

DECEMBER, 1948

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

DECEMBER, 1948



ATTENTION: PAUL GALLEHER & A Couple of Other Guys

Well, Paul Galleher, it looks like we're going to have the last say.

You've been Sheriff of this here Los Angeles Corral for nigh on to a year. You were our second boss man. You stepped in right after the first Los Angeles *Brand Book* came out.

Right off—things began to look like it was going to be another good year. And it really was!

We've had a full, solid year of nothing but top notch meetings. Moreover this new *Brand Book* is going to be first class.

There's a third thing we've all gotten out of our Westerners this year. It's been a *friendly* year. We've found more and more items in common, and we are closer to our neighbor.

Any one of these items—our meetings, our new *Brand Book*, and our new friendships, were possible only because you were a good Sheriff.

You gave us no formal opportunity to tell you these things during the past year. Now, you're stepping out of office. But we get the last word, because we're going to say it right now!

There also are others we want to thank. John Goodman is one. We know how much he had to do with formulating our meeting plans. Then—there's Colonel Charley Benton; Goodman tickled us, but the Colonel kept pumping financial plasma into us and so we are going into the new year with our heads above the red-ink line.

It would be impossible to name ALL of you henchmen. We know your contribution, because those things aren't forgotten.

So, although all of you are stepping out of harness for a rest period, we wanted to have the last word and tell you that we think you have done a commendable job and that we are appreciative and aware of the benefits you have given us.

Written, signed, agreed and
authorized by the entire
WESTERNERS MEMBERSHIP

PERCY BONEBRAKE DISCUSSES EARLY-DAY PLUMBING WORKS

Percy Bonebrake in October gave an inspirational lecture on the birds and the bees, and the workings of biological reactions between unmarried members of opposite sexes under the pressure of advancing civilization and specifically it pertains to early days of Los Angeles and other Western railheads.

In plain words, it was about whores, where, when, why, how much, and who.

"I don't know why in the hell I was assigned to do a talk on this damned subject," remarked Bonebrake in his opening salutation.

AL JENNINGS REMINISCES, TELLS JESSE JAMES INCIDENT

Al Jennings, doing early-day reminiscing, appeared on the October Round-Up program. He discussed some of the fabulous characters he has met in a life-time of travels and adventure.

One of the highlights of his talk was his review of the highly controversial event when he popped into national headlines this year by substantiating an elderly man's claims to the identity of Jesse James.

Jennings related an earlier meeting between himself and Jesse James, and told of a highly significant spoken word. It was the claimant's ability to repeat this spoken word of the past century which decided him that he again was face to face with Jesse James, Jennings stated.

PAUL BAILEY'S "HOLY SMOKE" REALLY HOT

"Holy Smoke"—an accounting of a first class, de luxe job of earth scorching and hamstringing which rendered helpless the flower of the U. S. military—all of it accomplished by a group of determined Mormons raiding from their bountiful Great Salt Lake Valley—written by Paul Bailey and delivered before the Los Angeles Westerners in November, will be one of the stellar attractions of the new *Brand Book*. Bailey read his paper to a spellbound Los Angeles Round-Up, and still is receiving commendation for his job of researching.

His review of one of the oddest ("This fantastic episode in American history was almost disastrous—yet it assumes the proportions of a comical opera.") frustrations of the American mentality ("Some polygamy was being practised . . . but many untrue stories were coming out of Utah . . . newspapers and ministers seized upon this as a theme song . . . and every '100%' American knew what should be done to them.") will be published in full in the new edition of the Los Angeles *Brand Book*.

Bailey's paper fell into three natural sections:

1. The opening situation when the Mormons, after continuous harassment, had settled in Utah, and still were subjected to attacks.
2. The secret assignment of the U. S. Army to the "Utah Expedition" by President Buchanan, the methods the Mormons used to neutralize the effectiveness of the army without spilling blood, and the sudden shift of public sympathy to the side of the Mormons.
3. The save-face negotiations, the emergence of certain key figures who finally averted what would have been a blood bath and would have remained a blot on American history.

HODGE, DOBIE SIGNED FOR JAN.-FEB. ROUND-UPS

Los Angeles Westerners face two rare treats in January and February round-up dates, according to program announcements.

January's meeting, scheduled for Thursday, January 20, has programmed Dr. F.W. Hodge, of Southwest Museum, to talk on Charles Loomis.

Prof. J. Frank Dobie, currently researching here from his home-city of Austin, Texas, talks to the Westerners on Thursday, February 17.

Both meetings have been set for the Redwood House, on First Street, between Spring and Broadway. Chow call comes at 6 o'clock.



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Dan Gann, Editor

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ENTHUSIASTIC RESPONSE TO J. GREGG LAYNE PAPER ON JOHN CHARLES FREMONT

John Charles Fremont, his inheritance, his tendencies, his ambitions, his campaigns, his marches, his expeditions, his amours and his scratchings upon history's hardened slate were the subject of a special paper read at the December Round-Up by J. Gregg Layne. Appearing before a packed meeting room and attentively followed throughout his presentation, Layne delivered a scholarly dissertation which listeners rated as one of the highlights of a brilliant year of Westerner meetings.

Members had looked forward to his paper for many weeks.

A complete text of Layne's paper on Fremont will appear in the new *Brand Book* which will be issued soon.

