



JUNE, 1950

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

PUBLICATION 10

THREE FINE MEETINGS DELIGHT WESTERNERS



Dr. Frederick W. Hodge

Your Brand Book

All indications are that this book will be, by far, the biggest, most attractive, and best illustrated issue yet published by Los Angeles Corral. Much credit will be due Homer Boelter, Gregg Layne, and the book committee.

Particular mention should be made of Lonnie Hull's contribution in photographing the Homer Britzman collection of Charles Russell bronzes. This collection of photos will be by far the most complete display in printed form of this phase of Russell's work.

Among the contributors are W. W. Robinson, Earle Forrest, Art Woodward, Col. Wentworth, Ramon Adams, Billy Dodson, John Goodman, and other prominent pen pushers.

Bob Woods will again appear as bibliographer for the book; Clarence Ellsworth's and Don Perceval's art work will be much in evidence, and an adequate index will again be provided.

Prospective purchasers please note: The book is bigger and better, BUT there will be fewer copies printed. Get your order in early, as this issue will go quickly out of print.

Frank Schilling, speaker at the March meeting, gave the boys an interesting evening on history of the Imperial Valley from geologic times down through the aborigine and Spanish periods to the modern harnessing of the Colorado River. Highlight of his paper was the story of the great battle the Southern Pacific waged to control the flood waters of this mighty river. Frank illustrated his talk with colorful slides of the desert growth. Members assembled enjoyed the brief talk given by E. A. Bemis, first sheriff of the Denver Corral. We wish more Westerners from other Corrals would plan to visit us when in Southern California.

Westerners absent from the meeting April 20 missed one of the best talks given since the inception of Los Angeles chapter. Hugh Schick spoke on "The Kentucky Rifle—Its Origin and Development," and the important part it played in winning the Revolutionary War (British firearms were much inferior) and the winning of the west—which at that time was Kentucky. So advanced was this rifle over previous models that its influence was paramount for nearly a hundred years. Hugh displayed a model made almost entirely by his own hand. Hugh's talk is an indication of what can be done on a western subject by a younger member of the Westerners who does adequate research, and above all, who is intensely interested in his subject. Unfortunates who missed the meeting will have to wait until the appearance of the 1950 Brand Book to read this outstanding contribution.

Highlight of the May meeting was the presentation of an illuminated scroll to our own Dr. Frederick W. Hodge, who was thus appointed Deputy Sheriff Emeritus in Charge of Indian Treasures of the Westerners. Presentation of the citation was made by Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter. Dr. Hodge afterwards presided over the meeting, consisting of brief papers on Indian topics by: Arthur Woodward, Iron Eyes Cody, Clarence Ellsworth, and Harry James.

THE BRANDING IRON of LOS ANGELES WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly

This issue edited by HOMER E. BRITZMAN

Address Material to

DON PERCEVAL

1379 La Solana Drive, Altadena, Calif.

OFFICERS LOS ANGELES CORRAL

PAUL D. BAILEY, Sheriff; DON LOUIS PERCEVAL, Deputy Sheriff; HOMER H. BOELTER, Roundup Foreman; MERRELL A. KITCHEN, Representative; BERT H. OLSON, Registrar Marks and Brands; ARTHUR CLARK, JR., Asst. Registrar Marks and Brands; WRANGLERS—LONNIE HULL, HARRY JAMES, JOHN WADDELL and JAMES GARDINER

Thanks . . .

The assignment to gather material for this issue of the BRANDING IRON was made easy thanks to the cooperation of Arthur Clark, Percy Bonebrake, Lonnie Hull, Lee Shippey, Merrell Kitchen, Paul Galleher, Don Perceval, Bert Olson, and one of our new corresponding members, H. C. Eklund. —H. E. B.

An Invitation

Anyone wishing to become a corresponding member of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners is invited to contact Registrar of Marks and Brands, Bert Olson, 619 N. Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills. Dues are only \$3.00 per year.

Thumbnail Biographies Of Corresponding Members

We'll be glad to publish more of these brief biographical notes if Corresponding Members will send in the data.

BROWN. Corresponding member Mark H. Brown of 1603 Hancock St., Bellevue, Nebraska writes that he is, by education, a soil scientist (on military furlough from the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture) and at present an Intelligence Officer (USAF). For the future he desires nothing more than to be an Iowa farmer. His historical interests are varied, running from the fur trade, Indian wars, range industry and western exploration to the Gold Rush. Appropriate side interests include old guns, archeology and frontier artists, with a particular interest in the work of Charlie Russell. Age 49.

