



In Memoriam



Glen Dawson

A Man of the Mountains and a Man of Books

"What a legacy! To accomplish half as much would fill a life for most people."

-a mountaineer's tribute to Glen Dawson

The Los Angeles Westerners bid a grateful and heartfelt farewell to Glen Dawson, the last of the Corral's founding members, who died in Pasadena on March 22, 2016 at age 103. The idea of beginning a Westerners group was first discussed in a conversation at Dawson's Book Shop in 1946. There young Glen, age 34, was a partner with his father Ernest Dawson – later to be joined

by his brother Muir. Then in December 1946, the Corral was formally organized in Pasadena at the home of Homer Britzman, with 26 original members – three of them booksellers.

From that day to this, the expertise and friendship of Glen Dawson have touched seven decades of Westerners, the scholars and artists, antiquarians, collectors, and history
(Continued on Page 3)

The Branding Iron

Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners

Published Quarterly

Winter - Spring – Summer – Fall

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For subscription information: Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners, P O Box 1891, San Gabriel, CA 91778
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The Branding Iron is always seeking articles of up to 3,500 words 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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See our web site for all the Branding Irons, photos, Corral meetings and so much more!

Editor's Corner . . .

Welcome to the Spring, 2016 edition of the L.A. Westerners' Branding Iron. As you undoubtedly gathered from the front page, the Westerners lost a stalwart member of our group this past quarter. The tribute to Glen Dawson, penned by our own Elizabeth Pomeroy, is a fitting tribute to the man who did so much for Southern California, and the Los Angeles Corral. This edition has several early pics of the Corral with Glen.

Secondly, Troy Kelley, an associate of member Ann Collier, continues his story of

the life and death of John Heath, this time in Bisbee, AZ. This is the second of three parts- the third will be in September.

Last but certainly not least, Jim Shuttleworth, our Register of Marks and Brands, gives us an insight into many of the early Pacific Coast maritime artists of the last two centuries. If you've ever gotten the chance to see Jim's collection of maritime paintings, you know he's the man to tell us about them!

Please remember, the Branding Iron is your publication and I am always looking for and accepting new material. Please consider this your invitation to submit!

Steve Lech
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buffs who have created such a rich tradition here in Southern California – a tradition of books, exploration, and camaraderie. Glen was the Corral's thirteenth sheriff, in 1959.

Glen was born June 3, 1912 in the Mt. Washington area of Los Angeles, the eldest of the four children of Ernest and Sadie Roberts Dawson. His father had opened Dawson's Book Shop in downtown Los Angeles in 1905, and Glen assisted there from his teenage years. Ernest Dawson was also a respected mountaineer and Sierra Club member, and president of that Club from 1934-37. Glen became a Life Member of the Club at the age of nine, and was later a director of the Club himself.

Father and son shared a devotion to books and to mountaineering. In 1928 the two traveled to the East Coast and Europe on a book-buying trip where they also climbed the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau in the Alps. By the age of 18, Glen received from the Sierra Club their certificate for climbing five peaks over 14,000 feet. Soon, aided by newly-introduced rope techniques for climbing, Glen and his friends swarmed over pinnacles and summits in the Sierra Nevada, lighting up a golden age of mountaineering in the West. Glen's most memorable achievement was the first ascent of the east face of Mt. Whitney, in 1931. This and many other bold climbs have placed him firmly in mountaineering history.

Glen graduated from UCLA in 1935 with a major in history, which he deemed the best preparation for a bookseller. Then he embarked on a 14-month journey around the world, climbing mountains and sending home books for the shop. Returning home, he became a partner with his father in 1936.

In 1940 he married Mary Helen Johnston and they settled into Pasadena, where they would raise three children, Keith, Karen, and Susan. Then came the War, and Glen's service from 1943-45 in the Army's Tenth Mountain Division (known as "Warriors on Skis"), a famed unit of winter-trained troops deployed in the Italian Alps. Glen, an expert ski mountaineer, assisted in their training for winter endurance and combat, based first at Camp Hale in Colorado. At Glen's 100th birthday celebration, the last few members

of the Tenth honored him with recollections of their push across Alpine passes in the closing months of the War. There was even a final yodel from a Tenth Mountain Division comrade that day.

From the 1950s to the 80s, Glen and Dawson's Book Shop grew in stature and contributed immeasurably to book life in the Southland. With brother Muir as equal partner, Glen built the shop into a vital forum for everything about books and the history and literature of the West. By 1940, according to historian Kevin Starr, Los Angeles had become a library and book-collecting center of international importance. Glen Dawson and a circle of other booksellers in this heyday were creating a book culture, a center devoted to finding and selling precious books, and also to publishing and fostering fine printing. For decades the shop was a gathering place for bookish discussion and inspired collecting.

With Glen at the helm, Dawson's Book Shop published about 300 titles, including four series: the Early California Travel Series, Baja California Travel Series, Los Angeles Miscellany, and Famous Trials Series. Many titles showcased the eminent printers of the era. Beginning in 1907, Dawson's published 550 annotated catalogues, which are prized today for their bibliographic information and have become collectors' items. He was also a leading light in the Miniature Book Society, publishing many of those little gems which showcase fine printing. He was a leader in the Antiquarian Booksellers Association, and a participant in rare book gatherings in Europe, Asia, and around the world. Appraising, selling, searching, and advising, Glen Dawson had an impact on every academic and research library in Southern California and even beyond.

Glen himself, looking back at the age of 100, felt he would be best remembered for his climbing and mountaineering achievements. He was known for encouraging and influencing several generations of these skilled adventurers. At his recent death, the tributes from today's climbers (including an obituary from the United Kingdom) testify to his lasting legacy: "A long fine run," "a

climber's climber," "a true legend, one of the founding fathers of modern climbing," "he will be remembered with great respect," "one of the Sierra's immortals."

The Los Angeles Westerners cherish him equally strongly as a generous fellow traveler, always glad to share expertise and hunt up a book or track an elusive reference. A colleague at the Huntington Library put it simply: "He knew so much!" In 1990 the FBI called upon Glen's help in the case of Stephen Blumberg, a notorious book thief who had nabbed rarities from dozens of libraries. Glen was able to trace the stolen property and find the rightful owners.

Msgr. Francis J. Weber, archivist of the Los Angeles Diocese, historian, and bibliophile, summarizes Glen's legacy: "Probably he has sold more books to more people in this city than any other single person. . . suffice to say that Glen Dawson is a true California pioneer who towers majestically above the books he sells."

Many honors came to Glen during this long lifetime. He was awarded the Bronze Star for his wartime service, and in 1973, the Francis. P. Farquhar Mountaineering Award.

Dawson's Book Shop celebrated its centennial in 2005, and Glen was honored as the sole living Charter Member of the Los Angeles Westerners at the 60th anniversary in 2006. An enduring tribute is *The Dawson Eighty*, a listing of eighty distinguished historical books on Southern California, dedicated to Glen and published by the Book Collectors of Southern California – a beautifully produced volume.

