against the Comanches, Kiowas, and Southern Cheyennes. For gallantry during the siege of Captain Lyman’s wagon train, loaded with much needed supplies for the army, 13 Medals of Honor were awarded to enlisted men. Col. Nelson A. Miles recommended brevets for Capt. Lyman and Lieutenants Lewis and West; but for some unknown reason this recommendation was shelved.

Our own Phil Rasch, a former member of the Los Angeles Corral, but now a corresponding member, having moved from California to Sneads Ferry, North Carolina, contributed an article on his favorite subject, Billy the Kid; but in this he gives considerable detail to the life of Tom Pickett, who rode with the Kid. Tom Pickett’s life from boyhood to old age was one of wild adventure. He was one of the few men of that wild era to die with his boots off. I doubt if any person had gathered as much information on Billy the Kid as Phil Rasch, and why he never has written a book on the subject has always been a mystery to me.

Don Russell of the Chicago Corral, described all too briefly “The 103 Scrimmages of General Bernard,” by Reuben Frank Bernard, got his start at Indian fighting in the 1850s against the Apaches in Arizona; then the Modocs and Bannocks, after which he was back in Arizona fighting Apaches.

Joseph Balmer of Zurich, Switzerland, a recognized authority on the Sioux Indians, gives a detailed account of “The Leadership of the Brule Sioux.” Beginning with the year by year record of Brown Hat, dating from 1700, he comes down through the years, and describes 17 chiefs of the Brule Sioux.

Joseph G. Rosa, author of “They Called Him Wild Bill,” the best biography of “Wild Bill” Hickok that has ever been published, tells the story of the assassination of Wild Bill, and the two trials and execution of Jack McCall for the murder. Rosa describes in detail the first trial by a miners’ court in Deadwood, and McCall’s second trial and trial in the United States Court at Yankton, where he was convicted and hanged.

“Early Decorative Art of the Plains Indians,” by Colin Taylor, illustrated by Edward H. Blakemore, is an interesting description of the fascinating bead and quill work on buckskin clothing of the plains tribes, buckskin gun cases, war bonnets, tobacco bags and buffalo robes.

In “The Christian General” Investigates the Camp Grant Massacre,” Colin Rickards tells the shocking story of what a party of 146 white men, Mexicans and Papago Indians swept down upon Eskiminzin’s camp of Araivapa Apaches near old Camp Grant, Arizona Territory, in the early morning hours of April 30, 1871, and murdered the entire band. It is only rivaled by the Sand Creek Massacre of an earlier day. Rickards then tells of Gen. O. O. Howard’s efforts to bring about peace and settle Aravaipas on a reservation. It is one of the most detailed accounts of this crime that I have ever read.

“The Lame Deer Creek Incident: 1890,” by Fraser Pakes, is the story of two young Cheyennes, aged about 18, Head Chief and Young Mule, who charged down a hill in a desperate attack on two troops of cavalry, Head Chief was wanted for the murder of a young white man, and Young Mule was his friend. In reporting this affair, First Lieut. S. C. Robertson, commanding Troop G, First Cavalry, stated that the two young Cheyennes, “seemed perfectly devoid of fear and the audacity, was probably never surpassed in the records of Indian bravery.”

“Whitman of Camp Grant,” by Barry C. Johnson, is an interesting and detailed account of Lieut. Royal E. Whitman from the 23rd Maine Infantry down through the years of the Civil War. While he gained a good reputation as a business man after he was mustered out he was enamored with army life, and succeeded in securing an appointment to the regular Army on July 15, 1867. His career from then on was rather varied. He was charged with irregularities while in command of Old Camp Grant, which was finally abandoned because of the drunkenness, all of which Johnson describes in detail to show that he was probably not nearly as bad as painted.


This is the English Westerners’ Special Publication No. 1. First printing of 500 copies. Earle R. Forrest
Iron Eyes Cody, his two sons and Chief Red Cloud entertained Los Fieros de Los Angeles, an organization dedicated to keeping alive the Fiesta spirit and traditions of Early California, to an evening of authentic Indian ceremonial songs and dances on April 4th.

C. M. Dr. Al. Shumate has been appointed a member of the California Heritage Preservation Commission, in addition to being appointed to the Board of Regents of the College of Notre Dame - Belmont.

C. M. Michael (of Sacramento) Harrison has been appointed the new Master of the Press of the Roxbury Club.

CORRAL MEETINGS...

Feb. 10th meeting was held at Taix Cafe with Sheriff Erv. Strong in the saddle .... Speaker of the evening was Ex Sheriff Henry Clifford whose subject was — "Mormon money 1836-1860 displaying two cases containing actual exhibits of Gold Coins in $2 1/2 - $5.00 - $10.00 - $20.00 denominations - the $20.00 piece being the 1st of its denomination minted in the U.S.Paper Currency exhibited were — Deseret Bank Notes of $1.00 - $3.00 - $5.00 - $10.00 denominations. The Drovers Bank of $1.00 - $2.00 - $3.00 - $5.00 - $10.00 - $20.00 - $50.00 - $100.00 denominations. The Kirtland Safety Bank of $1.00 - $2.00 - $3.00 - $5.00 - $10.00, which went broke in the panic of 1837. .

March 10th meeting was held at Taix Cafe with Sheriff Erv. Strong in the saddle .... speaker of the evening was Dock Marston, a recognized authority on the Grand Canyon, his subject was "The Points of Embarkation of James White" and the two "Sketches" of twenty fur hunters. I cannot here review all of the lives included, but among the sketches I can find personally useful such as Charbonneau by Ann W. Hafen, James Clyborne by Louis Pfaller, O. S. B., and Andrew Rolle, and the two "Sketches" by John E. Sunder. But the others must be noted just as excellently, as follows: Manual Alteves by H. H. Dunham, Abel Baker and Charles Town by Janet Leconte, Francis A. Chardon and Alexander Colby by Ray H. Mattison, Henry Chatillion by W. R. Jacobs, Jimmy Daugherty and Mark Head by Harvey L. Caster, Thomas Eddy by F. E. Voelker, Charles Lamport by Louis Pfal费, O. S. B., and Hiram Scott by Merrill J. Mattes. But whether brief or longer, each short biography can tell us interestingly.

Each article furnishes in foot-notes the most useful references to original or to good biographical sources. The special reference book will become one of the best sources to be found.