BULGER. Dr. Harold A. Bulger found it hard to say much about himself and referred us to a biography in "American Men of Science." Education and earlier academic medical activity in the East but the West and its history captivated him long ago. His interests are innumerable, but the main ones are: The history of Cartography in the West; the development of our knowledge of Western flora and fauna; Western transportation; and the ethnology of the Western Indians. His summers have been spent from the mountains of Canada to the deserts of the Southwest. Rainbow Bridge Monument Valley Expeditions 1936, 1937 and 1938. Second president of the St. Louis Westerners, and since then secretary. During last year he presented papers on: "The Naturalist Among the Forty-Niners," "Health and Disease in the Diggings," and "Lewis and Clark, Naturalists."

HARRISON. Michael (Mike) Harrison, 3183 Carly Way, Sacramento 16, Cal. Did time in the Army during World War I and left that service in 1922, entering the National Park Service at Grand Canyon, Arizona seven days later. Park Service until 1931, when he transferred to the U. S. Indian Service and was stationed in Santa Fe, New Mexico until 1934 when he was sent to Sacramento, Calif. Left the Indian Service in 1947 and entered the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation in Sacramento, where he is employed at present. Interests—Indians—both historic and prehistoric of North and South America; Western history and particularly mountain men, cowmen, badmen, and the Custer fight; painters of the West.

Corral Dust . . .

Chicago . . . Denver . . . Houston . . .

Don Russell, editor of Chicago's Brand Book sends news of his corral. Subject of the meeting May 22, was "A Professor Goes West." Speaker, Elmo Scott Watson . . . Elmo leaves this summer for the Univ. of Denver, where he will head its journalism department. Has been sheriff of Chicago corral since its founding in 1944. By-laws give him that office in perpetuity. Duties of office will now devolve upon senior vice-president, Manual Hahn . . .

"We usually meet on the last Monday of each month, and the place is Ireland's, 632 N. Clark St., Chicago. All Westerners always welcome.

"Albert Johannsen's long awaited *The House of Beadle and Adams* is now due from University of Oklahoma Press, and the same publishers recently turned out *Pigs: From Cave to Corn Belt* by our assistant secretary, Col. Edward N. Wentworth and corresponding member, Charles Wayland Towne. Member Allen H. Allen had much to do with the preparation for publication of *Oregon Imprints, 1847-1870*, by one of our founder members, Douglas C. McMurtrie, who died in 1944. Published this year by the University of Oregon Press . . . J. Frank Dobie's *The Ben Lilly Legend*, just out by Little Brown.

* * *

News of the Denver chapter was received through a fine letter from Dabney Collins, sheriff. He states: "Herbert O. Brayer, who is now teaching at Northwestern University, will lecture this summer at Berkeley.

"Dr. Nolie Mumey, who has already produced five in the series of Pikes Peak guide books to the gold region, has three more of these interesting volumes in the bindery and two being printed . . . This terrific man has also recently published a book on Calamity Jane, and his book on Clark Gruber will be out soon.

"Dr. Leroy Hafen is editing two books on Ruxton, to be printed by Oklahoma Press under sponsorship of Mrs. Clyde Porter. He is also preparing a new edition of his *Western America*, a textbook used in many colleges . . .

"Sheriff Levette Davidson is compiling a collection of poems of the old west . . .

"In regard to coming programs . . . Walter Gann (your Dan's dad) is going to have a paper this summer on his adventures as a railroad dick . . . J. Evetts Haley, who is now sojourning in Europe, has also promised a paper."

* * *

A Westerners chapter may soon be installed in Texas. Herbert Fletcher of Houston is anxious to organize a corral in that city. We of Los Angeles Corral hope this materializes very soon, and extend best wishes to Mr. Fletcher.

HISTORY — AND OTHER DAMNED LIES

By LEE SHIPPEY

One of the most treasured of California's legends is of El Polin, the spring on the grounds of the Presidio of San Francisco, waters of which were so enlivening that couples which had been childless for years had but to drink of them to become blessed with fertility. One doughty Don was known to be father of 36 children, and families of from 16 to 24—not counting *mestizos*—were rather common. There was such need of large families to care for the vast ranchos that nobody accused the ladies of that day of being overbearing, though there is ground for the suspicion that many of the fathers must have been half nuts.

