



PUBLICATION 13

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

PUBLICATION 13



SHERIFF OLSON

The Truth About Our Sheriff

Bert Olson, our Sheriff for 1951, came very close to being a charter member of Los Angeles Corral. Anyway he pegged his saddle with our group early enough to almost be called an old-timer.

He became the second Registrar of Marks and Brands (Colonel Benton was the first) and served the Corral in that capacity until said Corral decided it was high time to reward good deeds by pinning on the Sheriff's badge for 1951.

While he in no sense was birthed on a saddle blanket 'neath western stars (native of Michigan-northern peninsula), Bert moved west in 1922. Since then he has turned western down to the last buffalo chip. His deepest and most profound interest, outside of Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, lies in the pioneer drama of the western slope. Book collecting, with emphasis on western material and Californiana, is one of his chief joys. So avid a student is he of immigrant trails, early exploration, gold rush, Donner Party, and government reports, it is doubtful if he ever gives the northern peninsula of Michigan a single thought.

As for us, we think him a damned good sheriff and a damned swell pardner in this here wranglewhap of our'n.

The Coming Brand Book

Early in April the publication committee for the 1950 BRAND BOOK met at the Los Angeles Press Club, and after the filets and fillings were duly disposed of, settled down to the task of lining up what will be one of the finest, if not *the* finest, Brand Books ever sponsored by Los Angeles Corral.

There appears to be no dearth of excellent material with which to fill out the book, and after critically examining the manuscripts already on hand, the committee departed the Press Club with the happy feeling we have a wonderful book ahead.

Homer Boelter has consented to again put the book through his plant and to lend his artistry and craftsmanship toward making it a handsome brother to those already gone before. General supervision of material and content will be under direction of Paul Bailey, 1950 sheriff. Editorial staff includes such old experts as J. Gregg Layne, W. W. Robinson and Paul Galleher. Art direction will be handled by Don Perseval, who will ruthlessly draft any other of our corral's stellar art talent if needs be. Bibliography and general distribution of the book will fall to the expert hands of Bob Woods, and the committee are prepared to pin the indexing on the shoulders of genial Art Clark.

The BRAND BOOK itself, of course, belongs to the Corral as a project, and it is anticipated that any member when asked will gladly lend hand toward completion of the monumental task of publishing the annual volume which has made our Corral famous. There are several papers, delivered by members during 1950, not yet in the hands of the editors. Typesetting on the book is already underway, and our most immediate problem is the closing up of the editorial content so the book may proceed to completion without delay.

The Corral has every reason to look forward to a stellar production in the 1950 BRAND BOOK. It is off to a fine start. With your help and cooperation we will do it again!



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Maverick Roundup

By MERRELL KITCHEN

It is reported upon good authority that Art Woodward is going traveling again. Sometime around April 1st Art leaves for Berkeley for a month's research or so for the National Park Service. Then to Alaska for two or three months on a tour of duty for the same department. We hope his leave of absence is not too extended for he is an indispensable member of the corral. Mrs. Woodward will accompany Art on his travels . . .

John Goodman recently spent several weeks in the San Francisco Bay area and Sacramento. John did some studious delving into the Bancroft Library in Berkeley, also some research in Sacramento. He was fortunate in acquiring for his library a copy of the second edition of Yellowbird's *Joaquin Murieta* published in 1859 of which only about four copies are known. The first edition (1854) was discovered by Henry R. Wagner about ten years ago, and this copy is the only one known to exist . . .

Former Sheriff Homer Boelter attended the February meeting and all members are gratified at his recovery in health. Homer spent a month of rest and recreation in Arizona, and is said to have done some remarkably fine desert painting during his sojourn . . .

Billy Dodson, old-time cowboy of the *Llano Estacado*, who has also been on the sick list, was in attendance, and appeared remarkably improved and "in the pink." Seems that in the next month or two we ought to have another talk by Billy about his experiences when he was wrangling on the Staked Plains. Mighty interesting to us tenderfeet . . .

A visit to honorary member Frank King found him in good health and reminiscent mood. Frank doesn't forget the old days when he knew all the characters, good and bad whose names are now legendary in the annals of the west. He is now in the throes of trying to finish two books aside from continuing his weekly "Mavericks" column for the Western Livestock Journal . . .

Corrals Over Yonder

Some very fine letters come in from the Denver and Chicago corrals. Dabney Collins of Denver lists their new officers for 1951: Sheriff, Walter Gann; Deputy Sheriff, Fred Rosenstock; Roundup Foreman, Dr. Philip Whiteley; Registrar of Marks and Brands, Dr. Nolie Mumey; Wrangler, Arthur Zeuch. He says: "Program chairman is Ed McMechen, curator of the Colorado State Historical Museum, one of the best-informed men on Western history, particularly Colorado history, living. Naturally we are looking forward to some fine programs. And we know Nolie will produce a *Brand Book* second to none, unless it is your posse's 1949 volume. That is without question the finest book I own, and I have some very fine books in my Western collection. You boys are to be sincerely congratulated on making this splendid contribution to Western Americana. I can well imagine how hard the publications committee worked on it.

