JUNE, 1956

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 34



(Above) Dr. Fred W. Hodge receives from Sheriff Don Meadows the original art page from the current Brand Book, which dedicates the book to Dr. Hodge. (Right) J. Frank Dobie pauses to autograph a book after delighting Corral with his talk at March meeting.

# NOTED WESTERNERS ARE HONORED GUESTS

Of the past three meetings, two are memorable, in that they specifically honored Westerners of solid accomplishment and great distinction. When the Corral assembled for the March affair it was to pay homage to that dean of all western writers, and beloved fellow Westerner, J. Frank Dobie. And in the process, those on hand were treated to the rich and earthy humor of this prime raconteur of western tales, as he (Continued on Page 2)



#### THE BRANDING IRON

OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

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OFFICERS - 1956

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#### New Member Welcomed

By unanimous vote of the assembled membership at the May meeting Charles Wentworth Hoffmann was accepted into Los Angeles Corral as a resident member. Colonel Hoffmann was born in Morganton, North Carolina, in 1891, moved to Boulder, Colorado in 1903, and graduated from New Mexico Military Institute, 1911.

His active military service began with the 1st New Mexico Infantry and the punitive expedition following Villa's raid on Columbus, N. M. in 1916. In World War I he was commissioned a second lieutenant, served a year in France with the 36th Division, saw heavy fighting in the Meuse-Argonne, was gassed and shell-shocked.

In 1924, his health recovered, he joined the 160th Infantry, "Los Angeles' Own," and was an active reserve officer with it until it was called to active duty in World War II. At that time Charles had also risen in civilian life to Chief Investigator, Criminal Division, City Attorney's Office. In July 1942 he was again sent overseas, this time as Provost Marshal of the U.S. forces in London. He crossed the channel with the invasion, and participated in the campaign of Northern France. In 1948 he was retired from active duty because of disability.

Colonel Hoffmann's decorations include the U. S. Legion of Merit, Medaille de la Recon-

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#### **Noted Westerners**

(Continued from Page 1)

dug into memory and his own experiences to delight the ears and hearts of a full house of Westerners and guests from three states.

Among the many visitors who sat in on this special event were Dean Glenn S. Dumke and Dr. Raymond E. Lindgren of Occidental College. Members and corresponding members rode many a mile of range to sit in with us, including Bob Robertson, from Carson City, Nevada; B. B. Cooper, of Needles, Arizona; and our own Don Perceval, from Tucson. With the meeting opened to corresponding members, and many guests, the seating capacity at Zucca's, in Pasadena, was taxed. But it was a night, indeed, to remember.

The April meeting, also at Zucca's, was marked, oddly, by one of the lightest turnouts in the Corral's history. The sparsity of attendance, and the "hamming up" of the reservations and table space by the restaurant management, drew some comments and suggestions, including that of the necessity of finding some permanent place for our monthly squat, and an aside from Percy Bonebrake that perhaps we should tickle the risibilities of our rannies with prancing pulchritude and pratt-shakes in order to fill up those vacant seats at the tables. Those staying away, however, were the losers. Our speaker was the distinguished writer and novelist, Jonreed Lauritzen, whose talk on "High Mesas and Deep Canyons" carried the listeners into that mysterious, lonely and enchanted land of northern Arizona, which has been the scene of so many of Lauritzen's brilliant and interpretive novels.

Our May meeting, at the Mona Lisa, was designated "Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge Night," and honored our revered honorary member, who has decided to spend the remainder of his busy and productive life at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Author of many of the most basic and essential books and writings concerning the American Indian, noted archeologist, former head of the Bureau of Ethnology, and Smithsonian Institution field work, and director of Southwest Museum for a score of years, and now its Director Emeritus, and our own dean of Westerners, Dr. Hodge was toasted by his fellow Westerners who love and respect him.