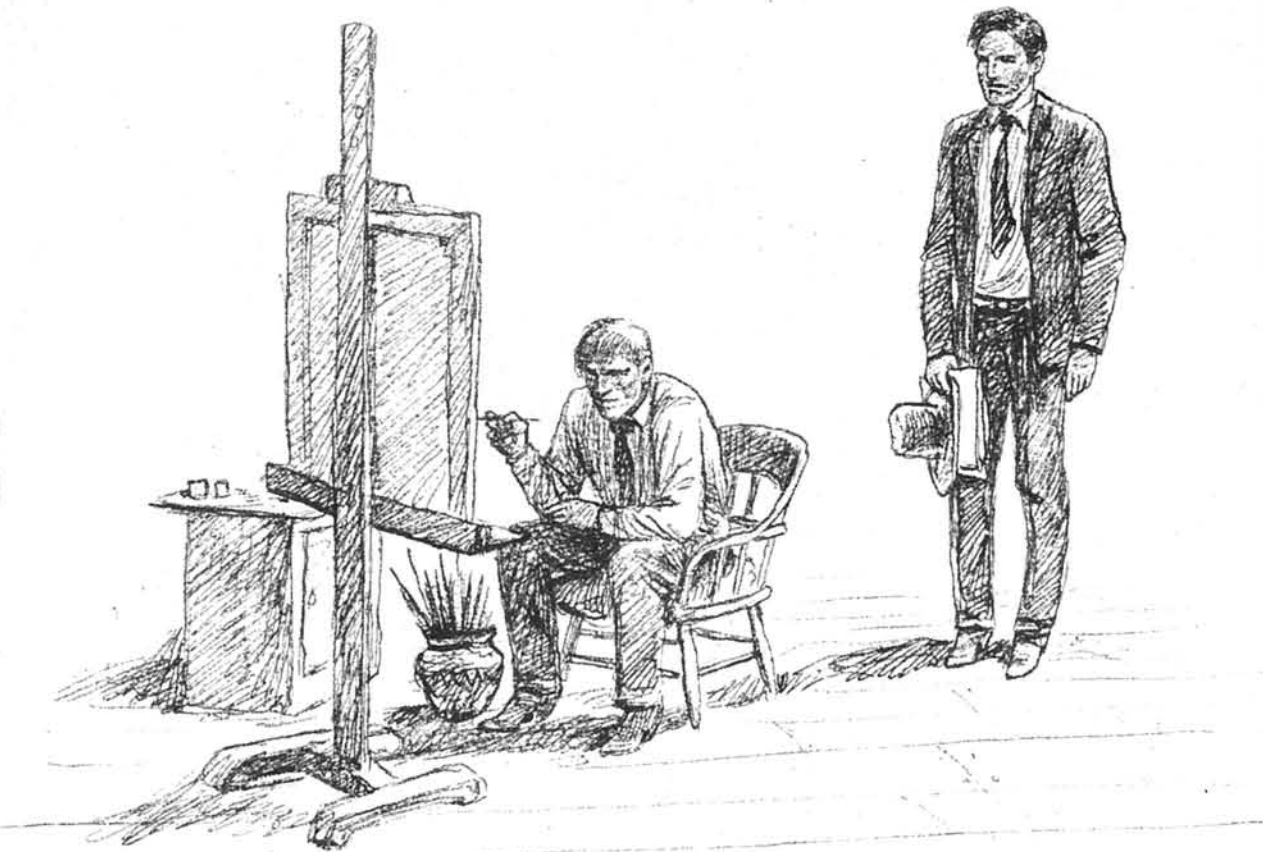
NEW CREW COMES IN TO DO CHORE DUTY FOR 1949

Regardless of whether they wanted it or you wanted them, you Los Angeles Westerners have a flock of new foremen, yard hands and general flunkys. They will be the chore boys and officers for the next year. Being an officer also automatically makes them members of the board of directors.

Their names are as follows:

Sheriff, Homer Boelter; Deputy Sheriff, Arthur Woodward; Roundup Foreman, Lonnie Hull. Registrar Marks & Brands, Bert Olson; Assistant Registrar Marks & Brands, Don Hill; Representative, Carl Dentzel; Wranglers, Paul Bailey and Iron Eyes Cody.

NOW TAKING ORDERS FOR NEW LOS ANGELES BRAND BOOK; PRICE \$6



When Will James was starting his career as an artist and writer he called on Charlie Russell at his log-cabin studio in Great Falls, Montana. When asked how he, Will, might launch a career in art Russell advised, "hang 'em in a saloon, that's how I got started."

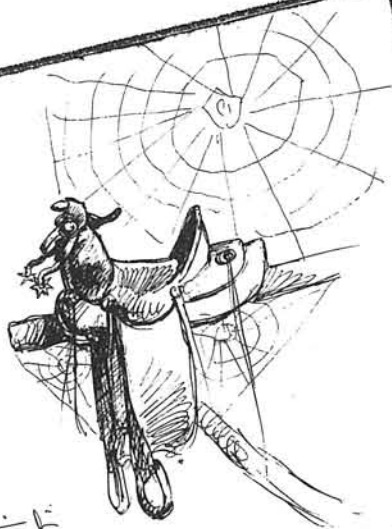
Years later when recalling the incident in his book *Lone Cowboy*, James sketched this scene of the meeting. The two artists were long-time friends and frequently corresponded.

From his Russellana files Westerner Homer Britzman came up with this letter from James to Russell and the little sketch of the Russell incident and photo of Will James.



Friend Charley

I been wanting
to write you and answer
your letter also thank
you for that Christmas
card you sent.