Very sorry to hear of the passing of Westerner Ernie Sutton. After reading every word about him in the *Branding Iron*, I can understand how deeply he will be missed. . . . Next time you see Roy Hafen tell him we miss him around these parts, and hope he's enjoying his stay among you good Californians."

Mannel Hahn, acting president of the Chicago group, states in regard to the election of officers of their corral: "As you know, Elmo is perpetual Sheriff . . . We only change officers for national emergencies, solar eclipses and Acts of God." For the record we list the officers of the parent Westerners' chapter for 1951: Perpetual Sheriff, Elmo Scott Watson; Acting President, Mannel Hahn; Vice-President, Leigh Jerrard; Secretary, Seymour J. Frank; Treasurer, S. J. Sackett; Asst. Secretary, Col. Edw. N. Wentworth; Asst. Treasurer, Burleigh Witners; Editor *Brand Book*, Don Russell; Memberships, Institutional—Herbert A. Kellar.

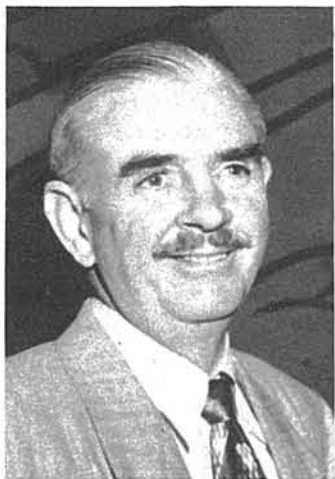
We are indebted to Don Russell of the Chicago Corral, for listing several western items by Frank C. Lockwood which might be considered an addenda to the bibliography which appeared in the December 1950 issue of the *Branding Iron*:

Arizona History Makers, (unsigned), Union Oil Bulletin, Vol. XIX, No. 9, September 1938. (Concerning organization known as Desert Rats which included Dr. Lockwood, Godfrey Sykes, Will C. Barnes, Jeff Milton, James H. McClintock, John A. Rockfellow, Leo Crane; G. H. Schneider, Father Bonaventure and Father Victor Stoner.

Early Mines and Mining in Arizona, in Dedication of the Douglas Memorial Building for Mines and Metallurgy, Univ. of Arizona Bulletin, General Bulletin No. 5, Vol. XI, No. 3, July 1, 1940, 11-27.

Life as a Fine Art, pamphlet 11pp., 90 copies printed by Edwin B. Hill, Ysleta, 1943.

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HOLLING C. HOLLING



PHILLIP LOOMIS, JR.



COL. TIM MCCOY



DON MEADOWS



PHIL RASCH



HARLAN THOMPSON

MEET THE NEW MEMBERS

Eight new members have been welcomed into the Los Angeles chapter since December 15th, last appearance of the *Branding Iron* until this issue. They are Ed Ainsworth, Holling C. Holling, Phillip Loomis, Jr., Col. Tim McCoy, Don Meadows, Phil Rasch, Roger Sumner, and Harlan Thompson. Ed Ainsworth, literary light of California, has long been associated with the Los Angeles Times. Holling C. Holling is nationally known as the author and illustrator of numerous authentic juvenile books, usually with a western background. Tim McCoy, famous as a cowboy actor, is a noted authority on the Indian sign language.

Your scribe, probably through dereliction,

has limited information on Phil Loomis, Don Meadows, Phil Rasch and Roger Sumner, except for the certainty that they are interested in various phases of western history. Being authorities in many aspects we venture the supposition that they will present some very interesting and valuable papers during the course of the year. Harlan Thompson, an avowed westerner, grew up on a ranch in Alberta, Canada, and now spends most of his time writing. He is the author of the "horse stories" *Wild Palomino*, *Prairie Colt* and *Phantom Roan*.

We are glad indeed to have you men as members of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners and sincerely hope your association is pleasant and enjoyable.



DR. LEROY R. HAFEN

LeRoy R. Hafen

By ART CLARK, JR.

At the February meeting the Westerners had the privilege of hearing an excellent talk by Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, a member of the Westerners, Denver Posse, and for this year a visiting member to the Los Angeles outfit.

Dr. Hafen spoke on "Mountain Men who came to California," a subject on which he is expertly qualified, and a subject on which he and Mrs. Hafen are doing research this year at the Huntington Library.

