WESTERNER CHARLES YALE, 1892-1951

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 kind, 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 Westerners—especially pamphlet and pictorial material.

Collectors still like to look at the catalogues prepared by Charles Yale and Eleanor Reed at Dawson’s, 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 Warden, 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
Flutter 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)

The Coming Brand Book

Early in April the publication committee for the 1950 Brand Book met at the Los Angeles Press Club, and after filing the editors and fillings were dutifully 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.

Hondo Woods 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 Galtier. Art direction will be handled by Don Perseval, who will ruthlessly draft any ether 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!
Corrals Over Yonder

Some very fine letters come in from the Denver and Chicago corrals. Deabney Collins of Denver lists their new officers for 1951: Sheriff, Walter Gann; Deputy Sheriff, Fred Rosenstock; Roundup Foreman, Dr. Philip Whitley; Registrar, Tom Ford, and Brands, Dr. Nolie Munsey; 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 Winters; Editor Brand Book, Don Russell; Memberships, Institutional—Herbert A. Kellar.

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


(Continued on Page 4)

Maverick Roundup

By MERRELL KITCHEN

It is reported on 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 Goodlum 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 Joaquín Murrieta published in 1859 of which only about four copies are known. The first edition was written and discovered by Henry R. Wagner about ten years ago, and this copy is the only one known to exist.

Former Sheriff Homer Boehner 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 remaining moody. 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 trying to finish two books aside from continuing his weekly "Mavericks" column for the Western Livestock Journal.
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? 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 registering 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 Laureate and Historian. Bruce had ridden for the C.W.T. 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 Ennie Sutton of the Westerners will be there to greet you and a bunch of the Chuck Wagon 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.

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

"Well, Bruce, all of your old friends join me in saying, So Long."
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 Los Angeles Public Library. Dr. Hafen is state historian and director of the Western History Collections at the University of Utah. The year 1888 by a Paiute Indian named Wovoka, but called Jack Wilson by white settlers. He was about 50 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 gave him a message to give to his people.

The 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 and friends, and they would not be confined to reservations, but 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, but the feathers were not available, and decorated with representations of the sun, moon, stars, thunderbird, and other sacred symbols. They were made during the winter and then worn.

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 they were worn beneath their clothing.

In the excitement of the dance, many people fell in trances. When they revived they would relate their visits with their deceased family and friends.

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. The great battle in which Sitting Bull was killed by a police line on July 27, 1862, south-bound from San Francisco. Captain Pearson was an able and resourceful captain.

The Pacific Mail Steamer Golden Gate was almost twice the size of the first three steamers, a mass of 2067 tons, 270 feet in length and 40 feet beam. Launched at New York on January 21, 1851, she arrived in San Francisco in November 1851 under the command of Capt. C. P. Patterson. Having plied between San Francisco and Panama for over a year, she was attacked by the Indians. Having plopped on the side of a mountain for only a few minutes, the Indians fired on the ship. The captain was killed and the ship was burned.

The ship was about 4 miles on shore and was immediately headed for the beach. The Indians fired on the ship, but the captain was able to get away and was not injured.

The ship was then 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.
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 Son-in-the-Face. If he cries out as he is born, he will probably be called Little Crying or Little Howl. If he is picked up by the hair, he will probably be called Eared Tail or by some name descriptive of his physical appearance.

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 other Indian boys, he is known by this nickname until he is old enough to go out on the warpath or hunting trail and earn a good nickname which he can give to any of his sons. His sons must earn their own names. These names are like decorations in our life, when we would call a friend with the same name who has been a long time in my life and cannot be moved.

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

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

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Primage, 5 per cent. $ 1.80
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Primage, 5 per cent. $ 1.05
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Dated in SAN FRANCISCO, this 14th day of June, 1861.

Commander,

And Agent of the Panama Rail Road Company,
and of the Atlantic and Pacific Steamship Company.

BILL OF LADING from the Henry Clifford Collection
NAMES AND RELIGIONS AMONG THE INDIANS

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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 Son-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 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 when I was a child I was a light Indian dancer. 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 when I was a child I was a light Indian dancer.

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 highlights. In the first place, the major part of California gold was shipped West 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 1855, 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 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 “N. G.,” the N. G. stood for New Granada.
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 1857 containing the first printing of the work of F. G. 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 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 was 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

(Continued from Page 2)


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


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 Last Outpost. With a Beery performance and an excellent title this ought to be worth seeing.

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 gave him a message to give to his people.

The 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.

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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 were 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 Pidge Beery 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 when Sitting Bull was shot 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 killed in a trench and the Indians, later placed posts decorated with the sacred red paint as a memorial to their dead. This is referred to in history as the bloody massacre of Wounded Knee. The great peace movement of the Indians. Some tribes still practice the dance in a modified form, using drums and rattles.

Treasure Shipment

(Continued from Page 5)

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 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 palled between San Francisco and Panama for over 15 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 Pearson was in command, and Fleer 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, and it was impossible to save them.

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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 look upon the cold form of a pal with whom we 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, "Borneo Trotter Jim," portraying a lonely funeral where a grieving widow 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 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 give 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 sally bronce to ride and no more stampedes.

"Well, Bruce, all of your old friends join me in saying, "So Long."
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 Rose; Roundup Foreman, Dr. Philip Whiteley; Registrar of Brands, Dr. Nolie Munsey; 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 Sherif, Elmo Scott Watson; Acting President, Mannel Hahn; Vice-President, Leh Jerrard; Secretary, Seymouth 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 Mining**

*His 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 Cox, G. H. Schneider, Father Bonaventure and Father Victor Stoner."

**Early Mines and Mining in Arizona**


(Continued on Page 4)
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 keened 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 Dawson's, such as numbers 53, 55, and 63. From his own shop issued twenty-four catalogues. He was a part of the formation of many notable libraries of those to whom he served were Arthur Ellis, Herbert S. Auerbach, Glenn A. Schaefer, Henry R. Wagner, Robert E. Cowan, Robert Cords, Perry Worden, 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 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 recently printed 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,—no any pang of death
Shall then in me one summons sound unheard;
For I will rise and follow, though my breath
Flutter 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)