

years after Cushing had left Zūni, he reproached Cushing with having "neglected to sacrifice and pray to the gods" and asserted: "you are still a Zūni." (p. 416.) Cushing apparently felt strong conflicts over his return to a non-Zūni world; evidently, he was sometimes troubled by dreams "about returning to the true way and his true self." (Green's introduction, p. 9.)

In brief, the book is a fascinating introduction to the life of an interesting and proud people, to the biography of a most intriguing anthropologist, and to several fundamental issues about the relations between two cultures. While more can be said about the latter than this book attempts, it should be of value to many readers of this journal.

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JULIAN SAMORA, JOE BERNAL, ALBERT PEÑA. *GUNPOWDER JUSTICE: A REASSESSMENT OF THE TEXAS RANGERS*. Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1979. 179 pp. \$10.95.

Gunpowder Justice: A Reassessment of the Texas Rangers is an undertaking which has long been overdue. However, in this volume by Julian Samora, Joe Bernal, and Albert Peña, the expectations outweigh the realities.

The theme of the book is that the Rangers have outlived their usefulness and seriously questions whether or not they were ever necessary.

The Rangers' history is reviewed, and their feet of clay exposed. However, little new information is brought to light. During the historical review of Ranger activity, Walter Prescott Webb's book, *The Texas Rangers*, is cited repeatedly as one, if not the most important, factor in creating the mythology which has sustained the Ranger image. Yet, while Webb is credited with creating the image of the Ranger as a "brave, fearless, just and gentle" lawman, Webb is also utilized to demonstrate that this image of the Ranger is unreal. One has the feeling that the writers are attacking Webb on the one hand, yet giving him every opportunity to defend himself, on the other.

In discussing the contemporary activities of the Texas Rangers, we learn that Mr. Bernal and Mr. Peña have both been involved in confrontations with the Rangers. This personal intrusion into the theme of the book gives the entire work a suspect quality, and one feels much the same as one does while reading the memoirs of former President Nixon. Salt anyone?

The writing is uneven and does not flow well, which appears to indicate that the three writers did indeed share in the writing. One wishes that they had communicated more often during the final draft. One of the more annoying mannerisms is the paraphrasing of a source, only to follow immediately with a full quotation of the source. The writing style is also uneven, and is probably a result of the co-authorship factor. These are little things, but they interfere with the reader's concentration, especially when one begins to anticipate a quote or tries to guess which one of the three authors wrote this chapter.

Overall, the writers make a strong case for disbanding the Rangers, and this was their purpose. However, there are too many mechanical and stylistic problems to make this book anything more than a volume of propoganda. Unfortunately, little else has been written in this vein from a Chicano viewpoint, thus, we should see a great deal of this book in Chicano studies classes.

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BARBARA MYERHOFF. *NUMBER OUR DAYS*. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1978. 306 pp. \$12.95.

Number Our Days had its genesis in a research project on ethnicity and again at the University of Southern California where author Barbara Myerhoff is chairman of the department of anthropology. Her study of a group of elderly Jews living on and around the beach in Venice, California and who were members of the Aliyah Senior Citizens' Center, was undertaken reluctantly after Professor Myerhoff encountered resistance among the elderly Chicanos she had intended to study. The study absorbed four years of her life and ended in this record of surpassing warmth and intelligence of the past and present of a people in the tag ends of whose lives the remnants of an entire culture reside.

Having been enjoined by the Chicanos to "study her own kind," Professor Myerhoff finds herself friend and sometimes family member (Josele Masada decided she was his long-lost granddaughter) to the elderly Jews, as well as emissary from an outside world usually blind and deaf to their existence. The old people were mostly from the same Eastern European world of shtetls as her own grandparents, and in their advanced age, Professor Myerhoff sees prefigured her own future. Perhaps it is in part because she never really resolves the question of whether what she was doing was "anthropology or a personal quest" that *Number Our Days* has the wonderful immediacy of good fiction along with the insights into another culture we seek in good anthropology.