Dr. Hafen is a true Westerner, being a native of Nevada and a member of the Mormon Church. He studied at the University of Utah and took his Ph.D. work in history under the supervision of the excellent history faculty at Berkeley. The Hafen home is in Denver where Dr. Hafen is state historian and director of the Colorado State Historical Society.

The year 1947-48 was spent by Dr. Hafen as visiting professor of American history at the University of Glasgow, Scotland. Dr. Hafen

informed the Westerners that in Edinburgh he purchased from the publisher (at the published price) the original issues of Blackwood's Magazine for 1847 containing the first printing of the work of Geo. F. Ruxton on the West.

The list of books written by Dr. Hafen includes many with a fascination for Westerners, and several which are among the rare out-of-print gems sought by Western collectors. These include his three volume *History of Colorado*, *The Overland Mail*, *Broken Hand*, and *The Life of Thomas Fitzpatrick*, *Fort Laramie*, *Western America*, and at least two other single volume histories of Colorado. In addition to these he has done able editing for publication of many journals of western pioneers and of the various guide books to the Pike's Peak Gold Region. At present Dr. Hafen is engaged in editing the biography and work of Ruxton, one volume of which has already appeared.

Dr. Hafen is most ably assisted in much of his historical work by his wife, Ann W. Hafen. The Westerners can get a glimpse of her own work in the latest *Brand Book* of the Denver Posse. She contributed to it an article on the life of Sacajawea's son, Baptiste Charbonneau.

Book Note

As a guest of Dr. Hafen, at the February meeting, the Westerners met Dr. A. M. Woodbury of the University of Utah. Dr. Woodbury for some years was with the National Park Service, and prepared a book *The History of Southern Utah and Its National Parks*. The work originally appeared in the Utah Historical Quarterly in 1944, and has just been issued in book form by Edwards Bros. of Ann Arbor, Michigan at \$1.00.

Corrals Over Yonder

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Two Campaign Biographies: A Note, Arizona Quarterly, Vol. 1, No. 1, Spring 1945.

True Confessions of an Arizona Author, radio address in Lockwood's own handwriting of which Don Russell may have the only copy.

A Westerly Trend by Godfrey Sykes, Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, 1945. Foreword by Frank C. Lockwood.

Welcome Back

Pidge Beery was present at the February meeting after an absence of several months. Pidge was on location for some time near Tucson, Arizona, during the filming of desert scenes for the super-Western *The Last Outpost*. With a Beery performance and an excellent title this ought to be worth seeing.

TREASURE SHIPMENT

... By HENRY CLIFFORD

The Bill of Lading illustrated on the following pages is intriguing from many angles, and much could be written about it; but the purpose of this article is merely to point out a few of the high-lights. In the first place, the major part of California gold was shipped East by steamship, mostly via Panama. A shipment of \$3,400 was not large, and indicated that the shippers, Sather & Church, were not among the top bankers in San Francisco. For comparison, annual gold shipments hit a peak of \$54,900,000 in 1853, and in 1861 amounted to \$36,700,000.

This shipment was to be carried to Panama and thence to New York, with a few "trifling" exceptions—"the restraint of governments, acts of God, enemies, pirates, etc." These exceptions are so broad that one wonders what responsibilities could be left to the steamship company or the captain of the steamer. Apparently the captain was responsible only to make an honest effort to deliver the shipment to the port of first destination, Panama. Incidentally, for those who are curious about "Panama, N. G.," the N. G. stood for New Granada.

Toward the bottom of this Bill of Lading, and just above the words "In witness whereof," appears a rubber handstamp in red, reading "Not responsible for seizure by Privateers or Letters of Marque, passenger risings on board, etc., etc." This was inserted as an extra precaution because of the fear the Confederacy would attempt to interfere in the shipments of California gold and silver. The Civil War was well under way when this shipment was made, July 31, 1861. However, these fears were apparently in vain; for while there was much talk about the outfitting of privateers, the South never interfered with the San Francisco-Panama-New York trade route. The only tangible effect the Confederate Armies had upon California was the cutting of the Butterfield Overland Mail route (running through Texas)—this necessitated shifting the Overland Mail to the Central Overland route, which roughly followed the old Overland Trail.

Regarding the actual amount of gold contained in this shipment, and the basis of its valuation, I am somewhat at a loss to explain. Originally, gold was worth \$16 per troy ounce in California and \$20.67 per oz. at the Philadelphia mint—that "spread" accounted for the profitable nature of gold shipments. This particular shipment weighed 14 lb. 12 oz. *avoir-du-poids*, equivalent to 180 troy oz. Allowing some weight for the package itself, that would place the value of the gold somewhere between \$19 and \$20.67 per oz., a much smaller "spread" than in the earlier days. Perhaps some reader can furnish information on the San Francisco gold market during this period.

