VOL. 1 MAY-JUNE 1947 No. 3

APRIL-MAY ROUNDUPS

Jack Rollinson, author, old-time cowman, U.S. Ranger and a charter member of the Los Angeles Corral of *Westerners* gave the boys a rare treat at our April Roundup. Jack talked interestingly about the Open Range Days in Old Wyoming.

Jack was born in New York state but found his fond parents' plans for a formal education irksome. When a lad of fifteen, Jack ran away from home and travelled West with the Epworth League. Jack explains that they had an excursion rate as far as Denver and that he managed to ride to that point where they parted company. We gather that Jack is not a paid-up member of that worthy organization.

Jack's talk was well received by the members and their guests, for he not only sprinkled it with humor but gave a full and complete picture of range work as "she was" in the good old days.

Of interest to all *Westerners* will be Jack's forthcoming book (*plug*) which will be published this Fall, by Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho. The title will be *Wyoming Cattle Trails*.

Jack Rollinson

RAMON ADAMS

The Los Angeles Corral was honored, at the May Roundup, by having Ramon Adams of Dallas, Texas as a guest.

Ramon gave the meeting an insight into his special talent and hobby by reading a paper on Cowboy Lingo—along the lines of his great book by the same name. This paper will be published in our annual Brand Book.

While here, Ramon gave all the local bookshops a careful combing and just about hauled all the rare Western Americana home with him.

Ramon is an avid collector of everything on the cow subject. Some of the members of the local Corral who are also members of the *Chuck Wagon Trailers* took Ramon in tow and had him attend the annual barbecue of that organization of cow waddies.

Judging from the copious notes he took we are hopeful that his *Cowboy Lingo and Western Words and Phrases* may soon be followed by a third fine book by the student of the cow language, *as she is spoke*.

MAY ROUNDUP

Clarence Ellsworth is a dyed-in-the-wool Westerner, having first seen the light of day in a little sod shack on the plains of Nebraska in 1885.

As a young man, Clarence migrated to Denver where he worked for the *Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*.

Perhaps Clarence is best known for the excellent animal, fish and game covers he designed for *Outdoor Life* magazine. Clarence has also illustrated many books on Western subjects.

At our May Roundup, Ellsworth talked on *The Indian as a Seer*. His talk was followed by a lively discussion participated in by most of the members.

Clarence Ellsworth

MEMBERSHIP

Bob Woods, our genial, though *scotch*, Registrar of Marks and Brands, reports that as of press-time, we have 43 resident and 28 non-resident and corresponding members. Since the local Corral is to be limited to fifty resident members we expect to have a full membership in a matter of months.

Present meeting plans call for no vacation schedule this summer since most of the members want to continue our monthly Roundup.

THE BRAND BOOK

ISSUED BI-MONTHLY AS THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

Communications to the Corral:
ROBERT J. WOODS
Registrar of Marks and Brands
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HOMER H. BOELTER
Roundup Foreman
828 No. La Brea Ave.
Hollywood 38, Calif.

JULY ROUNDUP

Sheriff Britzman who has the dual responsibility of making a talk and seeing that there is grub for all the group at the July Roundup (July 17th), requests that members return their notice cards promptly so that he can have arrangements completed for all who will attend. The meeting will be at the *Trail's End*, Charlie Russell's old home in East Pasadena. The July meeting notice will include a map showing directions to 725 Michigan Boulevard.

Chief Bearfoot

COMING ROUNDUPS

Of interest to all members is the tentative schedule of papers that are in course of preparation for future roundups.

MEN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO

Billy Dodson will talk on this interesting subject at our June roundup. Billy is an old-time cowman who has ridden the ranges from the Canadian to the Mexican border, and will give the boys something to remember in the way of history.

JEFF MILTON

Sheriff Britzman has been gathering material on Jeff Milton for several months and hopes to give the corral an interesting evening on this famed peace officer, whose death occurred May 6, 1947, at Tucson, Arizona. This meeting will be held at the former Russell home—Trail's End in July.

FT. BRIDGER DAYS

Our venerable member, Edgar Carter takes over at our August roundup to give us some sidelights and unwritten history on Ft. Bridger—Carter was one of the first white children born in Wyoming, at the time his father was post sutler at this famous rendevouz.

OOFTY GOOFTY

Paul Galleher is busy on research into the life and times of one of San Francisco's colorful characters—Oofty Goofty, who was a fixture on the Barbary Coast of Old San Francisco. Galleher's talk is scheduled for our September roundup.

COLONEL KOSTERLITSKY

In October Noah Berry, Jr. is scheduled to talk on the life and career of Colonel Kosterlitsky (Kosterlitzky) of the Russian Imperial Army who organized the Mexican Rurales. Kosterlitsky later became an expatriot of Mexico, working for the U. S. Department of Justice in Los Angeles, where he died in 1926.

Many other interesting subjects are on the agenda for the local corral, and will be announced in future issues.

ANNUAL BRAND BOOK

At our April roundup a working committee was announced by Homer Boelter, Roundup Foreman, to assist in the preliminary planning of our first Annual Brand Book, which will be published on or about January 15, 1948.

The first book will cover the thirteen papers presented from December 1946 through December 1947, together with footnotes, biographical material, illustrations, bibliography, appendix and index. It is anticipated that the book will contain approximately 24 pages of illustrations, many of great historical value. In addition it is planned to include in the appendix much related material not readily available to the student and collector.

A preliminary announcement will be mailed on or about July first of this year, giving details of the book so that Westerners (Chicago and Denver Corrals included) may reserve copies in advance.

DENVER'S 2nd

Announcement has been received from the Denver Westerners of their second annual Brand Book, which will be eagerly awaited by the Los Angeles Westerners.

Denver's first book was one of the finest items of its kind that we have ever read.

THE MAIL BAG

Homer H. Boelter
828 No. La Brea
Hollywood 38, Calif.

Dear Mr. Boelter:

At our meeting of Westerners last Friday we received the first copy of your Brand Book and I want to congratulate you upon doing such an excellent job. The L. A. chapter of Westerners will make us all sit up and take notice if you keep up that pace.

