



JULY, 1948

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

JULY, 1948

## Letter To— CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

Dear Friends:

Our last issue of THE BRANDING IRON carried an appeal for your contributions. They came in, as you will be able to see in the following pages.

The last issue had eight pages. This one has 16 pages. The last issue had two contributors. This issue has 15 contributors, including writers, composers and photographers.

We still want your material. We will return it as quickly as it has been used or copied. Read what we have in here this time—then send in your own.

There is one other thing to be said. This comes straight from the shoulder. It isn't easy to process this work. If we of the Los Angeles Corral were not so determined and purposeful, we might not be quite so enthusiastic. Production costs have been very high, but we are assuming that worry and do not intend to pass it on to you. What we want is your help to make these expenditures worth-while. We want to publish the really valuable material, such as only you can provide.

You keep sending, and we'll keep paying for the publishing expenses.

Sending you greetings from the Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, I am

Yours very truly,

DAN GANN, *Editor*

THE BRANDING IRON

## THE BIG MEETING—AND THE BRAND BOOK RUSTLES OFF THE MATERIAL

Dwight Franklin and an unexpected assistant turned out one of the top meetings of the year in June when he read his paper, *Guns And Fighters Of The Early West*, which will be reprinted in its entirety in the 1948 Brand Book. Before a packed meeting room, Franklin delivered his dissertation, and exhibited some of the weapons under discussion.

One of the high moments of the evening came when, at the conclusion of his talk, one of the men who carried one of the guns arose for a brief and extemporaneous talk. He was Al Jennings, who visited the club as a guest of Bob Thompson.

Jennings discussed some of his experiences of the old days. This, in turn, has precipitated another struggle. Thompson wrote a very excellent report of Jennings' talk, intending it for publication in *The Branding Iron*. And d'ya know what those dry gulching, onrey, lawless renegades on the Brand Book committee gone and done? They swiped that manuscript. That's exactly what they done. Jest simply up and took it away from *The Branding Iron* and they say they're gonna print it in the Brand Book.

Why—Pards—there's about to be a range war started around here.

Fight it out with water pistols across the table next time we sit down to a plate of beans, that's what!

Gol durndest thing I iver heered of. Yep.

## COLONEL OUTRANKED

It's hardly worth mentioning, but Col. Charles Benton is outranked by none other than a general, also retired. It's the colonel's own fault, however, because he brought the big brass into the club as a new member. Complete details in the next issue.

## JUST OUT OF THE MAIL BAG

*The best news is a letter from a friend. Here are two letters pulled out of the mail bags of a recent date. They are either from a friend, or the friend of a friend. BRANDING IRON wants to publish more. If you have one which should be printed, send it to us.*

From: M. I. McCreight, Dubois, Pa.

"Dear Editor:

"Note your appeal for old west tales for use in the coming numbers of The BRANDING IRON -- Los Angeles Corral. I've had some rare experiences in the old west; maybe worth printing. If I get time to write of them, I'd be glad to let you have one or two.

"Did you ever hear of the Hayden Massacre? Scene was on Birch Creek, Idaho -- in 1877 -- by Chief Joseph's band -- in spite of that chief's efforts to prevent it. The son of the one who escaped (Lyone) took me to the spot; there to inspect the ruins of fire that burned the 4 or 5 men who were attacked and wagons burned along with the bodies of those killed -- two heavily loaded freight wagons on way to gold mines. Lyon took a snap of me and the cow-pony at the stone monument. I have it written up somewhere in my files if I can locate it --- might send it to you if you think it important enough.

"Also, I was witness to the noted murder of Pat McWeeny and trial of Oswald by "Bill" Irvin, the noted trial lawyer in the famous affair at Devils Lake, D. T. in '85; this was one of the most notorious killings and trial in old Northwest days. Irvin had Oswald cleared until my room-mate and Doc Camp went to the grave, dug up the cadaver, cut out the heart, carried it before the jury, turning the verdict to "Guilty." I was next door, heard the 5 shots and ran out to see what happened -- saw Pat die, and was deputized at once by the sheriff to guard the place -- 32 degrees below zero on New Year's eve.

"Also, Jim Hill's Fat Stock Show, for which I was treasurer -- a noted old time incident. Also, I settled a near outbreak of the Indians -- little known of then but a close shave for the little frontier town. I was the buffalo bone buyer those days -- a business of more than 40 million dollars -- never mentioned in U. S. History. This little story was printed in booklet form -- a collector's item now."

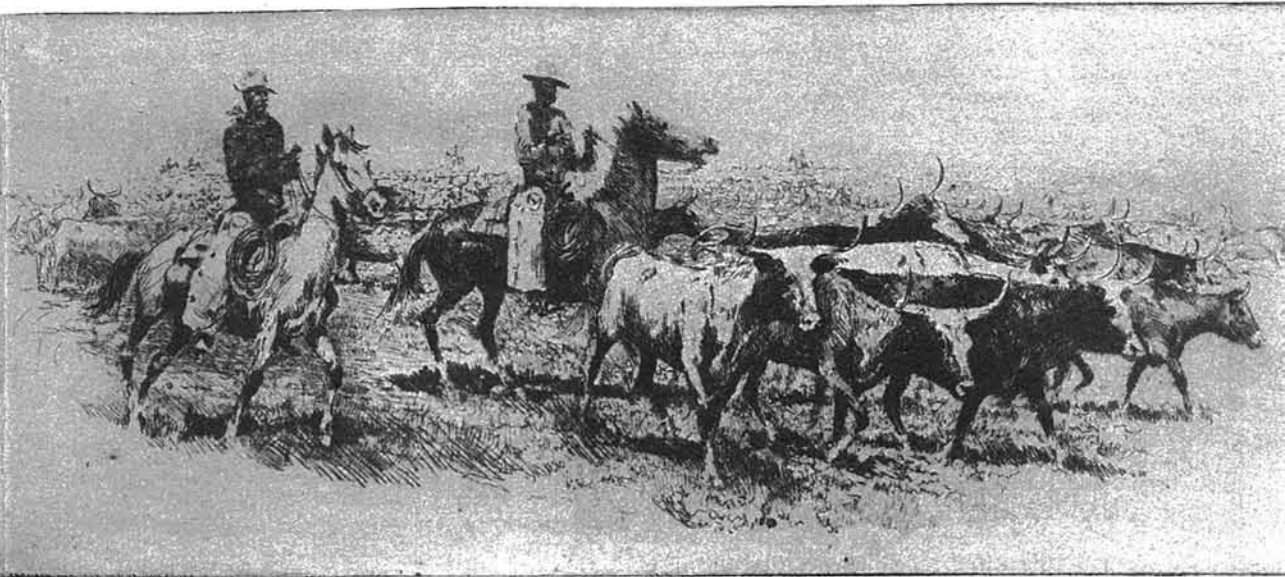
(See Pages 8 - 11)

From: Art Woodward, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Your appeal was heart rending so I thot mebbe to relieve part of your distress I would submit a short item with two or three pictures. You may or may not want it. I don't think any of this ... has been printed before. I know the brands of Cortes haven't been assembled in this form previous to this, nor has the Del Valle cow critter with ear notch and range brand seen the light of day in print. It may interest some of the boys. Later, if so desired, I'll knock out some other shorts.

