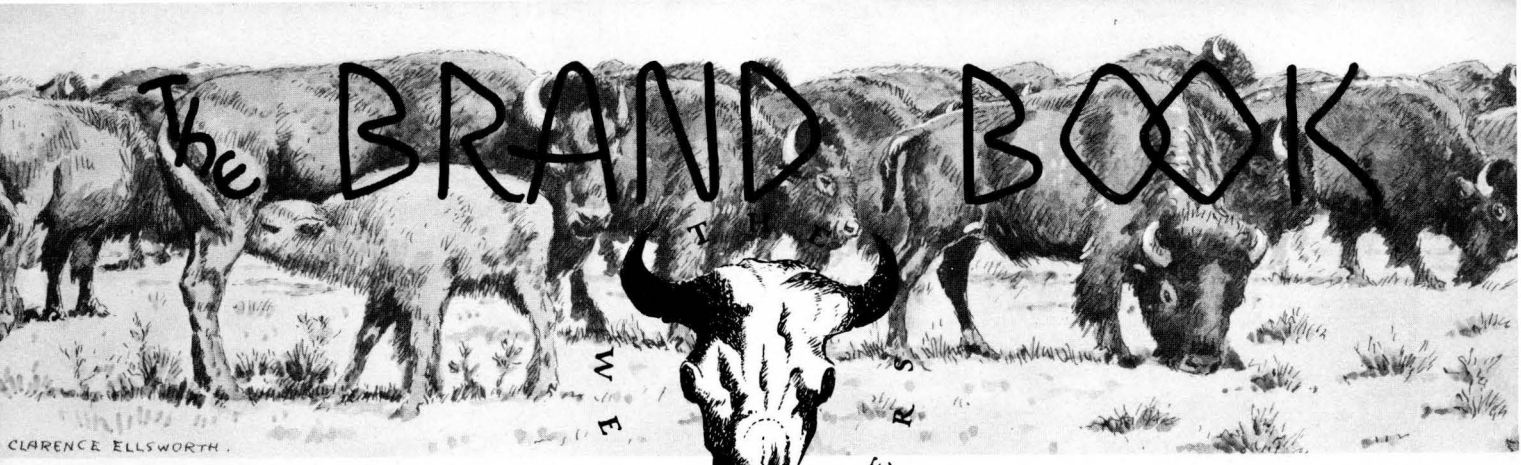


VOL. 1 JAN • FEB 1947 No. 1

THE WESTERNERS AND ITS PURPOSE

Like the Chicago and Denver Corrals, the new Los Angeles Corral of *Westerners* organized December 1946, came into existence to enable men with common interests to meet with reasonable frequency and to exchange information and knowledge relative to the cultural and historical background of what is commonly called *The West.*

The subject *The West* is so broad that it encompasses not only half of the continental United States but reaches to the very roots of present-day evolution of earlier explorations and activity.

In our group of members can be found men whose hobbies and vocations cover many of the most fascinating subjects of research dating back to the prehistoric days, down through the Indian and Spanish phases of our own region. There are probably a thousand subjects that might be listed and found to be of mutual interest to the members.

Each man is expected to take an active interest in each meeting and to prepare a paper on a subject of his own choice. This spirit of fair exchange enables every man to broaden his own knowledge of the West and to contribute some of the richness of his own study and experience.

H E BRITZMAN
725 MICHIGAN BLVD
PASADENA CALIF
THE CHICAGO CHAPTER OF THE WESTERNERS AT ITS REGULAR DECEMBER MEETING MONDAY VOTED TO SEND ITS HEARTIEST GREETINGS TO NEW CHAPTER AT LOS ANGELES. THE POSSE WANTS TO ADD ITS SALUTATIONS AND JOIN IN WISHING MUCHO EXITO A NUESTROS COMPANEROS—THE WESTERNERS

Sheriff H. E. Britzman

BEGINNINGS

Are you interested in preserving things Western—its history and traditions? Do you know of the national organization known as *The Westerners?* Are you familiar with the Chicago and Denver chapters of this organization? Would you enjoy the fellowship of such a group and support it here in Southern California?

Thus did H. E. Britzman, Charlie Russell fan and branding iron collector, and Robert J. Woods, well-known California bibliophile, interrogate a few men who later met informally at the Britzman residence to hear more of the proposal. With Britzman and Woods, this formative group included Lindley Bynum, Jim Williams, Clarence Ellsworth, Jack Harden, W. W. Robinson, Glen Dawson and Paul Galleher. Mr. Britzman read the correspondence from the Chicago and Denver chapters and a general discussion followed.

(Continued on page 2)

FUTURE MEETINGS

Several very interesting meetings are on the board for the local Corral which should insure a good turnout and a continuing interest in our roundups.

The February meeting was to hear a talk by E. A. Brininstool on *Billy The Kid*, which subject is always of interest to Westerners.

Early Days in the Southwest

We are fortunate to have scheduled for the third Thursday of March a man who will speak authoritatively on a subject of wide interest to us all. Percy Bonebrake of Sierra Madre has graciously consented to talk on Reminiscences of Early Days in the Southwest. Knowing his background in the cattle business and he being a native son of Los Angeles, makes his paper of especial interest to all members.

Open Range Days in Old Wyoming

Jack Rollinson will take over the floor at our April roundup and will talk on a subject about which he is most familiar—*Open Range Days in Old Wyoming*. Incidentally, Jack's new book *Wyoming Cattle Trails*, is now on the press and will be out some time this year.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Clarence Ellsworth has a wealth of intimate knowledge and experience gleaned from his frequent visits to the Sioux Indians at Pine Ridge. Clarence isn't usually given to much talk, so it's going to be *something* when he lets go at the May roundup and gives us some of his recollections of the Sioux Indians. The subject (which inadequately describes the treat in store) is "*Indian Mysteries.*"

Who's next?

THE BRAND BOOK

ISSUED BIMONTHLY AS THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

Communications to the Corral:

ROBERT J. WOODS
Registrar of Marks and Brands
320 So. Manhattan Place
Los Angeles 5, Calif.