He was introduced by Carl Dentzel, present director of the Southwest Museum, and one of our ex-sheriffs. The eulogy of Carl was both eloquent and fitting. Dr. Hodge, in response, delighted the Corral assembled with his version of "Anthropolywogs I Have Known." The talk was tenderly reminiscent of his over 90 full years of living, and those who were privileged to hear it, will not soon forget its substance nor

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## THE FIRST BUFFALO ROUNDUP By FRED W. HODGE

T WAS in the year 1598 that Don Juan de Onate, colonizer of New Mexico, dispatched his sargento mayor, Vicente de Zaldívar Mendoza, toward the east from San Juan pueblo on the Rio Grande in New Mexico where the Spanish established their first capital. Reaching the Rio Gallinas, the party went a-fishing and according to the narration recorded by that eminent authority, the late Dr. H. E. Bolton, in his Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, caught five hundred catfish that night with one hook, while another chronicler asserted that a thousand pounds were hooked in less than three hours! (Westerner fishermen will please take notice!)

The party, numbering about sixty men, continuing their journey, reached the Canadian river valley where many Indians, evidently Jicarilla Apache, came out, seeking friendship. About ten leagues farther the Spaniards saw their first buffalo-bull, "which, being rather old, wandered alone and ran but little. This produced much merriment and was regarded as a great joke, for the least one in the company would not be satisfied with less than ten thousand head of cattle in his own corral." On the following day, and the day after, many buffalo were seen.

The Spaniards continued their travel intermittently for several days until they reached a place fifty-one leagues (about 135 miles) from Pecos which was found suitable for a corral, which they began to build out of large pieces of cottonwood. Let's see what Zaldívar said of the result of this first attempted roundup:

"It took them three days to complete it. It was so large and the wings so long that they thought they could corral ten thousand head of cattle, because they had seen so many, during those days, wandering so near to the tents and houses. In view of this and of the further fact that when they run they act as though fettered, they took their capture for granted. It was declared by those who had seen them that in that place alone there were more buffalo than there

### **Noted Westerners**

(Continued from Page 2)

the occasion which gave it utterance. A radio, gift of the entire Corral, was presented to him, and the art original of the dedicatory page of the present *Brand Book* now in process, was tendered him by Sheriff Don Meadows, on behalf of the Corral. The work, executed by Westerner Clarence Ellsworth, is the dedication of this book to our great fellow Westerner.

In the months ahead, the Corral will sorely miss Fred W. Hodge—our own Taelolie.

are cattle in three of the largest ranches in New Spain.

'The corral constructed, they went next day to a plain where on the previous afternoon about a hundred thousand cattle had been seen. Giving them the right of way, the cattle started very nicely towards the corral, but soon they turned back in a stampede towards the men, and, rushing through them in a mass, it was impossible to stop them, because they are cattle terribly obstinate, courageous beyond exaggeration, and so cunning that if pursued they run, and that if their pursuers stop or slacken their speed they stop and roll, just like mules, and with this respite renew their run. For several days they tried a thousand ways of shutting them in or of surrounding them, but in no manner was it possible to do so. This was not due to fear, for they are remarkably savage and ferocious, so much so that they killed three of our horses and badly wounded forty, for their horns are very sharp and fairly long, about a span and a half, and bent upwards together. They attack from the side, putting the head far down, so that whatever they seize they tear very badly. Nevertheless, some were killed and over eighty arrobas of tallow were secured, which without doubt is greatly superior to that from pork; the meat of the bull is superior to that of our cow, and that of the cow equals our most tender veal or mutton.

"Seeing therefore that the full grown cattle could not be brought alive, the sargento mayor ordered that calves be captured, but they became so enraged that out of the many which were being brought, some dragged by ropes and others upon the horses, not one got a league toward the camp, for they all died within about an hour. Therefore it is believed that unless taken shortly after birth and put under the care of our cows or goats, they cannot be brought until the cattle become tamer than they now are."