I was the first sheriff of the Denver chapter and out of my regime came our first published brand book, of which I am very proud, although I can claim no credit for it.

We shall look forward to your first book. Our second one will soon go to press.

Am in California usually in December each year and I shall make an effort to attend one of your meetings while there.

With best wishes for the success of your group, I am, Sincerely yours,

***Signed* EDWIN A. BEMIS,**
Managing Director
Colorado Press Association, Inc.
March 31, 1947

OPEN RANGE DAYS IN OLD WYOMING

BY JOHN K. ROLLINSON

I CANNOT SPEAK ABOUT THE REAL old days of the open range in Wyoming as having personally experienced those days, as I did not come into the active range life as a cowman until relatively late—just fifty years ago this June.

While a young man of fifteen at work on Chugwater Creek, Wyoming, I used to see on any late spring or summer day a great dust cloud rising in the southeast. We knew that a Texas trail herd was on its way, headed for the Platte River crossing at the mouth of Rawhide Creek. Sometimes we rode over to watch the moving of these cattle. They were at this time no longer the old-time picturesque longhorn cattle of the fabled lore of the Texan—they were cattle with lesser horns, larger bodies, better flanks than the cat-hamed variety of the early Texas longhorn. These cattle had been bred up to a better grade with a cross of Durham and later with the Hereford. While these cattle swam the Platte, the wagons crossed on the bridge at Fort Laramie.

At or near the point where the bridge crosses the Platte to enter Torrington, the writer witnessed the drowning of two young cowboys in the flood waters of this angry river, when we were trying to cross a few cattle near the Rock Ranch. The early July sun had melted the snow on Laramie Peak and the river was bad. We lost Fred McCarty and Eddie Woods that day; their horses also drowned. We later recovered the saddle of one and the two bodies were found in drift wood in Western Nebraska.

I mention this to illustrate the fact that all trail herd drivers with cattle from Texas had a dread of crossing certain rivers. There were no bridges and even if there were, the sort of range cattle of this period of the 1880's and 1900's would not take a bridge. They were too "spooky" in those days for man-made bridges. Sometimes the chuck wagon and the bed wagon had to go a distance out of their way to find a bridge and often that had to be set on a log raft made by the men after hours of laborous work and rafted across.

Most of these trail herds were purchased, or ordered by contract, to be delivered on the North Platte River in Nebraska or Wyoming, many at the old cow town of Ogallala in Nebraska—many in Wyoming, more especially after Nebraska had a herd-law restricting trail movements.

Most of the trail herds were delivered at the Platte River to the new owners and were often met by a crew of northern men who were to move them on up the Bozeman

trail to northern Wyoming and to Montana. Most of the Texas traildrivers returned south; however there were many Texas men that liked Wyoming and decided to remain there. One of these men who became well-known to the world was John B. Kendrick,who became Governor of the State, was a splendid cowman and respected by all.

The Bonanza days of the cattleman came in the period from 1880 to 1910. Many problems arose for the cattleman to solve and his right bower has been the Wyoming Stock Growers Association (Russell Thorp is now secretary and chief brand inspector). This valuable and powerful association was formed in 1873 and has functioned as the stockman's friend and protector from that date on. Today they have inspectors at every principal delivery point where Wyoming cattle are marketed, and a poorly branded animal is clipped and inspected to determine its ownership and the draft sent to the legal owner of the registered brand. In case of a failure to find ownership (or in the case of a Maverick) the funds from the sale become the property of the association.

Men engaged to work on early day open-range roundups were, of course, of various qualifications; but whatever might be their qualifications to induce a cattle company, an owner, his manager or his foremen to employ them they had to be good, for once the organized roundup was ready to pull out of the home corral on May tenth, they were to be out until December first when the beef shipments had been completed.

To give an idea of the organization of a roundup crew and some points of its workings as briefly as possible, I will say that in my time there were two sorts of crews organized: one, where the large cattle company hired its own eighteen men for the full season and kept the best ones through the winter; two, there was the association roundup which is what is known as a pool outfit, where all owners in an area or region pool their costs of operation. They usually only run a calf or spring roundup and then the owners or hired men on horseback returned to the home ranch to put up hay for the winter. Then about October first they started the usual crew to gather beef cattle and trail them to certain points at the railroad for shipment to Omaha or Chicago.

The foremen was called the wagon boss—the ramrod—and sometimes an unprintable name for he could be tough on his men or be fair with them—he ruled an empire. The foreman was a top man. He took the pick of as many ponies as he wished to use from the horse-herd or cavvy (remuda is the term used in the southwest). The ramrod picked the best cook that he could hire and the cook and the wagon boss both drew top wages—in my day the magnificent sum of from ninety to one hundred dollars a month for the cook. And he sure earned it! The wagon boss drew from one hundred to one and a quarter a month. The cowboys were paid from $35.00 to $50.00 per month according to their work. A young fellow getting started had the tough job as a day horse-wrangler and another boy was night-hawk or night wrangler. It was their job to be responsible at all times for the hundred and fifty or more horses in the cavvy. These boys drew the poorest wages as they were young and did not know better than to sit on a pony all night and trust the

pony to know where the cavvy was grazing. On some nights, with no moon and a rain or snow falling, the rider could not see his horse's ears. The sound of the several bells and the instinct of his trusted night horse was all he had to bring him and the cavvy back to the roundup wagon as the light showed dim in the east.

There were "no Sundays west of Omaha" and it was only when the wagon was to camp for a day that some of the men could do their washing which you may imagine was of a limited nature. We all wore long sleeve underwear and long legged under-drawers. These were mostly of wool as were our outer shirts and our heavy woolen pants made of material called California cloth. These tight-woven checkered pants came from a mill at Sacramento and later from Oregon. Many of our garments were purchased from soldiers and often we bought for a quart of whisky a new army muskrat cap and a pair of wonderful buckskin gloves or muskrat fur gloves if the season so required. In those days a quart of bonded whisky cost $1.25 to $1.50.