The Arthur H. Clark publication is beautiful, as usual. Especially I find for the first time as far as known that his book is now "opened" but not cropped, as used to be done by book-makers. Cheers!!

C. N. Rudkin

KAIBAH, RECOLLECTION OF A NA­

This is one of the few authentic books written by an Indian about herself. Mrs. Kay Ben­nett (Orahide) has written an excellent and truthful account of her childhood from an age of about twelve years (1915) until about fifteen years (1935). She lived in a hogan and had there to learn to care for a younger sister and to attend sheep and to weave and card their wool. From her mother's stories such as that of "The Changing Woman" and the Yei-Be-Chai dance, and the chants and dances such as the squash dance (Ento-si, a dance for a sick brother) and the Ya­
chosen W. H. Hutchinson to do this job. Had they selected an academician, the results would have been embarrassing indeed. Hutchinson—"Old Hutch" he likes to call himself—a member of the Westerners, is a superb craftsman, as well as being a capable hand at research and organization. As usual, in this new production he shows himself a master of detail, wiry, picturesque prose. This fact brings the two volumes together plus the additional fact that he could draw heavily upon Bard's vivid, life-long correspondence—business and personal—that came to fill forty legal-size, steel-bound volumes.

At the outset Old Hutch says he foresaw "the artifice of invented dialogue because of feelings bordering upon the apoplectic about placing words in the mouths of those who cannot defend themselves." For this praise the Lord! Furthermore, he apologizes for the technicality of the chapter dealing with the early States, though he was defeated for re-election. Nevertheless, Old Hutch's performance throughout the two volumes is outstanding.


Here is a book any oldtimer will cherish, as an old surveyor I well remember the advance of the homesteader following on the heels of Railroad construction. Nearing the mouth of the Mississippi it was an eye-opener to find Cattle Trails were not restricted to the west, this book is well illustrated and well documented with reference notes appended.

The political phase began locally and carried over to the west, this book is well illustrated and well documented with reference notes appended.


Dr. Hafen (CM), again brought us a remarkable series of great books about the West. His previous 15-volume "Far West and Rockies" has much to say about the West. The new set (6 or 7 volumes) will furnish a great deal of information about the many men whose fur-hunting efforts have really created the "Far West." Volume I contains 150 page introductions, "A Brief History of the Fur Trade of the Far West," by Dr. Hafen, followed by the biographies of individual trappers, each covering from three to twenty pages. The "Brief History" is a compact and very readable review of the many longer works on individual men and phases of the Fur Trade. Dr. Hafen sketches the history of fur trading from 1608 and the

ALEXIS GODEY...

(Continued from page 1)

Carson, Preuss, and the Cannon crossed north-west to the Cache a la Poudre. Soon the party was to surge forward as Fremont again found a path, the famous Oregon Trail. And to give Fremont credit, he wrote, "on the broad smooth highway, where the numerous wagons of the emigrants had entirely been cut and cared for, he swung over near the famous South Pass, already a well known road, and down to the Great Salt Lake, arriving there early in September."

After a cruise of the lake on a rubber raft, the party left Fort Vancouver, heading for Fort Hart, in the Oregon Territory. Again they were on the well beaten route of the emigrant wagons, and reached the Snake ford on October 3rd and on to the Dalles where an encampment was made. Fremont, Preuss and two others made a social call on Dr. McLoughlin, the Factor of Fort Vancouver, where Fremont and Preuss got into a hot argument because Preuss refused to shave for the reception.

Returning to The Dalles, the party turned south up the Deschutes River, arriving near Lake Klamath, September 12th. For the first time, it appeared that there would be serious trouble with the Indians, and at long last The Cannon was fired to impress the savages. Their path led past the sink of Independence, and finally the location of the Walker River, near the present site of Bridgeport. At last, to everybody's but Fremont's joy, The Dalles was reached. Fremont provided material for later-day historians' arguments.

Crossing the Sierra Nevada, with extreme difficulty, but with no loss other than that of mules, they descended to Sutter's Fort. Apparently they had intended to cross the Sierra on the return trip by way of Walker's Pass, but instead entered Tehachapi Canyon, a much easier approach. The actual crossing was made somewhat to the east of the present site of that name via Oak Creek Pass. Along here, Fremont met up with a local Indian who was on a "thirty-day" out of San Fernando Mission, and was returning to the Mission, so he rode along with the party from there. Through the Sierra Nevada. This was done to provide material for later-day historians' arguments.

The Cannon was cached, to provide material for later-day historians' arguments. The crossing of the Sierra Nevada was made with extreme difficulty, but with no loss other than that of mules, they descended to Sutter's Fort. Apparently they had intended to cross the Sierra on the return trip by way of Walker's Pass, but instead entered Tehachapi Canyon, a much easier approach. The actual crossing was made somewhat to the east of the present site of that name via Oak Creek Pass. Along here, Fremont met up with a local Indian who was on a "thirty-day" out of San Fernando Mission, and was returning to the Mission, so he rode along with the party from there. Through the Sierra Nevada. This was done to provide material for later-day historians' arguments.

He arrived at the Mission, and was persuaded to come into Fremont's camp and stay several days. Fremont left the party at the Dalles and went on to the Mission. Fremont's name again appears in the Memoirs. Near the sink of the Mojave, two Mexicans rode into camp and told Fremont of the many Indians, their leader killed, their two women kidnaped and their cattle stolen. Sensing a little excitement Godey and Carson hit the trail and the next day found and charged the camp of the Indians (now found to be but twenty in number.) Two Indians were killed and scalped, the horses rescued, and a return made to the Fremont camp. The next day the mutilated naked bodies of the women were found. Fremont refers to this as one of the greatest exploits in Western history.

After leaving Mountain Meadows, the party was overtaken by Capt. Joe Walker, who had seen their tracks and had hastened ahead with a small party of men to join them.

Soon they were on familiar territory and crossed the Wasatch Mountains and arrived at Bent's Fort near the end of June. After the party left Bent's, they encountered a large band of Pawnees—Fremont and almost all of the party. He continues, "We were received by them with unfriendly rudeness and characteristic insolence, which they never fail to display whenever they find an occasion to do so with impunity... and after some delay, and considerable difficulty, we succeeded in extricating ourselves from the village."

However, the published report in the Bancroft Library explains it this way, "On the march once a large party of Pawnees & Comanches appeared in a threatening attitude. Godey palavered with them, and after some delay, persuaded them to let Fremont's camp and they stayed several days."