"Viva el Fierro, (Signed) Art Woodward.

(Ed's Note: Gracias, Senor. Hasta La Vista & libir pages ocho, nueve & diez.)



Following publication of two Edward Borein etchings in the last issue of *THE BRANDING IRON*, Westerner Carl Dentzel has offered two more for publication, showing the artist's portrayal of cattlemen (Also see Page 16). Those who are interested in this great etcher's work may write Mrs. Lucille Borein, 100 Beronica, Santa Barbara, California. Other work of known or unknown artists are desired for publication in *THE BRANDING IRON*.

## FROM THE SHERIFF

By PAUL W. GALLEHER

I was chatting the other day with a friend and we fell into a philosophical exchange on the kind of history that should be written to help stem the swelling tide of communistic trend and mirror more of the true democracy our forefathers fought to preserve. We all have our pet theories and are pretty fair critics of the other fellow's stuff. How about our own contributions? Are we wide awake—alert to explore the past with a view to making it last—to make it real for the younger generation to study and understand? We may not win Pulitzer prizes for literary finesse but studies of people, customs, manners, places, ideas and the like are intriguing and have moulded the creation of American democratic tradition, and should be ever continued.

Here in the west we can study and record our findings in language that may not be flowery but still can be understood. Much that was western that was good, wholesome and worthy of record is hidden away and still remains a mystery or is beclouded with untruths in popular writing or motion pictures. Here is a job for us Westerners to ferret out such material and get the truth. Here is a challenge that can create some infectiously lively and exciting research. Here is the purpose of our existing. Here is our opportunity to be aware of the kind of history that should be written and help to write it. A heritage woven of the kind of stuff which characterizes westward progress and development won't be worth much if we cease to study and write of it. If some of the "tripe" which clutters up the market is allowed to form the basis of our conceptions and to become part of our school curricula, it will mean we have ceased to be vigilant and unmindful of the efforts of those who preceded us.

If democracy is to be strengthened and invigorated, this strength and vigor must arise out of our study of and appreciation for it. Nothing teaches democracy like living it and there is no better way to live it than to absorb the truth in study and research in phases of our not too imperfect past and pass it on to others. If we as Westerners are willing to accept such a challenge we have the medium by which to express our thoughts in the pages of our *BRANDING IRON* and *BRAND BOOK*. These publications should disseminate true western literature not glamorized for entertainment, but rather serious considerations of lasting worthwhile history that those who follow us will find it interesting, valuable and meaningful.

# San Fernando and the Oil Springs

(The following article, by Dr. V. Gelcich, is reprinted from the Wilmington Journal of February 10, 1866 in the possession of the Bancroft Library. E. De Golyer, a member of the Westerners is preparing a book on the California petroleum discoveries and excitements of 1865 and 1866. The Wiley mentioned by Gelcich was Henry C. Wiley who married a daughter of Andres Pico and for a while was in charge of Pico's San Fernando Ranch. Wiley served, at one time, as Sheriff of the County. Wiley Spring was near the present town of Newhall. —GLEN DAWSON)

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Wilmington Journal

Date Feb. 10, 1866 Pg. 2 Col. 1

Photostated December 8, 1947 by

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Wilmington Journal.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

Petroleum in Los Angeles County.

The prophecy made by certain scientific men that no flowing oil wells would be found on this coast proves incorrect. On Feb. 6th, Capt. Geo. J. Clark, of Los Angeles, received intelligence that a flowing oil well had been struck at the depth of 280 feet on the Camules Ranch, in the vicinity of San Fernando, and an express from Dr. Letterman confirms the above. It now flows at the rate of fifteen barrels a day. Dr. V. Gelcich, Surgeon at Drum Barracks, has favored us with the following report of a trip to San Fernando just previous to this important discovery; the oil interests of this county are not confined to this district:

WILMINGTON, Feb 8th, 1866.

MR. EDITOR:—On January 30th, in company with Capt. McLean, I left Drum Barracks intending to visit the rich oil regions of San Fernando. Reached Los Angeles at six P.M. Left that city the next day at noon and arrived at the house of Don Andres Pico at dark. I was informed that the San Fernando Mission was founded A.D. 1797; but for many years it has been abandoned by the Fathers. It is now owned by Don Andres Pico, who has occupied it for many years; he purchased it from the Government. The present owner's industry, activity and energy have preserved it from ruin. He has been a good friend to the Indians; many of whom are now very old

and infirm. We saw three whose respective ages were 81, 97, 101—the latter was a female. One of the founders of this mission died last December, aged 113. The Indians have so long derived their free support from Don Pico that they look upon him as their father, calling him by that name; and should their adopted father die they would lose their best friend and doubtless suffer for the necessities of life. While stopping at this mission, Don Andres Pico treated us with great hospitality; we fared sumptuously upon *carne con chile y tortillas de arina*, and occupied the identical room and bed used by the founder of the mission.