The men in the roundup were graded by the ramrod as to their usefulness and experience. Some few men were excellent at roping on the range—these were furnished a capable roping horse or two. Some men could read a brand quickly and some never learned how. These brand-readers were used as a rule in the "cut." When a herd was trimmed or cut they were furnished "cut horses" never used on riding circle or for any use except in the cutting out of cattle to separate the herd. Then there were men qualified to tend a branding fire and who knew how to keep the irons hot, not too hot, just the right temperature. These men had to know brands as they often had to use a running-iron on some stock when the owner has not supplied the wagon with a stamp iron of his own. A calf was caught by the rope-man who rode slow and easy through the herd so as not to get the bunch upset or restless any more than necessary. The roper spotted a calf with its mother, he read her brand then quietly dabbed his line on this calf which he dragged to the fire. The two men on foot put the calf down by flanking it and catching it off balance. Sometimes big ones were hard to wrestle. When down they disengaged the ropers line and he rode off for a new victim. The calf was branded as instructed by the roper. Whatever brand the cow wore so wore the calf; the ears were marked and sometimes the owner used a waddle or a flesh brand. If the calf was a bull he was suddenly divested of his life's destiny. And when he was let up to go find his anxious mama he was a steer, branded for life with his owner's name. Meanwhile the tally-man, and perhaps the owner, sat on their ponies with tally books—a little vest pocket memorandum book, generally a souvenier from some brewery or distillery. The tally-man made the notation of the brand and the sex of the calf and the owners name.

Addresses were needless in those days for we knew everyone within a range of one hundred miles. The wood smoke of the branding fire sure smelled good and the burned hide of the animals branded mingled with the soft air of the high Wyoming plains. The men were hungry by sundown which in that northern latitude was late as daylight

OPEN RANGE DAYS lasted until nine in the summer time. The men still had some unfinished business as the ramrod delegated certain ones to move the cattle to a designated place for water or perhaps to throw them into the herd. Some of the men mounted their ponies and rode quietly back to camp where the appetizing odor of the cook's supper was a tempting aroma with the enticing smell of baked beef ribs and Arbuckles coffee.

The men unsaddled, turned their ponies into the cavvy and after catching their night horses went to the pot-rack for the cook had already yelled "Stuff's On." These men rested after supper for a short time and unrolled their beds which had been pitched off the bed-wagon by the day wrangler—a bed roll in the Wyoming country weighed some forty pounds! The men were to be called at certain intervals to put in two hours night-guard for the cattle were bedded for the night and had to be night herded. A man on a roundup was called by the cook before dawn, he worked until dark, perhaps rode three or four horses that day and then tied up his night horse for another two hours. No complaining—no strike threats—no high wages.

When one of the few little towns was reached there was but one place for a cowpoke to go—there were no reading rooms, no library, no place of recreation of a decent sort. The saloon was the only open door. On a bitter cold day there would be a big pot bellied stove aglow there and some old newspapers. On a real hot day the village saloon afforded the only escape from weeks of direct burning sun. The floor was sprinkled by a swamper with a sprinkling can, the saw dust was wet and the atmosphere agreeable; and what enticed most men was the cowboy's love of music. In some towns the saloon had an orchestra or a fiddler and a "rag time kid." And as sugar attracts flies so did this "honkey tonk" music draw the boys to the bar.

The roundup wagon was not, as is so often pictured by eastern writers or by Hollywood picture makers, a poor old patched-up contrivance on wheels with a dilapidated chuck box at the end gate. Our wagons, both the chuck wagon and the auxiliary wagon or bed wagon, were always kept in perfect order. These were either Peter Shutler, Studebaker or Bane mountain wagons. The harness for the work animals was of the best, never neglected; the collars were kept clean. No animal with a shoulder sore or a saddle sore was used for we had plenty of horses. Each rider had whatever horses he needed—some twelve head, some eight. His horses were used every third day. If a man was known to be abusive of his string of horses, the wagon boss would either warn him against any mistreatment or would fire him. Most foremen did not approve of a rider having his own saddle horse for he knew that this man when mounted on his own horse would be liable to favor him and perhaps not gather in cattle from a difficult locality to which he had been directed by the foremen on the morning circle. He wanted the owner's horses used plenty hard to accomplish the work at hand but never to be unduly abused.

Certain men were professional bronk twisters. They were as a rule poor cowmen. Their job was to gentle 30 or 40 head of new bronks each spring. After they had the

animals so they could be saddled and mounted and trained to the picket and the rope-corral, these new bronks were turned over to the cavvy. These animals were assigned by the wagon boss—one or two to a man, and as there were 18 men to the crew 36 bronks were thus used. We were to get these horses well reined, gentle, taught to stand "ground tied" (with reins or McCarty on the ground). Of course there were usually one or two ponies in any man's string that would buck under certain conditions; but no work with cattle could be accomplished with riders mounted on bucking horses. The owner and the wagon boss were anxious to get work done, not have a cowboy take up time with a pony that bucked. Few horses were ever turned over to the various wagons which I rode for, which were not five years old or over. Some of our finest roundup horses were twelve years old as it takes a pony with age to acquire the cow-knowledge.

And no man ever learned the cow business easily or quickly. If he did he was a misfit—never a success—and no man ever learned all of the cow business, for even my old friends, much my senior in business and experience, John Clay and Granville Stuart, told me that there were always things to learn.

Both of these men were pioneer cattlemen. I was often with John Clay on trips from the old quarter circle 71 ranch at the Three Crossings of the Sweetwater to Cheyenne or from the Swan Land and Cattle Company at Chugwater to the railroad. This fine gentleman gave me many useful ideas while on these trips. In later years the acquaintance which I had made with the foremost cattleman of Montana, Granville Stuart, brought me into friendship with his son-in-law "Teddy Blue" or E. C. Abbott. Teddy was a fine old cowman and he and old Con Price were really without equal as riders and rope men.