In 2009, Glen was named an Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters by Azusa Pacific University, and in 2011, the Sierra Club marked Glen's ninetieth year as a member – by presenting him with the Walter A. Starr Award for continuing active work and support of the Club by a former director. What a legacy Glen leaves in the worlds of mountaineering and of books!

Tributes being offered now reveal the generous spirit of this influential bookman. Friends and colleagues described him throughout his life as someone who inspires people to do things. Thus his accomplishments will carry on, and he will always be in the memory of the Westerners.

-- Elizabeth Pomeroy



Glen Dawson shares a laugh with Carl Dentzel, undated



Glen Dawson, May 20, 1954. He was the featured speaker at the Holliday Library Auction.

"At one time I counted that I belonged to 40 historical societies, friends of libraries, and Westerners organizations, but none have meant so much to me as the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. . .

The Westerners were incorporated when I was sheriff and the Southwest Museum designated as repository of our archives. . .

Although Ronald Reagan has been both a Governor of California and President of the United States, he has not yet been a Sheriff of the Westerners.

Over these 36 years, I have sold books to you and your predecessors, I have bought books from you, I have appraised your books, I have sold the books you have written and illustrated, I have published some of your books.

I have shared in some of your joys and sorrows. A few of you I have offended and for that I am sorry. I have been reprimanded on occasion, usually with cause. I have shared in the formation and in some cases the distribution of your libraries. I have shared and benefited from your enthusiasm for the preservation and publication of Western history.

The Westerners is a notable example of a group of men of both great diversity and great unity. . . There has been a remarkable degree of willingness to contribute in many ways to the common good. . . as long as we have diversity, unity and a spirit of cooperation and work, the future of the Corral is bright."

-- Glen Dawson, reflecting on the Westerners, 1982



FROM OUR FILES

50 Years Ago
#76 – March 1966

[Note to some of our older members: Yes, 1966 was actually 50 years ago. Count on your fingers, it's true.]

As our Corral neared its 20th anniversary, several former Sheriffs shared memories of our departed members at our January meeting, including our founding Sheriff, Homer Britzman (1901-1953), a noted expert on Charles Russell, Frederick Hodge (1864-1956), former director of the Southwest Museum, and J. Gregg Layne (1885-1952), editor of the Southern California Quarterly for 15 years.

Corral members Walt Wheelock, Don Meadows, Burr Belden, and Sid Platford recently returned from a long trip to Baja California, made even longer by repeated car troubles. "Never discount the roads of Baja California," they reported.

25 Years Ago
#183 – Spring 1991

At our December 1990 meeting Corral member Martin Ridge spoke on "The Overland Trail in Western History." In January, Norman Neuerberg spoke on "The Sierra Gorda Missions: A Little Known Chapter in Father Serra's Life."

Longtime Corral member and 1976 Sheriff Everett Gordon Hager (1904-1990) was re-

membered by Glen Dawson in a warm obituary. He and his wife, Anna Marie, are best remembered for the many indexes they compiled for historical journals, including the Branding Iron.

Other obituaries noted the passing of Ardis Manly Walker and Robert Scherrer.

50 Years Ago
#77 – June 1966

Publication of Brand Book #12 was announced, featuring articles by David Myrick, Clifford Drury, E.I. Edwards, LeRoy Hafen, and Walt Wheelock. Price, \$15 for members, \$20 retail.

Former Sheriff Paul Galleher was again set to manage "the ever-popular book auction" at the coming annual meeting of the Conference of California Historical Societies.

Doyce Nunis was seeking speaking for the upcoming Western History Association meeting in El Paso, Texas.

Pat Adler, Esther Klotz, Alden Miller, Bill Newbro, Helen Smith, and John Urabec are listed as a new Corresponding Members.

25 Years Ago
#184 – Summer 1991

Articles in this quarter's issue included "Guardians of the Mountaintops, The Fire Lookouts of Southern California" by John W. Robinson, "Kite-Shaped Track Excursion" by Donald Duke, and "Brigham Young's Irsome Elder" by John Southworth, which traced the life of the Ute Indian leader Wakara, or Chief Walker.



“John is Not a Humbug”

Part II - The Bisbee Massacre

Troy Kelley

John Heath – husband, son, bandit, rouge – fled Texas in the spring of 1882 leaving behind a litany of indictments and innuendo. He left his wife, his family, and what little honor remained. He did not, however, leave behind his past life, pausing just long enough to pack his bad ways into his saddlebags. For about a year his trail dims until he pops up again in the remote Arizona mining town of Clifton.

Located high in the mountains of eastern Arizona, Clifton can be said to be the northern point of what could be termed the “Outlaw Triangle” stretching southeast to Silver City in New Mexico, west to Tombstone, and then northeast back to Clifton. Encompassing several thousand acres, the area is composed of desert, grasslands, rugged mountains, marauding bands of Indians, a few bleak U.S. Army outposts, hardscrabble ranches, and lots of silver and copper mines and mining towns. The entire region was known as a haven for highwaymen, bandits, rustlers, and men on the run. Clifton in particular was known both for its rich copper deposits and for the riff-raff the camp attracted. Gunplay became so commonplace among the lower element in the town that the local paper once quipped that “steel umbrellas” were becoming the latest fashion trend to ward off the constant rain of hot lead.

John Heath rode into this remote and unforgiving land in the spring of 1883. It didn’t take him long to return to his Texas ways. Ostensibly setting up shop in a local dancehall/saloon, Heath quickly became the alleged leader of a group of desperate men. Among those riding the outlaw trail with John were former buffalo hunter “Big” Dan Dowd, rogue farm boy from Kansas Omer “Red” Sample and – later – old Texas cattle-droving friend James “Tex” Howard. Perhaps the most dangerous of the gang was the ill-tempered William Delaney. Hailing from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Delaney was also a fugitive, having fled Pennsylvania after

building a criminal resume that included petty theft, robbery, and murder. Like Heath, trouble followed Delaney west. By the fall of 1883, he was forced to flee Clifton after engaging in a series of violent encounters culminating in Delaney shooting a man to death.

Settling into Clifton, Heath and his men quickly perfected the art of strong-armed robbery. With the town’s drinking and gambling establishments operating “at high pressure day and night,” pickings were easy and plentiful. Old-time resident Charles M. Clark, who worked at a local hotel, claimed that Heath and his men had, “...at one time or another held up every safe in the district except those in the various gambling houses...” A particularly brutal example of the gang’s methods was recorded by Clark: “...waiting until the superintendent was along in his office, they entered and asked him to open the safe. Upon his refusal, they beat him over the head with their .45s until in desperation he gave them the combination.”

The end for the Heath gang in Clifton came in September of 1883 as the result of a botched stagecoach robbery. A branch of the outlaw gang led by “Kid” Lewis attempted to rob the stage from Clifton to the nearby railhead of Guthrie. Things went wrong, shots were fired, and several members of a wagon of Chinese men following the main stage were killed. A posse was formed and went after the bandits. They caught four of them on the banks of a nearby river. A gun battle ensued in which Lewis and another man were killed. However, two other men – widely believed to be Sample and Delaney – escaped. Fleeing, both headed south to the Chiricahua Mountains near Bisbee. Soon thereafter, Heath, Dowd, and Howard were seen riding out of town. By the time they reached southern Arizona, their group had grown by one. A young cowpoke from Texas named Daniel Kelly met the men on the trail deciding to throw his lot in with them.