Zaldívar continues his narrative by reporting how living bison might be taken:

"As many of these cattle as are desired can be killed and brought to these settlements, which are distant from them thirty or forty leagues, but if they are to be brought alive it will be most difficult unless time and crossing them with those from Spain make them tamer."

The number of bison claimed to have been seen by the Spaniards need not be doubted. Years ago the present writer was informed by the late Major George H. Pradt, of Laguna pueblo, New Mexico, that while he and his party were serving on the plains as deputy surveyors during the late 1800's, they were compelled to cease work for four days to allow a buffalo herd to pass!

## THE GREAT WESTERN

N April 23, 1838 large crowds gathered on the docks to witness the arrival of the second steamer ever to cross the Atlantic from England to New York City. Not only was this ship the second vessel ever to make this particular voyage under steam alone but she was also the largest steamship then afloat. Her name was the Great Western. She was a chunking side-wheeler of 750 horse-power and was 236 feet in length, some 58 feet longer than her rival, Sirius, which had beaten her first allsteam ocean crossing from London to New York, by only a few hours. There can be little doubt that the arrival of the Great Western was one of the great events of the day and long remembered by those who saw her drop anchor. Moreover her memory did not dim for years.

Perhaps one of the volunteer soldiers in General Taylor's army in Mexico, in the spring of 1846, who saw Mrs. Sarah Bourdett, a strapping six-foot young Amazon, thirty-three years old and reputed to be of Irish parentage, from Tennessee, drive her light two-pony team laden with cooking equipment into Taylor's camp at Matamoras, Mexico, also remembered the huge steamship that had arrived eight years earlier. Women cooks and washerwomen, as well as other female camp followers were not uncommon sights around American military establishments during those days, but one can well imagine the awe and wonder in the faces of the young soldiers who saw the six-foot Sarah jump down from the wagon and begin to unload her equipment.

It is also easy to imagine the whistles of surprise and the comments that followed, and when one of these men, probably said, "My Gawd, she's bigger'n the *Great Western*, he coined the nickname that stuck with her.

An accurate biography of this extraordinary woman has not, as yet, been written. In fact, until recently her name was unknown, aside from the appellation "The Great Western." Like many other students of western history I have, from time to time, encountered references to the redoubtable Sarah.

Samuel C. Reid, Jr., who wrote, "The Scouting Expeditions of McCulloch's Texas Rangers", published in Philadelphia in 1859, was one of the Rangers who served in Mexico. He mentions her thus:

"On the morning of the 16th (September 1846) we moved to the banks of the San Juan, near the camp of the First Division. Gen. Worth, with the Second Division, came up this morning and joined us. To give the reader an idea of some of the scenes of a marching army, we give the following graphic sketch by our friend Haile. Mrs. Bourdett, the 'Heroine of Fort Brown,' here spoken of, but better known in the army as the 'Great Western,' catered for the officers of the 5th Infantry.

the 5th Infantry.

"The heroine of Fort Brown," or 'Great Western," is in the crowd. She drives two Mexican ponies in a

#### . AN AMAZON WHO MADE HISTORY

light wagon, and carries the apparatus and necessaries for her mess, which now numbers about a dozen officers."

The Fort Brown of which the author speaks was the strong, bastioned field fortification for a garrison of five hundred men in the rear of a battery of four eighteen-pounders built by General Taylor on the bank of Rio Bravo, opposite Matamoras on March 29, 1846. The Mexicans under General Arista opened a steady bombardment of this fort on May 3d, in the course of which Major Jacob Brown, commander of the American battery was killed. The fortification was named in honor of this officer.

It was during this bombardment that "The Great Western" is said to have gone about her culinary operations with the utmost coolness and disdain of the Mexican copper shot and cannon balls that buzzed and banged about in all directions. Later, when the army moved on into the interior of Mexico, as indicated by Reid, "The Great Western" went with it. Apparently she served with the troops in the capacity of cook, nurse, cartridge-maker and what-have-you until the end of the war.

