking the earth is part producer, and part consumer. While most people produce little beyond that needed to keep themselves and their families afloat, a talented and altruistic few do more, much more, for the benefit of all. Writers, artists, and musicians transport us from the here and now to distant places and times. Consumers never have biographies written about them, only producers do.

Msgr. Weber has led such a full and rich life, and done so much for so many people for so many years, that a single biography could not do him justice. So it is fitting that the story of his long and productive literary life is separated out into three successive volumes. The third and final installment of this autobiographical trilogy is a wonderful, entertaining read, and a book that deserves a place of honor in every Westerner's bookcase, right next to its first and second volumes.

— Brian Dervin Dillon