Located roughly 160 miles south of Clifton, Bisbee is known as the "Queen of the Copper Camps." Founded in the late 1870s, Bisbee sits about twenty-five miles southeast of the silver boomtown of Tombstone, then the county seat. By 1883, the town had only recently emerged from its embryo state. It had a post office, three boarding houses, a large mercantile which doubled as the bank, restaurants, shops, and a livery. A local brewery kept the numerous saloons supplied with beer. The population hovered right around 400, almost all men, although a few women, like Mrs. Annie Roberts, had set up shop in the fledgling town. Tucked into the steep-sided Tombstone Canyon, Bisbee's future looked favorable.

It was also raw, filthy, disease-ridden and susceptible to floods and fires as the forest in the hills surrounding the town was felled both to stoke the fires of the local stamp mills and also to build the new town. With no sanitary measures in place, the ground was disgusting, the main avenue once described as "...a slime-filled street littered with rotting carcasses, food and waste product of animal and human alike." Yet, despite the deplorable conditions, miners, businessmen, speculators and, of course, the men who preyed on men, made their way south to Arizona's newest boomtown.

José Miguel Castaneda and Joseph Goldwater, two important players in the Bisbee Massacre, entered the Bisbee scene in early 1883 when they opened the Goldwater & Castaneda store. Castaneda had already tasted success in several cities across the West. Goldwater, a member of the powerful Goldwater merchant family of Arizona and California, had also engaged in various businesses for the past twenty years but with marginal results. Opening their business at just the right time, the mercantile quickly became the leading business in Bisbee. Since the town had no bank, the store also acted as a local depository with valuables and money often being housed in the store's safe. The Copper Queen Mining Company and other mining corporations in town also used the store as a drop-off point for their payroll, which sometimes ranged as high as \$7,000, a fortune in those days. Life was good for the partners until December of 1883.

December 8, 1883, began innocently in Bisbee. As the sun set, townsfolk were out shopping for the upcoming Christmas, eating in one of the many restaurants, or imbibing in one of the numerous saloons. In the Goldwater & Castaneda store, Joseph Goldwater was busy waiting on customers while Jose lay on a cot in the back room recovering from an ailment. New bookkeeper Peter Doll sat at his desk near the entrance of the store. Local deputy sheriff William Daniels was playing pool in his saloon nearby, while another town resident, James Kreigbaum, was busy readying himself to come downtown for a few drinks. Another deputy, D. T. Smith and his wife had just sat down to have dinner. After several days of steady rain, Bisbee was enjoying a clear night. Over in Tombstone, George Parsons, a mining speculator, wrote in his journal a terribly ironic entry: Nothing new today. No business yet.

Down the street from the mercantile, John Heath, who had been in town a few months, was engaged in a familiar setting. For the last few weeks Heath and another man named Frost had been making numerous trips to Tombstone and other places gathering materials for their joint venture, a saloon. Heath in particular had made several solo trips lasting for days, more often than not returning to Bisbee without anything to show where he'd been or what he had been doing. However, by December 8th, the business was ready to open. Around sundown, its doors swung open with John behind the bar dispensing cocktails. As later events would show, the timing of the opening is extremely suspect – the mining payroll was scheduled to arrive in Bisbee around the same time as the opening of Heath's place. The money was to be housed at the nearby Goldwater & Castaneda store.

Around 7:00, Dowd, Delaney, Sample, Howard, and Kelly rode into town. The men dismounted, tied their horses at a livery just down the street from the Goldwater store and walked uptown. They spent about twenty minutes wandering in and out of various establishments in town, including Daniels' saloon. Around 7:30, they met up outside their target. What happened next is not conclusively known as several variations

exist. One of the best accounts was written in 1941 by a young Barry Goldwater, nephew of Joseph.

According to Barry, everything was business as usual until two masked men burst into the store followed a moment later by an unmasked man; all brandishing six-shooters. Two other men kept a lookout on the sidewalk outside the store. One masked man strode up to bookkeeper Doll demanding he open the safe. When informed by Doll that he didn't know the combination, the bandit recognized Joe and repeated his threat. An amusing anecdote exists that Joe, when faced with a pistol cocked and pointed at his head, quipped, "You come in here and say 'hands up' and my hands go up. Then you say 'open the safe.' I am not a magician." The challenge did not amuse the robber who angrily threatened to "blow the top of your head off." With a pistol aimed at his head, Goldwater relented and opened the safe. Much to the chagrin of the would-be robbers, the safe was nearly empty; only a few dollars and some watches and other personal belongings filled its coffer. The robbers' target – the mining payroll – had yet to arrive, probably delayed by the muddy roads.

Meanwhile in the back room, José Castaneda, upon hearing the ruckus, took a cache of money and, tucking it under his pillow, lay back down. It was all for naught though as one of the robbers who came into the room tossed José out of his cot and gathered the hidden money. Returning to the main room, he assisted another bandit in cleaning out the safe.

As the events inside the store continued, an innocent passer-by was about to ignite one of the bloodiest spinoffs in Arizona history. John Tappenier, an assayer for the Copper Queen mine, stepped forward inquiring of a bandit what was happening. When "invited" into the store, Tappenier attempted a retreat. The Tombstone *Epitaph*, in its Page 1 account of the event the next day, noted:

"Just what transpired in the store is not yet known, but a few minutes afterwards the sound of rifle shots rang out from that neighborhood, desultory at first, but rapidly resolving with a regular fusillade."

Rattled by the exchange, the lookouts began firing at random. The sudden gunfire

caused what one paper called a "rush of people" into the street. The first to fall victim was John Tappenier. Attempting his retreat, he was shot in the head and died instantly.

Having dinner nearby, Deputy Sheriff D. T. Smith heard the shot and, exiting the restaurant, quickly ran towards the mercantile all the while extolling his authority. As Red Sample later admitted, "One man came running towards us; I told him to turn back. He replied, 'I am an officer,' and as he continued to advance I shot him." Another witness remembers Sample stating, "Good. You're the one we've been looking for," before gunning Smith down.

With the carnage continuing, Mrs. Annie Roberts stepped out of her restaurant to look at the action. An errant bullet struck her in the abdomen. Roberts, who was several months pregnant, died a few hours later.

The final victim of the massacre was businessman J. A. Nolly. As with Annie Roberts, Nolly stepped out onto the sidewalk in response to the racket. He took a bullet in his left breast. Seriously wounded, Nolly stumbled into a saloon and collapsed. He would die two days later.