There is no historic evidence, however, that Southern California ever had a spring possessed of the magic qualities ascribed to El Polin, nor is there evidence that it ever needed one. Certainly those who read Percy Bonebrake's reminiscences of Lucky Baldwin in this issue, or any other biographical data about the immortal Lucky, will wonder what such a man might have accomplished had he been aided by any such magic spring. According to Jimmy Swinnerton, the western artist, who is well past his 76th birthday, and knew Lucky well in the days when Jimmy was a jockey, Baldwin loved to show up at swank hotels accompanied by at least six nieces, all lovely to look upon. Our own Paul Bailey, Sheriff of this Posse, has evidence that Lucky was so well aware that persons claiming to be his sons or daughters might pop up all over the map that his will provided that "any person proving descent from the said Baldwin is hereby bequeathed \$10." It is also an historic fact that we never heard of China's great problem of overpopulation till after Baldwin spent six years there.

While Percy Bonebrake has never claimed the mantle of Lucky Baldwin he has, at meetings of this Corral, given vivid descriptions of Alameda Street in the good old days when it was lined with cribs. As Percy's father was a noted pioneer banker of Los Angeles, it may be that Percy spent most of his time in the more sinful areas of our fair city in hope of discovering and forestalling plots of bank robbery.

Similarly, it has never been officially claimed that our Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge has inherited the mantle of Charles Lummis. There is a legend that when Lummis was a youth a stranger came to his father's home, asking to see the father. No one was at home except a young girl. "If you want service from the bull or the boar," she said, "I can handle the transaction." "Nope," said the stranger. "I want to see the old man. You see, his boy Charley has got my girl Jane in trouble." "Oh, well, you

will have to see the old man about that," said the girl. "I don't know what he charges for Charley." That legend, however, is absolutely false. Lummis got national publicity when he walked from Ohio to Los Angeles to become city editor of the *Los Angeles Times* and then went Western in a big way, affecting Indian ways and garments and a few squaws. He was the inspiration of the the Southwest Museum but it is under the direction of Dr. Hodge that it has become the greatest treasury of facts and artifacts concerning prehistoric life in the Southwest. You need only open *Who's Who* to get the outline of the great achievements of Frederick Webb Hodge, but of course such reports wholly omit all the choicier and juicier details.

Dr. Hodge has never been the picturesque show-off that Lummis was, but is a far greater man in every other way. And if you're stout enough to make a trip through Indian country with him or with his famous associate, Dr. Mark R. Harrington, you may learn a lot about his personal adventures, too. But you had better wait till Dr. Hodge passes 90 and slows up a bit. He is only 85 now.

Dr. Hodge and Dr. Harrington are among the foremost anthropologists and archaeologists in the world, but we doff our sombrero to Frank M. King as our greatest Westerner. Frank lived a lot of Southwest history and such books as his *Wranglin' the Past*, published by our own ex-Sheriff Britzman, are the most authentic eye-witness, I-done-it, I-was-there books by a notably keen cowpoke and peace officer who had to fight to kill and to live that I know of. Frank King has passed his 87th birthday anniversary and carries a few bullets around in his carcass, so it is doubtful that he will last forever. But he will leave some books which are going to be a blessing to researchers a century hence.

I can't salute Frank without saluting our other 87-year-old prankster, Ernie Sutton. I was asked to write some of the risqué and sexy anecdotes of the good old days, but why should I, when Frank King and Ernie Sutton have written so well and knowingly of the real thing? I, of course, don't know anything of any kind of naughtiness, except by hearsay.

I cannot tell of the winning ways of Lucky Baldwin as Percy Bonebrake or Jimmy Swinnerton can. I cannot evoke the cribs along Alameda and Aliso streets with the authority of a Gregg Layne or a Pinkie Bynum. Nor can I discuss the immorals of Hollywood as can Robert J. Woods. But I can direct you to those whose writings or whose word-of-mouth recollections can make you sigh for the good old days—when you had twice the virility you have today.

LUCKY BALDWIN . . .

By PERCY L. BONEBRAKE

Lucky Baldwin, originally from Wisconsin where he ran a roadside tavern, came overland to California, arriving in August, 1853.

A gambler, he made a fortune estimated at between 9 and 11 millions speculating in Comstock Lode—San Francisco then being in a frenzy of stock-market gambling.

He built the Baldwin Hotel and Theater, in San Francisco which speedily became the rendezvous of the sporting fraternity and theatrical people here on the coast. An easy man to meet, everybody in San Francisco knew him.

He had quite a weakness (or is it a weakness?) for women, especially the school-girl type, a fact that was well known to the sporting fraternity. Many attempts were made to frame him and, except in one case, he came free. It is alleged that sixteen cases came to court charging him with sexual relations with girls under sixteen years of age.