I sure appreciated it

old times - and am having it
right where I can see it easy in my new studio -

daggoned it you sure sawe Montana atmos-
phere - and it damn near makes me want to
bitch the breeze for that country every time I look at
it -

I've sent Scribners more material for the
next book which'll be coming out next fall, and
they're sure tickled with the stuff. I'm tickled
too that they are - My first book is doing fine -

about the time he received one of my letters...
there's a lot of folks I want to run across with
but I won't be real happy till I've shook
hands with you and that Will Rogers -
tall for Hello -

Sincerely

Will James.

A Letter From Will James to Charlie Russell

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.

(ED'S NOTE: Here you will find one of the most touching pieces which may appear in THE BRANDING IRON this year. It springs from Michael Harrison, of Sacramento, California. The following consists of two letters. The first letter is written by Westerner Harrison, and gives the setting for the second letter.)

Mr. Dan Gann, Editor,
THE BRANDING IRON,
830 North La Brea, Hollywood 38, California.

Dear Mr. Gann:

The membership might be interested in the attached copy of a letter sent to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs by Ray Johnson, a full blood Pit River Indian on February 12, 1947.

Let me give you the background of the letter. During the year 1946, the Congress passed legislation providing for the setting up of an Indian Claims Commission. The Act further provided that the Indians would be given ten years in which to appear before the Commission and to present to them claims of whatsoever nature they might have against the United States, on the basis of unratified treaties (such as is the case with the California Indians), unfulfilled treaty obligations and the like.

In order that the Indians might know of this highly important legislation, the various Indian Agencies (I was in the Indian Service then and stationed here in Sacramento) were instructed by the Office of Indian Affairs to circularize all of the various bands and tribes, Indian Tribal organizations and individual leaders among the Indians in order that they might begin the work of presenting the claims they might have to the Commission.

Mr. Johnson's letter is the outcome of the circularization mentioned.

I have known Mr. Johnson for about 15 years; he is a hard-working man, intensely Indian and self-educated. His heart went into the writing of the letter inclosed. I might say that insofar as I am aware, no record—written—has ever been found of the treaty with Crook that Mr. Johnson refers to.

The Indians have "trusted and waited" a long time—Mr. Johnson says that he is "Trusting and Waiting"—I fear that his trust and wait are in vain.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MICHAEL HARRISON

3183 Carly Way,

October 16, 1948. Sacramento 16, California,

(ED'S NOTE: This letter knocked around in the Mail Bag several moons before it reached this gate post.)

May 18, 1948

Colonel C. B. Benton
8228 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood 46, California

Dear Colonel Benton:

I am a member of the Chicago Westerners and recently secured from Mr. Robert J. Woods a copy of your superb new Brand Book. Let me congratulate all the Los Angeles Westerners who had anything to do with the preparation of this book. It is in my opinion most attractive mechanically, typographically, and in illustration of any of the five Brand Books I have yet seen from Chicago, Denver and Los Angeles. It is a superb job.

Attached is my check for \$3.00, and I wish you would enroll me as a Corresponding Member.

I am sending a copy of this letter to Mr. Woods and would appreciate it if one of you can let me know whether I can secure an additional copy of the 1947 Brand Book. I want this for a present to my Father who was for 10 years the Congregational Minister in Tombstone, Arizona. Jeff Milton was a great, personal friend of Father's. While home recently I showed him my Brand Book and he would very much like to have one, particularly because of the fine article on his old friend, Jeff. If you can let me have one, set it aside, and I will send you a check.

I expect to be in Los Angeles for a few days about August 7th-10th and wonder if that will hit your August meeting. If so, I would love to attend.

Cordially,

(Signed)

MILFORD BAKER
Young & Rubicam, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

P.S. If you want any biographical material on me, let me know. If you have a blank form you want filled out, send it along.

PAY UP, PARD!

Dues for 1949 membership now fall into the "accounts receivable" classification. Send them to Bert Olson.

(ED'S NOTE: One cloudy, chilly day less than a dozen weeks ago we let the car roll to a slow stop beneath a tree in Wyoming that was denuded of its leaves. The winter was at hand, and flurries of snow were spitting out of the cold North wind. Before us stood the grey buildings of old Fort Bridger. Inside the museum was one of the "old men." He could point to the browned photographs of groups of bearded men, and call them by name.)

"We had a reunion of all the remaining old men last July," said the elderly care taker. "We're all of us getting mighty old. Since July, several of them have died. This ain't my regular job—I'm here only because the regular man—he's off mighty sick. We're all of us getting mighty old."

Before we left, the substitute care taker pulled thoughtfully at his chin.

"There's a man," he said, "out in your Los Angeles. Name of Carter. If you ever meet him, give him my regards. He's an old timer. I know him well. We're all of us getting mighty old."

E. N. Carter, beloved fellow Westerner, this week could smile wryly. He is newly released from the hospital after a tough, post-operative bout for his health. He feels so cocky he gets up and makes breakfast. Before his illness, he sent in the following letter and article.

Mr. Dan Gann, Editor
THE BRANDING IRON
Dear Editor:

Since it seems o. k. to submit material that is not original, I am sending you something I ran across recently which appeared in the *Guernsey Gazette* of July 2, 1937. Guernsey, by the way, is a small town in southeastern Wyoming about seventy miles due North of Cheyenne, and around twenty miles northwest of Fort Laramie, oldest frontier army post in the West, (1834).