Freight on gold shipments was computed on the basis of value, not on weight or bulk. Thus, freight on this shipment to Panama was 88/100ths of 1% of \$3400.00, or \$29.92. The rate from Panama to New York was less (0.62%) because the distance was shorter. In addition to freight, note the 5% charge for "Primage"—this was, in effect, a charge for "special handling" which insured to the credit of the shipping company or the ship's captain or was divided between them. Note in the body of the Bill of Lading, at the end of the first paragraph: "... with five per cent primage, and average accustomed." The last two words covered the usual small charges defrayed by the master of a vessel.

This Bill of Lading covered freightage by 3 independent carriers: (1) San Francisco to Panama by the Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company; (2) Panama to Aspinwall by the Panama Rail Road Company; and (3) Aspinwall to New York by the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company. Chagres had been the original port of debarkation on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Panama, but during the latter part of 1852 it had been replaced by Aspinwall. The Panama Railroad was completed in 1855, and from then on crossing the Isthmus was no longer a dreaded hardship.

Much of the interest contained in this document centers around the Steamer *Golden Gate* and her Captain, Richard H. Pearson. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, steamships were still rather a novelty. The Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company was organized April 12, 1848,—and the first three steamships built for the Panama-San Francisco run were the *California* (1057 tons), the *Oregon* (1099 tons), and the *Panama* (1087 tons).

Pearson, who was Fleet Captain of the line, commanded the *Oregon*, the second steamer to reach San Francisco. He was experienced with sailing vessels but not steamers, and hence was not considered as capable as the other two skippers who had commanded ferry boats in New York Harbor. The *Oregon's* maiden voyage took 114 days, leaving New York December 8, 1848, and arriving at San Francisco April 1, 1849. Fearing desertions, Pearson anchored the

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*by William H. Aspinwall, Gardiner Howland and Henry Chauncey.

Bibliography—

The Panama Route 1848-1869 by John Haskell Kemble, Univ. of Calif. Press 1943 (Berkeley & Los Angeles)

Gold Rush Steamers (of the Pacific) by Ernest A. Wiltsee, The Grabhorn Press 1938 (San Francisco)

(NOTE: Original Bill of Lading measures 15-31/32" by 10-9/16") (or roughly 16 x 10½)

Treasure.



Shipped, in apparent good order and well conditioned, by Sather & Church on board of
THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S STEAMER Golden Gate whereof Panama
is Commander, now lying at the Port of SAN FRANCISCO and bound for PANAMA, N. G.—To say, one packages,
weighing gross _____ and said to contain, as follows, viz:

Pacific Mail Steam Ship Company.

MARKS AND NUMBERS OR ADDRESS.	GROSS WEIGHT, AYOIRDUPOIS.			SAID TO CONTAIN.	ALLEGED VALUE OF CONTENTS.
	Lbs.	Ozs.	Dwts.		
<u>AWC</u> <u>N.Y.</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>12</u>		<u>Gold Bars</u>	<u>3400</u>



Freight to Panama, 88 per cent. . . . \$ 24.92
Primage, 5 per cent. 1.50
\$ 31.42

Received Payment,
O. Taylor For P. M. S. S. Co.

Freight from Panama to New York, 62 per cent. \$ 21.08
Primage, 5 per cent. 1.05
\$ 22.13

Received Payment,
Samuel Kullback For P. R. R. Co.,
and A. & P. S. S. Co.

Thirty Four Hundred Dollars
in Gold Bars

but actual contents unknown, and being marked, sealed and numbered as in the margin, to be carried and conveyed upon said Steamer, (with leave to tow and assist vessels in distress; to sail with or without pilots; to tranship to any other of said Company's Steamers, to lighter from Steamer to Steamer, and from Steamer to shore, and to touch at ports or ports,) unto the port of PANAMA, (the restraint of governments, acts of God, enemies, pirates, robbers, thieves, letters of marque or reprisal, privateers, passenger-risings on board, vermin, barratry, collisions or fire, at sea or in port, accidents to or from machinery, boilers or steam, and the dangers of lighterage from Steamer to shore in the Bay of Panama, or of any other accidents or dangers of the seas, roads and rivers, or of sail or steam navigation of what nature or kind soever, excepted); for delivery to the Agent of the PANAMA RAIL ROAD COMPANY, for transportation by the said Panama Rail Road Company across the Isthmus of Panama and delivery at the Port of Aspinwall, Navy Bay, to the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, or its Agents, and from thence (with like leave to touch and tranship) by Steamer or Steamers of said ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY, unto the port of New York, and there in like good order and condition, (with like exceptions as above made for the Pacific service,) to be delivered unto Order or to _____ assigns, freight for the same to be paid here paid with five per cent. primage, and average accustomed.