Communications to the Brand Book:

HOMER H. BOELTER
Roundup Foreman
828 No. La Brea Ave.
Hollywood 38, Calif.

BEGINNINGS *{continued from page 1}*

Before the evening was spent, the fundamental principles of the proposed chapter had been outlined and in a measure determined, including proposals for yearly dues of $6.00, a board of directors to comprise five elected officers, monthly meeting time and place, and sketch of publication policy. The nominating committee proposed the following officers who were formally elected at the organization meeting held at the Redwood Cafe on December 19th, 1946.

Sheriff . . . . . H. E. BRITZMAN
Deputy Sheriff . . . . . JACK HARDEN
Round-up Foreman . . . . HOMER BOELTER
Registrar of Marks and Brands . . . . . ROBERT J. WOODS
Representative . . . . ARTHUR WOODWARD
Wranglers . . . . . NOAH BEERY, JR. / PAUL GALLEHER

BRAND BOOKS ARRIVE

A few members of the *Los Angeles Westerners* have recently received their copies of the 1944 Brand Book from the Chicago Corral. The book, long delayed, was well worth the wait, as it makes a very real addition to any library. We understand the edition, though not numbered, was limited to 400 copies.

The book is beautifully printed from fine open-face type on paper of the best quality. In design it will match the best of the book-builder's art. The binding is in excellent taste, with a minimum of gold stamping.

In addition to the eleven papers presented before the *Chicago Westerners* during its first year of meetings, the volume contains a few footnotes suitable to the material and a complete index.

The Denver Corral too has every reason to be proud of their 1945 Brand Book, issued some months ago in a limited, numbered edition of 350 copies. The few members of the Los Angeles Corral who are fortunate enough to have this book, rate it tops in design and style—not to mention the well edited contents, complete with footnotes and index.

These two fine volumes have set a standard of excellence that will be hard to beat—though the local boys do not intend to be outstripped. Wait and see!

VISITING REPRESENTATIVE

Leland Case, Deputy Sheriff of the Chicago Corral, made a short visit to the Los Angeles area in February. We were sorry he wasn't able to meet with us at our February roundup, but we hope other *Westerners* will remember our meeting date and be able to join us—the third Thursday of each month at the Redwood Cafe on First Street, near the Los Angeles Times Building, at 6:00 P.M.

DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL

WHEW ! ! ! : 6170 brand-new titles, not counting reprints published in 1946; 306 were history . . . GENE RHODES: From Carl Herzog's typorium comes *The Little World Waddies*—most of it hasn't been in book form before. First edition limited to 1000 copies. Gene's widow to get 70% of profits. A new catalogue calls for *Lone War Trail of Apache Kid* by Earle Forrest and Edwin Hill, and another Con Price *Trails I Rode*. Both are due late this month. They'll each have a new Russell reproduction . . . CUSTER story again in print (Scribner's) this time by last survivor of the fight (Sergeant Windolph) in volume called *I Fought with Custer*. Announced for publication February 10th . . . WESTERN AMERICANA: General title of a series of new editions of outstanding books on California and Far West to be published by Knopf. Editors will be Dr. Robert Glass Cleland and Oscar Lewis. First volume, *The Big Bonanza* by Dan DeQuille (Wm. Wright) will be ready sometime in March.

. . . COLORADO: The dramatic contrast between the Colorado boom towns of yesterday and their ghost-like appearance of today will appear in the American Guide Series *Colorado Ghost Towns*, scheduled for April publication . . . *Sonora Sketch Book*, by John Hilton, will find favor with those interested in the legends and people of that Mexican state just south of Arizona. It will be ready in March . . . OKLAHOMA University Press forecasts several intriguing titles to tease and lead astray our Western collectors. One is a comprehensive bibliography of source material related to southwestern history from the beginning of settlement to 1939. It has been in preparation for 25 years and will include 4000 individual titles. *South of Forty, from the Mississippi to the Rio Grande*, by Jesse L. Rader, will be the title and author and it will be released this spring . . . CALIFORNIA *Engineer and Rancher*, a biography of Frank Hinckley (1838-1890) is a new volume from the Saunders Press in Claremont. It includes some unpub-

{Continued on page 30}

GUN FIGHTS & LYNCHINGS IN EARLY LOS ANGELES

BY GREGG LANE

UNTIL THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD by James Marshall at Sutter's Mill on the American River in 1848, Los Angeles was California's largest settlement and its only city. Founded in 1781, Los Angeles early established a name for crime and lawlessness and by the year 1842 its infamy was heralded to the world by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who made a tour of the world and in that year published the narrative of his travels, in two thick volumes. He came down the Pacific Coast and visited Yerba Buena, Monterey, and Santa Barbara, but passed by wicked Los Angeles and gave this description of the city in his now famous book:

> "*The Pueblo of Los Angeles contains a population of one thousand five hundred souls—and is the noted abode of the lowest drunkards and gamblers of the country. This den of thieves is situated, as one may expect from its being almost twice as populous as the other two pueblos taken together, in one of the loveliest and most fertile districts of California, and is therefore, one of the best marts in the province for hides and tallow and induces vessels to brave all the dangers of the open and exposed Bay of San Pedro.*"

However, when matters got too bad for the decent element of the community to tolerate, they took the enforcement of the law into their own hands and acted with definite promptness when the "law" moved too slowly to suit them.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

To the Californian of today, "Vigilance Committee" and "San Francisco" are synonymous, for the average resident of the state doesn't know that fifteen years before the first Vigilance Committee of San Francisco was organized, the first Vigilance Committee in California was formed, functioned successfully and disbanded quietly in the City of Los Angeles.

Don Domingo Feliz, who lived on the rancho bearing his name, just north of the town, was married to vivacious Maria del Rosario Villa, who had abandoned her husband and was living with a Sonoran *vaquero* by the name of Gervasio Alipas at San Gabriel. After trying for two years to persuade Maria to return to him, for he still loved the girl, Feliz invoked the aid of the authorities and the Church to the effect that on March 24th, 1836, the errant wife was brought back to the pueblo and a reconciliation was effected through mutual friends. The angry Alipas threatened vengeance for the loss of his mistress when the

reconciled couple started up the river for their home on the rancho, mounted on one horse as was the custom in old California.