Many girls, young in appearance, with their "Mamma" or "Dear Old Gramma" or perhaps "Sweet Old Uncle John" came to stop at the Baldwin Hotel for the express purpose of framing the old boy, but with the exception of one, they all failed to prove their cases and were lucky not to be charged with blackmail. Fifteen of the sixteen were proven to be in their twenties and with very lurid pasts, and "Mamma" and "Gramma" proved to be notorious old landladies. "Dear Old Uncle John," in most cases was just a pimp.

The one that was successful was tried in Los Angeles. The girl, whose name I have forgotten, had the three most prominent attorneys to represent her, Stephen White, LeCompte Davis, and a third whose name I do not recall. She won her case and a judgment for \$75,000. Baldwin's attorney petitioned for a new trial, which was granted. During the course of this trial, his attorney made a most astounding plea, "That his client, Baldwin, was so notorious for his affairs with women, and was known as a common libertine, that the girl could not help but know just what kind of man Baldwin was, but nevertheless sought his company, not only willingly but eagerly, and was really tempting Baldwin. If anyone was seduced it was Baldwin." This curious statement is a matter of record in Los Angeles County.

During the course of the trial, Baldwin's niece shot him in the arm—claiming she too had been seduced by Baldwin.

When court was convened, Baldwin's attor-

ney walked to the Judge's bench and showed him a receipt for \$15,000 the girl had accepted as full compensation in the case, leaving her attorneys without a dime for their services, as

they had taken the case on a contingent fee. Quite a stroke of business for a school girl!

Alongside the lake at the old Baldwin home on the Santa Anita Rancho, stands a large, one-story cottage, now called "Queen Ann Cottage." In my day it was called the Casino, and was fitted up for gambling—roulette, poker, craps, faro—any game you wanted. Up to a few years

ago, the paraphernalia was still there. Old Lucky used it when his wealthy friends came out from Los Angeles or down from Frisco.

He also built and ran the Oakwood Hotel, at Arcadia. When some of his tired business friends, often accompanied by their cute little blonde secretaries, came out for a game or two, they were lodged at the Oakwood, but spent their days and evenings at the Rancho. If it so happened they brought no girl friends with them, Lucky gallantly remedied that, as he had a big four-horse English mail coach, with body and harness fittings in gold and silver. He just had the team hitched up and he and his friends drove into Los Angeles to one of the fashionable sporting houses, loaded up with girls, and returned to the Rancho for stay of a week or so.

The old boy was no worse than a lot of those rich old timers, the difference being that he did not give a damn who knew what he did. He installed his heart throb of the moment in a suite in the Baldwin Hotel, drove her around town with his fine team, sat her in his box at theater or races, and introduced her to his friends. The others waited until after dark, then, with coat collars turned up and hat brims pulled down, sneaked up the back stairs to see their girls.

Lucky was a great old sport, a gay old pirate chieftain, who nailed the skull-and-crossbones flag to the mast and sailed his craft over the seven seas. He was one of the few rich men who had sense enough to spend his money and have fun—and he really had his fun, his share, and some of the other fellows' also.

You may not approve of his business ethics, his ways, or his morals (I doubt if he had either), but he was a likeable man, a man who never forgot a friend or forgave an enemy.

If he were a member of the Westerners, he would probably be one of its most popular members. A man you'd have been glad to know.

Peace be to his bones.



Percy Bonebrake



Russell's Last Photo

News About the Boys

The dust from our own corral emanates from COL. BENTON, recently visited by his World War II fellow officer, Col. James Warner Bellah, noted western author, whose *The White Invader* was serialized in the Saturday Evening Post.

ART WOODWARD'S latest articles are a series on equipment for horse and rider. The first, on the *mochila*, was in the L. A. County Museum Quarterly, and others will deal with chaps, spurs, stirrups, saddles and bridles. A forthcoming book by Art and his wife on *Ancient Artists of the Southwest* will be illustrated by DON PERCEVAL who is leaving art teaching for full time painting and illustrating. He and Art Woodward have just returned from a field trip to Colorado.

CLARENCE ELLSWORTH'S recent work on bows and arrows is published by the Southwest Museum, and his latest canvas of mounted trappers and frontiersmen should be seen at his studio, 2017 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles.

HOMER BRITZMAN has recently returned from those wild parts now called Texas and New Mexico.

LORING CAMPBELL is back from four months in Texas. Combined business and pleasure, and missed few Texas bookstores in his search for outlaw material and Western Americana.