All responsibility on the part of The Pacific Mail Steamship Company is to cease, on delivery of the above mentioned packages at the port of Panama, or on the happening of any of the above excepted contingencies, and freight and primage is to be considered as earned, lost or not lost. The PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, on the happening of any of the above excepted contingencies, is to have the right to forward the above mentioned packages by other conveyances to the port of Panama, and shall receive extra compensation for such service. In accepting this Bill of Lading, the Shipper agrees to its stipulations.

Not responsible for seizure by Privateers or Letters of Marque, passenger risings on board, etc., etc

In witness whereof, the Commander or Purser of said Steamer hath signed Six Bills of Lading, all of this tenor and date, one whereof being accomplished, the others are to stand void.

Dated in SAN FRANCISCO, this thirteenth day of July 1861

W. A. Pearson Commander,
And Agent of the Panama Rail Road Company,
and of the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company.



IRON EYES CODY AND COL. TIM MCCOY hold an animated conversation via the Indian Sign Language!

NAMES AND RELIGIONS AMONG THE INDIANS

By IRON EYES CODY

Indians get their names in three different ways, and every Indian usually goes through three of such names during his lifetime. His first name is gained through some happening surrounding his birth.

For instance, as the baby is being born, say at sunrise, he would probably be called Bright Eyes or Happy Morning or Sun-in-the-Face. His second name is earned when he has grown old enough to play around with other children. His playmates will give him a nickname of some physical or mental characteristic. This nickname often is one that the boy will not be proud of, since Indian youngsters are quick to pick out weaknesses, such as Bad Boy, Skunk, Pig, Little Buzzard or Bow Legs. Among the ones he plays with, the boy will be known by this name until he is old enough to go out on the warpath or hunting trail and earn a good name for himself. His actions in his first battle or hunting encounter will influence the selection of his name. If he kills several of his enemies or brings in a catch of game, he may be called Use Both Arms or Good Striker, Heavy Shield,

Charging Buffalo, Lone Elk, Little Wound, Two Bulls, Spotted Horse, etc.

But if he makes a poor showing, or proves cowardly, he will be given a name such as Man-Afraid - of - His - Horse, Crazy Wolf, or Old Woman. However if he gets a bad name he will have the opportunity to improve it in some future battle or expedition. A great warrior may have as many as ten names during his life time, all good ones and none of which he can give to any of his sons. His sons must earn their own names. These names are like decorations in our wars of today. Like Eagle Feather or Badge of Honor.

My name was changed several times. The name I held for a long time and liked very much was Little Eagle. I was given that name because when I was a child I was a light Indian dancer. My father called me Eagle for short. Years later I was associated with a band of Arapahos for a long time and they decided to change my name. We had a powwow. I had to pay for the food and refreshments. Chief White Horse called all the Indians around and said he wanted to make

a speech. He said he had found a good name for me by watching my endurance in the dances I did around them. He said there was a great Arapaho Indian in the old days by the name of Iron Eyes and he wanted me to carry that name always.

At the powwow there were several well known chiefs. Colonel Tim McCoy was present, his name being High Eagle. The great chief Goes-in-the-Lodge called Tim his son. He made a long speech in Arapaho. He was very old, but he was tall and straight like a soldier. Other chiefs present were Shave Head, Weasel Tail, Ice Man, Red Thunder, Big Tree, Standing Bear, White Feather, Running Deer, Flying Eagle, Willow Bird and Chief Youlachie. My brother Silver Moon and Chief Youlachie's family White Bird and Walks Alone and many others were present, too.

Chief White Horse said, "We Arapahos honor Little Eagle, Cherokee Indian, with the name of Iron Eyes." I was adopted into the Arapaho tribe by Chief White Horse, my great friend.

The Ghost Dance

The great Ghost Dance was originated in the year 1888 by a Paiute Indian in Nevada named Wovoka but called Jack Wilson by white settlers. He was about 35 years old and considered a medicine-man. One day he fell ill with a fever and the excitement aroused by watching an eclipse caused him to become delirious. He dreamed he talked with the Great Spirit and It gave him a message to give to his people.

This message was that they should all love one another, be friends, forgive their enemies and lay aside their arms. He was given a song and dance to teach to his people.

Thinking that a new prophet had arisen, the new religion spread among many of the Indian tribes. They were taught that they would see their dead families, that the buffalo would come back, that the old way of life, in which they would have freedom and not be confined to reservations, would return.