The following morning after taking a refreshing breakfast and having a bottle of fine *Aguardiente* presented to us, we resumed our journey toward the oil regions. We arrived at Mr. Wiley's at 11 o'clock A.M. After an hour's resting and taking a little of the substantial for the inner man, we again proceeded in company with Mr Wiley who kindly showed us the oily wonders and the beautiful country containing the finest springs of oil we ever saw, and perhaps the richest upon this coast. One-half mile distant from these springs we dismounted. Leaving our horses we proceeded on foot to the narrow gulch which runs north-west and south-east. At this place our attention was called to a strong smell of petroleum. Here is a living stream which was swollen by the rain in the morning and large quantities of oil were floating upon the water. Finally we arrived at the Wiley Spring, where we were introduced to the gentlemanly Superintendent, A. Rushmore, who showed us about the locality. Upon the right and left of this narrow cañon we saw large numbers of oil springs only a few feet from each other, of which we counted thirty-six, and the Superintendent assured us that there were about fifty in all. In order to collect the oil from these springs, they have enlarged them from four to six feet deep in shell rock, and when filled it is the labor of one man to dip out and convey it to a barrel which receives the oil; from thence, a distance of five hundred yards or more, it is conveyed in a three-inch pipe to



a large reservoir capable of holding several thousand gallons. There are on hand 28 40-gallon barrels ready awaiting shipment. These springs are producing from one to two barrels per day at this season of the year, and it is thought they will produce 200 gallons daily in the summer. In the center of the above springs there is being sunk an artesian well six inches in diameter with spring pole power, requiring three men to perform the labor, boring from one half-foot to three feet per day. They pass, in boring, through blue clay and shell rock strata. At 140 feet they struck the horizontal strata composed of shell rock of a sandish character. There is a constant commotion or hissing of the gases escaping from this well, and a bubbling as of a boiling pot. The superintendent is quite sanguine they need only bore 300 feet to obtain a permanent, flowing well. If it had not rained and prevented us from further and closer observations we could have given a more extended account of these new and interesting oil regions. We very much regret that we could not have gone to the celebrated Pico oil spring, distant some four or five miles from the one we visited. There are many other valuable oil claims which are now being worked—and which will prove valuable soon.

In closing this article, which we give to the public from actual observations, we remark that we have seen the principal oil springs of California, said to be the richest in the State, but have seen nothing, except the Santa Clara well, to compare with the San Fernando springs.

Respectfully,

V. GELICH,  
Sergeon, Drum Barracks.



## NEW SYSTEM FOR PAYING FOR MEALS

A new system for buying the meal ticket goes into effect with the next Round-Up.

Each Westerner will buy his ticket from Noah "Pidge" Beery, Chief Wrangler. This ticket will be given to the waitress when served.

Costs will be the same as in the past.

## BIOGRAPHIES

*It is the goal of THE BRANDING IRON to publish biographies of both corresponding and active members of The Westerners. Some have been printed before, and more will follow as space permits.*

### ALFRED TRUESDELL GILMAN

Brentwood, Los Angeles, Calif.

Born and raised in Northern Illinois, and following two years in a Wyoming lumber camp graduated in architecture from University of Illinois, class of '28.

Has made extended sketch trips in Europe and along the Atlantic Coast. Practising architecture in Los Angeles for past 15 years.

Leading interest: The comparative study of early American design and methods of construction.

### NAT S. DAVIS

Native of Irontown, Ohio. Thirteen years old when family moved to Long Beach, Calif., in 1916. School in Long Beach.

Motion pictures and Western stories exerted their influence early, and he had a continuous hankering to be a cowboy. After graduation from high school, spent 10 months working for cowboy's pay on Southern California ranch.

Primary interest at the present is studying and raising quarter horses. Member of the American Charros Association, Rancheros Visitadores, the Stock Exchange Club of Los Angeles. Has served in many horse shows and rodeos as announcer and judge of Breeding classes—Western horsemanship and Stock horse classes.

Employed past 16 years as Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, Bohemian Distributing Company.

### LONNIE HULL

Los Angeles, California

Born Alonzo Bemis Hull, Seattle, Wash., March 21, 1893, where his parents settled in the late 80's. Lived successively in Oregon; Coronado, California; and San Diego, California through high school years.

Entered business in Seattle, wholesaling food products, returned to San Diego selling trucks and cars, and in 1923 moved to Los Angeles as salesmanager for auto dealer. Last 15 years has been Dodge-Plymouth dealer in Los Angeles.

Married Ada Virginia Shaw, high school sweetheart, in 1913. Family includes four daughters, all married, and five grandchildren. One son in L. A. City college.

Member Wilshire Rotary Club, Elks, Beverly Hills Club.

Hobbies: Traveling the West by automobile, and photography.

## Observe First Real Discovery of Gold In California; Visit Placeritos Ranch

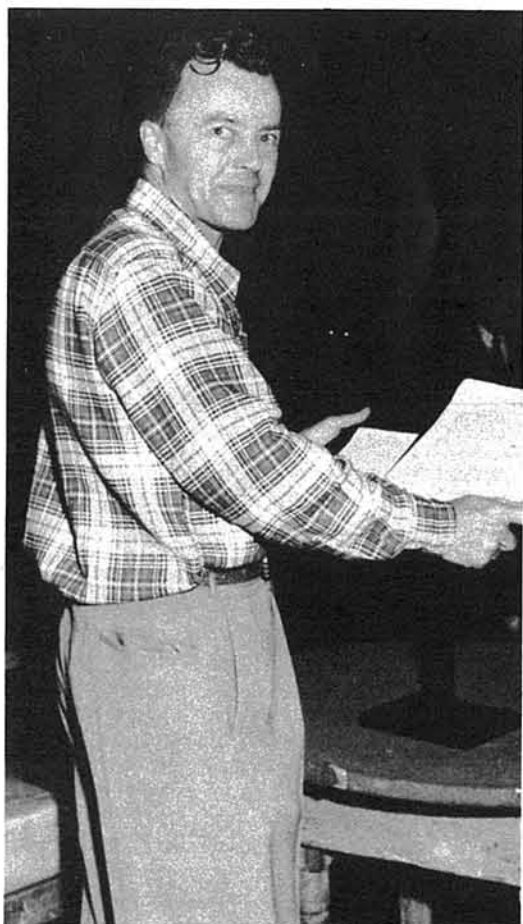
Westerners of the Los Angeles Corral met in special Round-Up June 25, in Placeritos Canyon, to inspect the exact location and to hear the true story of the first real gold discovery in California. Under the guidance of Bert Olson, and as guests of Ernest Hickson, they gathered on Placeritos Ranch early in the afternoon.

A short field trip was made to the Oak of the Golden Dream, where, on March 9, 1842 (six years before Sutter found his nuggets and the goldseekers lost their marbles), Senor Don Lopez took his after-lunch siesta. It was there, upon awakening from his nap, that the studious, college-educated Spanish Don glanced upon the hillside and saw growing there the patch of wild onions.