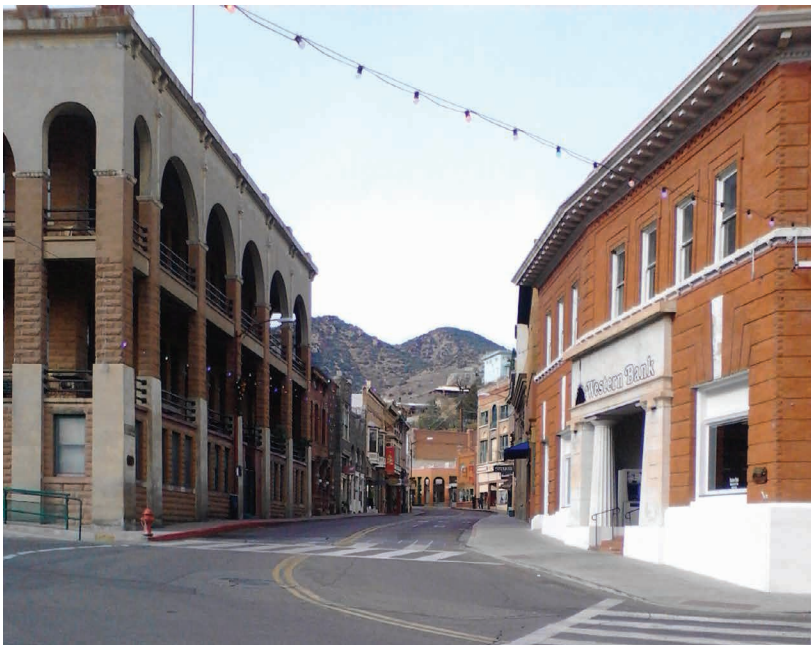
James Kriegbaum, who had been walking down to town when the firing began, quickly returned to his house to retrieve a pistol. Rushing through an alleyway he took up a position near a low wall just down the street from the gunfire. He fired a few shots at the bandits, but his shots had no effect.

Deputy Sheriff Daniels was just starting another game of pool when he heard the gunfire. Grabbing his six-shooter, he went out the back of his saloon and took up a position at the corner of the post office near Kriegbaum's position but on the opposite side of the street. A few other townspeople also took up arms and positions in response to the fusillade.

Inside the store, the robbers were scooping up whatever bounty they could find. Expecting to receive a huge payday, the men were reduced to robbing the customers and stealing whatever could be found in the safe. It was a relative pittance. Even the modest amount of money taken from José Castaneda couldn't make up for the daunting task now at hand – getting out of town alive. Because of the lookouts' bloodshed, their



Two views of Main Street in Bisbee, circa early 1880s (top) and the same view in 2015 (bottom). In the older photo the large two-story building with the porch behind the white mule is widely believed to be the Goldwater & Castaneda Mercantile. Courtesy the Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum in Bisbee, AZ (top) and author (bottom).



initial plan to make a quiet exit was gone. Now the path of the robbers to get to their mounts would take them past several well-armed, angry townsmen.

With guns blazing, the men began towards their horses. With the echo of gunfire bouncing off the steep walls of Tombstone Canyon, the soon-to-be-called Bisbee Bandits ran down Bisbee's Main Street. Miraculously, they all made it to their horses. Even more amazingly, despite bullets flying in all directions, only Red Sample suffered a minor injury when a bullet grazed him across the back of his shoulder blades. Reaching their horses, they mounted up and rode out south of town.

It was all over. Four innocent people and an unborn child were, as the *Tombstone Epitaph* called it, "assassinated in a spirit of pure demonical and fiendish murder." The "carnival of blood," the *Epitaph* continued, had netted the men less than \$3,000. The entire bloody ordeal lasted less than five minutes from the time the bandits entered the store until they made good their escape.

News of the killings spread like wildfire across the territory. Some papers, such as the *Phoenix Herald*, made no effort to hide their contempt on the seemingly never-ending stream of violence in the south part of the territory. Calling the event "another terrible crime," the paper lamented that the event was "another chapter in the gory pages of Cochise County." The *Epitaph's* headline of the 9th screamed: ANOTHER HORROR! In Tombstone, George Parsons scribbled

in his journal the next day, "Terrible news from Bisbee this morning. Rustlers raided the town...and wantonly shot at everybody – women and all." In the days afterward, newspapers across the country ran the story of the deadly robbery in remote Arizona Territory.

Within minutes of the robbers departure, the shock of the senseless rampage had turned to anger. As men scrambled to form a posse it was learned that there was a shortage of horses in Bisbee. James Kriegbaum volunteered to ride to Tombstone to inform them of the happening and to secure more horses. He climbed onto his steed and "in a mad Paul Revere ride" rode off towards Tombstone. A story exists that during Kriegbaum's mad dash to Tombstone he passed the Bisbee-bound stage carrying the several thousand dollars in payroll.

As Bisbee began to pick up the pieces, Deputy Sheriff Daniels formed a posse but soon learned that there were few men in town with tracking experience. One man, however, stepped forward offering to lead the posse. As one author relates, he was "stirred to the depths of his soul by the killings." "Damnably outrage," he fumed. "Them fellers deserve no mercy. Track 'em down. Hang 'em to the nearest tree." Saying that he could track the murders down and guaranteeing their capture, he was named captain of the Bisbee posse. His name was John Heath.

--Editor's note - This is Part II of a three-part article. Part III will appear in September.

CORRAL CHIP

Attending the Historical Society of Southern California Conference on "Journalism in Southern California" on April 16, 2016, were Corral members Nick Curry, Walt Bethel, Paul Gray, and Abe Hoffman. Paul Gray served in a panel discussing the career of Francisco Ramirez, the subject of a biography Gray has written about him.



Pacific Coast Ship Portrait Artists of the Late 19th and Early 20th Centuries

Jim Shuttleworth

The Los Angeles Corral has been fortunate to have had several artists among our membership. Bill Bender and Andy Dagosta to name but a couple. Some of us collect paintings and prints. If you've been to Fandangos at Gary and Vicki Turner's hacienda, you have seen their fine collection of Western and California Plein Aire paintings. I collect marine art, specifically ship portraits.

Most people don't know much about marine art and ship portraits, let alone the marine artists of the Pacific Coast. But they were and are important to Western history. Trains, trucks, automobiles, and maritime labor strikes put an end to the maritime trade and travel on the Pacific Coast in the mid-1930s. Paintings of ships on our coast, from the earliest times up until the 1930s, are important in that they record and preserve images of specific vessels and events – i.e. history - in our case, Western history. Often, a painting is the only image of a particular ship. Color is another aspect of their importance. Green, blue, red, and other colors show up as black or gray, in a black and white photo. So you cannot tell what the original colors might have been. Technically, a "Ship" is a particular type of vessel - a three-mast, square rigged, sailing ship. However, the term "ship" is used as a generic term for various types of vessels.

The now little-known marine artists recorded the vessels that carried materials such as lumber, coal, and food between the various areas of the West. The vessels also carried passengers, sometimes with cargos, sometimes without. Coastwise shipping was very prolific. Ships were a key part of the transportation system of the times. Hundreds of vessels plied the waters off the Pacific Coast during the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Many people arrived in the West, having traveled here by ship. Many Gold Rush-era travelers made the trip in ships from the East, via Panama, and around Cape Horn. Those from foreign lands that had to cross oceans, also came by ship. Ships played an important role carrying passengers and cargo to small ports up and down the coast and to large ports such as San Francisco, San Pedro, and San Diego. As an example, many of the supplies and passengers from California to Arizona and New Mexico got there via ships to the mouth of the Colorado River; thence by riverboat; and then by wagon, horse, mule, or foot to points away from the river. Much of this ended in 1877, with the completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad through Yuma.