In this dance special shirts were worn. These were supposed to be charmed, in that no bullet or other weapon would penetrate them. They were made of cloth, when buckskin was not available, and decorated with representations of the sun, moon, stars, thunderbird, and other sacred symbols envisaged during their trances. The feathers attached to the garment were always those of the eagle. The shirts were worn on the outside during the dance, but at other times it was worn beneath their clothing.

In the excitement of the dance, many people would fall in trances. When they revived they would relate their visits with their deceased families and tell of the visions they saw.

Sitting Bull, the great Sioux warrior, invited Kicking Bear to organize the first Ghost Dance

on the reservation. This brought about the demand for his arrest. Attempting to rescue their chief, the Indian police resisted, and during the fight Sitting Bull was killed by Sergeants Red Tomahawk and Bull Head on December 15, 1890.

Unhappy about this, the Indians started dancing in earnest. The white people were alarmed, thinking the Indians were planning a great battle. The Indian agent at Pine Ridge insisted that they stop their dancing and was ignored. Thoroughly frightened, he sent for soldiers.

The Indians, upon seeing the soldiers, armed themselves, saying they would defend their religion to the last man. This led to a shot being fired. The soldiers then opened fire and killed more than 300 men, women and children. They were piled in a trench and the Indians later placed posts decorated with the sacred red paint as a memorial to their dead. This is referred in history as the bloody massacre of Wounded Knee and occurred on December 29, 1890.

This perished the great peaceful movement of the Indians. Some tribes still practice the dance in a modified form, using drums and rattles.

Treasure Shipment

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Oregon under the guns of the U.S.S. *Ohio*; he was thus able to sail from San Francisco on April 12th with a full crew, while the *California* still lay at anchor deserted by her crew. Pearson was an able and resourceful captain.

The Pacific Mail's steamer *Golden Gate* was almost twice the size of the first three steamers, a massive ship of 2067 tons, 270 feet in length and with a 40 foot beam. Launched at New York January 21, 1851, she arrived in San Francisco in November 1851 under the command of C. P. Pattison. Having plied between San Francisco and Panama for over 10 years with only one accident to mar her record, the *Golden Gate* met her doom off Manzanillo in the late afternoon of July 27, 1862, south-bound from San Francisco.

Captain Hudson was in command, and Fleet Captain Pearson was on board, when fire broke out just above the engine room. The ship was about 4 miles off shore and was immediately headed for the beach. Captains Pearson and Hudson and the crew fought the fire valiantly but in vain. The two captains were the last to leave the ship, after she had beached. The surf was running heavy at the time, and this undoubtedly accounted for some of the loss of life; 338 passengers and crew were aboard, and only 115 were saved. Almost a million and a half of treasure went down with the ship. It is interesting to note that this was the only fatal accident in the Pacific Mail Company's record.

BRUCE KISKADDON

... By BILLY DODSON

On the morning of December 7, the phone rang and Millie sobbed, "Bruce is dead." I stood cold and speechless. What could I say to one who had lost the dearest possession on earth. Why Bruce? My friend and pal. Why was he snatched so suddenly from family and friends? Why? One who had given so freely of himself and his talents to his fellow-man and posterity. One who had so accurately portrayed in verse the Old West, its courageous men and women who had contributed their share in building the Western Empire as we know it today. Why He? That is not for us to know. "The Lord Giveth and the Lord Taketh away."

Before I could recover from the shock, Millie said, "Billy, I know that it was Bruce's wish that you conduct his funeral." I never felt so helpless or so unworthy in my life, but in my heart I knew I would not fail my friend; so I quietly drew aside and talked the matter over with Bruce. I was reminded of the times past when Bruce and I had to meet a similar situation. It may have been by the side of the trail, or back of the corral at the ranch. As we stood with hats in hand by a new made grave and looked upon the cold form of a pal with whom we had ridden stirrup to stirrup in fair and foul weather, some old puncher would rack his brain trying to recall an appropriate scripture passage, in order that his pal might have a suitable funeral. Then as we turned aside there would be a chorus of, "So Long, Bill." It was tough to leave a pal on the bleak prairie where there would only be the 'yip 'yip of the coyote and the lonesome call of the prairie dog owl to keep him company, but the Herd must go on. Those were the days of the Open Range, when the bonds of friendship were strong, when men never passed to the other side of the trail when a friend was in need. Neither could I. The old tradition of the West was strong.

As I brooded over the loss of my friend, a panorama of the West as I knew it passed before me. I glimpsed a host of faces of men who in the past had received the call from the Big Boss of the Skyline Ranch to come up to headquarters and take a well-earned rest. As they appeared before me I could fit a name to each face and remember in some way each had contributed to my welfare; by a word of encouragement, or a timely word of warning; all friends, to whom I had said, "So long," but somehow I found it harder to say it to Bruce. Maybe it was because there are so few of the old timers left.