The complete and entrancing story of how he then discovered the gold, the ensuing excitement, and other heavy trappings of Western history which hang upon the immediate area, will be published in the 1948 Brand Book of the Los Angeles Corral.



Sheriff Galleher and Bert Olson examine the plaque which has been positioned in the exact place where Don Lopez made the first gold discovery in California. The plaque reads, "Don Francisco Lopez here discovered the first gold in California, March 9, 1842. This plate placed March 9, 1930, by the Ramona Parlor No. 109-N. S. G. W., La Mesa Club, Kiwanis Club, of Newhall-Sagus."



Bert Olson



Monogram Studios had a movie in production on Placeritos Ranch the day the Westerners met there. Two of the stars visited the Round-Up. Shown here, greeting them, (left to right) was Sheriff Paul Galleher and Noah "Pidge" Beery Jr. Next to "Pidge" is Jimmy Wakely, and the comely lassie is none other than Christine Carson. Title of the movie: "Silver Trails."



This was one of the groups of Westerners to visit the site of the Oak of the Golden Dream. Legend has it incorrectly that Don Lopez, sleeping beneath mammoth nearby oak (still standing), dreamed he would find the gold.



### SPECIAL ISSUE OF COMMEMORATIVE COINS

A special issue of coins has been issued to commemorate the first gold discovery in California. Ernest Hickson, owner of Placeritos Ranch, rushed the first coins to come off of the presses out to the June 25 Round-Up. Westerners were first to see them.

Shown inspecting the historical coins, *left to right*, are: Colonel Charles Benton and Dwight Franklin.

At previous Round-Up, Franklin read his research paper, "*Gun Fighters of The Old West.*"



# An Old California Brand

By  
ARTHUR WOODWARD

When Cortes and his men invaded Mexico in 1519 they had with them sixteen horses and mares "all fit to be used for sport or as chargers." With this small force of cavalry Cortes awed the Indians and to further heighten the effect of his animals when charging he fastened small round bronze bells to the leather breast straps.

All of these animals were branded and thenceforth all of the animals reared in New Spain were branded with the owner's mark. The brands of Cortes and his men are probably the first ones seen in the New World. Some of these were recorded by Tlascalcan Indian artists in the later part of the 16th century. Above are all of the brands I have been able to assemble and Fig. 2 shows one of the Spanish conquistadores riding a branded horse.

In Alta California the system of branding cattle, horses, mules, and sheep was made compulsory by law as early as 1770, the year after the entrada. Moreover no one could adopt or change the brand on his stock without special permission from the Governor.

Later, when a man wished to have a new brand, or change his old one, he petitioned the juez de paz (justice of the peace) and submitted a paper bearing a facsimile of the brand he desired. If this brand was not in use elsewhere in the state, the juez granted permission and registered the mark in a book kept for the purpose.

Brands were of several kinds. There was the *fierro* or range brand, the *senal* or ear mark and the *venta* or sale brand. The *fierro* was branded on the hip, the *senal* was a slit, notch or hole cut in the ear, and the *venta*, called in English a counterbrand, was burned on the shoulder of the animal, when purchased for another herd.\*

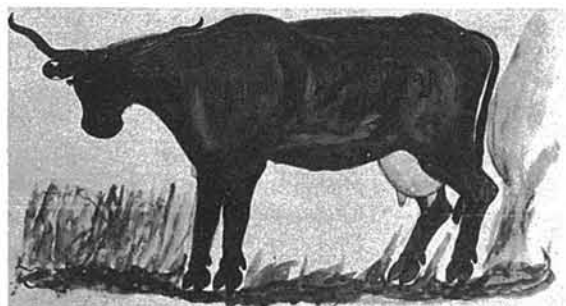
These facsimiles of the different brands were sometimes made on pieces of leather, or were drawn out on paper. In Spanish days these quaint sketches were entered in the *libro de registros*. When the Americans took over the *fierros* were recorded by the County Recorder in the "Book of Marks and Brands."

Herewith is reproduced one of the early brands made during the American period. It is that of Ygnacio del Valle who owned Camulos Rancho which was a part of the San Francisco Rancho. According to Mrs. Josefa del Valle Forster, daughter of old Ygnacio, Camulos was established a few years prior to 1851 and a house of 6 or 7 rooms was built. Ygnacio moved from his town house in Los Angeles and thenceforth the family lived at Camulos. The name of the ranch was said to be Indian and meant "the juniper," being derived from a lone juniper tree that stood near the adobe ranch house.

\* *The Cattle on a Thousand Hills*, by Robert Glass Cleland, p. 75.

(Continued on page 10)





Estado de California  
Condado de los Angeles



En virtud de la ley de 12 de abril de 1850, se permite a Ygnacio del Valle, solicitante, se le permite continuar usando el fierro y senal que usa ahora por los en la boca de la vaca, el ganado, los cueros y pieles, los cuales por la autoridad mexicana desde el año de 1835, le han sido concedidos con el nombre de las taravillas. Y como entre los fierros y senales registradas, no existen ningunas semejantes, se le concedieron y autorizan a usar el fierro y el senal de fierro y senal, registrado el día 6 de febrero de 1850.

En fecho testifico, presente mi nombre y por mi ante el en esta ciudad de los Angeles, hoy 2 de junio de 1851, por el del Valle, Ygnacio del Valle, Registrador, Manuel Clemente Rojo.

A full translation of the entry reads:

State of California  
County of Los Angeles

By virtue of the law of April 12, 1850, Ygnacio del Valle came in person, soliciting permission to continue the use of the fierro and senal which are shown on the drawing of the cow at the head of this page; these same brands were granted by the Mexican authorities and have been in use since the year 1835. The senal is known by the name of two taravillas. And, since among all of the fierros and senales which have been recorded, and since there are no similar marks registered among the fierros and senales, they are hereby granted and filed on page 9 of the First Book of Gierros and Senales, which was begun the first day of September, 1850.

In testimony whereof I have signed my name and affixed the seal of my office in the City of Los Angeles, today, the 2 of June, 1851.

Ygnacio del Valle, Registrador,  
by his deputy  
Manuel Clemente Rojo.

Incidentally the ear mark, or senal, which is called the "two taravillas" is so named from the notched end of the taravilla or tarabilla which was a wooden instrument used in twisting a rope. In Old California they also said of an old woman who gabbled too much "se habla como una taravilla" (she rattles along like a taravilla).