NOAH BEERY, JR. (PIDGE) is on 20th Century-Fox location at San Ildefonso, N. M., playing the part of a rebel in *Trumpet to the Morn.*

PERCY BONEBRAKE, after many moons, and fresh from a last trip to the dentist and the confines of Skunk Hollow, the last hangout of outlaws, appeared at the April meeting. Minus six-guns, Percy held his own regardless, and enlivened the period between chow and HUGH SCHICK'S Kentucky rifle speech with his own unequivocal brand of repartee. Percy's birthday happened to be on like date with the May meeting—and what the gang did to Percy!

ED CARTER, who has been feeling like his old young self in recent months, seldom misses a meeting.

RUSSELL'S LAST PHOTO

By H. C. EKLUND

While Charles Marion Russell had posed at my studio for some pictures after his return from the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, it had never occurred to me that I might treasure a picture of the pose he was in when I first set my eyes on him.

In 1909, as a newcomer to Montana and the city of Great Falls, in my first visit to the Mint, I got my first glimpse and contact with Mr. Russell and his work. The Russell paintings attracted my attention and I asked a stranger who Russell was, never having heard of him nor his paintings. He said, "he is sitting over there in that booth, with his hands to his face." The Mint at that time had open narrow table wooden booths along the wall now occupied by a large showcase containing the Mint's collection of Russell's works of art. Mr. Russell's elbow was resting on the narrow table with his left hand up to his face, while conversing with a man on the opposite side of the table. I stared at him a while before leaving.

I bought the Morrison studio in Great Falls, the studio where Mr. Russell made a practice of having his paintings photographed for their copyrighting. Mr. Morrison tipped me off to that, and in so doing cautioned me in forming my acquaintance with him and not to hurry the matter as Charley was slow warming up to strangers. However, in my case, an acquaintanceship of lasting endurance was to develop.

Reverting back to how I happened to get his "last portrait", Nancy [Russell's wife] revealed to me that "they [the Mayo Clinic] did not tell Charley this, but they told me. Charley might live a year, or might die anytime." The idea struck me, after recovering from the emotional effect of this unwelcome news, to have Charley pose for a picture—as I first saw him back in 1909 at the Mint.

The next day, on Saturday, he appeared at the studio, dressed in a dark gray striped suit. We were in midst of a mild, sweet-weathered Indian summer—the day was beautiful, and Charley was feeling fine and looking good. The photographic results were splendid.

Eight days after that the *Tribune* phoned an inquiry if I had a very recent picture of Mr. Russell, adding that he had died. This was Sunday. Monday morning the newspaper had an eleven by fourteen reproduction of "His Last Portrait" on the front page.

I was glad, though my feelings were sad, that I beat Old Dan Reaper just in time to get this pose of Mr. Russell, which I shall treasure forever.

THREE OF OUR OWN WESTERN ARTISTS

Los Angeles Westerners can well be proud of its artist members as being among the best in their field. We are especially proud of the achievements of these men whose interests are truly Western as evidenced by their work in all branches of the art. Too often, it seems, we are likely to pass over contemporary art in favor of the work of men who have died—perhaps this is the destined lot of artists—to have their work appreciated and collected after they have departed the scene.

Insofar as possible the *Branding Iron* wants to let members know more about the talents of its artist-members. Westerners could do worse than to acquire the work of these men, and we know of several who have done so. This is no "sales talk." The value is certainly there. These men know their subjects well.

HAROLD D. BUGBEE, corresponding member from Clarendon, Texas. Born in Lexington, Mass., Aug. 15, 1900. Went to family ranch in Texas at age 13. Studied at Cummings School of Art in Des Moines, Iowa, and in Taos, New Mexico, but is largely self-taught. Bugbee is perhaps best known for his portrayal of life on the cattle ranges in the Texas Panhandle country. Has illustrated innumerable magazine ar-



Longhorns In The Buffalo Trail

By Harold D. Bugbee

ticles and more than 20 books carry his work. His pictures hang in many museums and in private collections throughout the country. His favorite mediums are oil, and pen and ink. Bugbee is an active rancher and contrives to keep up his interest in historical institutions. Address: Clarendon, Texas.

* * *

CLARENCE A. ELLSWORTH, Los Angeles, California. Born Sept. 23, 1885, in Holdrege, Nebraska. Entirely self-taught. Worked for ten years on Denver newspapers, and painted the covers for several years for *Outdoor Life Magazine*. Has spent years in Sioux country of the Dakotas, Indians being his favorite field. Illus-

trated many magazine articles and nearly a dozen books. Worked for years in art departments of the motion picture industry. Prefers oil as a medium, but is an adept at water color and pen and ink. One of the most notable collections of his Indian portraits hangs in the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles. He is still actively painting in his studio home at 2017 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles.