Even after the railroads connected the various parts of the West, many folks travelled by ship between major and minor way-points along the coast. Until the mid-1930s, one could travel in the "White Flyers" - the Steamers *Harvard* and *Yale*, between San Francisco and Los Angeles and vice versa, in 18-19 hours. A passenger boarded the vessel in the late afternoon and arrived the next morning. The two vessels, one departing San Pedro and one San Francisco, would pass each other in the night. They also serviced San Diego. Persons traveling between smaller points might go by small sailing vessels, steamers, or steam schooners.

Photography came of age during the Civil War. Many have heard of famous photographers such as Matthew Brady, Carlton Watkins, I. W. Taber, and Lawrence & Houseworth. A vessel at sea was and is the preferred image, but due to the rocking motion and long exposure times, a photo of a vessel at sea was very difficult to take. They do exist, but not in great numbers. While many vessels were photographed at anchor or in dock, there are not many photos of vessels at sea prior to advances in cameras and film.

Paintings, drawings, engravings, and prints from paintings were the main way to record a vessel at sea. Like historical photographs of land-based scenes, paintings are the image records of vessels at sea. Often the only image of a particular vessel is a painting. Paintings of ships were numerous, and many of them still exist.

While many Pacific Coast vessels were painted by East Coast and foreign artists, others were created by Pacific Coast artists. Many East Coast, Gulf Coast, and foreign vessels visited or made their homes here on the Pacific Coast. This is especially true of older vessels that were sold to San Francisco owners. It was common for shipmasters and ship owners to commission a painting of their vessels. However, many Pacific Coast marine artists also painted ship portraits on speculation.

William Alexander Coulter is probably the most famous of the Pacific Coast marine artists. He was prolific, long-lived, and well known in the maritime community. Had they lived longer, Joseph Lee and Gideon Jacques Denny might have rivaled Coulter. However, there were numerous other artists that deserve mention both for their output and their skill. The names listed below are not comprehensive by any means, but will give the reader some idea of the wealth of our marine art heritage and historical record in paintings. Between them and others, many thousands of paintings of ships were created.

William Alexander Coulter (1849–1936) was an Irish, Able-Bodied (AB) seaman before the mast. He was born in County Antrim, Northern Ireland, where his father was a Coast Guard ship captain and his brothers were merchant captains. In 1869, Coulter broke his leg while his ship was in San Francisco. The ship left and he stayed to become the leading marine artist in the West. Coulter was very prolific, creating thousands of marine paintings. He married Harriet Hostetter and raised several children in Sausalito. His descendants still live in the Bay area, including a grandson who studies his grandfather's paintings.

Coulter's early work is straight forward,

traditional ship portraiture. After a stay in Europe where he studied art, his style changed and became more "Illuminist;" however, he still painted in a traditional manner for clients who preferred it. Coulter did not like to paint steamers because he said he did not know them as well as he did sailing ships. His most famous painting is a 5 x 10-foot painting of San Francisco on fire after the 1906 Earthquake and depicts ships taking many of the City's homeless refugees to Sausalito. One of his paintings was used on a US Postal stamp and a Liberty Ship was named for him in WWII.

Coulter worked as the maritime/waterfront artist for the San Francisco *Call* until the 1906 Earthquake. The newspaper gone, he then painted on speculation, holding month-long sales exhibits in rented space. Figure 1, a painting of the Bark *Colusa*, is one of these. The painting is dated 1906, but the *Colusa* was lost in 1899, Coulter drawing her for the *Call* in 1899.

In 2006, the 100th Anniversary of the 1906 Earthquake, the National Park Service and the Friends of the San Francisco Maritime Museum Library put on a Coulter Retrospective exhibition of 100 of his paintings. The exhibit was seen by thousands of people. A full-color catalog of the exhibit was produced.

Joseph Lee (-1880) was an Englishman often identified as a sign painter and remittance man. Some of his paintings date in the late 1850s. Although not known to have been a seaman, his paintings are very accurate. Some seamen were reported to say that it was possible to rig a ship from his paintings. About 60 of his paintings are known to exist, more being found as time goes by. A few are of homes and land scenes, but water is generally in the background. His images of ships are often used to illustrate articles and books, but are rarely identified as being done by Lee, even when his name shows clearly. He died in San Francisco in 1880.

Gideon Jacques Denny (1830 - 1886) came from Delaware to Gold Rush San Francisco in 1849, but worked as a teamster rather than



Figure 1. Bark Colusa by William A. Coulter, 1906. Colusa is depicted in 1899 in a storm that eventually capsized her. She was built in Bath, Maine in 1874, but spent her entire life on the Pacific Coast (Private Collection).

as a gold miner. After a few years, he went to Milwaukee to study art under Samuel Marsden Brookes. The two established a studio in San Francisco six years later. Denny was a very good artist and probably would have rivaled Coulter in renown had he not died from malaria in 1886. Many of his paintings are "Sea Pieces," that is, lighthouses and beach scenes, but he also did many ships. He was a member of the Society of California Pioneers, Bohemian Club, and Pacific Yacht Club. Many of his clients were yachtsmen. See Figure 2.

William Edgar was a sailor and a fantastic, probably self-taught, artist. He was Australian and is known to have worked for photographers in Sydney and other Australian port cities. He would paint ships at sea, again something not possible with photography at the time. The paintings, being somewhat expensive, were sold to shipmasters and ship owners. Black-and-white photographs of the paintings were made into postcards and sold to the crews for about a penny apiece. Many of these postcards have survived and are an important historical record themselves. There was a lively commercial trade between the

U.S. Pacific Coast and Australia. Lumber was shipped from the Pacific Coast and coal and wool from Australia. Many American Pacific Coast vessels are among these paintings and on real-photo postcards.

About 1908, Edgar made his way to San Francisco and set himself up as a marine artist. He may have gone back and forth as a sailor several times before moving permanently. It is said that he was a crew member of the American barkentine *Jane L. Stanford*, named for Leland Stanford's wife. In Hawaii, there is a painting of the four-mast ship *Falls of Clyde*, off the Marin Headlands (North of San Francisco), dated 1908. Many accounts say he disappeared or stopped painting about 1918, but I have seen one of his paintings, dated 1924, of a San Francisco vessel. He signed and put his San Francisco address on a painting of the steam schooner *Klamath*, now in the San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park's (Museum) collection. See Figure 3.

Francis Wildes Thompson (Frank Thompson, 1838 - 1905) was an Easterner and a ship captain like his father Wildes Thompson and uncles Francis A. and Alpheus Basil Thompson. Francis A. was captain of the



Figure 2. Steamer Newbern headed to Mexico (Mexican flag on foremast), by Gideon Jacques Denny, 1880. The "C" in her house flag is for the California and Mexican Steamship Line. Built in Brooklyn in 1863, Newbern was a troop and supply vessel, the USS Newberne, during the Civil War. Later she ferried troops (1867-68) to the recently purchased Alaska for the War Department, before being sold (Private Collection).