Here is the story as printed in "Annals of Wyoming" for April, 1939:

(Signed) E. N. CARTER
1713 Lyndon Street
August 25, 1948 South Pasadena, California

NO REFERENCE TO THIS TRAGEDY OF THE TRAIL IS MADE IN HISTORY

Not all the history is told, nor all the evidence gathered in the migration westward of the nation. Thousands of men fell by the roadside, with no evidence recorded of their passing, nor is there a crude stone to mark their last resting place. They were never heard from again by relatives back home.

There is history of the catastrophe to befall the Donner party. Other tragedies are recorded in diaries, etc., but many happenings took place to which there is no evidence remaining, either physical or in the crude notes of a diary to tell us.

Can you picture in your mind the elation of a wagon train as it pulled in sight of Old Fort Laramie, last outpost on the frontier, a halfway mark on their long journey westward? They visioned that soon they would see the "elephant's tail." But as they left the old Fort, they left behind all semblance of civilization, a new land of the "stony mountains," with the Indians and other hazards.

Either the first or second over-night stopping place . . . was Warm Springs . . . two and one half miles southwest from Guernsey, in the Warm Springs draw, a beautiful spring and, as described in the diary of the Brigham Young party, "large enough to turn a mill wheel." It is also referred to in a number of diaries as the "emigrant's washtub." One leg of the trail went on up Warm Springs draw a short distance before swinging west toward Bitter Cottonwood creek.

At a location on a knoll about a half mile beyond the Springs, was mute evidence of a wagon train disaster. Here eight or ten wagons had drawn into its circle for the night, or for defense. Here they witnessed an attack upon the train. It was burned to the ground by the Indians. For many years there lay the stark evidence of this tragedy—old wagon irons of each wagon and its contents were in place, with only here and there a piece of a charred spoke of a wheel or like fragment of charred wood, as evidence of what took place.

This circle of burned wagons was lying in place twenty-five years ago and many early residents of the locality recall vividly its appearance. It has all been carried away as relics but there are many here yet who saw it as it was left after the attack.

Exactly what took place we can only surmise. Here was complete evidence of a disaster to a wagon train. Were there any survivors? We find no reference to this train attack in history. The country was infested with the hostile Sioux.

Will the historians learn just what took place at this location through some undiscovered diary, or will this probable tragedy of the trail be erased completely with the passing of time?

Over the south bank of the Warm Springs wash about fifty yards west from a point directly south of the Springs, and back on the bank a short distance, was a little graveyard with five or six graves, with crude markers indicating their location. Time has eroded all evidence of this little burial ground. Warm Springs draw carries the run-off of a large watershed and at times a rolling torrent comes pouring down into the Platte. The banks of the draw have crumbled away by the washing water until all evidence of the last resting place of these emigrants is gone, yet there are some here who remember it. Were they some of the unfortunate victims of the wagon train attack?

WESTERN WORDS

By ART WOODWARD

After reading Percy Bonebrake's article on the hackamore (and enjoying it) I felt the urge to sit down at the typewriter and bang out a few notes on some of the terms used in the west which came in with the Spanish horsemen. I know that what I am going to say is not new but these few paragraphs may be a refresher course to those of us who have made western history a hobby and to the tenderfoot it may be an eye opener.

Since the introduction of horse culture into the Southwest and West was primarily the work of the Spaniards, it falls quite naturally that the terms they used were also retained, albeit at times, in most unrecognizable forms.

For example Percy's hackamore was the Spanish *jaquima* (hah-kee-mah) which in turn was derived from the Arabic. On the other hand his "macate" which he has defined as a hair rope, is the Hispanized *mecate* derived from the Aztec *mecatl*, meaning a cord or rope made out of the fibers of maguey. Generally speaking whenever we see a Spanish word or rather a Mexican word ending in *te* it is usually derived from a Hispanized Aztec word. Thus, coyote—coyotl; chocolate—chocolatl; metate—metatl, etc.

Among cow punchers the word "cavvy" or "cavvyard" meaning a herd of horses, is derived from the word *caballada* which means just that. In this case the Texans who didn't understand Spanish caught the general phonetic meaning of the word, hence the Anglecized version.

The well known "buckaroo" of our western fiction writers is of course, the Spanish *vaquero*, or literally cow man. Since the *b* and *v* in Spanish sound much alike when slurred rapidly it is no wonder that the unlettered cow boys of American ancestry slid from one to the other in their attempts to pronounce the Spanish terms. One frequently encounters this interchange of letters in old Spanish documents and books.

Similarly when a buckaroo spoke of eating some jerkey he really meant *charque* or *charqui* (sun dried beef) and coming from the verb *charquear* to dry beef in the sun, in other words "to jerk it."

Again when a cowman spoke of his riata, he was merely contracting "lariat," which in turn was his version of *la reata* or "the rope." This was generally made of maguey fiber, or as Don Carlos Rincon Gallardo states in his book "El Charro Mexicano" (The Mexican Horseman): "In some regions of the country (Mexico) because of the climate they use *sogas* (also a term for rope) of raw hide, made of three or four strands." Another term which we have adopted is "lasso" from *lazo* (verb *lazar*, meaning to catch with a rope). As Don Luis G. Inclan wrote in his little book "Reglas Para Colear y

Lazar" way back in 1860, when describing "Rules for Tailing and Lassoing," and referring to the *reatas*: "There are a multitude of them; but those that have acquired the most fame are the *Floridenas*, *Palpenas*, *Posenas*, *Queretanas* and above all the *Sanluisenas*. Their difference in quality consists in the kind of *mezote* (maguey plant) used, the manner in which they are twisted and the number of strands employed." Each of these terms referred to a particular locality in Mexico, Don Carlos believes that the best ones today come from the hacienda of Santa Ana. Other good ones are made at Tule and in Arandas de Jalisco.