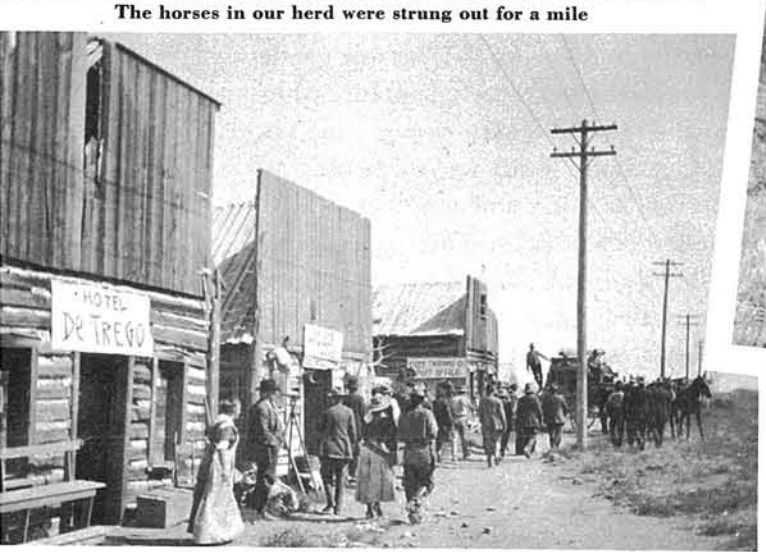
As a cowhand I came up the trail from the little settlement called Orin Junction at a point on the old Fremont Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad. This was the dumping place since cattle could then (1899) no longer be trailed south of this point. When arriving in Big Horn Basin of Wyoming I felt as many a range man did that here was to be my home, for it was an ideal country for the cattleman. I was happy in that new country and glad to have delivered the little herd of 1800 head of Mexican steers to the Crow Indian Reservation. The lofty Big Horn mountains were mighty beautiful. This huge basin was drained north to the Yellowstone River with much fine range country all about. The lofty Absoraka Range lay to the west, the Wind River Range to the south and the open end of the sack or basin was to the north.

Many titled men from England and France had built up good herds and good ranches in this last frontier of the cowman. Count Otto Franc of Litchenstein settled on the Greybull river in 1881 and established the Pitchfork Ranch—a going concern to this day. Count De Dorey from France had settled on Trail Creek; his partner in the cattle and horse business was Count Paul De Britishea and his nearest neighbor on Cottonwood Creek five miles north was another Frenchman, Count Claude De Veon. Many wealthy British had settled in this locality and Oliver Henry Wallop located just east of the Big

Horns near Sheridan, Wyoming. He later became the Ninth Earl of Portsmouth. All were fine, democratic men and all are now deceased. Many of them had put lots of foreign gold into Wyoming. Men from Ireland, Scotland, England and France mingled freely and on equal terms with the cowboy from Texas, Oregon, Montana and Utah.

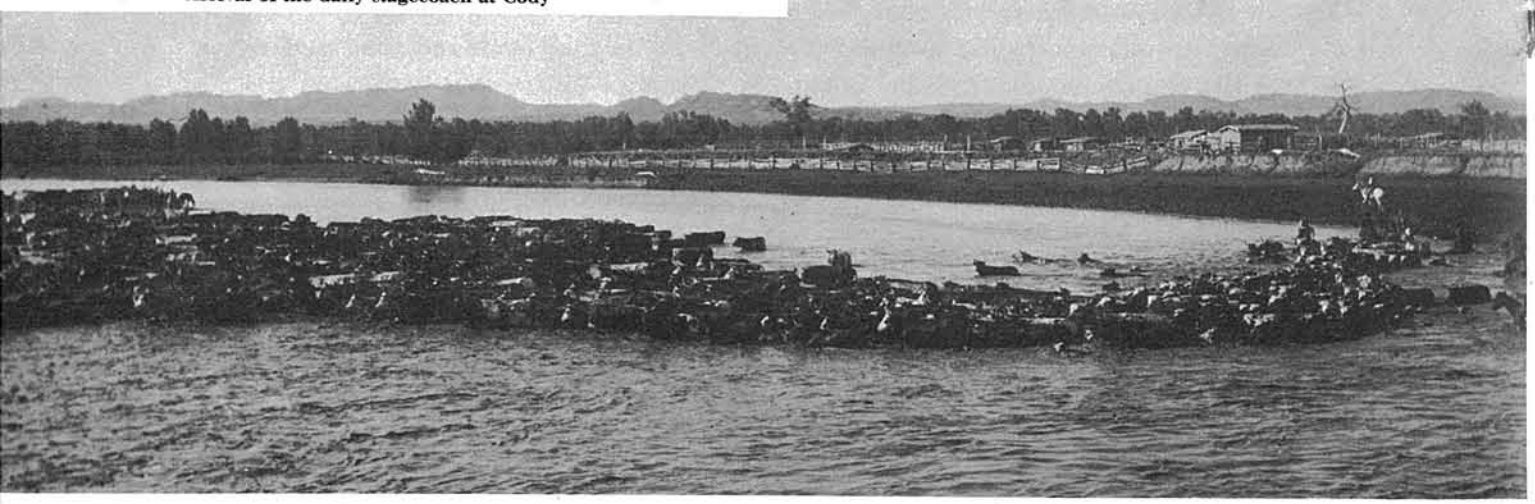
In conclusion I will add that the cowman's range paradise as an empire for cattle really started in 1880. In three decades came the end of the open range or free grass empire, never to return in America or in any country on the face of the earth. It was a grand place to live, to be young and healthy and to enjoy it as nature had intended it. Unfortunately man's selfishness and wasteful ways have defeated Nature's best intent.

The horses in our herd were strung out for a mile



Arrival of the daily stagecoach at Cody

At the water-hole



THE INDIAN AS A SEER

BY CLARENCE ELLSWORTH

A SEER IS ONE WHO *foresees*—foresees events that are to take place in the future. Or one who sees events already taking place, but at a distance. Perhaps "seer" is not quite the right word. Maybe the title should be "The Indian as a Mind Reader."