## COMING — IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE BRANDING IRON

Some very fine material already has been received for publication in the next issue of THE BRANDING IRON.

One feature concerns the origin and history of the hackamore. It is authored by Percy L. Bonebrake, of Sierra Madre, California, who has put into this article all the flavor and the genuine atmosphere of the Early West.

"The period of which I write," begins Bonebrake's article, "was during the late eighties and early nineties in California. I make no pretense of knowing everything there is to know about horses or everything about handling them. I simply write as I remember the men, the horses, their equipment and their methods . . ."

Also scheduled to appear in the next issue will be a further discussion of the exhuming of the bodies of deceased soldiers who died in Indian country and on campaigns, and how they have been brought back for permanent burial in military cemeteries.

There also will be additional biographies, pictures of some of the Los Angeles Westerners, and other contributions.

## GETS LONGEST APPLAUSE

Bert Olson spent many days and many hours of work and planning for the Placeritos Ranch meeting held in June, but he was amply rewarded for his pains. Following delivery of his paper, there was what observers rated as the longest applause in the history of the Los Angeles Corral. The entire, unabridged paper will be printed in the 1948 BRAND BOOK.

## COLLECT WESTERN FICTION

Merrell Kitchens is preparing to start a loud argument with the next issue of THE BRANDING IRON. He has written a short treatise on the collecting of Western Fiction. You may not agree. Wait and read it. Then—give us YOUR idea.

## AN OLD CALIFORNIA BRAND

(Continued from page 8)

The original of the Del Valle brand sketch which is done in water colors, the cow being a sickly yellowish green, is now in the Los Angeles County Museum. The "Y" brand, standing for Ygnacio is plainly observed on the hip of the animal.

In making application for the fiero and the senal, Sr. Del Valle stated that these brands had been used by his family since 1835. Needless to say the Recorder entered the two brands in the First Book of Brands, in 1851.

## DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL

By GLEN DAWSON

The Fall List of the University of California Press promises to be a very notable one. The long awaited "*Chronicles of California*" is finally getting under way. The first book announced for this series is *California Pictorial* relating to the pioneer California artists with some 70 illustrations including some in color. Other books in the series will be *Gold of California* by John Walton Caughey and *Titles on the Land* by Westerner W. W. Robinson.

Also announced by the University of California Press is *California Place Names*, edited by Erwin G. Gudde. It is expected that this will be the most comprehensive reference work of its sort ever compiled on California. Publication is planned for December 1. Another notable book from the same press will be *Yosemite, The Big Trees, and the High Sierra, A Selective Bibliography*, by Francis P. Farquhar.

In the April issue of the Branding Iron we mentioned the California Historical Society. J. Gregg Layne has threatened to go straight through our low ceiling unless we give equal space to the Historical Society of Southern California.

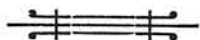
The local society still accepts members at the pre-inflation fee of \$5.00 a year. Send your check to the Secretary of the Historical Society of Southern California, 2425 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California. In return you will receive announcements of meetings and lectures and the *Quarterly*. Unfortunately the Society has given up its book publishing plans but the *Quarterly* now runs to some 72 pages an issue with illustrations and Book Reviews. Of especial interest is a current series of articles on San Fernando Pass by Vernet Snyder Ripley. The price of the *Quarterly* to non-members is \$12.00 a year so getting it free with a \$5.00 membership is definitely a bargain.

Westerner Edward Eberstadt recently issued his *Special Quotation Lists "A" and "B"*. Although mimeographed these describe more western rarities than most printed catalogues. These lists are the first we have seen from Eberstadt in some five years and are available on request from Edward Eberstadt and Sons, 55 West 42nd Street, New York 18, New York.

I propose that the *Branding Iron* publish a membership list of Westerners with mailing addresses. This will automatically bring members valuable publishers and booksellers announcements and catalogues. This system is used by the Bibliographical Society of America with great success. It might even get some of us on the exclusive Arthur H. Clark mailing list.

# FORGOTTEN HISTORY

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE  
CLEARFIELD, PA., ROTARY CLUB  
SEPTEMBER 17, 1928



BY

M. I. McCREIGHT  
DUBOIS, PA.



"All things on earth have their time, and in the most joyous career of their vanity and splendor, their strength fails and they sink into dust. All the round world is but a sepulcher and there is nothing that lives on its surface that shall not be entombed beneath it. The great, the wise, the valiant, Alas, where are they now?—They are all mingled with the clod; and that which has happened them will befall us and those who come after us,—yet take courage, illustrious nobles and chieftains, — the horrors of the tomb are but the cradle of the sun."

That was the last utterance of an Indian chief who had ruled over his people for many years and was about to die. Twenty-two years later a white man named Christopher Columbus came, and then another twenty (27) years elapsed — and Cortez destroyed the nation of that great chief. Cortez: His name is so steeped in blood and banditry that we gasp with amazement and shudder with shame at the record

of it all.

The Spaniards admitted that in many respects the Aztec had a better system of courts and hospitals than they themselves could boast of,—and that their civilization generally was superior in many ways, to their own.

The exploitation of Peru, Mexico and our own southwest by these pirates Cortez and Pizarro,—for plunder, rapine and murder has no parallel,—it was the deliberate butchery and extermination of a race of people that represented the best there was on half of all the world.

And the plunder of the red man by the white has continued ever since and still continues. It is a sordid tale Leif Ericsson shot the skralings when they came to offer welcome and to trade five centuries before Columbus came.

Columbus only stole them and took them as slaves to Spain. Raleigh tried the game of exploitation but failed and then John Smith with better guns and ammunition sponged off old Chief Powhatan until he learned that only work and willing hands win.

The Smith crowd was merely a band of British adventurers who tried to imitate Pizarro,—but there was no gold in the tide lands of Virginia, — there were no stores of precious gems and hand wrought jewels; no silverplate and rich robes of feather-work, incense and 'cotton richly wrought with black and white embroidery', — such as the Spaniards had found in Peru and Mexico. Powhatan shared with the starving Englishmen his stores of corn until his own people faced the same starvation that confronted these idle and disappointed whites,—and then when Powhatan asked how long they were going to stay Smith lied to him. He told the chief that they were shipwrecked and that they were waiting on other ships to come with plenty of food for all, and to take them away. When the ships came it was merely to land another lot of the same kind of people, without food or proper supplies. This only added to former difficulties, and when the Red folks tried to protect their meager stores of corn, Smith used his guns and took what and when he pleased. In spite of force, the Smith colony starved. Smith went back to England and wrote a book eight years later,—and to make it popular, he incorporated the romance of Pocahontas saving his life. He forgot that he had written a letter to a friend some six or eight years before, that turned up after the book was out,—in which he described the little maid in her true light,—and how the old chief had treated him with the utmost kindness.