Figure 3. Bark British Yeoman, by William Edgar, off Marin Headlands, inbound to San Francisco, circa 1910. She is flying the Canadian ensign of the time. The house flag is for the firm of Eschen and Minor of San Francisco, but the vessel was registered in Canada. She was scuttled in the South Atlantic by the German raider Count von Lukner in 1917. (Private Collection)

famous brig *Pilgrim* of Richard Henry Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. Alpheus married Francesca Carrillo from a prominent early Santa Barbara family. A cousin, Dixey Wildes Thompson, was a seaman and successful Santa Barbara businessman. The family of Frank's grandmother was connected to the *Pilgrim*. Wildes, his father, and Frank, had previously been Harbormaster and Assistant Harbormaster, respectively, in San Francisco about 1860.

After a career traveling the world, Frank settled in Santa Barbara, the master of several schooners trading to the Channel Islands. His paintings are quite good, but not as extant as other artists. About 30 have been identified. His extant paintings are mostly of Santa Barbara vessels or vessels from his past, including the brig *Pilgrim*. Dana's son may have met him in the early 20th Century in Santa Barbara. Frank committed suicide in 1905 while in jail, having been arrested for drunkenness. How he got a revolver is not known.

C. Volquards is either Carl or Charles Volquards. Most likely Charles, as Carl was a carpenter and moved to Visalia in 1905, not exactly a good place to obtain ship portrait commissions. Charles, on the other hand, worked in a San Francisco Ship's Chandlery, so he would have had many an opportunity to meet shipmasters and ship owners. He was also probably self-taught. His paintings are very important but are slightly naive and out of perspective. He painted many Pacific Coast vessels including *Dashing Wave*, *Charmer*, *Henry B. Hyde*, and *Czar*. Most of these are dated circa 1900 to 1927. See Figure 4.

Captain Gustave Jessen (1840 – 1924) was a Pacific Coast Steamship Company shipmaster and later a noted San Francisco Bar Pilot. His painting of the steamer *Columbia* is excellent. It was sold several years ago for \$18,000. San Francisco City Directories list him as master of many different vessels. Born in Belgium, he came as a sailor aboard a German vessel

to San Francisco about 1860. He worked his way up to Captain.

John Blount (1860 -) was also a seaman. Born in England, San Francisco City Directories list him as an officer on numerous steamers. I only know of one painting by him, the sailing ship *Sintram*, which became a salmon packer's vessel. It was reported that he lost his home and many paintings in the 1906 earthquake and fire. Blount disappears from the record about 1910, leaving his family behind.

A. Rossi (perhaps Angelo) is a mystery, although there are numerous paintings with his signature. They are simple, tending on naive, but nevertheless charming and important to the historical record. He seems to have favored steamers. The San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park (Museum) has many paintings by him. Los Angeles Maritime Museum has at least one.

Gordon Hope Grant (1875-1962) painted ships and marine scenes over a long period and is a well-known American marine artist. Although known primarily as a New York

artist, he was born in San Francisco and returned there often. In 1925, he took a voyage to Alaska as a passenger in the ship *Star of Alaska* (ex *Balclutha*) and now a restored ship, the *Balclutha*, at the San Francisco Maritime National Historical Park. He created many drawings of the crew and shipboard life. The *Star of Alaska* is/was a three-mast, square-rigged, sailing vessel, technically a ship. The master of *Star of Alaska* was an amateur artist himself (see Captain John Bertonccini). Grant's drawings show some of the last images of men working square sail. These drawings are used by many maritime museums to illustrate activities aboard a sailing vessel. The late Karl Kortum, founder of the San Francisco Maritime Museum, got Grant's permission to use the illustrations.

As a young man, about 1887, his San Francisco banker father sent him to Scotland for a proper education. He later attended a London art school. On the voyage to Scotland, in the *City of Madras*, he developed a life-long interest in sailing ships. He went as a passenger, but performed many of the crew's duties just for the experience. The master of the *City of Madras* was a friend of Grant's father.



Figure 4. Clipper Ship *Dashing Wave* entering San Francisco Bay, by C. Volquards, 1902. The windmill behind the mainmast is an "Onker," a wind driven bilge pump. Note the "Cliff House" off bow. The International Signal Code flags (1902), "JDRH," indicate *Dashing Wave* (Private Collection).

Grant returned to San Francisco about 1895 and worked as an artist for the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the San Francisco *Examiner*. In 1896, he moved to New York City, the art center of America. Grant covered the Boer War for *Harper's Weekly Magazine* in 1899. He was a captain in the Army during World War I. Grant's younger brother, Douglas, and two nephews, Gordon K. and Campbell Grant, were also artists. The latter is well known for his work with Disney Studios.

Gordon Grant's most famous painting is that of the USS *Constitution*, which hangs in the White House. He and Eric Pape successfully lobbied Congress, in the mid-1920s, to save and restore the USS *Constitution*, which is still extant today in Boston. Money for the

restoration was partially raised through sales of prints of the painting. These prints are still readily available today. See Figure 5.

Duncan Gleason (1881 - 1959) was an award-winning Los Angeles gymnast, author, and artist. He was also known as Joe Duncan Gleason. His wife, Dorothy, was a concert pianist. From the 1930s through the 1950s he was often an art and maritime consultant to the movie industry. Gleason worked as a production designer in such films as *Yankee Clipper* (1927) and *Captain Blood* (1935). He was also a prolific painter and his paintings now bring astronomical prices. As a gymnast, Gleason won eleven consecutive national First Place titles on the Roman Rings - still a record today.



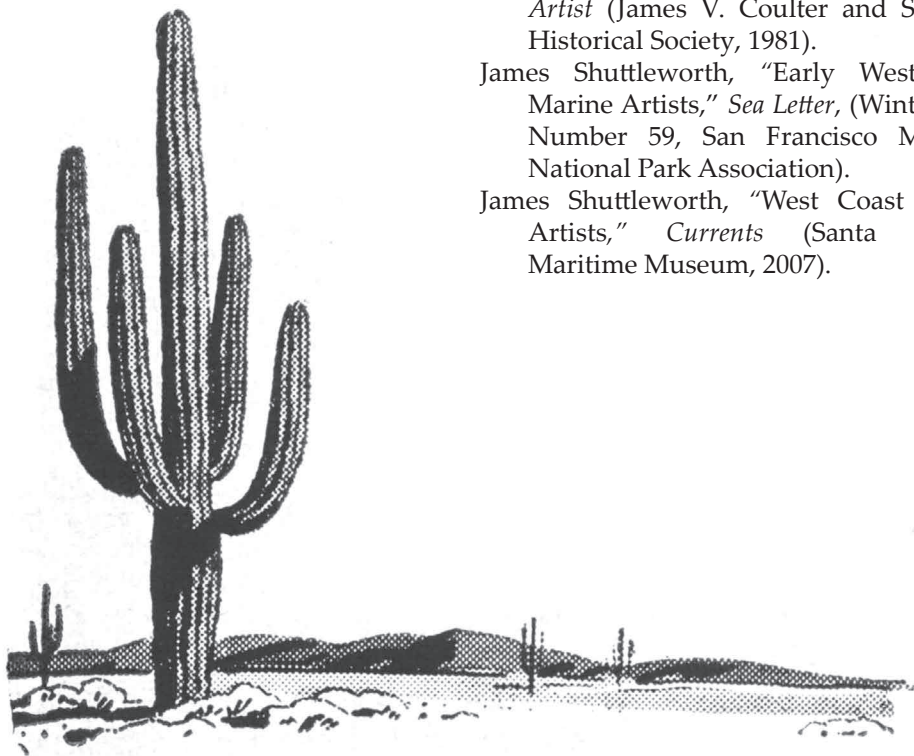
Figure 5. *Shipping A Sea*, by Gordon Grant, circa 1887. Sketched when he was enroute to Scotland in the sailing ship *City of Madras*, for a "proper education," aged about 12.