The couple had traveled but a short distance when they were ambushed by Alipas, who stabbed Feliz in the back, killing him. Then the murderer and the faithless wife dragged the body into a ravine with a reata and covered it with leaves.

On March 29th the body was found and both the murderer and the woman were arrested in San Gabriel, where they were again enjoying their infamous pleasures. Excitement ran high in the little city, both on account of the foulness of the crime and the high esteem in which the murdered husband was held, when they were brought back.

By the 1st of April feeling was running so high that the authorities asked all good citizens to aid in preserving the peace—but after a week had passed and no punishment had been meted out to the couple, fifty of the town's most prominent men met at the home of Don Juan Temple at daybreak on the morning of April the 7th and organized "A Committee of Defense and Public Security." At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a demand was made on the *Ayuntamiento* by the Committee that the prisoners be delivered to them within an hour. But *Alcalde* Requena and the *Ayuntamiento* paid no attention to their demand, so half an hour later the band of armed citizens marched out in front of the Public Hall and jail, and at 3 o'clock notified the *Alcalde* that their hour had terminated. The secretary of the *Ayuntamiento*, Narciso Botello, refused to give up the keys to the jail, so they were taken from him with but little resistance on his part.

The prisoners were taken from the jail and shot—Alipas at 4 o'clock and the woman a half hour later. The Committee had acted none too soon, for it was found that Alipas had his shackles almost filed off.

In true Vigilance Committee style the bodies were exposed at the jail door for two hours and then turned over to the town authorities for their disposal. Then, their work over, and after offering their services to the *Alcalde* to aid in preserving law and order, the group of fifty of the best citizens of Los Angeles quietly disbanded.

The effect on the criminal element of the town was most quieting and order was observed for some time in the usually wild Pueblo.

THE OLD TOWN'S ONLY RECORDED DUEL

In 1850 Colonel J. Bankhead Magruder was the Military Commandant of the southern district of California with headquarters at San Diego. The Colonel, a man of imposing appearance, being over six feet in height, of full military bearing, was a congenial soul and when the lonesomeness of San Diego became unbearable he would hie himself to the City of the Angels to raise "whoopee," which he could do in the most approved style. When Colonel Magruder came to town the sky was the limit in little old Los Angeles.

The Colonel often decried to his friends that it was a shame there was no decent

American saloon in this town of grog shops, and at last decided to remedy this terrible condition, thereby becoming an originator of several "firsts" in the city's history. Milled lumber was brought from Maine, around the Horn, and upon its arrival was put together and erected as a two-story building on the lot back of the tiled-roof home of Jose Antonio Carrillo, the site of the old Pico House, still standing.

This building, erected in 1851, was the first wooden building to be erected in Los Angeles, which heretofore had known only adobe in its construction. This was, of course, also the first American saloon, and in 1853 became the first protestant church when Rev. Adam Bland bought it and there established the First Methodist Church.

But Magruder was also to become a principal in another "first" in Los Angeles history—its first and only recorded duel. In the fall of 1852, upon one of his "rest" visits to the city, the convivial Colonel threw an uproarious party at Harry Monroe's restaurant on Commercial Street, then the principal American business street.

After a sumptuous repast had been partaken and much wine of rare vintage had "overflowed," the topic of conversation among the leading business and professional men of the town, gathered at the board, drifted to the subject of "the greatest American." Colonel Magruder claimed that honor for Andrew Jackson, while Colonel J. O. Wheeler, the city's leading publisher, drank to "Henry Clay, the greatest American Statesman." Thompson Burrell, esteemed Sheriff, made his toast to "Daniel Webster, the greatest man the world ever produced." This was too much for one of the revelers, Dr. William B. Osburn, our Postmaster, our Head of Board of Education, our first druggist, and a Deputy Sheriff. Dr. Osburn was a little man, but important, and at present somewhat inebriated—so, with his cargo of wine, he rose unsteadily to his feet and proclaimed, "My father, who was Sheriff of Cayuga County, New York, was the greatest of all Americans." This declaration was more than the doughty Colonel could stand and he vehemently replied—"Doctor, you are a damn fool."

No gentleman, and particularly none in Dr. Osburn's frame of mind, could stand such a retort, so he immediately challenged the Colonel to a duel! The challenge was at once accepted—the combat to take place on the spot. Seconds were chosen, the weapons were to be pistols, and the distance from end to end of the banquet table. The principals took their places, with instructions that they were to draw at the count of one, to aim at two and to fire at the count of three. Then the little doctor began to feel that he was being taken advantage of on account of the difference in size between himself and his mighty adversary, so when the count of two was made he blazed away at Magruder, only to be amazed that the gigantic officer still stood, firm and full of life even though it seemed to the Doctor he could have sworn he had seen the bullet from his pistol strike the Colonel's broad chest. The Colonel held his fire, but took a step to the right, cleared the table, and with pistol aimed at Osburn, advanced slowly toward the far end of the table. By this time poor Dr. Osburn was chalk white, his brain cleared of its fire, and without ceremony,

 threw himself at the Colonel's knees crying, "For God's sake Colonel spare me for my wife and family!" The Colonel replied in disgust, "Osburn you *are* a fool!" And it was then revealed that the pistols were loaded only with powder and corks.

Dr. Osburn was, however, an important man in the community, and well thought of by all who knew him. Besides holding several offices of importance at one time, the Doctor was a politician of no mean ability, and on more than one instance his weight threw an election. He had come to California with the famous Stevenson's Regiment in 1847, and when the regiment was mustered out in Los Angeles he stayed on to become its "most useful citizen," as Horace Bell tells us.

THE AMBUSH OF SHERIFF BARTON'S POSSE

In January, 1857, one of the outstanding events of criminal annals of Los Angeles took place, and while the crime took place outside of the city it should be mentioned, as it was the cause of the greatest clean-up among the many criminals who infested Southern California, that history has recorded.