The pocahontas story as we were taught it in our school history, was a myth. It was merely an early edition

of the later-day squaw-man and his wife,—this Rolf and Pocahontas tale. I have a water-color portrait well authenticated, and it shows this Indian girl to have been rather attractive. And why should not Rolf marry her? He had a small child on his hands whose mother had died at sea. It needed care and the Indian maid was willing and competent to furnish it, — but when they took her to England she died of homesickness and a broken heart.

Descendents of Rolf pride themselves in the fact that he was the husband of Pocahontas,—not that he was merely an ancestor.

The settlement of New England by the Puritans, is the same sad tale. When the natives offered food and welcome to these helpless wayfarers, they were repaid in deceit, trickery and total lack of appreciation; their fanaticism led to a repetition of Cortez' policy of extermination of the first proprietors,—the Narragansetts and Pequots.

The sanctified Puritans who had themselves fled from religious persecution, thus proceeded to accomplish their purpose upon the Pequots who lived in a crowded stockade with doorways at either side of sufficient width to let one person through at a time to the wigwams within.

A little before daylight Mason with 16 men occupied the one entrance while Underhill with a similar force held the other side. The attack was skillfully managed and a complete surprise. The Indians in a panic sought first one outlet and then the other. They were ruthlessly shot down whichever way they turned. The soldiers threw firebrands amongst them and soon the whole village was ablaze. Our white historian says,—“the savages suffered in merciful form, a horrible death.”

Of the 700 in the village when the attack was made, only five escaped, and these were pursued and killed in a running fight. All this bloody work was done within an hour, and at least 560 of them were women and children.

For the Narragansetts they did likewise; “Canonchet, having been warned of their coming fate fortified his people on a “rising ground 6 acres in extent in a swamp.” Here 2000 of the terrified natives awaited their fate. On a Sunday a little past noon 985 of the Puritans armed themselves and went to the swamp. The slaughter began and we quote from our history that “the rest of the Sunday afternoon, till the sun went down behind a dull gray cloud, the grim and wrathful Puritan, as he swung his heavy cutlass spared not; the Lord had delivered up to him the heathen as stubble to his sword.”

Here not less than 1000 were butchered while their tubs of corn and their wigwams were burned. When king

Philip was murdered, — shot through the heart,—“his severed head was sent to Plymouth where it was mounted on a pole exposed aloft on the village green while the Puritans meeting house bell summoned the people to a special service of thanksgiving.”

During this same period that the Pilgrims were making a home for themselves, Smith and his partner Hunt explored the Maine coast and gave to all that section the name New England; on a voyage there in 1614 they enticed 24 Indians to come aboard their vessels and they took them along to Spain and sold them as slaves at Malaga.

Some time later an attempt was made to effect a settlement on the Jersey coast where the Indians received the whites with the natural cordiality,—with food and shelter. These assinine white men put up notices throughout the Indian's hunting grounds in the form of coat-of-arms scratched on pieces of old tin. That was their royal sovereign notice of discovery and possession.

One day the chief, while out hunting came across one of the glittering pieces of tin tacked to a tree. He pulled it off and made it into a crude pipe which he proudly exhibited to his family and his white guests at camp. The white fools held a solemn ‘court trial’ of the chief whom they charged with having committed a traitorous act in tearing down the august sovereign's coat of arms. They found him guilty as charged, passed sentence upon and actually executed him. When the simple-minded warriors got time to think it over and discuss it in their councils, they saw the injustice of it all, and promptly wiped out the whole silly lot of white folks they had thus befriended, and trusted.

When the Dutch had succeeded in cheating the natives out of Manhattan Island for about \$24. worth of fish-hooks and beads, and were busy cheating and robbing them of their furs by getting them drunk, a young red man from whom they had stolen his beautiful beaver-skin robe, retaliated. In the struggle the white man got the worst of it. Then the little officious governor who then had charge, decided to inflict a reprimand upon the poor red people who sometimes offered protest at being constantly cheated, abused, and enslaved for the benefit of a few selfish arrogant Dutchmen. We have the testimony of white witnesses,—one of which is quoted here:

“About midnight I heard a great shrieking where I was staying at the governor's house. I ran to the ramparts of the fort and looked toward Pavonia. I saw nothing but firing and heard the shrieks of the Indians being murdered in their sleep. I re-



turned again to the house by the fire. There came an Indian with his squaw whom I knew well; he told me they had fled in a small skiff, and had come to seek safety for the Indians of Fort Orange had attacked them. I told them to go away immediately,—that it was not the Indians that attacked them, but it was the Dutch. When daylight came the soldiers returned to the fort. They had massacred 80 Indians in their sleep.

Infants were torn from their mother's breasts and hacked to pieces in the presence of their parents. Other sucklings were tied to small boards and then struck and cut, and pierced in a manner to move a heart of stone. Some came by our lands in the country with their hands and some with their feet cut off,—and some holding their entrails in the arms, and some with such horrible cuts and gashes, that worse could not happen."

Governor Keift took each soldier by the hand and thanked them for the great work they had done.

Thus began the settlements along the seaboard that aroused hostility from the original owners and possessors of the great country we call America. It was the beginning of a series of similar massacres on one side or the other that lasted for nearly three hundred years,—the last one being that of Wounded Knee in 1890 when, our soldiers shot down two hundred and twenty-five harmless and helpless men, women and little children with machine guns. On the third day after, when the piles of dead bodies were being collected for burial, two babes were found nestling at their dead mothers' breasts. One died shortly from the extreme cold and exposure of the two days and nights of below-zero weather the bodies had lain out. The other is still alive so far as we know now.

The story is a sorrowful one indeed, when we follow the records down through the centuries. It is a tale of selfishness and greed, trickery and deceit, rum and ruin, constantly practiced by the whites,—and there is no violence attributed to the red men that was not first chargeable to the whites.