A "quirt" is derived from "la cuarta", meaning a short whip.

Of course "chaps" or "shaps" is merely a contraction of *chaparreras* which mean leg covering for use in the chaparral or thickets of thorny brambles or evergreen oaks. The word *chaparra* means a species of oak but has been colloquialized in Mexico and the Americas to mean any bramble thicket. Before chaps were used in Mexico there were the *defensas* or *armas*; these were made of dressed cow hide or goat skins (the latter to be worn in wet weather). These *armas* were tied to the saddle horn and the rider slipped his legs under them and then fastened them around his waist by a thin leather thong. When he dismounted he left them hanging from the saddle. Following the use of the *armas* (which are still used in the wilder parts of Mexico and Baja California as well as the Argentine) the *armitas* or little *armas* (armor) came into being. These were shorter pieces of dressed hide which were fastened to a belt and this was tied to the vaquero's waist. To keep them from flapping he tied the *armitas* just above the knee at the rear. This type of leg covering is known in certain parts of the United States as "chinks." *Chaparreras* were worn in Mexico and known by that name as early as the 1840s-1850s but I do not believe they were used or known in this country until around the 1870s, perhaps later.

The word *dally*, meaning to take a turn of the reata around the horn of the saddle, is derived from the Mexican expression *dar la vuelta* or the imperative "da la vuelta" to take or give a turn or "give it a turn." I suspect that some Tejano heard a Mexican vaquero say "Da le, da le" (take it, take it!) during the heat of some fast bit of roping and to the Texan's ear it sounded like one word "dale! dale!" hence it became "dally," or "dolly welter."

On the border the word "hoosegow" became synonymous with jail house and this too is derived from a Spanish word, "*juzgado*" which may be the word "judged" but as it is used in Spanish it means a court of justice. Hence, anyone going up for sentence went to the *juzgado*. Here again the law of phonetics steps

in. Spanish when spoken by certain classes is badly slurred thus, the *d* in many words may be eliminated and the word then sounds like this *juzga'o* or if you prefer hoose-gaow.

Our term calaboose, slang for jail is of course the Spanish *calabozo*, meaning a dungeon or cell.

In Spanish California the following terms were used to describe the colors of horses. This was given by H. E. Hill of Oak Knoll in the Daily Alta California of February 25, 1860.

"blanco	white
prieto	black (negro not being used)
moro	grey
tordillo	white with small black spots
pinto	calico
alazan	sorrel
alazan tostado	chestnut sorrel
asaino	bay
bayo	clay bank
palomino	cream colored
grulla	mouse colored
retinto	brown
castano	chestnut
bayo blanco	light cream colored
canela	cinnamon roan
roseo	strawberry roan
moro prieto	iron grey
saunado	black with white nose
cuatro alba	four white feet and nose
poche	short tailed
mocho	crop eared."

Of course it must be admitted that many of these translations are quite free, "grulla" for example means a certain kind of a crane and not a mouse although the bird itself is greyish blue like a mouse. "Roseo" means rosy; *bayo* inclines toward chestnut or brown, etc.

In Mexico today there are an infinite variety of color terms. I could quote you over one hundred and twenty such definitions of every possible combination of color and marking but this is not the place for it.

Now, a final term or two and I'm gonna go sit in the corner and wait for repercussions.

Everyone knows we have ranches of all kinds in the west. There are cattle ranches, hay ranches, sheep ranches, rabbit ranches, fruit ranches, chicken ranches, turkey ranches, horse ranches and dude ranches. Everyone also knows that the word is derived from *ranch* but it might surprise every rancher who has one of these places to know that the word *ranch* doesn't actually mean what he thinks it does.

Many years ago, in Spain when the crown didn't waste much money or care upon the convicts or soldiers, the ingredients for the daily stew were frequently bad or *rancio*. Out of this word came the term *ranch* denoting a mess for a group of men. The man who rustled the ingredients for the meal was the *ranchero*. In time the term *ranch* was applied to the room or place where the members of the mess

gathered. The word was taken up by the herdsmen in Spain and it also went on ship board. Today, on a Spanish vessel, the mess is the *ranch* and the steward is the *ranchero*. Hence the place where vaqueros might gather to eat would actually be the mess or *ranch* but not the land itself. However in Mexico and in California the word has come to mean a small farm or ranch although in Mexico proper one hears the word *hacienda*, meaning landed property, estate or wealth as being the term for large land holdings. The word *milpa* to denote a small farm or cultivated field is used in Mexico. There are other terms also in vogue in our sister republic denoting small holdings of land but we seldom hear them in the United States.

Our common word barbecue is derived from the word *barbacoa* which the Spanish picked up in Cuba en route to Mexico in the 16th century. Originally, I believe, this was a Taino or possibly Carib Indian word as was the term *cacique* the latter meaning a chief or leader. The term *barbacoa* meant a small low platform upon which to smoke meat. The Spaniards gave an added meaning to it when they referred to the low wooden platforms used as sleeping benches by the Indians in the southern part of the United States, as *barbacoas*. So, today we have barbecues, Bar B Qs, and the BQ, all derived from the Taino or Carib word. Likewise the Spaniards took the word *cacique* with them into Mexico and later into New Mexico and Arizona and applied it to the head men of the Pueblo tribes. It stuck and in our anthropological literature it is still used. Similarly we have the Carib word for club, *macana* carried by the Spanish explorers to Mexico and thence to our own Southwest where ethnologists have applied it to the curved throwing sticks used by the Hopi and Luiseno and Diegueno Indians.