When I was about 18 years old, my father, mother, and I lived in a little town called Merna, in Nebraska. Merna is just north of Broken Bow. My father had a drugstore there. We lived upstairs in the home of one of the town's two doctors. I frequently drove a team for the doctor on country calls and at other times I drove teams for the livery stable. In between I went to school, such as it was. I never liked school, but preferred to paint. I painted houses, barns, and signs on buildings and store windows. I was a pretty good letterer and always could draw and sketch. I never made much money doing this, and it dawned on me that I might be wasting my talents here in this little town. I began to have the urge to seek broader fields. I decided to go to a city. I wanted to be a cartoonist or at least to see my drawings appear in print.

I had never been to a city but I had heard about Denver and decided to strike out for there. Someone had once told me there were people who traveled about the country from one end to the other, up and down, back and forth, by painting signs on windows in the little towns where they stopped, and also that they made a good living at it. I could readily understand this and I had confidence that I could letter signs as well as anybody. I fixed up a cigar box with compartments for paints, bottles of turpentine, gold size, brushes, gold leaf, and bronze powder, packed a small satchel with a change of clothes, and with about four dollars in my pocket, got on the train that would take me north to the next town on my way to Denver.

THE BEGINNING OF A CAREER

I had many small jobs and stopped on a ranch where I enjoyed myself by sketching the cowboys, their horses, cattle and wagons. Autumn set in and it was getting cooler, especially at night. I felt I must move on. I soon found myself at Rushville in the northern part of the state and just 30 miles from the Pine Ridge Reservation. I learned that there was stage service to and from the Agency, so next morning I told Charlie Hagel that I wanted to go with him to Pine Ridge. He drove a team hitched to a spring wagon and I was his only passenger.

THE INDIAN

Though it is nearly 44 years ago I still remember details of my first trip to the Sioux Country. As we neared the Agency, I saw half a dozen Indians repairing the telegraph line between Rushville and Pine Ridge and further along we met an old Indian and his grandson, 7 or 8 years old, in a lumber wagon. Charlie, the driver of the stage, shouted "How" and then some more gibberish, which was unintelligible to me, but which the old man understood and replied. After a few words were exchanged back and forth, Charlie told me to go over and get the dollar bill that the old man had taken from his pocket. This old Indian was Chief Bear Foot and he had been hauling coal from Rushvill to Pine Ridge—at a dollar a load, 30 miles—60 miles per round trip—probably shoveling the load on and off himself. However, it seems that he had collected his dollar at both ends of the line and Charlie made him return a dollar.

On arrival at the Agency, Charlie dumped me, my satchel and other packages, off at the little one story hotel and went about his business of distributing the boxes and packages he had brought over from Rushville, as he ran a sort of express service along with the stage. I know he brought along a case of Peruna; ostensibly a patent medicine, but in reality little else but burnt sugar and a high percentage of alcohol. It was, as now, unlawful to bring liquor onto the reservation; but the Peruna got around that law all right and was probably as good as much of the liquor we get today. In an hour or so after the delivery of the Peruna, I saw an Indian policeman with a staggering savage in tow, bound for the jail house.

I soon set about getting acquainted, first with the youngsters, then the older boys, 15 to 18. I showed them some of the sketches I made, which interested them very much. They always wanted me to make a sketch of someone else, never of themselves.

One day as I sat in the office of the hotel, several young Indian bucks in cowboy boots and hats came in and one sat down by the window and asked me to make a sketch of him. His name was Charlie Brave. I complied, and after I had finished he carried the sketch away very proudly. We became very good friends. Later he changed his name to "Good Voice Iron." I asked him why that was, and he told me someone else had a better right to the name "Brave." My desire to paint Indians may have started here at Pine Ridge.

One dark raw day as I sat in one of the two chairs in the office of the hotel, a little old fellow came in who was wearing a short heavy coat, overalls turned up at the bottom, a flat brimmed light colored felt hat, heavy work shoes and a muffler around his neck. He had a two or three weeks growth of grey beard and a short cropped mustache. His eyebrows were dark and thick, and he forced his little grey eyes very wide open in an effort to see more clearly in the dark interior of the hotel office. He was only about 5 feet tall, stockily built and very straight. He looked around the room and remarked that "It was kinda *daark* in here" as indeed it was. I said "How" to him and asked him to have the other chair beside me.

AS A SEER

A stranger at the Agency was an event, so the fact of my presence and what I was doing there got around fast. The old man knew me, and I happened to know who he was from having seen him a time or two. He was "Uncle Sammy Deon," an old time French squaw man, about 85 years old. He had three sons: Louie, a blacksmith; Sam, a policeman; and Will, who was away somewhere.

After we had chatted a while about nothing in particular, he began the unfolding of a story that I am now going to tell.

"UNCLE SAMMY" DEON'S STORY

"About 45 or 50 years ago," he began, "I found myself in the camp of Chief Red Cloud. I was a fur trader and had been buying buffalo robes from the Indians. At that time Red Cloud's camp was very large and was pitched on a flat in the form of a great circle a mile or more across. It really was a large oval, rather than a true circle.

"When the Indians camped on the flat prairie they pitched their tents so that they formed a circle or oval, this circle was not composed of tepees pitched in a single row side by side to form the circle, but in groups of tepees, some side by side and others back of them so that there were family groups, but viewed from a distance it gave the appearance of a circle. Inside of this circle about 100 yards from any other tepees was pitched the Chief's lodge or Council lodge, which was very large.

"I was a brother-in-law to Chief Red Cloud, having married one of his sisters, so I had my three wagons, with six oxen for each wagon, stationed near the council lodge. I was inside and had several hundred robes piled inside around the edge next to the wall. Several old men were sitting cross-legged over at the other side of the lodge talking in low tones and smoking. I was paying little attention to them. There was a small fire smoldering in the center and once in a while one of the old men would go over and stir it up and put a stick or two on it.