An escaped convict, Juan Flores, with his confederates, murdered a storekeeper at San Juan Capistrano, which was then in Los Angeles County. Upon word reaching Sheriff James Barton, who was already looking for Flores, a posse was formed in Los Angeles and the Sheriff with his five deputies headed for the little mission town seventy miles to the south. The posse stopped at the San Joaquin Ranch of Don Jose Sepulveda, a few miles beyond Santa Ana and were given their breakfast. While eating they stacked their arms outside the room. After breakfast they picked up their rifles and proceeded toward Capistrano. A short distance from the ranch-house they were ambushed by the criminals for whom they were hunting and the Sheriff and three of his men were shot down. It was quite evident that some servant at the ranch had unloaded the posse's guns while they were eating, as they were useless at the ambush.

The two men who escaped headed for Los Angeles, and fortunately, having swifter horses than the convicts, were able to make their getaway. When they reached the city, where Barton was an idol, a second large posse was formed by the angry citizens, headed by no less a man than General Andres Pico, who had become an exemplary citizen of his adopted country, and the greatest manhunt in the history of California was on. Juan Flores was captured, escaped, and later recaptured and hung, about a month after his murder of Sheriff Barton.

But Flores' hanging did not stop this angry group of citizens, for they kept on the trail of the bandits and their followers, which had grown to quite a group, until the last man was run down; the last member of the gang being Pancho Daniel, Flores' right bower, who was not caught until a year after the famous ambush. During that year, though, fifty-two criminals were caught, and eleven of them hung. The details of this

great manhunt are too many and the story is too long for this paper, but it could provide matter for an evening's talk by itself.

THE LAST CALIFORNIA VIGILANCE COMMITTEE

On November 15, 1862, an honest miner by the name of Hester was brutally murdered just outside the limits of Los Angeles, by a well-known ruffian, Boston Daimwood. Daimwood was aided by three notorious criminals, Chase, Ybarra and Olivas, who kept onlookers from aiding the unfortunate miner. It was a case of the most extreme brutality.

Again, little old Los Angeles seethed with anger and the murderers were soon captured and lodged in jail. But now the townspeople gathered, two hundred strong, forced the jail and brought the four guilty men out on Spring Street in front of the city hall which stood at the corner of Spring and Franklin Streets. This old adobe building had the usual ramada, in front, covering the sidewalk. This ramada was supported by six wooden posts, making five apertures, most admirable spaces for lynching non-desirable characters. So the four criminals were strung up in four of these spaces. This left one empty space that threw the whole picture out of line. There was one lone boy left in the jail, a lad of eighteen, who had been arrested for chicken-stealing. The mob surged into the jail again, and brought out the poor boy, whose name was Wood, to fill the open space. The boy in typical boyish bravado was most cooperative, even to the point of helping place the packing-box he was to stand upon, and then, jumped up upon it, declaring that he was "a game chicken," and was ready to take his punishment. The picture, now complete, the quickly formed committee of vengeful citizens as quickly disbanded, leaving their victims for the legal authorities to cut down. And so ended the last Vigilance Committee of California, six years after the last San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856.

THE KING-CARLISLE BATTLE

For many years after the American occupation of California, Los Angeles had its "man for breakfast" as the morning report of the almost nightly murder was called, but for the most part these murders, or deaths from drunken fights, were among the lower classes that had drifted in on the tide of immigration from the states, Mexico, or the backwash from the gold fields. Occasionally, however, a death occurred among the better class, following as a rule, some hot-headed argument. Such was the case in the most outstanding gun-battle to take place in Los Angeles—the King-Carlisle Battle.

On July 5, 1865, a banquet and ball were given in the upper rooms of the famous Bella Union Hotel, then the finest in the town, in honor of a bride and groom, who had been married earlier in the day. The elite of the city were guests, and among them were Andrew J. King and his wife. King was Under-Sheriff, and later became one of the

County's leading judges of superior court. As was the custom, during the ball, King went down to the bar on the lower floor and while there got into an argument with another guest, Robert Carlisle, owner of the great Rancho Chino, over the outcome of a murder case, recently tried, where the victim had been the brother-in-law of Carlisle. One word led to another and Carlisle stabbed the Under-Sheriff. The combatants were parted and King was taken home to recover. Carlisle, however, made the boast that he would kill the whole King tribe, which included the Under-Sheriff's two brothers, Houston and Frank.

The King family were Texans, and such a threat could not go by unnoticed, so the next morning after Houston and Frank had heard of Carlisle's threat they decided to find out if Carlisle would attempt to make it good. They headed for the Bella Union, and when they had reached the opposite side of the street, Carlisle came to the door of the barroom and opened fire on the brothers. Frank King at once returned the fire, emptying his revolver, but Houston held his fire and advanced with Frank toward the door. All this time Carlisle was firing from the door, but shielded by the thick adobe wall. Houston King made a jump for the door, but Carlisle fired and shot him through the lungs, the bullet going clear through his body. Falling to the floor, and to all appearances mortally wounded, Houston, now unable to lift his right arm, flipped up his revolver and placed four bullets in Carlisle's abdomen, and at the same time Frank King beat Carlisle over the head with his empty gun. Carlisle was through, though the tale is told that he staggered to his feet and with his last shot killed Frank King. Eyewitnesses, however, say that such was not the case, and that a friend of Carlisle came in at the back of the barroom and shot Frank, killing him immediately. Carlisle was dead, Frank King was dead, and Houston King, upon his recovery, was tried for the murder of Carlisle and exonerated. The greatest street battle of Los Angeles was finished.

But there was an aftermath to this fight. An old King family custom was to kill anyone who killed a King, so Houston King, when he recovered, tracked down the murderer of his brother Frank, though the trail carried him far away from California, and avenged his death. Houston King's son, Frank M. King, has come back to Los Angeles to live and is not only an old cowboy, having worked cattle all over the southwest, but is the author of several mighty fine books on the cattle trade and Pioneer times in California, New Mexico, Texas and Arizona. He is now writing two columns, regularly, for the *Western Live Stock Journal of Los Angeles*, that bring more flavor of the old west to mind than anything that transpires on the coast today.