RIDE A WOODEN HORSE

By ART WOODWARD

With the growth of the new United States army the day of the hard boiled top kick is a thing of the past, or so the army press releases would have us believe. Nowadays the raw Johns who enter Uncle Sam's service are treated with all the consideration of guests at a dude ranch . . . almost. It hasn't been too many years back since both the army and the navy were places where mama's fair haired boy had no business to be. There were all sorts of unpleasant punishments for even the slightest infraction of the rules, such as "the-buck-and-the-gag," the "spread eagle" and the "wooden horse" as well as others. Let's drop back a hundred years and take a look-see at some of these things.

An ex-British soldier who served in the

American army during the Mexican War said:

"One of the modes of punishment practised while in the city, consisted in placing the culprit standing on a barrel in the open street, exposed to the heat of the sun all day, and the derisive admiration of the street passengers. Of course a sentry was in attendance to shoot or run him through with a bayonet if he attempted to escape from his uncomfortable position."

"Bucking and gagging" was a common punishment during Mexican War days. This mode of punishment consisted of spread eagling a man on the ground in the hot sun with a gag in his mouth, or, a more refined version was to place a man in a crouching position either on the ground, or on a barrel head, thrust a broom stick or a gun barrel behind his knees and bring his arms down so that the stick caught him in the bend of the elbow, and lash him in this tortured position with a hard gag in his mouth.

He would be left in this condition from four to eight hours at a time, without food or water. (Similar treatments were accorded to American soldiers by Japanese guards in prison camps during the last war . . . we taught better than we knew.)

This was the famed buck and the gag which was hated by so many of the troopers of a hundred years ago.

A song commemorating this punishment was composed by some unknown genius while the army was in Mexico City and was sung to the old English tune of "Derry Down," a couple of verses will suffice to give an idea of its sentiment.

"Sergeant, buck and gag him," our officers cry
For each trifling offense which they happen to spy,
Till with bucking and gagging of Dick, Tom, Pat
and Bill,
Faith, the Mexican ranks they have helped to fill.

A poor soldier tied up in the hot sun or rain,
With a gag in his mouth till he's tortured with pain,
Why, I'm blessed if the eagle, we wear on our flag,
In its claws couldn't carry a buck and a gag." *

* From "Sound Off" Soldier Songs, by Edward Arthur Dolph, p. 394, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, N.Y. 1929.

Riding the wooden horse is a punishment that dates back to the 17th century in this country. The Dutch practised it upon the unfortunate privates in their army at New Amsterdam. This instrument of torture stood between Pearl Street and the Fort in what is now lower Manhattan Island. It was a narrow, horizontal pole or board with the upper edge somewhat sharpened, fastened to four legs about twelve feet above the ground. The soldier was placed astride of this "horse" and usually he had a heavy weight tied to each foot. This was "to keep his horse from throw-

ing him," or so the humor loving old Dutch sergeant said.

Garret Segersen, one of the soldiers rode the wooden horse three consecutive days, from two o'clock to close of parade with a fifty-pound weight tied to each foot . . . all because he had stolen some chickens. Frequently after a session with the wooden horse the soldier was in a very bad way and his injuries were often permanent! During the Civil War the wooden horse was still in use, along with other novel punishments. For getting drunk a soldier might be sentenced to parade around camp garbed in a wooden barrel with the words "I am wearing this for getting drunk," painted on the side of the cask. This mode of punishment was called the "barrel shirt" or "The Drunkard's Cloak" and was widely used in Europe during the 17th and 18th centuries. In Denmark it was called "The Spanish Mantle."

Whipping and branding were punishments for cowardice, theft and desertion.

During the war of 1812, at Camp Fort Winchester, Thomas Smith, a private in Capt. Mied's company was found guilty of sleeping on post and he was: "Found guilty and sentenced to receive fifteen cobs on his bare posteriors, well laid on with a paddle four inches wide, and a half an inch thick bored full of holes." General James Winchester approved the sentence and ordered the soldier to be flogged in this fashion "in front of Col. Wells's regiment, when paraded at troop beating this morning." All of this on a chill October morning. In truth the poor buck private was caught with his trousers down.

The usual punishment in peace time for desertion was fifty lashes with a rawhide whip well laid on the bare back, after which the man might be branded with the letter D about two inches high, on a cheek or thigh, after which he would be drummed out of the post. His coat, divested of buttons was put on wrong side out and two men or a file of men with fixed bayonets marched in his rear with a drummer boy hard on his heels, beating the Rogue's March upon the drum and occasionally kicking the prisoner in the stern end. In war time, after engaging the enemy, deserters when caught were usually hanged.

Until the Civil War flogging was not unusual, in fact it was customary. In the days of 1755, it was said that a man put on a "new striped shirt" when he was whipped, or a shirt of so many stripes. Similarly when a lady of easy virtue was drummed out of camp it was said that "a fire ship" was being escorted beyond the limits of the encampment.