Although Reid states she was cooking for an officer's mess of the 5th Infantry, it would appear that she may have shifted from that outfit to the 2nd Dragoons and remained with Major L. P. Graham's detachment, consisting of Troops D and E, until that outfit left Chihuahua the latter part of August 1848, destination, Los Angeles, California.

A gold hunter, en route to California saw "The Great Western" on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande at El Paso in April 1849. Said William H. C. Whiting in his Journal (Exploring Southwest Trails, Southwest Historical Series, Vol. VII, Ralph P. Bieber, editor, Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, 1938, p. 309.):

"As I went down in the evening with Lieutenant Smith and Howard to cross to El Paso, the first person we met, passing in the dugout, was the celebrated Great Western. Never was anyone more delighted at the sight of American officers than she appeared. Her masculine arms lifted us one after the other off our feet. Left sick in Chihuahua by Major Graham's command on its way from Saltillo to California she had since passed through much privation, suffering and hardship. She was now moving to the American side to await the arrival of the army."

Apparently she moved across the river and went into the restaurant business. How long she stayed there is a question yet to be answered. Probably her sojourn was relatively short because by the early 1850s, possibly 1852, she was at the newly founded Fort Yuma, again cooking for the officers' mess.

In December of that year (1852) the little side-wheeler *Uncle Sam* made her maiden voyage up the Colorado to Fort Yuma and Capt. James Hobbs, that indefatigable traveler and yarn-telling adventurer, said he was present

Dug from the record by ARTHUR WOODWARD

when the steamboat arrived. He also said in his book (Wild Life in the Far West, Hartford, Conn., 1873, p. 216):

"At Fort Yuma I met a very large Irish woman called 'The Great Western,' whom I had seen at Saltillo, when I went there with Colonel Doniphan. She was noted as a camp follower in the Mexican War, was liked universally for her kind motherly ways, and at the battle of Buena Vista, busied herself in making cartridges for the army. I made myself known to her, and she was very glad to see me. She complained that Fort Yuma was the hardest place to secure any fresh supplies that she had ever seen, and begged me to sell her a beef. I sent her one as a present. She died at Fort Yuma in 1863."

Except for the last statement Hobbs tells a fairly straightforward story. Henceforth, except for one interval this well-known woman was to make the crossing of the Colorado her stamp-

ing grounds.

In 1854 the townsite of Colorado City was laid out by Col. Charles Poston and his men. Apparently "The Great Western" purchased one of the lots in the new town and so far as it can be determined was the first American woman to settle in that area where the city of Yuma now stands. She sold her tract on which she opened the first restaurant in Colorado City. At least there is a reference to such a transaction in Book A, Old Records of Pima County, Arizona, p. 187.

This indenture was made on January 15, 1857 and related to the sale of a lot or parcel of land by Charles D. Poston of Tubac, to Augustus Belknap and Edward E. Dunbar. The lot one hundred varas square was "near the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers, being the tract next adjoining the claim of George F. Hooper (the former claim of "The Great Western") bounded on the north by the Gila River and on the West by the line of said Hooper."

Thus, "The Great Western" must have disposed of her property in the new townsite prior to 1857. In other words, within three years after the plot of Colorado City had been laid out. The man to whom she sold her land, George F. Hooper, was elected *sindico* of San Diego, California in December 1849. He was post sutler at Fort Yuma in 1852 and later became noted as a business man, banker, etc., in Colorado City and San Francisco. James M. Barney in his publication "Yuma," published in Phoenix 1953, states, p. 12:

"The first builder on the site of Colorado City was, apparently Mrs. — Bowman, known in the annals of the Southwest as the 'Great Western;' she erected an adobe house at or near what in time became known as the southwest corner of Main and First Streets in Arizona City (now Yuma). George F. Hooper and Dr. George McKinstry then owners of the Fort Yuma sutler's store which they had started in 1851, rented Mrs. Bowman's building and started a store—the first to be established by Anglo-Saxons in what later became the Territory of Arizona."