A DEPUTY SHOOTS HIS MARSHAL

In 1870, William Crossman Warren, grandfather of our popular and well-loved Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, was City Marshal of Los Angeles. He had for his Deputy Joe Dye, a hot-headed Southerner, known for his many turbulent broils. A chinese woman

& LYNCHINGS had run away from her master, had been caught and returned. The reward was to be paid, and in the courtroom Warren and Dye became mixed up in an argument as to the division of the money. The Marshal left the court and was followed outside by Dye, who shot and killed him at Spring and Temple Streets, not far from the court. This happened on October 31st, 1870. Through political string-pulling Dye was freed, though Billy Warren was one of the most popular peace officers that had ever held office in the old town. From this time on, for twenty years, Dye led a turbulent life, committing one or two more murders, but fate and the law of averages eventually caught up with him. In 1891 Dye and his cousin, Nate Bradfield, quarreled over an oil deal they were mutually interested in and Dye threatened to kill Bradfield. Bradfield, knowing Dye's reputation, knew that he had no chance with him in an open fight, so with a shotgun he took his stand in an upper window of the old White House at the corner of Commercial and Los Angeles to wait for Dye, who he knew passed from the depot, then at Alameda and Commercial Streets, to his office at a certain time each day. When Dye passed that day, May 14, 1891, Bradfield opened fire with both barrels and Joe Dye passed to the great beyond. Bradfield was cleared on self-defense, since Dye's record was well-known, and he had become not too popular in the land of his bullying. So ends my story of *Gun Fights and Lynchings* on the streets of old Los Angeles; not a happy story, but part of our history nevertheless.

The old *Bella Union Hotel*, scene of the King-Carlisle gun battle as it looked at the time

Judge Andrew J. King

Lynching of five men by California's last Vigilance Committee in Los Angeles, in 1862

THE CUSTER FIGHT

BY ERNEST V. SUTTON

NO SINGLE INCIDENT IN OUR NATIONAL HISTORY has been the cause of so prolonged and acrimonious debate as has the Custer Fight on the Little Big Horn or Greasy Grass River in Montana, June 25th, 1876. This has not been because of the number of troops involved nor the list of casualties, but for a combination of reasons, many of them in no way connected with the actual battle.

The Civil War was over and the nation was gradually recovering from the struggle, when a financial upheaval threw the country into a panic. Following this came the news of Custer's defeat, unfortunately on July 4th, exactly one hundred years to a day after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The Centennial Exhibition was in progress at Philadelphia and the people were looking forward, as they are today, to a period of peace and prosperity. Amplifying this tragedy were the jealousies and hatreds engendered by assignments and promotions, after the Civil War, considered by many officers as unjust and showing favoritism. Besides, there was the personality of Custer, which entered largely into the controversy.

There can be no question as to Custer's ability or courage, because from the first battle of Bull Run until the close of the war he served with distinction, rising to Major General before he was twenty-eight. Yet had it not been for this war he possibly might never have been heard of in a military way. At the time his class graduated he was under restraint for insubordination, as he had been many times before, and only through intercession of classmates was he given his commission.

From all accounts Custer was domineering, wilful and utterly unmindful of the feelings, ambitions and rights of officers under him. In addition to his "luck," about which he bragged, he was an opportunist, never missing a chance to advance his own cause. As is often the case with spectacular leaders, the rank and file admired him for his dash and show, while civilians, as a rule, considered him a hero.

From the very first landings on the Atlantic Coast it had been the policy to treat with the Indians as a sovereign nation, making treaties whenever conditions became intolerable. No doubt, at the time of signing, it was the intention to abide by them, but in reality these treaties were ones of expediency, intended to postpone rather than settle the differences. But as the white population increased and further encroached upon the Indian domain, other treaties were made. For nearly four hundred years this method of dealing with the original owners of the land continued until in 1868, under pressure from humanitarians, the government called for the making of a final treaty; one that could be kept.

To avoid the appearance of selfish interests, a commission composed of army officers

was appointed. At this conference the Indians were given complete control over an area extending from the North Platte River in Nebraska up to the Canadian border and from the Rocky Mountains east as far as the Missouri River. All forts and the Bozeman Trail within this area were to be abandoned and trespass forbidden without Indian sanction. This treaty was signed in good faith by all parties concerned and was known as the Treaty of 1868. Once more the country was at peace.

In early 1874 it was rumored that gold had been found in the Indian country of the Black Hills, and prospectors began flocking there without asking for or receiving the Indians' permission. General Custer was dispatched with an armed force to investigate and make a report. When he announced gold was actually there and in large quantities a mad rush was made for this new el dorado. A feeble attempt was made by the government to stop the stampede, but to no avail.

The Indians construed this as a deliberate breaking of the treaty and began making war on these intruders. Conditions gradually grew worse until in 1875 another commission, mostly politicians, was chosen to negotiate another treaty or buy the Black Hills outright. The Indians knew something of the value of this new gold discovery and insisted they be given the income from $70,000,000 for seven generations, but instead were offered $6,000,000, which they refused. There being no chance of arriving at a satisfactory solution, the negotiations were broken off and the commission recommended the Indians be brought back to the reservations by force and the matter settled later.

For many years Red Cloud had been the outstanding Sioux Chief and had made a brave fight for justice, but now he was getting old and younger men took his place, among them Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull. Crazy Horse was a Chief, capable, brave and efficient. Later he was murdered in cold blood at Fort Robinson while under arrest. Sitting Bull was an Oglala born on Willow Creek in 1837, and was about 40 years old at the time. He was not a Chief, but rather a "Medicine Man" or councilor, politician, and the original isolationist. He hated the whites with a bitterness born of constant brooding over the wrongs visited upon his people, and was partly responsible for the failure to arrive at a satisfactory understanding with the commission.