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Canby, Modoc County, California
February 12, 1947

Commissioner of Indian Affairs
Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

Sir:

I, Ray Johnson, grandson of a tribal Chief of the Pit River Indians who made this certain original Claim, I feel it, I inherited the tribal right he possessed. And carried out the Original, his home land claim. The treaty, or peace treaty were made between my Grandfather, Chief Chipp and Tyee John and General Geo. Crook and Dick Puee in early days. Crook, he named this River of ours "Pit River" & under the treaty Crook he promised the Pit River Indian to reserve 25 miles square of land, in certain places here in Hot Spring Valley. He also promised Farming implements, horses, harnesses, plow, saw mill, Blacksmith shop, clothes, school and teachers to go with this land free of charge. And out side of 25 mile track of land were to be ceded over to the U.S. for settlers. Crook say for fifteen years from the day the peace treaty entered. He tell the Indians to behave themselves, not to fight or do wrong. "Burrie the Bow & arrow and tomahawks, I'll give you guns in place of bow & arrows, and keep peace and be friendly for 15 years. Now if you live up to the promise, you win after 15 years I'll give you the land back with the farming implements for you foreverhome, and for you Pit River Indians." Dick Puee he also promised money to start with. For in certain place here in Hot Spring Valley, the Pit River Indians were self government before any white man came. And when General George Crook first came, he met with my grandfather, set up Post and U. S. Flag to live under, after that, Crook, during his cam-

paign between Fort Bidwell and Fort Crook, general he always stopped in Hot Spring Valley for to camp and smoke peace of Pipe. My Grandfather, as scout, with his assistant, helped General Crook in his fight. When my Grandfather passed out his funeral was under the U. S. Flag, and Funeral expense was paid by the U. S. Government.

Now, Your Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, I call your attention of the fact my old peoples who passed out not long ago always contended the treaty was made and were properly understood. The Pit River Indians carried out their side of the promise by mind General Crook word. And on Part of the U. S. it show that we received our own land in allotment land of 160 acres.

I, as ward of the Government, & full blood Indian based my original home land claim under the above Peace Treaty were mentioned, (acknowledging Almighty God—as the Source of Our Power and the Right in the U.S. Government, I represent in behalf of myself & in behalf of the few remaining Indians,—In-AS-Tah-Ke-Wiche—meaning certain Hot Springs Indians on the side of the U.S. Approximately 43 Indians received their allotment land, most in rocks originally within 25 mile square of land here in certain place here in Hot Spring Valley. But since the Allottee died was sold to some settler. Very few allotments land remain now. I still hold on to 4 inherited allotments lands. This land is good grain land heretofore & now, I take it, the allotment land to be reale Indian Home. But we have no reale Farming implement. At this point I want to ask you, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, I wish to ask you to see that old Promise of Crook; that old promise Farming implement that was to go with the land, I want that be issued just same as the allotment was issued & to Indians it goes with allotment land free of charge. I can sure use that old promise of Farming implement to build up independence & honorable life, & to improve our remaining allotment land by cultivating right as the old promise intended this should be carried out in short time. This way, issued out to me in certain Place in Hot Spring, Canby, Calif.—

- (1) Heavy enough tractor to pull 2, 16, Plow
- (2) 1, 12, Feet Grain Drill &
- (3) Harrow
- (4) Tractor Mower
- (5) 1, 12 foot Grain Harvester
- (6) Hayrake
- (7) Teams & Wagon & Harness
- (8) Fence Wire

free of charge. If Uncle Sam will kindly issued before May, 1947, I can sure put to good use by summer following the needed plowing the allotment land, etc.

And should I need more farming land, I want it. And I want the U. S. Government to get the land to Indians names, and be consolidated for his Home forever, for young and old Indian. And I need range for cattle, and I want see that be consolidated range. Range enough for 500 heads of cattle. I want this range to be consolidated to bring back our poor natural resource back to live for our own use and forever. I want to put to good use that old promise in consolidating range, free of charge Indian way. I do not believe in nothing taken away or nothing taken in the old promise that was already promised—but put to good use—to encourage and promote all movement—and efforts leading to the good, and good further welfare of our Indians. I want to be honest with my forefathers and 3 star General promise, and good deed they done. It should be carried out and put to use as they intended to remember by. Now that my ground where I stand now, this is nature of original Claim I hold in behave of myself, and in behalf of a few certain Indians, and that the position I wish to have my claim in, before the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, careful consideration, and action. And this Original Claim should be recommended before Claims Commission. At this point I wish to say, and be recognized under the name I inherited, and Original claim. I claim the Original Promise do not say nothing about prosecuting Uncle Sam. Therefore it is against Written Law to Prosecute Uncle Sam. The only thing I can ask Uncle Sam, is the Old Promise risen out from original Promise. What was promised to the certain Chief to get—that my opinion in answering the Commissioner of Indian Affairs' letter, or material were sent to John G. Rockwell, Supt., arrived in Sacramento Indian Agency, February 3, 1947,—And on February 5, 1947, the Enclosed Material were sent to me by John G. Rockwell.

In closing my Claim I wish to say I want a certain Indian in Pit River to remain as Ward of the Government. I want the Government Nurse and Doctor to remain where their positions are. I want John G. Rockwell as Superintendent as long Pit River Wild Grass grow.

Trusting and Waiting, AND,

Sincerely yours

(s) Ray Johnson
Canby, Calif.
Box 121.

BIOGRAPHIES

THE BRANDING IRON attempts, as often as time and space permits, to publish biographies of both corresponding and active members. Some have been printed before. Others will follow. Many Westerners already have discovered in this column the time and place where their trail crossed that of other members'.

IRON EYES CODY

Los Angeles, California

Born Oscar Cody, uses professional name of Iron Eyes, is of Cherokee descent and a native of Texas where he was born on a ranch. Originally as a laborer and then, in early life turning entertainer, he has toured most of the 48 states and many foreign lands. In later years has served as actor and technical advisor on Indian matters for the movie industry.