The remainder of the trip was made without incident.
The party split and joined again at Walker's Lake. Walker, Talbot, Godey and Kern went south down Owens Valley and over Walkers Pass, while Fremont with Kit Carson crossed the Sierra Nevada. After a long march, they arrived near Lassen Peak. After a meeting with the Shasta tribe, they continued north up the Sacramento Valley, past 'Mt. Godey' in the transcript.

Juans under the guidance of Bill Williams, an assistance was refused. Lt. Edward Beale and Lt. Gillespie were sent ahead to secure relief and supplies. The party split and rejoined again at Walker's Pass, while Fremont with Kit Carson crossed the Sierra near the present Donner Lake. After a south down Owens Valley and over Walker's Pass, Fremont with Godey, Pruss and two others started out. Catching up with Williams and the survivors of his party, they too them along, until Godey and Fremont pushed ahead to Taos. Here, Kit Carson put Fremont to bed, while Godey dashed off to the remaining supplies and supplies for the rescue. Within twenty days Godey had made the round trip and was spoonfeeding the almost dead men. There is a rumor that one of the men who had been almost at death's door remarked that it was an Act of Providence that Godey arrived when he did. Godey is said to have grinned and retorted, "Providence, Hell; it was just damn good management!"

Fremont made one more attempt to cross the Great Basin in the winter of 1853-54. Of the trip, only a few letters and a self-serving journal by Sojourner Carvalho fails to mention Godey, but in the unpublished Part II of the Memoirs, Jessie Fremont writes, "Among them were few who had accompanied him on his previous expeditions, but Godey was one of these." (Incidentally, the others were all Delaware Indians.)

Godey's later life was spent in the San Joaquin Valley. Ardis Walker reports that the first gold found on the Kern River was gold that the Indians had brought to Godey. Fremont claims that the first hard-rock gold discovered in California was found on the Maripea Claim by.

Around 1852, he operated a ferry near the present town of Firebaugh (not the Firebaugh Ferry). We know that in 1853 he was in Four Creeks (Visalia) and was engaged by Lt. Williamson of the Pacific Rail Road Survey to guide him to Walker Pass. He was employed for a while by the Indian Service, serving before the arrival of Beale, with Beale, and after Beale had left. It is said that there was a dispute among several, which it seems to be quite well established that he did what he could to hurry up the process of integration through his relationships with the squaw.

After this time, Beale obtained possession of the fifty-year career of Thomas R. Bard of Ventura County, California.

Young Bard was sent to the Ventura County area early in 1865 as the representative of Thomas A. Scott (Pennsylvania railroad king) to develop reported oil resources. He stayed, played a substantial role in the local oil story, ultimately built a small land empire of his own, got into politics and served a term as United States Senator from California —thus leading a full and important life that ended in 1910.

The Bard family is fortunate in having lighter than those who prosecute and seek to drive off the earth such poor unfortunates as the woman whom you are to judge. They wish to wring from her the wages of shame, the price of this meditated injustice; to take from her the little money she might have; and God knows, Gentlemen, it came hard enough. The old Jewish law told you that the price of a dog was the hire of such as she should not come within the house of the Lord, and I say unto you that our justice fitly symbolized by woman's form does not ask that you add aught to the woes of this unhappy one, who only asks at your hands the pitiful privilege of being left alone.

"The Master, while on earth, while he spoke in wrath and rebuke to the kings and rulers of the earth, and rebuked them, and spoke the words of the king of heaven as the son put Fremont to bed, while Godey dashed off to the remaining supplies, and supplies for the rescue. Within twenty days Godey had made the round trip and was spoonfeeding the almost dead men. There is a rumor that one of the men who had been almost at death's door remarked that it was an Act of Providence that Godey arrived when he did. Godey is said to have grinned and retorted, "Providence, Hell; it was just damn good management!"

And so it was on Godey's part.

Fremont made one more attempt to cross the Great Basin in the winter of 1853-54. Of the trip, only a few letters and a self-serving journal by Sojourner Carvalho fails to mention Godey, but in the unpublished Part II of the Memoirs, Jessie Fremont writes, "Among them were few who had accompanied him on his previous expeditions, but Godey was one of these." (Incidentally, the others were all Delaware Indians.)

Godey's later life was spent in the San Joaquin Valley. Ardis Walker reports that the first gold found on the Kern River was gold that the Indians had brought to Godey. Fremont claims that the first hard-rock gold discovered in California was found on the Maripea Claim by.

Around 1852, he operated a ferry near the present town of Firebaugh (not the Firebaugh Ferry). We know that in 1853 he was in Four creeks (Visalia) and was engaged by Lt. Williamson of the Pacific Rail Road Survey to guide him to Walker Pass. He was employed for a while by the Indian Service, serving before the arrival of Beale, with Beale, and after Beale had left. It is said that there was a dispute among several, which it seems to be quite well established that he did what he could to hurry up the process of integration through his relationships with the squaw.

After this time, Beale obtained possession of the Kern River was gold that the Indians had brought to Godey. Fremont claims that the first hard-rock gold discovered in California was found on the Maripea Claim by.

Around 1852, he operated a ferry near the present town of Firebaugh (not the Firebaugh Ferry). We know that in 1853 he was in Four creeks (Visalia) and was engaged by Lt. Williamson of the Pacific Rail Road Survey to guide him to Walker Pass. He was employed for a while by the Indian Service, serving before the arrival of Beale, with Beale, and after Beale had left. It is said that there was a dispute among several, which it seems to be quite well established that he did what he could to hurry up the process of integration through his relationships with the squaw.

After this time, Beale obtained possession
then removed to the cemetery on the bluff above is a much debated point."

BIBLIOGRAPHY


James, Thomas, General, Three Years Among the Indians and Mexicans, edited by Walter B. Douglas, Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis, 1926. 249-250.

Hayes, Benjamin, Pioneer Notes, privately printed, Los Angeles, 1929, pp. 274.