Indian Trackers and Posse

By Clarence A. Ellsworth

* * *

DON LOUIS PERCEVAL, Altadena, Calif. Born Jan. 8, 1908, in Woodford, Essex County, England. Studied at Chouinard Art Institute, Los Angeles, Heatherley's Art School and the Royal College of Art, London. As a boy he came to California, where, when not in school, he spent his time in ranch work and on horses. Perceval is perhaps best known for his paint-



Horizons of Yesterday

By Don Louis Perceval

ings of the Navajo country of Arizona and the High Sierras of California. Has done considerable illustration, an outstanding piece of his work was done on horses for a Zurich, Switzerland publisher. Favorite medium is water color, although he also works in oil and pen and ink. At present is teaching art at Pomona College, though he spends much of his spare time on field trips. Address: 1379 La Solana Drive, Altadena, California.

AMONG OUR CORRESPONDING MEMBERS

We are happy to welcome a new group of Corresponding Members to our Corral. Here they are:

BUGBEE, HAROLD.....Clarendon, Texas
CANOSO, PAUL.....Diamondville, Wyoming
DENHARDT, ROBERT.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
EKLUND, H. C.....Great Falls, Montana
FINDLAY, DAVID B.....New York City, N. Y.
FINDLAY, W. C., JR.....Chicago, Illinois
KEMP, FRANK A.....Denver, Colorado
KISTLER, ERLE.....Denver, Colorado
KING, B. H.....Coeur d'Alene, Idaho
LATENDORF, E. W.....New York City, N. Y.
LIPSEY, J. J.....Colorado Springs, Colo.
MCLURE, JAMES D.....Palo Alto, Calif.
MORRIS, ROBERT W.....Tarzana, Calif.
SNOOK, EARL.....Billings, Montana
WILHELM, MELVIN.....Menard, Texas

In The Mail Bag

MERRILL. In a recent letter Louis P. Merrill, P.O. Box 1898, Fort Worth, Texas, writes: "I have planned to reissue, perhaps in book form, a new, enlarged and revised *Aristocrats of the Cow Country*, but the date is very indefinite.

BROWN. Major Mark H. Brown writes from Bellevue, Nebraska: "At present we are shooting for a small book on L. A. Hoffman and his pictures. One of the family is cooperating, so have access to all negatives, pictures and personal material the family has. However, if you will run a small note in the next *Branding Iron* that any help will be appreciated, I will be grateful."

(Note: Some material in forthcoming Brand Book)

EUSTON. Jake Euston of Chicago writes: "At the present time I am working on a paper on Indian Art, which is not far enough along to use, but I think will have some new angles."

HARRISON. Mike Harrison sends the following from Sacramento:

"I imagine that at least 500 books, articles, papers, essays and what not have been written about what happened to the proud 7th Cavalry on June 25, 1876. The one thing that has impressed me, among others, was the fact that all of those who have written about the fight, have dwelt on the gentle character of General Alfred Howe Terry and the thorough-going gentleman that he was, at the same time heaping abuse and what would amount to outright libel on other officers connected with the fight.

"It is for this reason that the following letter, to me at least, is of great interest, because in my opinion, it shows that in spite of the fact that General Terry was all that was said of him, he still was thoroughly human enough to let go of his emotions.

"This letter was obtained by me not too long ago and was written by a retired Squadron Sergeant Major of the 2nd Cavalry to Colonel L. W. Oliver, who, in 1927 was Commanding Officer of the 2nd Cavalry and under whose supervision a history of that regiment was being compiled.

"I am not going to put myself in the position of offering this letter as the 'pure quill'; every Westerner interested in the Custer Fight will have to evaluate its contents on his own. At even a quick glance, there are apparent discrepancies between the Sergeant Major's tale and what has come down to us as history. . . . So, you pay your money and you take your choice—and that's what makes the pursuit of the real story of the West so interesting—and, in all probability, accounts too, for The Westerners."

Colonel L. W. Oliver, Second Cavalry, Fort Riley, Kansas.

Sir: I have the honor to reply to your highly welcome letter, and the request contained therein, and will relate the

best of all that I saw and heard, from the beginning of the campaign, as best I can remember after 51 years.

We left Fort Ellis, Montana, about the latter part of March, or the beginning of April, 1876, and arrived in camp, awaiting General Terry. Upon his arrival we were ordered to take the field, my troop H, Captain Ball, and Troop F, Lieutenant Roe, to look for Sitting Bull. We travelled two weeks, mostly afoot, leading horses day and night. We were on half rations, but as we had no lights or fires, lived on hardtack and water.