His movie aspirations began when a motion picture company, on his father's ranch, offered him a chance to ride as an actor.

He was featured recently in an article in Saturday Evening Post on interpretative dancing and Indian lore.

Hunting with bow-and-arrow is one of his most loved hobbies. While in Australia with the Sydney Royal Agricultural Show, he penetrated into the wilds, hunting wild boar and kangaroo with arrow. He also visited many remote native villages there, and studied and participated in their tribal ceremonies.

Other hobbies include leather tooling, silver work, and historical research on American Indians. He smokes pipes, usually will be found with one burning.

H. H. CLARK

Los Angeles, California

Born in Maine, but has spent most of his life in California. His mother's family were old time Californians, and his parents were married in the old Episcopal Church on the site of the present-day Biltmore Hotel.

Chief hobby: collecting authentic western books with author's autograph, and has gathered an expansive library. Rides horseback regularly. His summer vacations usually are spent combing the back country of California, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada.

Takes his hat off to the men who developed the early West, and is an enthusiastic booster of the authors and the artists who portray the pioneers and their feats and the lands they first walked upon.

DOWN THE BOOK TRAIL

By GLEN DAWSON

HOMER BRITZMAN started publishing books just three years ago but his Trails' End publications are now known throughout the country. His entire publishing program has been with one great object in mind, a biography of *Charles M. Russell, the Cowboy Artist*. This is the eighteenth book published by Britz and by far the most elaborate. The authors are Ramon Adams and Homer Britzman and there is a wealth of pictorial material, both in color and black and white. The biography is also published in a Collector's edition, the first volume of a set of six volumes covering various phases of the life and work of Russell. The second volume which is already out is a Bibliography of Charles M. Russell by Karl Yost with a note by Frederic G. Renner. In 1949, volumes on Sculpture and Sketching will be published and in 1950 two more volumes. For your information the trade edition of the biography is \$7.50 and the first two volumes of the complete set are \$25.00.

REMI A. NADEAU, guest at a recent meeting of the Westerners has written a very important local history entitled *City-Makers*. It is the story of the men who transformed Los Angeles from village to metropolis during the great boom of 1868 to 1876. *City-Makers* is well written treats of subjects never before fully presented such as the Inyo silver trade and the coming of the railroads.

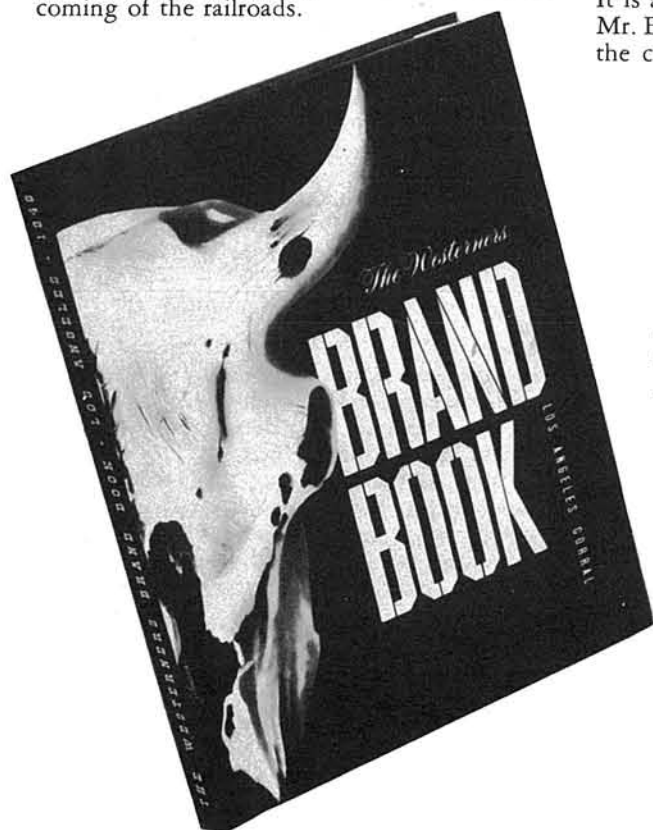
DR. NOLIE MUMERY of Denver was another recent guest of the Los Angeles Westerners. Dr. Mumery has written and published many books on many subjects. At present he is issuing a series of reproductions of the very rare guides of the Pikes Peak Gold Rush of 1859.

WILLIAM WREDEN, Burlingame bookseller has published a reprint of *Mining & Hunting in the Far West 1852-1870* by F. A. Isbell. The original of this work was printed in Middletown, Connecticut about 1871 and is of considerable rarity. Nathan van Patten has written the introduction to the new edition and the printing is by the Greenwood Press.

J. FRANK DOBIE is now doing some writing at the Huntington Library and we hope to get better acquainted with him at meetings of the Westerners.

J. EVETTS HALEY has been working on a book for some eleven years. It is now on sale, *Jeff Milton, A Good Man with a Gun*. Houghton Mifflin was supposed to publish the book, but the author and publisher had certain disagreements and it now appears in a handsome illustrated volume of 430 pages by the University of Oklahoma Press.

EDWARD EBERSTADT, one of our corresponding members has just had published by the Yale University Library an account of *The William Robertson Coe Collection of Western Americana*. For some 130 pages he lists the greatest and rarest of western books and manuscripts. It is a tribute not only to Mr. Coe but also to Mr. Eberstadt who acted as the agent in making the collection.



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