And graft, corruption and cruelty exists today as it has existed through the centuries,—more secret and subtle of course, but none the less cruel in results. In the U. S. Court of Claims is the biggest law suit ever filed. It is for seven hundred millions of dollars due from the United States to the Sioux Tribes. It represents only the actual money and interest due, for lands purchased and not paid for; and supplies and food stores and equipment promised and not furnished, and similar items agreed by solemn treaty to be delivered to them and through indiffer-

ence or intent, allowed to lapse, or repudiated.

The last of the old time chiefs of that great nation visited at the Wigwam a few days ago. Although a rich Indian in fact,—because of failure to receive his proper rights and simple justice, he came wearing a cast-off coat and hat that our common laborer would despise to don,—and he was sick from trying to make a living,—and from lack of proper rest and food.

The doctor ordered him to the hospital,—but remembering that his old friend and brother chief Iron Tail died under exactly similar conditions, he refused. He preferred to die among his own people, and I put him on the trail that leads to the Happy Hunting Ground in the Black Hills where he was born 76 years ago.

During the evening as he sat on the broad veranda, where he could have fresh air that he so much wanted and needed,—the old man told the story of his life, as chief and leader of his warriors before the days of the wars with the white man's soldiers. Born in the full moon of March 1852 in the valley not far from Deadwood, he was one of thirteen sons and daughters of Black Fox and Iron Cedar Woman (and her sister,—2 wives). The famous Kicking Bear was his brother and his mother's sister was the wife of Sitting Bull. Crazy Horse was his cousin, who being the leader in the Custer fight, the old chief was willing to talk about, and as together they were in the lead throughout that historic battle, about which little authentic data is known, a full and complete account was secured from him which was later transcribed, approved and signed with his thumb print to make it official.

From it in plain English we get this:

It was to him a simple fight,—similar to many he had experienced before with the armies of the United States,—it was merely swift retribution for continued persecution and an unfair and cowardly attack upon innocent women and children,—their wives and little ones.

He said it was their country, and they only wanted to be let alone. In this they were right,—it was their hunting ground, and they had long realized the futility of depending upon a people who had broken every solemn treaty ever made with them. And so they assembled on the Little Big Horn where there was yet game for subsistence and pasture for their ponies. Here they hoped to live in peace away from their tormentors. Here they had made their villages and were contented and happy.

One day, while many of the men were out on hunts and the women all were engaged in their usual camp duties, cooking the noonday meal and working hides and making bead work,

—as they always were when not on the trail,—suddenly volley on volley of musketry came into their tepees killing old men, women and children that were at play all about.

In terror, the women survivors caught up the little ones and clasped their babes to their breasts and ran screaming for safety. They could not tell what was happening or where to go, and the early moments of the attack were ones of terrified confusion. Then the soldiers came in view up stream. The women then ran down the river, only to learn that Custer and his troops had been seen to approach in that direction. They turned to the west and tried to reach the hills in the mad effort to escape the deadly range of the Reho carbines.

Crazy Horse and Flying Hawk happened to be near when the heartless attack was begun. Instantly, they grabbed their guns and mounted ponies with the war-cry to their friends to come. As they raced up towards the soldiers the troopers whirled their horses and retreated in complete rout into the timber that lined the stream here on the western border.

The Indians came up to the soldiers as they plunged into the stream, mounted or on foot, in the mad struggle to get across and up the steep bank opposite to where the wagon-train waited on the hill. It was a bloody revenge the red men took at the crossing. Crazy Horse and Flying Hawk were in the thick of the fight; they pulled several soldiers from their horses and knocked them dead with war clubs; they shot them as they tried to crawl up the slippery bank on hands and knees. Several of the wounded were drowned. Those that escaped over the river got up into the hill and dug holes and stayed in them until the fighting was all over and the Indians had left the battle field.

There were three detachments, (bunches the chief said) along the ridge where Custer had gone north toward the lower end of the valley where the greater number of villages were. Crazy Horse with Flying Hawk quickly gained a position in the rear of the first body of troops, by following a ravine to the ridge where they got within range. Here Crazy Horse dismounted and handed the rein to Flying Hawk, and killed the soldiers as fast as he could work his repeater. The chief indicated the speed with which these troopers fell, by swaying his body from side to side. The few that got away from the deadly aim of Crazy Horse, ran on along the ridge to others who were trying to make a stand. Here they were followed by the enraged red men whose wives and children had been so mercilessly slaughtered but a few moments before,—and they received no

quarter.

This bunch was nearly all killed before the few stragglers realized they were being annihilated, and ran along the Custer trail looking for relief from him.

But now there was fast and furious activity on the part of the main villages where the wails of the frantic women drove them to frenzy. The occasion was one born of desperation; the sight of dead and maimed, — the agonizing shrieks of wives and loving daughters, — the palid lips of dead and dying children and the doleful death—songs all about them made of the naturally friendly red men, an army that was invincible.

With Crazy Horse and his friends driving the remnant of the first attackers along the ridge, Two Moon and his men of the celebrated Fighting Cheyennes; with Gall and Lane Deer at the front with their respective bands of Sioux aided by the ravines, quickly and silently surrounded the Custer Division on the hill. The death yell was sounded and the battle began. The Indians with their hideous war cry raced in a circle and with carbines and bows and arrows, and tomahawks, and war clubs, and knives made short work of the blue coats.

The din and dust and smoke, the chief said was terrifying to the troops and they dismounted, — their frightened horses running down the ravines, were caught by the squaws.

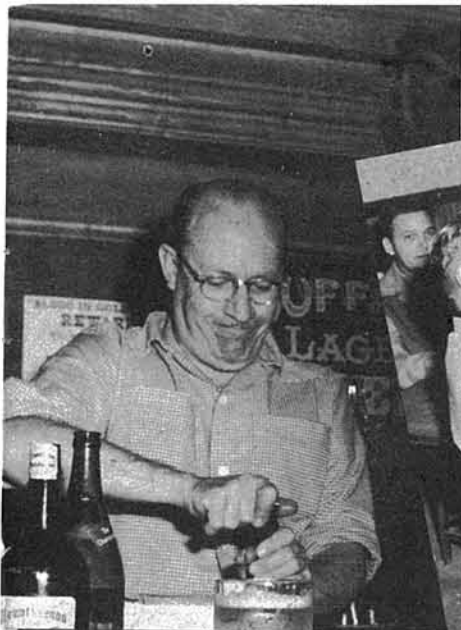
The whole fight lasted but an hour. As the smoke cleared away a little, a soldier was observed running away toward the east. Quickly Crazy Horse mounted his pony and got him within a half mile of where Custer and more than two hundred of his soldiers lay dead in the hot sun.