Upon our arrival back in camp, 'way down on the Yellowstone River, the general called for volunteers to go down about a hundred miles to Custer, who was in camp there, awaiting orders. Custer was on the opposite side of the river. We lost a few soldiers and a few Indian scouts (Crow Indians) in getting the order across. The order was to go into our late camp upon arriving back from our trip, after looking for Sitting Bull, about 15 miles from where he received orders.

Upon our arrival there, there was no 7th Cavalry! About ten minutes after the horses were lariatied Officers' Call was sounded, all officers to the General. Five minutes later, General Call; we saddled up, and were on the road again, 36 hours with one cup of coffee and four hardtacks.

We came down a long, open valley, Capt. Ball and the General in advance, Lieutenant Roe and F Troop on the right flank. Here is a creek grown very thick with willow brush, which leads up to the foothills. Up there is a pass, through which the Indians came, dressed in blue soldiers' clothing. We all called "War is over!" Lt. Roe sent two men ahead to meet them. The Indians shot at them. The general halted, ordered all horses lariatied in a circle, and we all laid down in firing line, at long range. Now, Custer had no artillery. That was all with us, the main command; 4 Gatling guns and 3 artillery pieces. The General supervised all, himself, and when ready ordered "Let 'er go!" For a while we could not see the heavens for bullets and smoke. The Indians must have lost very heavily, for they pulled out, and we never saw them again.

The next morning, bright and early, we were on the march again. The first thing we saw was a high tripod with three heads on top, and strings through the heads, from ear to ear. A couple of miles further on we came upon the battlefield. There were 296 dead. The only one not scalped or otherwise mutilated was Custer. History has it that he was the last one killed. You are aware that it was the custom of the Indians to scalp those who were killed by Indians. Had he been killed by them, he would have been scalped by them, but he was not touched in any way, and his clothing was all intact. It is the firm belief of all who were present upon that memorable occasion that he killed himself. Another man and myself stood close to Gen. Terry, and heard, most distinctly, as he turned to the corpse of Custer, after surveying the dead, "That's what you get for disobeying orders,—God damn you!"

We covered them all as best we could with loose earth. They were badly fly-blown. We then went five or six miles further up the river, and found Reno with 34 wounded up on the hill across the river. We found one soldier, lying by his horse, with thirteen arrows in his back. Lieutenant McIntosh was dead right where they crossed the river in the cottonwood timber. His head was nearly severed, his left hand cut off, he was cut twice across the seat and then cut from the upper cuts right down to the heels, on both legs.

My troop was again detailed the following morning to look for the Indian camp, which we found, and demolished. We destroyed a thousand tepee poles, and all the hardware they left, a thousand dollars worth, or more. That p.m. we went back, took two rawhide tents down, for the purpose of making litters for the wounded. The following morning we went back to the battlefield, and burned everything that could not be taken, as practically all the pack animals were gone. By 9:00 A.M. we were on the road again. Some wounded had to be carried, and others were drawn on travois by whatever horses and mules were left. During the day we had a terrible rainstorm. We got to a steamboat, which took us up the river as far as it could go. The next morning all the dead were washed into ravines and into the river.

After getting back to camp about a week later, down the Rosebud River, and then we looked for Indians the rest of the year. Captain Noyes was in that command. He was later our colonel.

In 1877 we got a tribe of Ogalallas, who broke away from The Bull. My troop, in charge of Lt. Jerome, charged their village at four o'clock in the morning and destroyed it.

Don't go too much on what Chapman preaches; he is all "bunk". I know him. He says Custer came along the river when he came down the hill. Some of Custer's men told us he crossed the river and when he got into the cottonwood timber the Indians rushed for him and cut his command in half, which I believe, as we found soldiers right there. No one could travel between the river and the foothills. We came through there when we located the Indians two weeks before that.

The Lt. Roe mentioned in the foregoing is the one who started the "Millionaire Cavalry Troop" in New York.

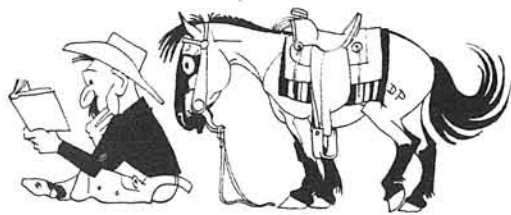
This is the very best I know and I hope that you can make use of it. The related facts are all very clear in my memory. I have not seen Colonel Coughlin since his first visit.