By some writers Sitting Bull is given more credit than he deserves, especially in winning the battle of the Little Big Horn. He was not in good standing with the real leaders at the time, and so far as actual facts go, did not take an active part in the fight.

When the report of the commission was made public the Indians began leaving the reservations and heading north to hold a "Medicine Lodge" with their allies, the Northern Cheyennes in the Big Horn Mountains. In December, 1875, General Terry, a Civil War veteran with a good record, but with no experience in Indian warfare, issued an order demanding the Indians return to the reservations by January first or they would be treated as hostiles.

While the campaign was being planned, Custer was in Washington as a witness in

the Belknap impeachment case, and the testimony he gave, and the manner in which he gave it, so incensed President Grant that he issued an order forbidding Custer taking any part in the coming war. This order was later modified at the personal solicitation of both General Terry and General Sheridan, allowing Custer to accompany the expedition as a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry.

As so often had happened in the past, Custer's luck came to his rescue. Colonel Sturgis was unable to go, thus leaving Custer in command, but Lieutenant Sturgis, son of the Colonel, did go and was killed, making the father one more enemy for Custer. While the campaign had been carefully planned, something went wrong. Crook coming up from the Tongue River, under the guidance of a guide named Grouard, had fourteen hundred men and, had he not been defeated by Crazy Horse the outcome might have been different; as it was, he was driven back to his base and took no part in the main battle.

Frank Grouard's mother was a South Sea Islander, his father a white man, but his dark features gave him the appearance of a "breed." As a boy he had been captured by The Gaul, later in command of the Sioux forces at the Custer fight. Sitting Bull saved his life and he lived for several years in Sitting Bull's home where he learned the language and later became a guide and interpreter. The fact that he was now leading the army against his adopted people may have had something to do with the feeling against Sitting Bull. Again, this same Grouard later misquoted a message in translating which was indirectly responsible for the killing of Crazy Horse.

Terry with his forces left Fort Lincoln, near Mandan on the steamer *Far West*, captained by a man named Marsh, going up the Missouri to the Yellowstone and up this river to the mouth of the Tongue River where headquarters were established. Here a conference was held between Gibbon, Custer and Terry and plans for the attack were made. Meantime Reno had returned from a scouting expedition and reported the discovery of a trail indicating the recent passage of a large body of Indians, evidently headed for the Little Big Horn or the Rosebud.

At this meeting Custer was given written orders covering his actions in locating the Indians. These were explicit insofar as it was possible to direct, but verbal orders gave him the option of using his own judgment in emergency. These orders, both written and verbal, have furnished material for the greatest argument throughout the years. There is no question that the spirit of the order was ignored, but technically Custer was within his rights. He undoubtedly had in mind, from the start, that here was a chance to redeem his fallen fortunes, and had he won he would have been one of the greatest heroes of all time.

The distance from headquarters to the field of battle was about ninety miles and he was given four days to make this and then be joined by Gibbon and Terry. At the time the best information had was that not over two thousand Indians were away from the reservation, but in reality the number was many times that. From Indian sources later learned, the camp on the Little Big Horn comprised seven or eight thousand, two

thousand of them warriors. While the Crown scouts had warned Custer that the Indians in this camp "were like the grass" indicating a huge number, he was sure they could be handled as he had done at the Wacheta with Black Kettle's Band of Cheyennes in 1868.

When he left Terry's headquarters with six hundred men under his command, Custer must have had some idea of what he intended doing, because he not only refused five troops of the Second Cavalry but also Gatling guns; they would slow down his march. He wanted the Seventh Cavalry to have all the glory.

It was a bright, sunny peaceful Sunday morning that June day when Custer first looked down into the valley of the Little Big Horn, the glistening river with the tops of only a few tepees showing above the trees on the opposite bank. It was a perfect setting for his dream of conquest. It is only charitable to believe he was sure of victory, influenced no doubt by the cloud under which he had been for some time, as well as what it would mean to his future.

Behind the trees, and out of sight, he could not see the vast village of Sioux under The Gaul and Crazy Horse and the Cheyennes led by Two Moons swelling the numbers far beyond all reports. Sitting Bull with his following of Uncpapas was in camp near the river away from the others. Neither did he know they were waiting for the attack, because the element of surpise had been removed when scouts reported the advance.

Dividing his forces (another subject for discussion later), Benteen was sent far to the left with instructions to circle back and strike the Indian camp from the rear. Reno was to go straight ahead, cross the river and engage the enemy at the lower end of the village, while Custer circled to the right, coming down at the far end of the camp. It was a perfect plan, but something went wrong.

From where he stood, the point of his attack was in plain sight barely three miles away, but he didn't know at the time he would be compelled to travel more than ten miles to reach this objective. Meantime, Benteen had become involved in hills and water courses, making progress slow, and when he heard the firing from Reno's attack, stopped and turned back to his assistance.

Reno was having a bad time because when he saw the force of the enemy he was not only surprised at their numbers but in the way they entered the fight. He was immediately put on the defensive and almost surrounded. Men were falling all around him and he soon realized his only safety was in retreat to the hill from where he had started.

When Captain Benteen came up he showed Major Reno the message he had just received from Custer; he wanted his superior officer to decide what should be done. This famous message, the last Custer ever wrote, read as follows:

"Benteen, come on. Big Village. Be quick. Bring packs. P.S. Bring packs."

The language was plain. Benteen knew what was meant by "packs." It meant ammunition, but he had made no effort to go to Custer's aid, although he knew that of his own pack

mules each was loaded with 2,000 rounds of rifle ammunition. Reno was hysterical, some said drunk; this may not have been the case, but he was in no condition to give thought to anything other than his own safety.

It was now middle afternoon and the attack on Reno was slackening, while a concentrated attack was being made on Custer. Armed with Martin-Henry repeating rifles the Indians had the advantage because the Civil War carbines of the soldiers jammed after a few shots and besides, the range was shorter. The cavalry became clay pigeons to be knocked over at leisure.