"Presently, as I sat there in the lodge, a fine looking young man entered with most of his body naked except for some war paint on his face, and asked me if he could borrow my little white horse to use in a fight. At the time I am speaking of, I had with me a fine little white mare that I kept tied to one of the wagons as I traveled from camp to camp, and which I liked to ride when I got tired of walking or riding on the wagons. I thought a lot of that little mare, and didn't want to lose her.

"However, a chief never refuses anything to his children, and as I was a relative of Red Cloud, the same thing was expected of me. There was not much I could do about it. I hated the thought of trusting that fine little mare to the mercies of an Indian battle. The young man was quite excited and told me that some scouts had discovered a band of Crows about 40 miles away and were having a fight and that a party was being made up to go to their aid. I reluctantly gave my consent and saw my little mare being led away; perhaps I would never see her again.

"An Indian warrior rides an inferior horse and leads his choice war pony to the scene of the battle. He does not mount his good horse until he gets close to the fighting and actually goes into the battle. This is done in order to save the war pony as much as possible, as it will be called upon for a lot of hard use. When the enemy is encountered, an Indian is notoriously merciless to his horse in a battle or any other contest.

"Well, I went back into the lodge and sat down; I didn't feel very good about letting this wild young man take my little mare. There were plenty of other horses in camp, the Indians had hundreds of them, and this young man probably had half a dozen good ones himself. But it was done and there was nothing I could do about it.

"I had been sitting in the lodge for a couple of hours after the young man left, when suddenly one of the old men of the group at the other side of the lodge spoke up and said: 'Man riding your horse got killed!' This was bad news indeed, then one of the other men announced in a continuation of what the first had said: 'But before he died he killed the enemy that shot him.'

"As I sat there in the lodge I had been whittling on a stick, my knife was very sharp. As was the custom in those days among the white traders and trappers and pioneers, I had let my beard grow and it was six or seven inches long. I got up from where I was sitting and moved over to the smouldering fire in the center of the lodge. I kneeled down beside it, then I took my long beard in my left hand and with my knife in my right I cut my beard off close to my chin. I held the hair aloft above the fire and prayed; prayed that my little white mare would come back to me safe and sound again. Then I dropped the handful of hair into the fire and the smoke of it arose through the smoke hole and carried my prayer heavenward.

BY THE HAIR OF HIS CHINNEY CHIN CHIN

"I went back to where I had been sitting and sat down again. A long time later, as dusk was settling over the plains, a couple of indian girls came into the lodge and handed me the end of a long rope. They said: 'There is your horse.' I went outside and sure enough, there was my little white mare as sound as ever. I went to her and felt her all over; I could hardly believe my eyes; my prayer had been answered.

"Later I learned that what the old men in the lodge had told me was true in every detail; the war party had unexpectedly come upon a band of Crows about 20 miles from the Sioux camp and there was a fight. The young man riding my white mare in the battle was shot early in the fight but before he died was able to shoot his killer. One of the other warriors caught my white mare and brought it back after the Crows had been routed. But how the old men in the lodge knew this, I have never been able to learn, for no one came near my lodge after the warrior left with my mare."

I have encountered many mysterious things in my lifetime among the Sioux. The

story I have just told you, I think, is a typical case of mind reading. All the conditions favoring it were there: the stress and excitement of the mind of the young man in the fight, coupled with the shock of his injury, the realization of his impending death perhaps, and the fear for the safety of the horse that had been entrusted to him. What the mental states of his companions were, we cannot know. They may, or may not, have helped to send the mental message to the old men in the lodge.

And we mustn't overlook the receivers of the message: they are smoking their pipe, passing it around from one to the other, they are in a half dream, no muscular exertion, nothing to disturb them, their conversation is at a minimum, they are completely relaxed both physically and mentally. Here truly is Indian thought transference.

COINCIDENCE OR DIRECTION

About 15 years ago I had a fellow staying with me and he was an old cow hand from Montana. He told me a story that has caused me to spend many hours of thought and speculation on it, and I will now pass it along to you. It has to do with some kind of thought transference but it makes one wonder whether if after death that transmitting mind is not still capable of delivering its orders. Or whether the living mind having broadcast its message, that message still bounces around in the air until it is picked up by a *receiver* after the mind that sent it is no more. I am assuming, of course, that the mind is a product of the brain and I realize there is room for argument there.

"I had a funny experience about 20 years ago," he began. "I had been working on a ranch that fall. Winter had set in. There had been considerable snow and it still covered the ground. Having little to do at the ranch, I decided to go to town. This was a little inland town where the ranchers traded when they ran out of staples before the regular time for stocking up at the larger towns.

"I saddled my horse, tied my overcoat on back of the cantle, drew what pay I had coming and rode the 8 or 10 miles into town. It was not yet noon when I arrived so I put my horse up at the livery stable. Then I bummed around visiting with some of my friends.

"Just before noon, a cowboy friend of mine whom I had not seen for 2 years rode into town from another direction and we bought some cheese and a loaf of bread and a can of peaches and ate our dinner together, while exchanging news and reports of our experience since we had last seen each other. As a considerable part of our conversation was about jobs, we both decided we could do better if we tried some other place for awhile.

"About 40 miles south was a town somewhat larger than the one we now were in, and we decided to start for it immediately. I got my horse from the stable and we began our journey expecting to arrive at our destination by nightfall or shortly thereafter. The weather was mild but the ground was covered with considerable snow, but by mid-

THE INDIAN afternoon a wind had sprung up and the sky had become overcast. By 4 or 5 o'clock snow was falling and it was getting dark. We crossed a little creek, which was frozen over, and urged our horses over some rough places and up a steep embankment onto the table above.

"About a hundred yards beyond the edge of the embankment we discovered a dugout with the roof partly caved in and the door off its hinges, and decided we had better stop here until morning. The snow was now turning to sleet and it was bitter cold. We led the horses into the dugout because the heat of their bodies would help to keep us warm. We found, in one of the saddle bags a candle and lit it, and ate some of the bread we had brought with us. The floor of the dugout was partly covered with snow and after we had been in there for some time we noticed, over in one corner of the room, a longish shaped mound and one of us, out of curiousity, went over to it and gave it a kick. The kick dislodged the corner of a blanket and further investigation disclosed a body—the body of an Indian woman frozen stiff. While we were staring at it, something stirred within the folds of the blanket. At first we thought it might be an animal of some sort. We undid the blanket, rather gingerly I'm afraid, and there closely bound to its mother's cold body was a little girl baby about a year old and still alive. We hastily got her out of there and wrapped her and warmed her as best we could, and melted some snow in a tin cup, soaked some of the bread in the water and fed the little thing; she was nearly starved.