Ed. note: —

"Old Slow' Mountain, famous landmark, a little to the southwest of Colton, once rose more than 700 feet above the plain, served as a beacon for travelers and explorers. Now being systematically removed to make cement, it will probably be gone by the end of the century, then subsurface deposits may be tapped. California Marble Company operated lime kilns in the late 1850's making use of outcrops of marble on the mountain. Some of the marble was used in the millwork in the home of John Hill on the bluff above. Although crystaline limestone is often sold for marble, the village of Agua Mansa (Gentle Water) at the foot of the mountain was swept away by the flood waters from the overflowing Santa Ana River in 1862... A few months after Burr Belden and the old Agua Mansa Cemetery was started in the 1840's and it was a sad sight to see the wanton vandalism which has invaded this sanctuary of the dead in which so many So. Calif. names can be seen on the headstones and crosses — Alvarado - Chavez - Camacho - Dominguez - De la Rosa - Garcia - Rubidoux - Ruiz - Trujillo. A shame on these County politicians..."

Famous Speech of
The Hon. Temple Houston

(Temple Houston was the son of the immortal Sam Houston. The following speech was delivered at Woodward, Okla, Friday, May 23, 1899)

Last Friday there was tried in the District Court at this place before Judge Burford, one of the most remarkable cases, in certain respects, ever disposed of in the territory.

Minnie Stacy, was the prosecuted for plying her vocation and running a body house. Something about the case aroused the indignation of Temple Houston, who instantly undertook her defense. Exposure had impaired his voice, and he only addressed the court and jury in a calm conversational tone. After referring to the legal question involved and discussing the evidence, he went over toward the jury so he could have almost laid his hands on the shoulders of each, and in a clear low voice closed his address with these words:

"Gentlemen you heard with what cold cruelty the prosecution referred to the sins of this woman, as if her condition was of her own preference. The evidence has painted you a picture of her life and surroundings. Do you think that she willingly embraced a life so revolting and horrible? Ah! No! Gentlemen, one of our sex was the author of her ruin, more to blame than she; let us judge her gently. What could be more pathetic than the spectacle to blush presents? An immortal soul in ruin, where the star of purity once glittered on her girlish brow, burning shame has set its seal forever; and only a moment ago they reproved her for the depths to which she had sunk, the company she kept, the life she led, now, where else is traced? Where is her sin not pursued? Gentlemen, the very promises of God are denied her. He said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She has indeed labored and is heavy laden, but if at this instant she were to kneel down before us all and confess her redeemer and beseech his tender mercies where is the church that would receive her? And even if they accepted her when she passed the portals to worship and to claim her rest, scorn and mockery would greet her and those she met would gather around them and control of much of the four ranches of El Tejon, owning San Emigdio in an undivided partnership with Fremont, and later with Fremont's daughter. Godey ran this ranch for years and was often considered the owner, although the title was never in his name.

When the Land Grant Commission denied the Cuyama Rancho to the Lataillade heirs, Godey established a cattle ranch here. But, when in 1872 an act of Congress returned the land to the heirs, Godey moved off without comment.

Much has been made of Godey's wives and facsimiles. His third wife was Soledad Cota and she bore him a son, Antonio. However, she divorced him and married Manuel Coronel. To show there were no hard feelings, Godey married Coronel's sister, Maria Antonia. This ended in a famous divorce suit that was carried to the California Supreme Court. It seemed that Dona Maria could neither cook nor keep house, and strongly objected to Alexis spending too many nights in green pastures.

When the San Emigdio Ranch was sold to the predecessors of the Kern County Land Company, Godey moved to Bakersfield, where he passed the rest of his days.

On January 22, 1889, the day after Fremont's birthday, Jessie wrote from Los Angeles, "Dear Heart, I would not send you this notice of Godey's death on your birthday."

A had a surprise in meeting his widow. Maybe you knew he was married again? This time to a really uncommonly pretty little thing, and a genuine Californian but of a delicate variety... Lil and I were glad he had a kithenish young life around his... Only twenty now but already six years wed."

Truly, the good God was kind to Alexis.

SOURCES
14 Brandon, William, The Men and the Mountains, New York, 1933, pp. 61-129.
34 Memoirs, p. 407.
54 Favour, Alphonse H., Old Bill Williams, Norman, Okla., 1862, p. 107.
64 Memoirs, p. 491.
94 Latta, F. F., Alexis Godey in Kern County, Kern County Historical Society, Bakersfield, 1919, p. 35.
104 (there are still an oldtimer or two in the Kern area that proudly claim Godey as an ancestor, even if the lineage is slightly confused.)
114 Fremont, Jessie B., Letter to John C. Fremont, in the Freeront Collection, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

*Quoted by permission of the copyright owners, William Morrow & Co., New York.

"COCHETUPA PASS" — Courtesy Huntington Library
Notes on Don Cristobal Slover
by Dr. Arthur Woodward

Among the old time mountain men who found their way across the Shining Mountains and settled in obscure nooks in California was Don Cristobal Slover. Such at least was his Mexican name, meaning of course Christopher. He was called in English, but according to Beet- tie his real name was Isaac.

Don Cristobal is justly entitled to the term "old". According to Judge Benjamin Hayes of Los Amatissimilis, the oldest trapping trapper, Don Cristobal was 77 years of age in 1850, which if correct would indicate that he was born in 1775. In 1819 at the age of 66 he had a farm near Saline, in what is now Arkansas and even at that time he was a trapper and hunter and divided part of his time between the occupation as farmer and that of trapper.

When Major Jacob Fowler organized his exploring expedition into the Rocky Mountains in 1821, a man by the name of Slover (first name not known) was enrolled in a party of mountain men under the command of Col. Hugh Glenn that started on Sept. 21st from Glenn's trading post on the Verdigris river, to reach by devious routes the great mountains in the west.

It had always been presumed that Cristobal Slover was among the mountain men of this party, but Fowler's last entry in his diary concerning Slover is found under the date of March 13, 1822, when he parted company with the latter and "two Spanish indians in their cam, going north Colorado, almost at the New Mexico border.

Apparently Slover remained in the west. He is reported to have been on the Gila with Ewing Young (John Young) in 1824 and in 1827-28 he was with James Ohio Pattie and Party on their famous trip into California. Slover, and the elder Pattie nearly died of thirst on this trip.

With the Patties were two or three other trappers, one bearing the name Nathaniel Pryor, the other man was either the same Sergeant Pryor who accompanied Lewis and Clark on their memorable exploring trip across the continent 1804-1806, or his double. Oddly enough in western history there have been a number of examples of men living in the same area at the same time engaged in the same pursuits, and bearing the same name.