The *City of Madras* was a Glasgow-owned, full-rigged sailing ship built in 1882.

An exhibition of his paintings was conducted in 2003 by the Newport Harbor Nautical Museum. A few years later, the Maritime Museum of San Diego exhibited a number of his paintings. The Dollar shipping line provided postcards, illustrated by Gleason, to its passengers in the 1930s. Gleason also made ship models.

Captain John Bertonccini (Johnny the Painter, 1872 -1947) was master of the *Star of Alaska* when Gordon Grant sailed to Alaska on her. He was born to an Italian father and Swedish mother in Stockholm. Bertonccini was an amateur artist, painting and drawing in a naive style. Spending 30 years in the Arctic, he sketched and painted many whaling scenes. While naive, they record a part of Western History that was not otherwise recorded. The San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park (Museum) has a number of his paintings and sketches.

There are many more Pacific Coast marine artists. My goal has been to make you aware of these "historians." Color versions of the photos in this article are available on the Westerners web site.



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Monthly Roundup . . .



March 2016

Paul Clark

Paul Clark's inaugural talk focused on his great grandparents, Albert Barnes Clark and Mary Teegarden Clark, and the orange grove that they founded in California: the Yale Grove. Mary and Albert both lived in La Porte, Indiana. Mary lived with her father who was a politician and hotel owner. She attended Vassar College for at least a year before her mother passed away and she had to leave school to help support her family. Albert attended Yale where he was a member of the Skull and Bones Society. When he graduated from Yale he joined the Navy on the side of the Union in the Civil War. During the course of his service Albert contracted malaria. After the war Albert recovered from his malaria enough to join an expedition climbing Mount Shasta in 1870. Two years later Albert married Mary and set up a practice as a court reporter in Chicago. The cold climate didn't agree with him so he packed up and headed for California.

Albert and Mary reached California in 1875. They purchased the land that would become the Yale Grove that same year. It was forty acres filled with 1,700 orange trees of different varieties. To promote his oranges Albert had Carleton Watkins, a photographer he met while climbing Mt. Shasta, take a series of pictures of the Yale Grove in 1880. He also wrapped his oranges in tissue to

distinguish them from other oranges. In October 1882 Albert contracted typhoid fever. He recovered briefly, but died of a lung infection in April 1883.

Mary stayed at Yale Grove for another four years after Albert passed. She raised her children by herself and managed the grove during that time. In 1887 she moved back to La Porte where she would live until her death in 1922. In 1909 her son would start a new Yale Grove, and in 1906 she completed the memoir that her great grandson would later publish.

--Aaron Tate



April 2016

Dr. Michael Moratto

Dr. Michael Moratto began his talk on how the Americas were populated by telling us what the old theory was. Namely, that during the last ice age the oceans of the world had receded so much that there was a land bridge going from Siberia to Alaska. Human beings crossed this bridge and walked through a large ice free corridor that went from Canada to what is now the Great Plains. It was thought that humans began hunting the megafauna that lived in North America eleven thousand years ago at the end of the last ice age. This idea was supported when archaeologists discovered stone spearheads near Clovis, New Mexico. These Clovis Points were carbon dated to around eleven thousand years ago. Many other Clovis points were discovered throughout North America and the working model became what is known as "Clovis First," meaning that the earliest humans had crossed to the

Americas was about eleven thousand years ago.

This theory was the standard for many years. In the early 70's Knut Fladmark theorized that early man could have sailed to the new world and his hypothesis seems to be held up by the fact that people traveled to Australia and they certainly didn't swim there. Then, in 1973, the Meadowcroft Rockshelter was excavated and artifacts were discovered that were carbon dated at 16-20 thousand years old. Some people in the archaeology community didn't like the Clovis First model being challenged and chose not to believe that the findings were real. Then, in 1975 at a site in Chile called Monte Verde an archaeologist named Tom Dillehay found artifacts that were fourteen thousand years old. It seemed that people came to South America first and traveled to North America. No one wanted to believe it, but when it was corroborated by eminent scholars of the time they had to. Many other sites were discovered that had artifacts predating Clovis by thousands of years, so the theory that man crossed a land bridge to Alaska down an ice free corridor into North America and then to South America was debunked. Who knows what will be discovered next? The work goes on.

--Aaron Tate

May 2016

Msgr. Francis J. Weber

Monsignor Francis J. Weber began his talk with a statistic: "It is easier to become a canonized saint in the Roman Catholic Church than it is to appear on a stamp issued by the United States Postal Service." However, the subject of his talk, Junipero Serra, was able to do both (posthumously of course). Over nearly thirty years, starting in 1934, various groups petitioned to have Junipero Serra placed on a stamp. They cited Father Serra's contribution to the history of California and for "implanting civilization along the Pacific coast." In April, 1963, all of these petitions were submitted, by the Postmaster General, to the Citizen's Stamp Advisory



Committee. The Committee decided against putting Father Serra on a stamp claiming that there were so many other worthy subjects. John F. Kennedy was appealed to but he did not override the decision of the Committee. Three years later a stamp was issued commemorating California's bicentennial. Certain groups suggested that Father Serra would fit that theme very well, but he was passed over again.

In 1984, Father Weber was the chairman of the Serra Bicentennial Committee whose goal was to get Father Serra on the stamp. One day he called Catherine Haley to see if he could get her to join the committee. Catherine apparently hated committees and asked what he was hoping to get done. Father Weber told her the committee wanted to get Junipero Serra on a stamp. Catherine said that was fine and spoke with then Secretary of the Interior Justice William Clark who then spoke to President Ronald Reagan. To get around the Stamp Advisory Committee, President Reagan issued a proclamation that brought the Serra stamp into existence.

There was some minor controversy with the Serra stamp. Organizations for the separation of Church and State opposed a religious figure being put on a stamp. Congressman Leon Panetta addressed their concerns by telling them that Serra was being honored for his contribution to the history of California and not for being a priest. Father Serra's stamp was issued in the spring of 1985.

--Aaron Tate



Down the Western Book Trail . . .