"As soon as it was daylight we mounted our horses and resumed our journey, carrying the baby with us. Upon arriving at the town, our destination, we left the baby with the lady who ran a boarding-house, and notified the authorities and went with them back to the scene of the tragedy.

"Examination of the body of the Indian woman, probably a Crow, disclosed broken ribs, badly wounded hip with much loss of blood, and other wounds. Further investigation and reconstruction of the tragedy uncovered the fact she had been riding a horse, carrying the baby in her arms. In struggling up the steep, rough embankment, the horse had fallen, throwing the woman and child and perhaps rolling on the woman. Or in its struggles to recover had trampled the woman, causing the wounds from which she died.

"Some attempt was made to find out who the woman was but no one seemed to know and the matter was dropped. The girl grew up and at last reports was living in Montana with her white parents."

That is the end of his story. Some will say this was simply a strange coincidence. Perhaps it was. I prefer to think it was something else.

ZUNI (MAGIC)

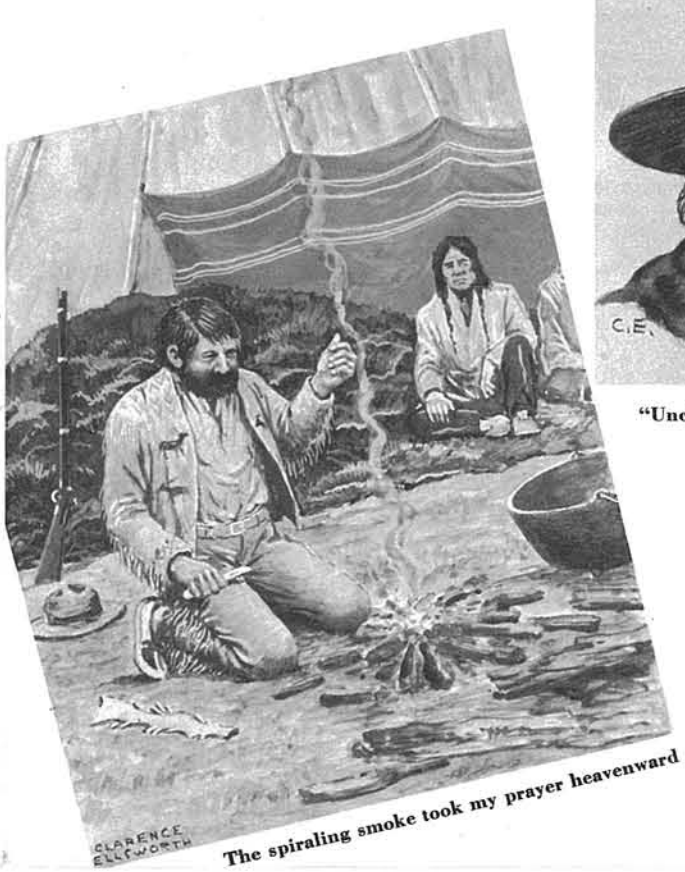
Bertha Cody told me this story of Indian mystery or magic as related to her by Dr. F. W. Hodge, who spent many years in the Zuni country.

Dr. Hodge witnessed the big Zuni celebration. There was dancing and singing, races

AS A SEER and various kinds of contests. The crowd was enjoying the antics of quite a large number of dancers who were performing around a large kettle steaming over a fire. Suddenly two or three of the dancers dashed into the crowd and dragged forth a struggling and protesting old man whom they proceeded to club over the head until he was down and out on the ground. They then proceeded systematically to cut off his arms, legs and head, and to cut his body into pieces, all of which they tossed into the steaming kettle—this happens of course very rapidly, and amid much excited shouting and milling about. Then two or more of the dancers picked up the kettle and pass the steaming concoction around. The Indians all greedily consumed the soup and then tossed the bones on the ground as they finished. They showed great satisfaction with their feast. When they were through they gathered up the bones and put them into a kettle which they took into a nearby dwelling. The white people witnessing this scene were sickenly horrified. However in a few minutes out of the dwelling emerged the old man as well as ever, amid much laughter and shouting by the braves who were following him and carrying the empty kettle."

Other spectators coming into the scene in the midst of its proceedings told of not seeing anything more than a bunch of dancers pantomining a sacrifice. It may be that the minds of the white spectators who witnessed the complete program were lulled into a comatose state by the low drumming and chants, and thus their minds were receptive to thoughts that were impressed upon them, while the newcomers had not been attuned to witness the killing of the old man and hence they saw only the pantomine act. Strange are the thoughts of men, be they Indian, or white.

"Uncle Sammy" Deon



The spiraling smoke took my prayer heavenward

There had been an accident

BIOGRAPHIES OF NEW MEMBERS

W. G. BRIGHT (Santa Maria, Calif.)—A non-resident member who was born in Colorado, reared in Colorado and California and spent his entire life until lately in Cattle and Horse ranching. His hobby is the collecting of First Edition autographed books on the history of the early west.

MARK H. BROWN, MAJOR, AIR CORPS (Maxwell Field, Alabama)—Non-resident although a soldier in both World Wars is primarily an Iowa farmer and a soil scientist. Hobbies: collecting books, pictures and odds and ends pertaining to the west, making trips along frontier trails, and visiting points of historic interest.

DONALD HURLSTONE FAIRCHILD (Los Angeles)—Born in Illinois of pioneer stock. Started as mining engineer operating his own property in Arizona called Smuggler Gulch Gold Mining Co. During the war was engaged in inventive work developing new ideas in Jet propulsion. Juggled engineering and painting for sometime but when he decided on art over engineering he dropped his first name rather than having a "ham" artist ruin the reputation of a good engineer. Just call him "Stony."