Such may have been the case of Nathaniel Pryor. According to Walter B. Douglas who edited Jens, "Three Years Among the Mexican and Indians", the Nathaniel Pryor who ac-

panied Lewis and Clark died at his trading house on the Verdigris river in 1831. On the other hand, there was another Nathaniel Pryor living at the same time and engaged in the same pursuits who accompanied Slover and was an old trapping companion and died there, according to J. J. Warner. It is one of those little historical tid bits for some research worker to chew upon.

Pattie is now overseas to the subsequent fate of his partner. Slover apparently went back into New Mexico where he married his life partner Dona Barbarita. In 1842 Don Cristobal returned to California with a group of New Mexican colonists who settled at Agua Mansa near the site of San Bernardino. Here the old mountain man settled down on a ranch at the southern base of the mountain which later bore his name, not far from Riverside.

This peak is now owned by a cement company and is rapidly dwindling away. Slover, in such became widely known for his hospital - ity dispensed by Doña Barbarita. Judge Benjamin Hayes who knew Slover in 1850 said: Doña Barbarita, whose house one first sees on entering the desert, is the lightest tortillas, wheat or corn, ever deliciously cooked for any hunting man, very reserved. He would heed no warning, and accept no advice as to his methods of hunting. His great ambition was to kill grizzlies — he called them 'cabin'. He would leave our camp and be gone for weeks at a time without anyone knowing whereaboutes and at last he did not return at all and I lost sight of him for several years.

The next year came the swarm of Mormons and the less eye detecting the lurking bear's track, not half a mile from his house. Even now I remember the light of the old man's cheek. He was the only American domiciled at Agua Mansa.

An old trapping companion, John Brown, who was one of the party who accompanied San Bernardino has also left us a pen picture of Cristobal Slover. In a "History of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties" by John Brown, Jr. and James Boyd, Chicago, 1922 is a quotation purporting to be from John Brown Sr.'s book "John Brown the Mountain of the Rockies" published in Des Moines, Ia., 1887, telling about Slover, but after a careful perusal of this volume in both the first and third editions I have been unable to find the passage.

Hence I believe that John Brown Sr., must have written about his friend Slover in several spiritualistic periodicals to which he was a regular contributor. I suspect that the following item relating to Slover appeared in either The Watchman, or The Spiritual Offering, two of the publications mentioned:

"A party of fur trappers of whom I was one, erected a fort on the Arkansas river, in Colorado, for protection, and as a headquarters during the winter. We called it "Pueblo." The City of Pueblo now stands upon that ground. Into this fort Cristobal Slover came one day with two mules loaded with beaver skins. He was engaged to help me supply the camp with game, and during the winter we hunted together, killing buffalo, elk, antelope and deer, and found him a reliable and experienced hunter. He was a quiet peaceable man, very reserved. He would heed no warning, and accept no advice as to his methods of hunting. His great ambition was to kill grizzlies — he called them 'cabin'. He would leave our camp and be gone for weeks at a time without anyone knowing whereaboutes and at last he did not return at all and I lost sight of him for several years.

I heard of a man named Slover who traveled about six miles southwest from San Bernardino at the south base of the mountain that now bears his name, so I went down to satisfy my mind who this Slover was. It was a great pleasure to meet my old Rocky Mountain hunter, Cristobal Slover and his faithful wife Doña Barbarita. — We visited one another often, and talked a great deal about our other companions there, James W. Waters, V. J. Herring, Alex Godey, Kit Carson, Bill Bent, the Mountain associate, Cristobal Slover, as I have frequently written, has an old trapping companion, V. J. Herring, more familiarly known as "Uncle Rube". My other Rocky Mountain companion, James W. Waters, more familiarly known as "Uncle Jim", has also passed ahead of me and has a fine monument to mark his resting place adjoining my family plot, where I hope to be placed when I am called from earth, both of us near our kindred for whom we labored many years on earth."

Thus passed from the scene Don Cristobal Slover, an unreconstructed mountain man and hunter to the end. Where his bones lie, no man knows. There is some doubt as to whether he was allowed to sleep peacefully in his lonely grave. Beattie is the authority for saying: "He was killed on the mountains of Mt. San An-

tonio, not far from the site of our present Wrightwood resort. Friends brought his body back to the Valley, held a funeral service and buried him on the mountain near his home. Babara, staunch Romanist that she was, could not be content with a Protestant ceremony, and one week later a second service was held, this time in Agua Main Chapel, with Padre Amable officiating. Whether the remains were..."
Among the old time mountain men who found their way across the Shining Mountains and settled in obscure nooks in California was Don Cristobal Slover. Such at least was his Mexican name, meaning of course Christopher. Slover was one of these men. Fowler's last entry in his diary concerning Slover is found exploring expedition into the Rocky Mountains that started on Sept. 21st from Glenn's Prairie who accompanied Lewis and Clark on "old". According to Judge Benjamin Hayes of Slover, and the elder Pattie nearly died of thirst of examples of men living in the same area at the same time engaged in the same pursuits, and were most happy, although he was often of San Bernardino and its mountain ranges and streams were all his own, with the spoils of trout and deer and bear — the last his greatest pride to follow and to conquer.

The next year came the swarm of Mormons from the desert of Utah, to replace the half-dozen herdsmen and their harmless herds; then soon, magistrates, taxes, mines, squatters — the restraint bore hard upon his patience. In the summer of 1850 riding with me, the heavy rifle upon his shoulder as usual, he still faultless eye detecting the lurking bear's track, not half a mile from his house. Even now I remember the light of the old man's cheek. He was the only American domiciled at Agua Mansa."

An old trapping companion, John Brown, who settled in San Bernardino has also left us a pen picture of Cristobal Slover. In a "History of San Bernardino and Riverside Counties" by John Brown, Jr. and James Boyd, Christopher Slover is reported to have been in the vicinity of San Bernardino when Quartz Valley was being staked by John Brown Jr.'s book "John Brown the Mountain of the Rockies" published in Des Moines, Ia., 1887, telling about Slover, but after a careful perusal of this volume in both the first and third editions I have been unable to find the passage. Hence I believe that John Brown, Sr. must have written about this friend Slover in several specialistic periodicals to which he was a regular contributor. I suspect that the following item relating to Slover appeared in either The Watchman, or The Spiritual Offering, two of the publications mentioned:

"A party of fur trappers of whom I was one, erected a fort on the Arkansas river, in Colorado, for protection, and as a headquarters during the winter season. We called it "Pueblo." The City of Pueblo now stands upon that ground. Into this fort Cristobal Slover came one day with two mules loaded with beaver skins, and engaged to help us to equip the camp with game, and during the winter we hunted together, killing buffalo, elk, antelope and deer, and found him a reliable and experienced hunter. He was a quiet peaceable man, and was feared no warning, and accepted no advice as to his methods of hunting. His great ambition was to kill grizzlies — he called them 'cabin'. He would leave our camp and be gone for weeks at a time without anyone knowing whereabout he was. One day he went with his companion, V. J. Herring, more familiarly known as 'Uncle Rube'. My other Rocky Mountain companion, James W. Waters, more familiarly known as 'Uncle Jim', has passed ahead of me and has a fine monument to mark his resting place adjoining my family plot, where I hope to be placed when I shall be called from earth, both of us near our kindred for whom we labored many years on earth."
Famous Speech of
The Hon. Temple Houston

(Temple Houston was a son of the immortal Sam Houston. The following speech was delivered at Woodward, Okla., Friday, May 25, 1899)

Last Friday ther was tried in the District Court at this place before Judge Burford, one of the most remarkable cases, in certain respects, ever disposed of in the territory.

Minnie Stacy, was the prosecuted for trying her vocation and running a body house. Something about the case aroused the indignation of Temple Houston, who instantly undertook her defense. Exposure had impaired his voice, and he only addressed the court and jury in a calm conversational tone. After referring to the legal question involved and discussing the evidence, he went on toward the jury so he could have almost laid his hands on the shoulders of each, and in a clear low voice closed his address with these words:

“Gentlemen you heard with what cold cruelty the prosecution referred to the sins of this woman, as if her condition was of her own preference. The evidence has painted you a picture of her life and surroundings. Do you think that she willingly embraced a life so revolting and horrible? Ah! No! Gentlemen, one of our sex was the author of her ruin, more to blamethan she; let us judge her gently.

What could be more pathetic than the spectacle to blibe presents? An immortal soul in ruin, where the star of purity once glittered on her girlish brook, burning shame has set its seal forever; and only a moment ago they reproved her for the depths to which she had sunk, the company she kept, the life she led, now, what else is there? Where can she go? There can be no pursuit of her, sin not pursue her? Gentlemen, the very promises of God are denied her, He said; "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give thee rest." She has in deed labored and is heavy laden, but if at this instant she were to kneel down before us all and confess her redeemer and beseech his tender mercies where is the church that would receive her? And even if they accepted her when she passed the portals to worship and to claim her rest, scorn and mockery would greet her.

Give us this day our Daily Bread?” Our immortal Sam

I had a surmise in meeting his widow. May be you knew he was married again? This time to a really uncommonly pretty little thing, and a genuine Californian but of a delicate variety. She was a little to the southwest of Colton, once rose of limestone on the mountain. Some of the marble was used in Now Hill mansions in San Francisco and many public and private buildings in Los Angeles. (Limestone is not marble, though crystalline limestone is often sold for marble).

The village of Agua Mansa (Gentle Water) at the foot of the mountain was swept away by the flood waters from the overflowing Santa Ana River in 1862. . . . A few months ago Burr Belden found the old Agua Mansa Cemetery which was started in the 1840’s and it was a sad sight to see the wanton vandalism which has invaded this sanctuary of the dead in which such famous So. Calif. names can be seen on the headstones and crosses — Alvarado - Chavez - Camacho - Dominguez - De la Rosa - Garcia - Rubidoux - Ruiz - Trujillo . . . shame on these County politicians . . .

Cemetery which was started in the 1840’s and then removed to the cemetery on the bluff above is a much debated point.”

“COCHETUPA PASS” — Courtesy Huntington Library

SOURCES


Fremont, John C. Memoirs of My Life. Chicago & New York, 1887, p. 198

Memoirs, p. 407

Martin, Thomas S., Narrative (unpublished, Bancroft Library, 1878) p. 6

Favourite, Alpheus H., Old Bill Williams, Norman, Okla., 1862, p. 107

Memoirs, p. 491


Latta, F. F., Alexis Godey in Kern County, Kern County Historical Society, Bakersfield, 1939, p. 35.

There are still an oldtimer or two in the Kern area that proudly claim Godey as an ancestor, even if the lineage is slightly confused.

Fremont, Jessie B., letter to John C. Fremont, in the Fremont Collection, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

Quoted by permission of the copyright owners, William Morrow & Co., New York.
The party split and joined again at Walker's Lake, Walker, Talbot, Godey and Kern went down south Owens Valley and over Walker's Pass, while Fremont with Kit Carson crossed the top of the Sierra Nevada Range. After a mixup as to the point of their rendezvous, the two parties again joined, and on being ordered to leave California by General Castro, headed north down the Sacramento Valley. After a mixup as to the point of their rendezvous, the two parties again joined, and on being ordered to leave California by General Castro, headed north down the Sacramento Valley past "Mt. Shasta." They worked their way near up Klamath Lake. Here on May 9, 1845, into camp galloped Lt. Gillespie with written and/or oral messages of Manifest Destiny. Fremont's own destiny was never to be sure or stable again. Apparently the excitement of Gillespie's arrival and news caused a relaxation of Fremont's usual careful camp guard, for about midnight, Carson, Godey, Williams and a full squaw party that split Baby Basque's head by an Indian axe. The men sprang away from the firelight and prepared to fight, when (in Fremont's Memoir) "I heard the Criollo say: 'Look at the fool. Look at him will you?' This was to Godey, who had stepped out to the light of my fire to look at some little thing that had gone wrong with his gun; it was bright enough to show him distinctly, standing there—a fair mark for arrows—turning restlessly to Carson for the epithet bestowed on him, but in no way hurrying himself. He was the most thoroughly51 courageous of all the brave men I have known."