As I stood in the little chapel, which was banked with beautiful floral pieces placed there by friends, neighbors and relatives, and looked into the multitude of grief-stricken faces regis-

tering regret for the passing of one of the West's Greatest, I was given the courage to perform in my feeble way a duty of love. Paul Bailey headed a posse of Westerners from the Los Angeles Corral of which Bruce was a member. Harry Gant and a large party of the Chuck Wagon Trailers came to pay their respects to their Poet Lariat and Historian. Bruce had ridden for the C.W.T. spread for many years. A top sergeant, who served in Bruce's Cavalry Troop in the First World War, saluted his chief as he passed his bier.

Mrs. Dodson read an appropriate poem of Bruce's, *Bronco Twister Jim*, portraying a lonely funeral where a grieving wife asked a tough puncher to offer a prayer for her mate. The poem ended with an expressed desire by the Author that someone would say a like prayer for him when his time came.

"Bruce, your friends down at the Westerners Corral are going to miss you a lot, and it is going to be mighty lonesome out at the C.W.T. Chuck Wagon since you are gone. They are going to miss you and then they will miss those snappy western poems that you always had for them. You know that next Spring Roundup is to be our twentieth annual and the boys were expecting a new one to fit the occasion. Yes, Bruce, we will surely miss you, but tho you are gone, you have left with us many happy memories that we shall always cherish.

"Bruce, I know that you are going to like it up on the Skyline Spread with all of those old pals of yours who will be waiting at the gate and will give you a big hand. They will be anxious to hear some of your new poems and just as anxious to have you repeat some of their old favorites *The Red Underwear*, *The Little Blue Roan*, and *The Pioneer Rifle*. Jack Rollison and Ernie Sutton of the Westerners will be there to greet you and a bunch of the C.W.T. boys. Your arrival will complete that famous trio of the West's Greatest; Charley Russell, who left to posterity the visual history and events; Bruce Kiskaddon, the oral, and Will Rogers, its humor.

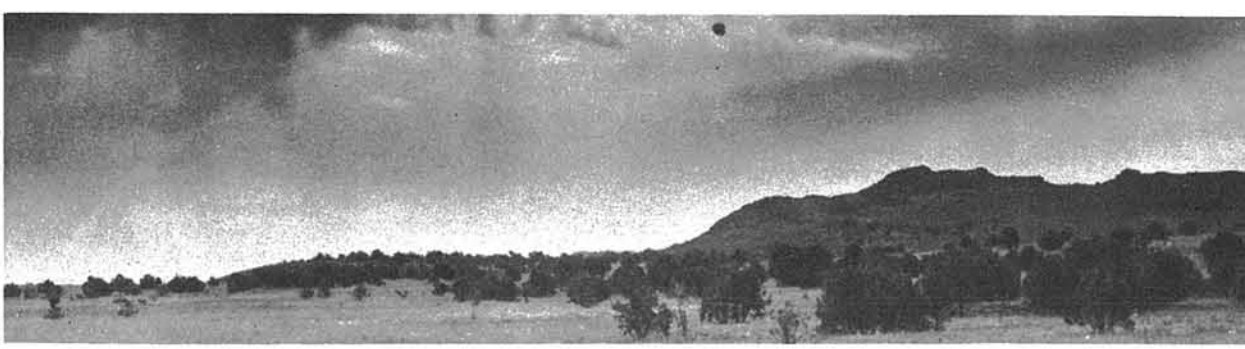
"Say, Bruce, while I think of it I wish you'd kinda see to it that there is an extra bed roll in the bunk house just in case some of us should drop in kinda sudden-like.

"There won't be any more of those long-legged, long-horned steers to drive up the dusty trail, no night guards or salty broncs to ride and no more stampedes.

"Well, Bruce, all of your old friends join me in saying,

So Long."

BILLY



THE BRONCO TWISTER'S PRAYER

By BRUCE KISKADDON

THE FOLLOWING POEM, written by Bruce Kiskaddon was published in his last book of *Rhymes of the Ranges and Other Poems*. This was a poem that Bruce liked best, and as he stated several times, he hoped a prayer like the Broncho Twister's Prayer, would be selected for him as he lay there preparatory to putting him away in his last resting place.