About four o'clock the sound of volley firing was heard; it was a signal for help, but no order was given to send this help. Captain Weir and a few of his troop made a noble effort, but were driven back and no further attempt was made. One often wonders if the situation had been reversed what would Custer have done.

The sound of firing gradually grew less and less until at last it stopped altogether, and now the Indians resumed their attack on Reno. The men now began digging in the ground with spoons, tin cups and their hands, trying to entrench themselves and find protection from the deadly rifle fire. Even the horses were killed, their bodies used as an additional protection. That night some of the soldiers crawled down to the river, bringing water for the wounded and their famishing companions. The whole night long a steady fire was kept up by the Indians, and in the morning another attack was made, almost succeeding. Late in the afternoon the Indians were seen leaving their camp and heading north, for no apparent reason. The following morning a cloud of dust appeared and from it emerged the troops of Gibbon and Terry, but they were too late.

Courtmartial trials were now in order and for a time held the public interest, but, as always happens, those alive were entitled to more consideration than the dead. Whitewash covered the cravens, leaving them only their innermost thoughts to condemn or console.

The Indians separated, the Cheyennes under Two Moons surrendering first. Crazy Horse and his followers put up a stiff fight but finally surrendered. Sitting Bull with his loyal Uncpapas left alone, struck out for Canada, but managed to get some more free advertising by writing notes to Generals Otis and Miles and even having an interview with Miles, but eventually reaching Canada. Here he continued to make medicine and keep before the public for some time, finally returning to the land of his birth.

Always stirring up trouble in regular agitator style, he identified himself with the Messiah Craze in 1888. While not active as a participant, he kept everlastingly at it, despite efforts of Agent McLaughlin at Standing Rock Agency to come in and have a talk. In 1890 Sitting Bull was living on Grand River near Fort Yates, and as had been the case in former years, he was something of an outcast among his own people. A number of Assinaboines were camped near, but few of his own people; he was an embittered old man still trying to keep his place in the sun.

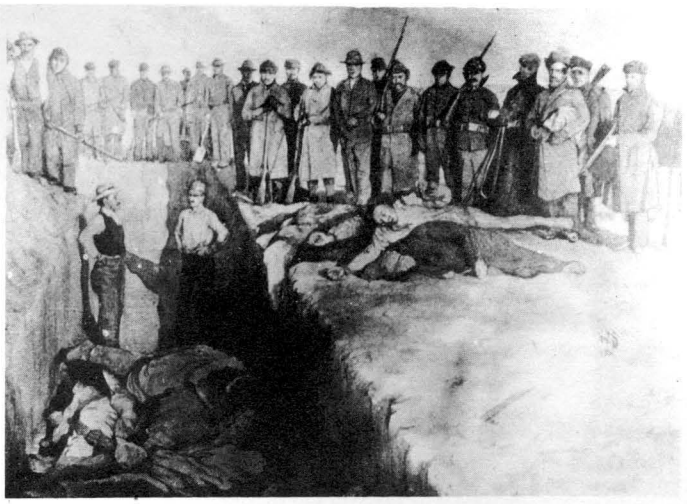
Early in the morning of December 10, 1890, a group of Indian police, accompanied

THE CUSTER FIGHT by a company of soldiers came to make his arrest. Sitting Bull was wakened from his sleep and told he was to be taken to Fort Yates. He made no resistance until after taken outdoors and then chided by his son, Crow Foot, a boy seventeen years of age. He now called on his friends to come to his assistance and began to struggle. No one seems to know just what happened until Bull Head, one of the police, was shot by Strikes the Cloud. Placing his carbine against the stomach of Sitting Bull, Bull Head pulled the trigger and his prisoner fell, but not before being shot two more times by the police. Crawling into a small bush nearby Sitting Bull began urging his followers to fight on. He was finally hauled out from his hiding place and his head beaten in with a club. King Philip, Pontiac and Sitting Bull all died at the hands of their own people.

Sitting Bull was secretly buried in the agency cemetery at Standing Rock, while the Indians killed in the fight were buried with military honors in the cemetery at Fort Yates.

Twenty days after Sitting Bull's death the final chapter of Indian warfare was enacted at Wounded Knee Creek near the Pine Ridge Agency. More than three hundred Indian men, women and children were brutally murdered by government troops and buried in one long, deep trench. A more enlightened even if ruthless civilization now ruled the land.

Marker at place where Col. Keogh fell

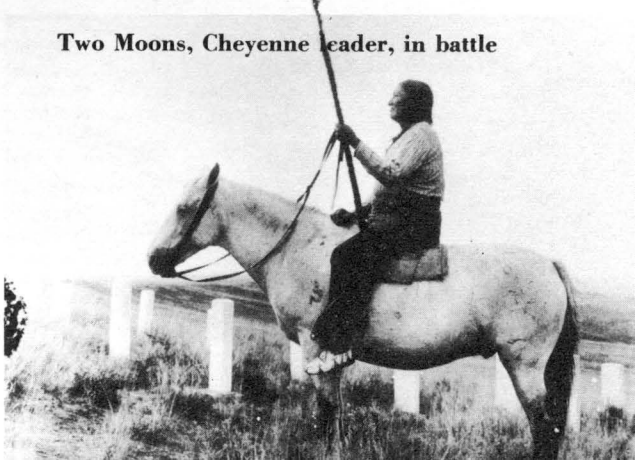


Burial of Indians at Wounded Knee

Sitting Bull at the time of his death

View of Ghost Dance

Two Moons, Cheyenne leader, in battle



BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS

So that each member may be more readily identified as to his interests the Brand Book is giving a sketchy bit of the background of each individual.

NOAH BEERY, JR. (Van Nuys)—Noah is a Russell fan and bibliophile, and has surrounded himself with horses and things reminiscent of early Spanish California, even to his hacienda.

COL. C. B. BENTON (Hollywood)—served years in the American and British armies. The Colonel has a broad interest in the West, the work of Borein and Russell, cowboy lore, books and Western art in general.