From here, the 'Conquest of California' has been written and rewritten. Godey was appointed a lieutenant of Fremont's California Battalion, carried mules to Monterey, bought horses, and finally when Kearny was trapped and in danger of annihilation, Godey crawled through the weeds to deliver a message to the Navy commander at San Diego. Unfortunately assistance was refused. Lt. Edward Beale and Kit Carson then made the same journey and were able to summon aid, and were given the title of the heroes of San Pasqual. This was followed by the other various 'Conquests of California,' the slight problem of conflict between the Army and the Navy and ended with Fremont figuratively being taken back in chains at the point of Kearny's charter. Godey returned with Fremont and testified at the court martial, and was apparently still so little known that the clerk listed him as "Lt. Godey." After Fremont's conviction and resignation, Col. Benton and Fremont organized an independent expedition to regain Fremont's reputation. But the party was struck by storm storm, and Williams, now somewhat elderly, did not have the strength and stamina to continue to lead the party. Godey took over and forced a way to the top of the range, but the party was forced to fall back, losing all of their supplies and most of their cattle. The wagon train was ordered toward the New Mexico settlements, and a party of four under Bill Williams was sent ahead to secure relief and south down the Kern Valley. After twenty days, this party had made but seventy miles and had collapsed. Realizing that a new party had to be sent, Fremont with Godey, Pruess and two others started out. Catching up with Williams and the survivors of his party, they took them along, until Godey and Fremont pushed ahead to Taos. Here, Kit Carson put Fremont to bed, while Godey dashed off to Austin with mails and supplies for the rescue. Within twenty days Godey had made the round trip and was spoon feeding the almost dead men. There is a rumor that one of the men who had been almost at death's door remarked that it was an Act of Providence that Godey arrived when he did. Godey is said to have grimmned and retorted, "Providence, Hell; it was just good management!"

And so it was on Godey's part.

Fremont made one more attempt to cross the Great Basin in the winter of 1853-54. Of the trip, only a few letters and a self-serving journal by Soquel Carvahlo to fail to mention Godey, but in the unpublished Part II of the Memoirs, Jesse Fremont writes, "Among them few were who had accompanied him on his previous expeditions, but Godey was one of these." (Incidentally, the others were all Delaware Indians.)

Godey's later life was spent in the San Joaquin Valley. Ardis Walker reports that the first gold found on the Kern River was gold that the Indians had brought to Godey. Fremont claims that the first hard-rock gold discovered in California was found on the Mariposa Claim by.

Around 1852, he operated a ferry near the present town of Firebaugh (not the Firebaugh Ferry). We know that in 1853 he was in Four Creeks (Visalia), and was engaged by Lt. Williamson of the Pacific Rail Road Survey to guide him to Walker Pass. He was employed for a while by the Indian Service, serving before the arrival of Beale, with Beale, and after.

HUTCHINSON TELLS THE BARD STORY

Young Bard was sent to the Ventura County area early in 1865 as the representative of Thomas R. Bard of Ventura, California, to develop reported oil resources. He stayed, played a substantial role in the local oil story, ultimately built a small land empire of his own, got into politics and served a term as United States Senator from California —thus leading a full and important life that ended in 1915. The Bard family is fortunate in having of the fifty-year career of Thomas R. Bard of Ventura County, California.
chosen W. H. Hutchinson to do this job. Had
they selected an academician, the results would
have been forbidding indeed. Hutchinson—
"Old Hutch" he likes to call himself—a mem­ber
of the Westerners, is a superb craftsman,
as being as capable a hand at research and
organization. As usual, in this new production
he shows himself a master of Jean, wry, pic­turesque prose. This fact brings the two
volumes a step the furthest into the limelight.
It may be, however, that the Bard family
would have been served equally well or better if compression had been
insisted upon and the Senate given the one-
volume treatment. Nevertheless, Old Hutc­h's performance throughout the two volumes
is outstanding.

GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE TRAILS. The Story of the Old Cow Paths of the East and the

Here is a book any oldtimer will cherish, as
an old surveyor I well remember the advance
of the homesteader following on the heels of
Railroad construction. Named and charted
with east of the Mississippi it was an eye­
 opener to find Cattle Trails were not restricted
to the west, this book is well illustrated and
well documented with reference notes appended
therein. You will amount of preparation, hard digging and fact checking
that has gone into this book. S.P.

THE MOUNTAIN MEN AND THE FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST, biographical sketches of the participants by scholars of the
subject and with introductions by the editor, under editorial supervision of LeRoy R. Hafen.

Dr. Hafen (CM) has again brought us a
remarkable series of great books about the
West. His previous 15-volume "Far West and
Rockies" has much about traveling to the West.
The new set (6 or 7 volumes) will furnish a
great deal of information about the many men
whose fur-hunting efforts have really created
out West.

"Volume I" contains a 150 page introd­
cuction, "A Brief History of the Fur Trade of the
Far West," by Dr. Hafen, followed by
chapters entitled "Becoming Mead, the
Mountain Men" and "The Fur Trade," each
of three to twenty pages. The "Brief History"
is a compact and very readable review of the
many longer works on individual men and
phases of the Fur Trade. Dr. Hafen sketches
the history of fur trading from 1608 and the

ALEXIS GODEY... (Continued from page 1)

Carson, Preuss, and the Cannon crossed north­
west in the Cache a la Poudre. Soon the
party was to surge forward as Fremont again
found a path, the famous Oregon Trail. And
to give Fremont credit, he wrote, "on the broad
smooth highway, where the numerous wagons
of the emigrants had entirely been taken,
crossed the Cache a la Poudre. The first time, he
swung over near the famous South Pass, already
a well known road, and down to the Great Salt
Lake, arriving there early in September.

After a cruise of the lake on a leaky rubber
raft, the party found Fort Hall, head-quarters
in the Oregon Territory. Again they were on the
well beaten route of the emigrant wagons,
and reached the Snake ford on October 5th
and on to The Dalles where an encampment
was made. Fremont, Preuss and two others made
a social call on Dr. McLaughlin, the Factor
of Fort Vancouver, where Fremont and Preuss
got into a hot argument because Preuss refused
to shave for the reception.

Returning to The Dalles, the party turned
down the Deschutes River, arriving near
Lake Klamath. December 13th. For the first
time, it appeared that there would be serious
trouble with the Indians, and at long last The
Cannon was fired to impress the savages.
Their party left Bute's Fort near the end of June.
At that time, the owners of The Dalles
sand made up their minds to take a stand, and
the Captain was chosen W. H. Hutchison to do this job. Had
they selected an academician, the results would
have been forbidding indeed. Hutchinson—
"Old Hutch" he likes to call himself—a mem­ber
of the Westerners, is a superb craftsman,
as being as capable a hand at research and
organization. As usual, in this new production
he shows himself a master of Jean, wry, pic­turesque prose. This fact brings the two
volumes a step the furthest into the limelight.
It may be, however, that the Bard family
would have been served equally well or better if compression had been
insisted upon and the Senate given the one-
volume treatment. Nevertheless, Old Hutc­h's performance throughout the two volumes
is outstanding.