The chief said: we did not mutilate the bodies, — only took their guns, watches, rings and money. We took some of the clothes from them.

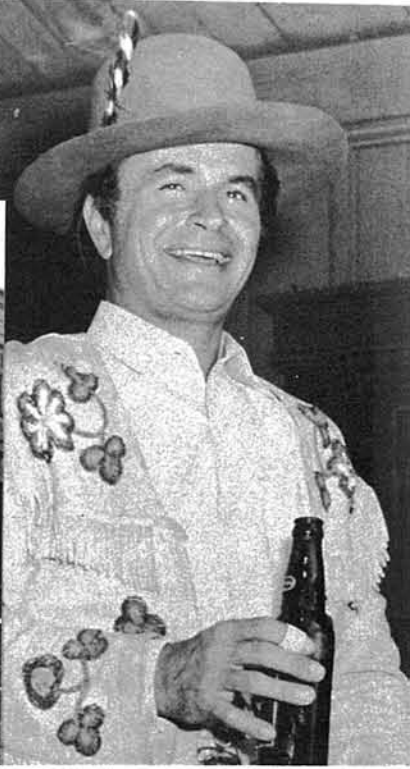
With the collection of the arms and other valuables, the Indians returned to their desolated camp and joined in mourning for their dead ones, — and prepared for breaking camp to bury the dead, and once more seek a place where they might be unmolested by the hated government soldiers.

There was no sign of boasting; no resentment. It was merely an incident in his long active life on the frontier,—a life in which he had little relief from pursuit and persecution by the army of the government. To him it was only what he might expect from a people which had violated every promise to him and to his people,—who had robbed and cheated them from the remotest generations.

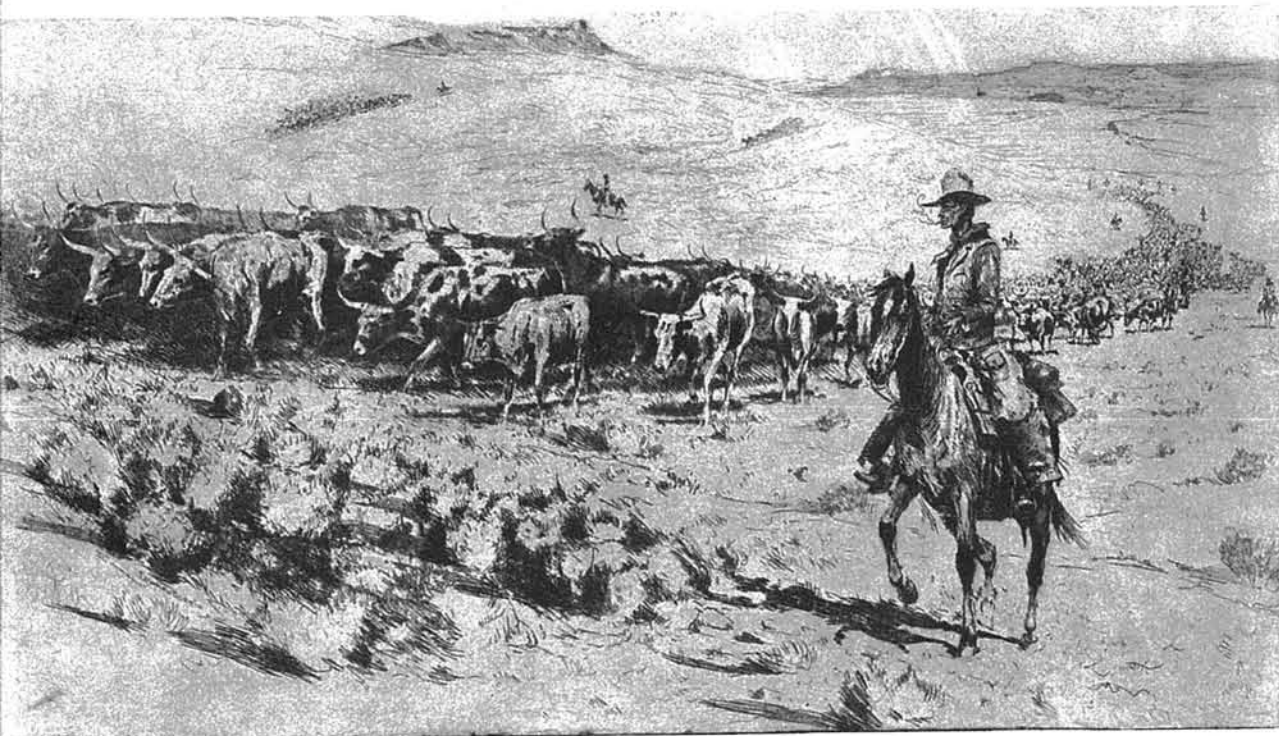
The old man sighed relief when he was not pressed to talk more about it.



Candid shots by Lonnie Hull, at the Westerner's meeting, at Ernest Hickson's Placeritos Ranch.







Another Edward Borein etching contributed by Carl Dentzel. (See Page 3)

## FORTS AND FORAYS

*Reviewed By Merrel Kitchen*

One of the recent publications of the University of New Mexico is "*Forts and Forays*" from the diary of James A. Bennett, who served as United States Army dragoon from November 1849 to August 1856. Young Bennett enlisted in Rochester, New York, and after a few months in the east was sent to the territory of New Mexico.

There he was stationed for more than half of the 1850 decade. He saw the stirring early days in Santa Fe, Taos, Albuquerque, Socorro; knew Kit Carson; was wounded at the battle of Cieneguilla.

There is nothing sensational in this diary. It is of interest chiefly because it is written from the ordinary soldier's viewpoint with the ordinary soldier's observations on officers, food, Indians and a soldier's life in general.

There are several interesting illustrations taken from contemporary U. S. Army Signal Corps photographs.

The book is ably edited by Clinton E. Brooks and Frank D. Reeve. The editing adds to the value of the book historically since in some cases the author was proved to be in error.

*Forts and Forays* by James A. Bennett

Edited by Clinton E. Brooks and Frank D. Reeve.  
University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque,  
New Mexico (\$1.75)



Edward Borein