This adobe building melted down and was



GRAVE OF "THE GREAT WESTERN" National Cemetery at the Presidio in California

washed away in the great flood of the winter of 1861-62.

Colorado City became Arizona City in 1858 and when census of 1860 was made among the inhabitants were Albert J. Bowman, age 32, an upholsterer by trade born in Brunswick, Germany and his wife Sarah Bowman, age 47, born in Tennessee, who had property valued at \$2,000.

What happened to Mr. Bourdett, allegedly her first husband? Did he die, or did he leave her? *Quien sabe?* In Fort Yuma and Colorado City or Arizona City, she was Mrs. Sarah A. Bowman at least as early as 1860.

Fr. Paul Figueroa, whose manuscript of reminiscences concerning early days at Yuma is now in the collections of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society in Tucson, speaks of her as "Mrs. A. J. Booman" thus (pp. 7-17):

"Her husband, Mr. A. J. Booman, remained on the California side, nine miles south of Fort Yuma, keeping a store in 1866. Mrs. S. Booman was a good hearted woman, good soul, old lady of great experience, spoke the Spanish language fluently. Had been in the City of Mexico with her first husband who was a military under General Scott . . .

"Mrs. Sarah Bowman opened the first restaurant and kept it until she died, her funeral being the first one attended in the new settlement. Her first husband had been a military man and this made the military from the post honor her remains with a splendid funeral with the bands and all the military observances.

"The Vicar General for that time was visiting the new town for the first time, and according to the Catholic rite conducted the remains to the military cemetery across the river by the Fort. After many years, the government ordered that all the military gaves should be excavated in order to remove the remains to Burlington (sic) Military Cemetery. Then Mrs. Bowman's remains were taken also, perhaps to

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the same place where the officer, her husband, was buried some thirty years before she died.'

Aside from one or two discrepancies Fr. Figueroa's account is, in the main, fairly credible. But we have one more narrator to hear from before the final curtain falls.

An Arizona old-timer, Charles Jefferson Haley Ake, speaking from the peak of ninety years, related to James B. O'Neil for his book They Die But Once, (Knight Publishing Co., N. Y., 1935, pp. 29-40), his knowledge of "The Great Western".

Jeff Ake was a boy of ten when his father took the family and moved down to the Calabazas Hacienda in southern Arizona in 1855 to cut hay for sale to the troops at Fort Buchanan. Remarked Jeff:

"At Patagonia I remember a woman kept a saloon. They called her old Great Western. She packed two six-shooters, and they all said she shore could use 'em, that she had killed a couple of men in her time. She was a hell of a good woman. I used to take eggs and stuff up for her to buy and she would feed me. When the Civil War came and the soldiers moved out-it was Fort Crittenden by then, and they had moved the location three times-she moved away where she could be near an army post. She had been one of the first residents of Fort Yuma she said, and she used to tell us that there was just one thin sheet of sandpaper between Yuma and Hell.'

Jeff also intimated that "The Great Western" was operating a bawdy house in Patagonia and when she moved out with some of the other settlers, she "sent her girls back to Mexico where they came from.

It is quite possible that Mrs. Bowman may have been at Patagonia or thereabouts sometime during the late 50's, but Ake's dates conflict a bit with the census report of 1860. She was at Fort Yuma as I have already indicated during the early to middle 1850s. Likewise she was at Fort Yuma in the spring of 1862, when the advance guard of the California Column reached that point.

Said George H. Pettis in his booklet, Frontier Service During the Rebellion, (Providence, Rhode Island, 1885, p. 18):

"The command arrived at Fort Yuma and went into camp. Here we met Don Pascual, a head chief of the Yumas, Don Diego Jaeger, and 'The Great Western,' three of the most celebrated characters in the annals of Fort Yuma.