It was a little grave yard, on the rolling foot hill plains;
That was bleached by the sun in summer, swept by
winter's snow and rains;
There a little bunch of settlers, gathered on an autumn
day
Round a home made lumber coffin, with their last
respects to pay.
Weary men that wrung their living, from that hard
and arid land,
And beside them stood their women, faded wives
with toil worn hands;
But among us stood one figure, that was wiry, straight
and trim;
Every one among us knew him. 'Twas the broncho
twister, Jim.
Just a bunch of hardened muscle tempered with a
savage grit,
And he had the reputation of a man who never quit;
He had helped to build the coffin; he had helped to
dig the grave;
And his instinct seemed to teach him how he really
should behave.
Well, we didn't have a preacher, and the crowd was
mighty slim,
Just two women with weak voices, sang an old time
funeral hymn;
That was all we had for service. The old wife was
sobbing there,
For her husband of a lifetime, laid away without a
prayer.
She looked at that broncho twister, then she walked
right up to him;
Put one trembling arm around him, and said "Pray.
Please won't you Jim?"
You could see his figure straighten, and a look of
quick surprise
Flashed across his swarthy features, and his hard dare
devil eyes.

He could handle any broncho, and he never dodged
a fight;
'Twas the first time any body ever saw his face turn
white,
But he took his big sombrero off his rough and
shaggy head;
How I wish I could remember what that broncho
peeler said.
No, he wan't educated. On the range his youth was
spent,
But the maker of creation knew exactly what he meant;
He looked over toward the mountains, where the
driftin' shadows played;
Silence must have reigned in heaven, when they heard
the way Jim prayed.
Years have passed since that small funeral, in that
lonely grave yard lot,
But it gave us all a memory, and a lot of food for
thought,
As we stood beside the coffin, and the freshly broken
sod,
With the reckless broncho breaker talkin' heart to heart
with God.
When the prayer at last was over, and the grave had
all been filled,
On his rough, half broken pony, he rode off towards
the hills.
Yes, we stood there in amazement as we watched him
ride away,
For no words could ever thank him. There was nothing
we could say.
Since we gathered in that grave yard, it's been nearly
fifty years,
With their joys and their sorrows, with their hopes and
with their fears,
But I hope when I have finished, and they lay me with
the dead,
Some one says a prayer above me, like that broncho
twister said.

WESTERNER CHARLES YALE, 1892-1951 . . . by GLEN DAWSON

Books and the early West were two great interests of Charles Yale, so it was natural that he was an enthusiastic member of the Westerners. He was always kindly, sweet spirited, enthusiastic, and capable, and leavened everything with a wonderful sense of humor. He greatly enjoyed attending the meetings of the Westerners and this organization is better for his having been a member.

Charles Yale was born in Cleveland, Ohio, trained in library science at the University of Minnesota, and sold books in Southern California. He first worked for Vromans in Pasadena, and from 1927 to 1938 was general manager of Dawson's Book Shop, Los Angeles. In 1938 he opened his own shop in Pasadena. Charles Yale always had a special interest in Western Americana—especially pamphlet and pictorial material.

Collectors still like to look at the catalogues prepared by Charles Yale and Eleanor Reed at Dawsons, such as numbers 53, 55 and 63. From his own shop issued twenty-four catalogues. He had a part in the formation of many notable libraries. Some of those whom he served were Arthur Ellis, Herbert S. Auerbach, Glenn A. Schaefer, Henry R. Wagner, Robert E. Cowan, Robert Cords, Perry Worden, J. Gregg Layne and Robert J. Woods. Many unusual items passed through Charles Yale's hands, especially

a large part of the George Wharton James Collection, and the Allen Knight Collection.

Two talks to be given before the Westerners were partially prepared but never completed, one on the Bandini family and one on George Wharton James. Besides being a member of the Westerners, Charles Yale was a member of the Book Club of California, the California Historical Society, and the Historical Society of Southern California. He was the very active Secretary (1927-1929) of this latter society. He was the first president of the Southern California Chapter of the Antiquarian Booksellers Association of America. A book memorial is being planned for him at Scripps College, Claremont.

Charles Yale was devoted to his family. He felt deeply the loss of his gifted daughter, Margaret "Peggy" Yale, who overcame childhood physical difficulties with the loving care of her parents, but died at the age of 27. Her poems *Long After You* were printed recently by Grant Dahlstrom with an Introduction by Charles Yale.

He was proud to have his son, Charles Philip "Bud" Yale as a partner in the business. Bud is well known to many Westerners and we wish him well in continuing the business: Charles Yale, Bookseller.

THE SUMMIT

*THERE is a mountain where I cannot climb,
And over it a sky I shall not know.
But will you wait for me a little time,
Perhaps until the melting of the snow?
For then the streams will run, and I shall run,
And easy they will fall, and easy I
Then shall mount upward as the morning sun
Mounts to the mighty summit of the sky.
Nor cross, nor thorn, — not any pang of death
Shall then in me one summons sound unheard;
For I will rise and follow, though my breath
Flutters my tired body like a bird;
And holding strength before me like a brand
Will to that summit come, and take your hand.*

Reprinted from *Long After You* by Margaret E. Yale (Ampersand Press, Pasadena, 1948)