HOMER BOELTER (Los Angeles) — Lithographer and creator of fine printing. Homer's particular hobbies are photography and the desert country of the Southwest, though anything Western intrigues him.

WILL BREWER (Los Angeles) — Will formerly lived in the Windy City, but found his career as an artist (Indians and the Old West) could best be stimulated by locating in Southern California.

E. A. BRININSTOOL (Los Angeles). Brin has a long list of accomplishments to his credit—newspaper and magazine writing, collector extraordinary of all things Western and an author of many studious books on Western subjects. He is one of the country's experts on the Custer Battle.

H. E. BRITZMAN (Pasadena) — Britz admits of his ignorance, and maintains that his chief interest in seeing the founding of *The Westerners* here was his desire to study at the feet of all the real students that infest our local corral.

LINDLEY BYNUM (Pasadena) — is a native son of Los Angeles. For many years he was Field Representative for the great Huntington Library. He is now on the staff of the University of California at Los Angeles and the Bancroft Library at Berkeley.

EDGAR N. CARTER (South Pasadena)—is the son of Judge W. A. Carter, one time Post Sutler at Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Carter, one of the first white children born in Wyoming, comes naturally by his love of the Old West and its traditions and history.

GLEN DAWSON (Pasadena)—is a native son of California and has lived here all his life. Glen is one of the partners in Dawson's book shop. His western interests are, early Los Angeles imprints, examples of western printing and bibliographies of Americana.

CLARENCE ELLSWORTH (Hollywood)—Western artist. Born in a sod house on the plains of Nebraska, Clarence has worked for the Denver newspapers, *Outdoor Life Magazine*, and has illustrated many books. He lived years among the Sioux Indians and paints them with fidelity.

GEORGE E. FULLERTON (Glendale)—is a native of California. He is interested in Western History and has an excellent Library of Western Americana, being particularly interested in Californiana.

PAUL GALLEHER (Glendale)—Paul is an authority on Western books and publications, having been for 26 years with the respected firm of Arthur H. Clark—formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, now Glendale, California.

JOHN B. GOODMAN (Beverly Hills)—was born in Denver, Colorado. His Western interest is the collection of books pertaining to early California and overland material, specializing in rarities.

ROBERT A. GRIFFEN (Reno, Nevada)—is our first corresponding member. His *Quarter Circle 7* ranch is near Lovelock, Nevada. Griffen is an ardent student of the West and does excellent pen and ink sketches as a hobby.

JACK HARDEN (Brentwood)—Harden's Western interests encompass many phases, but he is especially interested in Charles M. Russell, early California history and horses.

NEAL HARLOW (Los Angeles)—began life in Indiana. He is in charge of special collections in the Library of the University of California at Los Angeles. Neal is now engaged on a map book of the San Francisco region.

DON HILL (Sherman Oaks)—was born in West Virginia, but is a true Westerner. The works of Charley Russell, Remington and other Western artists are sought after by Don, particularly when the scenes are laid in the Upper Missouri and Yellowstone basins.

M. MARTIN JOHNSON (Burbank)—our only original member of the original Chicago Corral of *Westerners*. He is a commercial artist of national reputation and an avid Westerner whose particular interest is in the old trails.

J. GREGG LANE (West Los Angeles)—was born at Huntington, West Virginia. He is intensely interested in Western Americana and owns one of the largest private libraries on the subject.

W. W. ROBINSON (Los Angeles)—author and historian, was born in "Uncle Dick" Wooten's part of Colorado, Trinidad. Among his books are *Ranchos Become Cities*, *The Story of Pershing Square*, *What They Say About The Angeles*, *The Forest and The People* and *The Story of Catalina*.

JOHN K. ROLLINSON (Altadena)—retired cowman, rancher and author. Jack, as his friends call him, is intensely interested in all things Western, and has a fine collection of Colts six-shooters and Derringers.

JACK SAHR (North Hollywood). Doc is a cowman bred in the saddle. He rode as a rodeo contestant and as a cattle buyer for years and his interest in the old West is deep seated—from the saddle up.

ERNEST V. SUTTON (South Pasadena)—was born in Ohio. When he was fifteen, the family lived not far from the Custer battlefield, incidents of which he remembers well. His chief interest is the Indians of the Western United States. He has a collection of several thousand hand-colored slides on this subject.

ROBERT J. WOODS (Los Angeles)—was born at Miles City, Montana. His chief interest is in the collection of Californiana and material relating to Lewis and Clark, the overland trail and the cattle industry.

ALBERT ARTHUR WOODWARD (Los Angeles)—was born in Iowa and moved to California, like many another *Westerner*. Since 1928, Arthur has been director of History and Anthropology in the Los Angeles County Museum of History, Science and Art. His *Lances at San Pasqual* is appearing in two current numbers of the California Historical Society Quarterly.

CHARLES YALE (Pasadena) — Charlie has practically grown up in the book business—with special emphasis on Western books. His enthusiasm is so profound that his son is following in his footsteps.

DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL

(Continued from page 2)

lished excerpts from diaries and letters ... *Maverick Town*, by John L. McCarty, sold out 6500 copies in six weeks because of author's contacts in small Texas towns. In one town he actually tried selling books on the street—result 300 copies sold . . . VISAGE of America Series to include *San Francisco Bay Cities*, by Josef Muench and foreword by Joseph Henry Jackson. A great photographer captures the spirit of varied life of the Bay cities . . . CALIFORNIA, *an Intimate Guide*, by Aubrey Drury, is again available in a new revised edition . . . SERIES seem to be popular these days. *The Great Salt Lake*, by Dale L. Morgan, will be a popular title in the American Lake Series of Bobbs-Merrill . . . MONTANA *Margins*, edited by Joseph K. Howard, is the best of the many regional anthologies recently published. It's a Yale University Press book. They also list *Trail to California*, edited by David M. Potter . . . DRAKE: *Francis Drake and the Californian Indians*, by Robert F. Heizer, will present new evidence on Drake's anchorage in California in the March number, California University Publication in American Archaeology and Ethnology, Vol. 42 No. 3.