George Washington Trahern, a stout Texan with Taylor's army in Mexico, whose manuscript of his experiences is in the Bancroft Library, has this to say about the indominitable Sarah:

"There is a story the boys tell, I don't know whether it is true or not: There was a big woman they called 'The Great Western.' She was a great nurse and went with Taylor's army. She stood six feet two . . . would always get up at night at any time to get one something to eat . . , kept sort of a restaurant; they all knew her. The boys tell about one of the Indianans, that when they broke through, two of Minon's cavalry made a dash at them on horse back. It was about three hundred yards to Saltillo." Trahern said the

Indianan outran the horsemen he was so badly scared and "rushed right down to the 'Great Western's' headquarters, yelling that the army was all cut to pieces and the Mexicans under full head way for Saltillo.

"She just drew off and hit him between the eyes and knocked him sprawling, says: 'You damned sonof-a-bitch, there ain't Mexicans enough in Mexico to whip old Taylor. You just spread that report and I'll beat you to death!'

"You can imagine how tall she was, she could stand flatfooted and drop those little sugar plums right into my mouth, that way. She was an immense woman, could whip most anybody in a rough and tumble fight, and was always with General Taylor's

On December 23, 1866 Mrs. Sarah A. Bowman was buried in the lonely cemetery on the northwest slope of the hill on which Fort Yuma was located. According to all accounts she was honored with a military funeral. Then, twentyfour years later, on August 28, 1890, T. B. Glover of the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A. arrived in Yuma to superintend the exhumation of all the bodies in the weed-choked and neglected cemetery of the old post.

The Arizona Sentinel of September 13, 1890 reported:

'The work of exhuming the remains of the soldiers in the old Fort Yuma cemetery was completed on Tuesday morning last (Sept. 9). The exhumation was under the immediate direction of T. B. Glover of the Quartermaster's Department U.S.A., with Mr. B. F. Hartlee in charge of the working force. In all some 159 bodies were disinterred and as considerable time had to be devoted to the clearing of the tangled and dense growth of brush and trees, the fact that but eight days were necessary for the completion of the work is worthy of remark. The remains have been shipped to the Presidio, California, where they will be reinterred in the government cemetery at the post.'

The same issue of this paper also carried the following item:

"THE GREAT WESTERN"
"The remains of Mrs. Bowman-Phillips, lately taken from the Yuma cemetery and sent to the government burial ground at the Presidio was the largest of the many disinterred. Mrs. Bowman-Phillips was a vivandiere of the army during the Mexican War and died in Yuma in 1866. She was best known by the name of 'the Great Western,' and was a woman of kind heart and great bravery. She was breveted Colonel for services rendered in the Mexican War, and by order of General Scott was made a pensioner of the Government after leaving the army.

"During Mrs. Bowman-Phillips residence in Yuma she kept a restaurant which was liberally patronized. When the charitable 'Great Western' died she was buried with military honors at Fort Yuma.

"In the grave of the noted woman was found a large sized medallion of metal which is the kind usually worn by Roman Catholics, the size of this one, however, was unusually large."

After reading these accounts, I felt that I must secure some official data concerning the ultimate resting place of "The Great Western." Down the years the fragmentary accounts of this amazon of the western frontier have been a bit shadowy. Apparently Mr. Edward S. Wallace the author of a recent book, The Great Re-

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#### The Patomac Corral

The neatest trick of the Washington, D. C. season of 1955-56 was the organization of the Potomac Corral of Westerners.

That their foaming town has been the center of American History in the making since the Seat of Government swirled to that area, the annals of western development attest. People who have had business in the Nation's Capitol by virtue of their attainments, elective or appointive, and those who have had no business there other than personal expedience have all added their modicum to early western events of whatever character.

Those living in such a unique environment either succumb to the hypnosis of its political intricacies or view the kaleidoscopic maelstrom with dispassion. Since the men in Washington working for the interests of the West to-day must, in proper contemplation, study the West's beginnings, it follows as the day the night that many in that City of Cerebration have continuing interest in western lore and history.