American Mythmaker: Walter Noble Burns and the Legends of Billy the Kid, Wyatt Earp, and Joaquín Murrieta. by Mark J. Dworkin. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 2015. 269 + XV pages, Illustrations, Appendices, Notes, Bibliography, Index. Hard Cover, \$29.95. Reviewed by Brian Dervin Dillon.

The late 1950's and early '60s were the heyday of the Hollywood *horse opera*. American kids were addicted to watching cowboy movies at local theaters, and hypnotized by the seemingly never-ending cowboy programs on T.V. at home. Toy stores were full of gunslinger playthings, and every clothing store had its "cowboy duds" section. Just how did America come to be cowboy crazy? Perhaps more than any other single person, Walter Noble Burns (1866-1932), a writer of historical fiction, was responsible. Burns' "Western Trilogy" comprised *The Saga of Billy the Kid* (1926); *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest* (1927); and *The Robin Hood of El Dorado: The Saga of Joaquín Murrieta, Famous Outlaw* (1932). These three best-selling books stimulated an explosion of Western movies, escapist fantasies from the cruel economic realities of the Great Depression, that reached full flower two decades later. Burns' writing came to inspire, then to dominate, popular opinion about what began to be thought of as "the Old West."

Anyone with an interest in Burns' three protagonists, Billy the Kid, Earp, or Murrieta, will find Mark J. Dworkin's new University of Oklahoma Press book entertaining and educational. It is an essential addition to every Western library. Pre-publication research, the public reaction to, and the lasting legacy of Burns' trilogy are all evaluated in exhaustive scholarly detail. The "Notes" section and appendices are, by themselves, worth the very reasonable purchase price. Dworkin, like Burns, was an Eastern *inkslinger*, not a Western *gunslinger*. Both were outsiders who came to appreciate the unique qualities of the American Southwest late in life. Dworkin (1946-2012) was a Canadian history teacher whose middle-age epiphany converted him into a diligent and determined "Earp," or "Old West" aficionado. In retirement, he planned to escape his frigid Canuck homeland for Southern Arizona, but this dream was derailed when his new home was

consumed by fire before he could occupy it. Bad luck was followed by tragedy when Dworkin contracted cancer. Uncompleted at the time of his premature death, his manuscript was finished by his admirer Jeff Guinn and published posthumously.

Walter Noble Burns (1866-1932) was a newspaper reporter, columnist, and editor, skilled from a very young age at meeting inflexible publication deadlines. He was also equally proficient at inventing his own "news" when actual events were too prosaic to write about. Burns walked the razor's edge between honesty and dishonesty all his life, both in his personal relationships and in his writing. First in his newspaper columns, then later in his trilogy, he never let the facts get in the way of a good story, nor accuracy intrude upon his fevered imagination. Dworkin provides a brief biographical sketch of Burns before moving on to an in-depth analysis of his Western Trilogy. The minutiae of detail, the exhaustively-researched back-and-forths between Burns and his sources, his critics, his predecessors, and post-scripts about those derivative of him, bespeak many years of research. Each of Burns' books is dissected in very scholarly fashion: even jaded "Old West experts" will find Dworkin's analysis useful and informative.

Burns began his newspaper career in 1887. Three years later he took off for San Francisco on the first, and only, legitimate adventure of his life, signing on to a whaling ship. He spent a year afloat, and earned a single dollar for doing so. His first full-length book, *A Year With a Whaler*, detailed this experience. Burns then bummed around the West, writing for a number of big city and small town newspapers. During the Spanish American War of 1898, Walter Noble Burns, like more than 300,000 of his fellow Americans, rushed to the colors, but was court-martialed twice, for theft and for fraud. Released from the stockade, he went back to newspaper work, and also wrote short-stories. After Pancho Villa's March, 1916, attack on Columbus, New Mexico, Burns covered Pershing's Punitive Expedition from a barstool in El Paso's Coney Island Saloon, never setting foot inside Mexico. He cranked out invective against all Mexicans, not just Villa, including the vast majority who

were innocent of any wrongdoing against Americans. A primary Burnsian source was Tom Powers, an unstable barfly-raconteur and eventual suicide. A decade later, Burns abandoned newspapers and moved his writing west, beginning with a book set in New Mexico (on Billy the Kid), then on to Arizona, with a second book on Wyatt Earp, and ending his trilogy in California with his book on Joaquín Murrieta. His inspiration was the sensationalistic silent movies of the time, and his motivation was money, not historical accuracy. Along the way, factual detours became more frequent and Burns' relationships with surviving protagonists and informants deteriorated. He bamboozled historical figures like Wyatt Earp, and was repeatedly accused of plagiarism. Burns became one of the most popular writers in America, yet remained just a single step ahead of the libel courts. All three of his books were biography interwoven with romantic and dramatic invention. None were objective "history."

Dworkin's book is captivating and quite readable, despite being mostly about a man best considered poltroon or polecat. His book reminds us that what most Americans know, or think they know, about the "Old West" comes not from real life, nor from college study, nor from reference books, but from the old, familiar, Hollywood horse operas of both ancient and recent vintage. This quasi-mythical "Old West" still drifts through the American psyche, divorced from chronological and geographical underpinnings. It remains fiction triumphant over fact, because Hollywood movie and T.V. producers, for the past three generations, have relied upon one primary source of grist for their "Old West" mill more than any other: Walter Noble Burns. The title of Dworkin's posthumous 2015 book describes Burns perhaps better than any other adjective, for, like him or not, he was indeed an "*American Mythmaker*."



C.C. SLAUGHTER: Rancher, Banker, Baptist, by David J. Murrah. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2012. 173 pp. Illustrations, Notes, Index. Paper, \$19.95. Reviewed by Abraham Hoffman.

First published in 1981 and now available with a new Foreword and Preface, this biography of Christopher Columbus Slaughter (1837-1919) traces the life of one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in west Texas in the second half of the 19th and early 20th century. Slaughter came of age at a time when Texas ranchers fought off attacks by Comanche and Osage warriors. He served in the Civil War on the Confederate side, and after the war he joined his father in the cattle business. Slaughter soon proved to be an astute rancher who made the most out of open range and laws that benefited large-scale ranchers. During the course of Slaughter's career he leased or owned hundreds of thousands of acres of grazing land, survived the challenges of drought and blizzard, and recognized the importance of diversifying his holdings. Besides ranching, he was a successful banker and purchaser of town lots in Dallas. Murrah also describes his generosity in supporting Baptist schools and churches.

Many Texans called him the "Cattle King of West Texas," and Slaughter was certainly a cattle baron at the very least. He had a Midas touch when it came to shrewd investments, but he also had a reputation for integrity. The only thing beyond his control was his posterity. When he died in 1919 his will split his huge ranches into ten equal parts which his heirs soon frittered away. Murrah concludes that Slaughter would be better known today had his ranch holdings not disappeared so soon after his death. In addition to the photographs from the first edition, several recent pictures show Slaughter's descendants who trace their heritage back some six generations.





May 19, 1955 - Glen Dawson helps to inaugurate the first Rodeo of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners at the Mona Lisa Restaurant in Los Angeles. Helping him (left to right) are: W. W. Robinson, Glen Dawson, Ward Ritchie, Edwin Corle, and Larry Powell.