NICHOLAS FIRFIRES (Santa Barbara) Reared on a ranch near Santa Marguerita, he began riding and breaking horses at an early age. One of California's fine young artists. Firfires is a cowboy at heart and his paintings are permeated with the west, blue denims, high heel boots and wide-brimmed hats. His horse paintings are somewhat like music, a universal language.

GUY J. GIFFEN (San Francisco, Calif.)—Non-resident member. A native son, born in Sacramento, California. He is interested in the History of California and photography of historical sites. His chief interest is in the gun-men of our Wild West. He has a large collection of bibliographies of the six-shooter elite.

GEORGE L. HARDING (Palo Alto, Calif.)—Non-resident member, born in Indiana and came west after the first World War. His chief hobby is the introduction of Printing in our Western States and the history of California Newspapers. Is the author of "Don Agustin V. Zamorano, Statesman, Soldier, Craftsman and California's first Printer."

EUGENE D. HART (Glendale, Calif.)—Chief Librarian of the Glendale Public Library. World War II Veteran of Air Corps. Left the service as a Lieutenant Colonel. His chief interest of Western Americana is the Indian Campaigns of General Custer.

LOUIS D. LIGHTON (Wine Glass Ranch, Paulden, Arizona) has produced some of Hollywood's finest films, is a Western collector of note and a deep student of Western history.

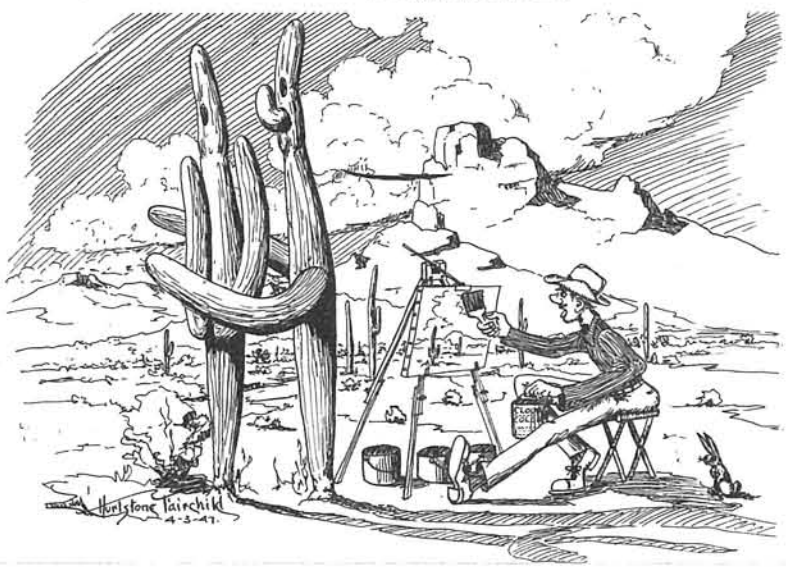
WESLEY MATHEWS (Los Angeles, Calif.)—Born in Paducah, Kentucky. As a boy he lived for several years in Osage, Oklahoma, made quite a few "real Indian" friends. He has always been interested in horseflesh and has quite a collection of books on horses. Interested in the early Peace Officers, Settlers and Range riders and their part in conquering the west and their mounts.

M. I. McCREIGHT (DuBoise, Penn.)—Non-resident member born in 1865. In 1885 he went west to the Devil's Lake region and there engaged in the Buffalo bone and hide business. He was a great friend of the Indians and learned much of their treatment by the white man. Author of several books, his latest, *A Sioux Chief's U. S. History*, will be published this fall.

H. WILLIAM MOORE (Hollywood, California)—was born in Iowa and has always been a student of the West. Is now engaged in filming historical Trails of the old days—John Chisum was his first completed camera study. Now working on the Santa Fe Trail history.

FREDERICK G. RENNER (Washington, D.C.)—a native Montanan and one of the leading experts on the life and work of Charlie Russell. Now with the U. S. Department of Agriculture in an executive position.

BERT G. SHOREY (Billings, Montana). Non-resident member. Born in 1862 at Waldo, Maine. Moved to Montana in 1881 and settled in the "Great Lake Basin." Rancher, banker and one of the real old Westerners. The old Shorey Trail, named after him, is now part of the main highway of Eastern Montana.



DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL

By **Paul Galleher**

ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN YOSEMITE by Carl Parcher Russell, for many years park naturalist, is again available in a new edition that has been completely rewritten with many pages of new material added; the story of the mountain man, gold seekers, Indian troubles and early travelers will be found in this volume as well as the extensive bibliography. One of the "musts" for Westerners.

WEST and PACIFIC is the title of a priced catalogue of books relating to the history and exploration of the western part of the United States, to Mexico, and Pacific Ocean and related subjects. By our member Glen Dawson of Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles, 1947.

This seven part catalogue of 191 pages might better be called a priced bibliography of the west. Part six is of much interest to Southern Californians, being practically a chronological history of printing in the southern part of the state.

. . . LOS ANGELES STAR: The University of California Press promises a delight to lovers of Californiana with its publication in May of the *Los Angeles Star, 1851-1864* by William B. Rice and edited by John Walton Caughey. This book chronicles the vicissitudes of southern California's earliest newspaper, describes its content and policies, and depicts its editors: from the days when it was a four page uncertain weekly subsidized by the state to publish the laws in Spanish, through the years of the Civil War when it advocated the establishment of an independent western republic, sympathized with the South, and became, as its rival the Los Angeles *News* said of the entire county, quite "double-dyed in treason." • NEW ONES: Here are a few titles which sound like they might be worth while checking into. Dana, Julian.—*A. P. Giannini: Giant in the West*, a Prentice-Hall book. Mack, Effie Mona—*Mark Twain in Nevada*, a Scribner book . . . Reyton Green.—*For God and Texas* (*life of P. B. Hill*) a Whittlesey publication.

Wait until that Nut leaves!