What more natural, therefore, that from these many there have appeared twelve good men and true with well-known backgrounds in historical research and literary achievement who appreciated the need of a local Corral of Westerners. With the decision made, the organizational meeting was held in February 1955 and, after five subsequent enthusiastic gatherings they published in March 1956 under the auspices of "The Potomac Corral of Westerners" their first issue of "Corral Dust" that in its interest and arrangement throws them into high gear from a standing start. Or, anatomically rather than mechanically speaking, from the Potomac Corral's conception, fathered by Leland Case, to its birth, delivered by Obstetricians Herbert Kahler, Robert Bahmer, Roy Appleman, Bert Sheldon, Col. Alex. Graham, Maj. U. S. Grant, III, and Frank Goodwin, the future of this Brobdingnagian Infant seems assured indeed.

Potomac Corral of Westerners: you are as welcome in the Westerners Brotherhood as the delightful Mayflowers that are even now thrusting their exquisite heads up into the sun-light among the thinning patches of melting snow. (Address for interchange of Corresponding Membership is: Bert Sheldon, 4827 43rd Place N.W., Washington 16, D. C.)

-F. S. D.

### **New Member**

(Continued from Page 2)

naissance (France), Croix de Guerre (Luxembourg), Officer du l'Ordre de la Couronne (Belgium). His hobby is research and study of the Mexican Indians, and the legends and folklore of the old West—an interest acquired during his early days on the Pecos.

### The English Westerners

That the widespread interest of our English posse brothers in the early days of the Western United States has long been dormant awaiting only a leader to arouse them now becomes apparent. Powered by a sergeant's guard of enthuasiastic men an English Posse of The Westerners has been organized thereby initiating a resurgence of interest and inquiry concerning the developmental days of the American country west of the Mississippi that is both delightful, and, upon reflection, is to be expected.

On November 1954 vol. 1, no. 1 of the English Westerners Brand Book under the competent guidance of its editor Frederick W. Nolan bravely sallied forth from its editorial office. There were fifteen copies—no more—and the nine men and one valiant lady hoped for its acceptance and for more members at home and abroad. That they received both in steadily increasing numbers is now English Westerner history, for nine months later they accepted their one hundredth member and from the first mimeographed launching they advanced one year later to an attractive printed format.

In reading the entire file of their Brand Books which appear monthly, as we have been privileged to do, the enthusiastic reception of the issues becomes clear. The feature contributions as well as the short articles reveal much research and are very interesting. It is profitable reading indeed. The reviews of the best of the recent books dealing with Western Americana were excellent and evoked, I am sure, an interest among the readers to know more of them.

A questionnaire circulated among the English group revealed a preponderating interest in the Indian conflicts and the exploits of the Bad Men; an interest shared very seriously with their adventurous contemporaries.

We hope, in accord with their invitation, that many of our Posse will apply for corresponding membership to this splendid new group. Address: Editor Frank W. Nolan, "Coach and Horses" Hotel, 6, Low Hill, Liverpool 8.

\_F. S. D.

### The Great Western

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connaissance, encountered her in his research for that volume but did not know who she was or anything about her subsequent activities. Then one of our own Westerners, Ed Ainsworth, took up the pursuit of the estimable woman in his article, "Posse in Search of a Ghost," Westways, February 1956.

I agree with Ed, this woman who followed the army and known variously as Mrs. Bourdett, Mrs. Sarah A. Bowman, Mrs. Bowman-Phillips, but above all, as "The Great Western,"

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# DOWN THE WESTERN **BOOK TRAIL**

SADDLES AND SPURS, the Saga of the Pony Express, by Mary L. and Raymond W. Settle. (Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, Penn., 1955. 217 pp., ill., \$3.75)

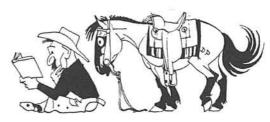
The Pony Express was one of the brief but glamorous epochs in the making of the West. Exaggerated by the movies, over dramatized in fiction and warped almost into a legend, the factual story of its twenty-two months of existence has at last been honestly told by the Settle's in Saddles and Spurs. None of the romance nor adventure has been left out, but added to the picturesque are sound details of men, money, politics, riders, Indians, stations, tragedies and results. An extensive bibliography demonstrates the thoroughness with which the authors worked over their subject matter.