I am, very very respectfully,

WILLIAM WHERSTEDT,
Squadron Sergeant Major, 2nd Cavalry, Ret.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL

By PAUL W. GALLEHER



Westerners always are intrigued by titles which carry the words "Overland to California." University of California Press announces for July, at \$7.50, *The Eccleston Journal*, edited by George P. Hammond and E. H. Holmes, entitled: *Overland to California in 1849 on the Southwest Trail*. Eccleston joined the Fremont Association in 1849, and these Fremonters were the first party on record to travel the shortcut to Tucson, and help break trail for later stage, mail and railroad routes.

According to William McLeod Raine, who wrote the foreword, Walter Gann's *Tread of the Longhorns* "is not a formal history with thousands of footnotes; rather it is the story of history at the source. You cannot read it without understanding better the character of the West, since cattle were so great a factor in building it." Naylor Co., San Antonio, at \$2.75.

The long awaited new and enlarged edition of Earle R. Forrest's *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground* (Caxton, Caldwell, Ida. \$4.00), will be pleasantly received by many who have been searching for the rare first edition. The author has incorporated into the revised edition the correction of dates and incidents as well as additional material relative to the Tonto Basin Feud. Mr. Forrest's experiences on an Arizona cattle ranch, and later as a research student, produce authenticity to his writings of the West. His handling of the Graham-Tewksbury Feud is masterful and brilliant. Many years of study and research were made before the publication of the first edition, and it is to the credit of the author that he was not content to lay aside as finished his revealing and picturesque account of the Tonto Basin Feud. He spent many additional months in arranging for devotees of Western Americana the new material that was revealed by old-time residents heretofore silent before the publication of *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground* in 1936.

Corresponding member William D. McVey, from Cleveland, suggests that the "balanced narrative of Earp's career" has been published (see our last *Branding Iron*). He refers to *The Last Chance: Tombstone's Early Days*, by John M. Myers (Dutton, 1950). He claims this is the first book on the subject that is not biased, and cites Harlow Hoyt's review in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, on Feb. 26, which says in part: "Throws fresh light on the period, since it is a calm attempt to render objective decision. . . . John Myers Myers read books, interviewed

old-timers, examined historical data, old diaries, canvassed Tombstone newspapers, etc. More than half the story is devoted to Wyatt Earp . . . greatest of frontier peace officers." [Member McVey says "All Westerners interested in this subject should read Myers' book."]

Fans of Ernest Haycox will be glad to have his *Rough Justice* (Boston, Little, Brown, Mar. 1950, \$2.50). This volume contains nine stories of sheriffs, gun fighters, road agents, gamblers, marshals, highwaymen, etc., which have appeared in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, *Adventure*, now brought together within the covers of one volume.

From the Reese River Hotel Regulations (1863): "Board must be paid in advance. With beans \$15.00; without, \$12.00; salt free." "Pocketing at meals, strictly forbidden." "Gentlemen expected to wash out of doors, and find their own water." "Persons sleeping on the bar requested not to take off their boots." "Anyone violating the above rules will be shot." All this and more too in *Shasta County, California, a History*, by Rosina A. Giles. One of the new Biobooks, California Centennial Volume No. 19, published by Joseph A. Sullivan, Oakland, at \$12.50.

A good biographical reference: *U. S. Quarterly Book List*. Began 6th volume with the March 1950 issue. This review is prepared by the Library of Congress, and includes only currently published United States books which are believed to make a contribution to the sum of knowledge and experience. A highly selective bibliography. Books for consideration in it must meet certain standards and requirements.

[Your Columnist was aided and abetted by Loring Campbell, just returned from five months of wandering through Texas.]

Our Corral Calendar

- JUNE—Charlie Yale is keeping us in the dark, saying only that his talk will be called "The Sagebrush Parson." Which sky-pilot he intends to tell us about is veiled in mystery. Dr. Frederick W. Hodge will have something too.
- JULY—Another of those swell evenings of short talks. This time on "The Cattle Business."
- AUGUST—Jack A. Harden: "The Last Roundup of Buffalo to Put Them In Parks or Under Protection."
- SEPTEMBER—George Fullerton: "Early Arizona Railroads."
- OCTOBER—Robert T. Holman: "My Early Mormon Family History."
- NOVEMBER—Warren F. Lewis: "Tendoi, Bannock Chief, Friend of Early Settlers in Montana."
- DECEMBER—John H. Waddell: "Colorado River Characters, Particularly Outlaws of the North Rim and Early Crossings."