From the time on January 27, 1860, when Wm. H. Russell sent a telegram reading "Have determined to establish a pony express to Sacramento, Calif., commencing 3rd of April, time ten days," to the last ride on October 26, 1861 there is hardly a fact about the shuttling of the mochilas that is overlooked. The account reads like a Western novel, but documented facts keeps the reader conscious that he is not dealing with fiction. Two chapters are devoted to the Honor Roll, a roster of the riders who carried the express. Stations, station-keepers and stock tenders are given proper recognition. The Pahute Indians have their day. And intrigue, financial juggling and political skullduggery are not slighted. Scores of well printed pictures are scattered through a nicely bound and attractive publication. This is THE book about the Pony Express. DON M.

Catalog No. 139 of Edward Eberstadt & Sons, New York, is titled A Distinguished Collection of Western Paintings. Its 68 pages is solidly enriched with reproductions from the work of scores of America's foremost western painters including Bierdstadt, Borein, Catlin, Colyer, Dixon, Hansen, Hudson, Leigh, Moran, Ranney, Raschen, Remington, Wyeth. Their "distinguished collection" shines out from a distinguished catalog.

### **New Corresponding Members**

Los Angeles Corral extends a hearty welcome to the following new Corresponding Members: Herb Boelter, Don Dickinson, W. H. Edwards, Karl Emmrich, J. R. Fuchs, J. E. Grinnell, Stuart N. Lake, Don Matson, Lester Roberts, and R. D. Warden.



PETER POND, Fur Trader and Explorer, by Henry R. Wagner. (Yale Univ. Library, 1955, 103 pp., 3 maps, \$5.00)

Out of the unknown Canadian Northwest in the days when the fur trade was new comes documents and maps which shed light on the activities of a controversial Westerner named Peter Pond. Pond traded, trapped and broke new trails through the Canadian wilderness before and during the American Revolution, His discoveries and reports to the Northwest Company opened the way for later pioneers. The documents and maps in the Yale publication are only half the value of the work; the long introduction to them written by that master of research Henry R. Wagner of San Marino interprets their meaning and for the first time brings Pond out of obscurity. Beautifully printed by the Yale University Press, the book and maps are enclosed in a slip case. The edition is limited to 500 copies. DON M.

#### The Great Western

(Continued from Page 7)

is worthy of more recognition by Californians and Arizonans alike. Somewhere, no doubt, there are more valid records concerning her life. Her stature and renown during her lifetime must have caused some wandering tin typist or artist to record her features and sooner or later such a picture will turn up.

To satisfy my curiosity in the matter and see if she was actually buried in the National Cemetery at the Presidio in California, I communicated with Mr. James M. Griffins, Superintendent of the San Francisco National Cemetery and received this answer, February 21, 1956:

"According to records at this office she died December 23, 1866 and was moved to this cemetery at a later date and was re-interred in Sept. 1890 in Grave 55 Post Plot East Side.

'The headstone is inscribed as follows:

SARAH A. BOWMAN December 23, 1866

"It is not known if all the remains from the old Ft. Yuma cemetery are all buried in the same section,

but it is believed they are."
So the trails ends. "The Great Western" lies beside the Golden Gate in a forgotten plot in a military cemetery. To me, at least, it would seem more fitting that she rest under a monument suitable to her fame, perhaps in Yuma where she was the 'first lady' of the city. Likewise, for my dinero, "The Great Western" should be the Exalted Grand Widow of E.C.V. She lived up to her name!