GREAT AMERICAN CATTLE TRAILS. The Story of the Old Cow Paths of the East and the

Here is a book any oldtimer will cherish, as
an old surveyor I well remember the advance
of the homesteader following on the heels of
Railroad construction. Named and charted
with east of the Mississippi it was an eye­
 opener to find Cattle Trails were not restricted
to the west, this book is well illustrated and
well documented with reference notes appended
therein. You will amount of preparation, hard digging and fact checking
that has gone into this book. S.P.

THE MOUNTAIN MEN AND THE FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST, biographical sketches of the participants by scholars of the
subject and with introductions by the editor, under editorial supervision of LeRoy R. Hafen.

Dr. Hafen (CM) has again brought us a
remarkable series of great books about the
West. His previous 15-volume "Far West and
Rockies" has much about traveling to the West.
The new set (6 or 7 volumes) will furnish a
great deal of information about the many men
whose fur-hunting efforts have really created
out West.

"Volume I" contains a 150 page introd­
cuction, "A Brief History of the Fur Trade of the
Far West," by Dr. Hafen, followed by
chapters entitled "Becoming Mead, the
Mountain Men" and "The Fur Trade," each
of three to twenty pages. The "Brief History"
is a compact and very readable review of the
many longer works on individual men and
phases of the Fur Trade. Dr. Hafen sketches
the history of fur trading from 1608 and the

Page Three
CORRAL CHIPS...

C. M. Dr. Horace Parker has been elected President of the Desert Protective Council.

C. M. John Handchin has been elected Noble Grand Humbug of Patrrix Chapter — E Crimson Vitis.

C. M. Lou Miller writes he would appreciate any back numbers of the Branding Iron not required by members — 1025 Straub Ave., Whittier, Calif.

C. M. Fred A. Rosenstock was presented with a special award by the Denver Chapter of the American Association for the study of the American Indian for his publication of "Ashleys Diary" printed by Lawton Kennedy.

Iron Eyes Cody, his two sons and Chief Red Cloud entertained Los Fiereros de Los Angeles, an organization dedicated to keeping alive the Fiesta spirit and traditions of Early California, to an evening of authentic Indian ceremonial songs and dances on April 4th.

C. M. Dr. Al. Shumate, has been appointed a member of the California Heritage Preservation Commission, in addition to being appointed to the Board of Regents of the College of Notre Dame — Belmont.

C. M. Michael (of Sacramento) Harrison has been appointed the new Master of the Press of the Roxburg Club.

French couronnes de bois to the end of the buffalo and muskrat skins of the 1850's, with, of course, the beaver all the way. The great story of fur trading deals, first, with troubles with Indians, then with the troublesome competition between English and Americans traders and hunters, and finally among the American competing companies.

The larger part of the book includes the "sketches" and "description" of the work. I cannot here review all of the lives included, but among the sketches I can find personally useful such as Chauncey in Henry W. Heflin, James Clyman in John F. Dye by Gloria G. Cline, Francesca in Carl P. Russell (CM), Joseph Whittaker by Harvey E. Tobie, George Nixed by Margaret Beckman and W.H. Ellison, Isaac Smoker by Andrew Rolle, and the two Sinnetes by John E. Sunder. But the others must be noted just as excellent, as follows: Manual Altavat by H. H. Dunham, Abel Baker and Charles Town by Janet Le Compte, Francis A. Chardon and Alexander Colberson by Ray H. Mattison, Henry Chartlon by W. R. Jacobs, Jammy Doughty and Mark Head by Harvey L. Carter, Thomas Eddie by F. E. Voelker, Charles Laparretson by Louis Palliser, O. S. B., and Hiram Scott by Merrill J. Mates. But whether brief or longer, each biography can tell us interestingly and authentically about each hunter or trader. Each article furishes in foot-notes the most useful references to original or to good biographical sources. The special reference book was therefore one of the best sources to be found.

The Arthur H. Clark publication is beautiful, as usual. Especially I find for the first time (so far as I know) that his book is now "opened" but not cropped, as used to be done by book-makers. Cheers!!

C. N. Rudkin

KAIBAH, RECOLLECTION OF A NA • Vajo GIRLHOOD, by Kay Bennett, with a foreword by C. N. Rudkin.

St. Valentine’s Day, which brings to mind the story of the young Navajo girl who was kept in Spanish Captivity (1848-1866) and who tells of her experiences in her autobiography "Kaibah - a Navajo Girlhood." This book is now available.

The English Westerners' Tenth Anniversary Publication, 1964

Edited by Barry C. Johnson. Published by The English Westerners' Society, London: 1964. 68 pp., illus., stiff paper cover.

* * *

As described on the title page this is a collection of original papers on American frontier history, contributed by members of the English Westerners' Society. It would be hard to find a similar publication of this size with all of the papers as well and interestingly written. To pick out the best is impossible, for they are all of equal merit. Of the nine contributors two are Westerners of American corals; "Baldwin's Ride and the Battle of Lyman's Wagon Train," by G. Derek West, is an interesting description of the campaign of 1874... Page Eleven
against the Comanches, Kiowas, and Southern Cheyennes. For gallantry during the siege of Captain Lyman's wagon train, loaded with much needed supplies for the army, 13 Medals of Honor were awarded to enlisted men. Col. Nelson A. Miles recommended brevets for Capt. Lyman and Lieutenants Lewis and West; but for some unknown reason this recommendation was shelved.

Our own Philip J. Rasch, a former member of the Los Angeles Corral, but now a corresponding member, having moved from California to Sneads Ferry, North Carolina, contributed an article on his favorite subject, Billy the Kid; but in this he gives considerable detail to the life of Tom Pickett, who rode with the Kid. Tom Pickett's life from boyhood to old age was one of wild adventure. He was one of the few men of that wild era to die with his boots off. I doubt if any person had gathered as much information on Billy the Kid as Phil Rasch, and why he never written a book on the subject has always been a mystery to me.

Don Russell of the Chicago Corral, described all too briefly "The 103 Scrimmages of General Bernard." Reuben Frank Bernard got his start at Indian fighting in the 1850s against the Navajos and Apaches. In the Civil War he was with the cavalry of the Potomac and the Army of the South. At the close of the war he had fought in 80 skirmishes, as Russell calls them, but in all probability most were full battle actions. After the war he fought Apaches in Arizona; then the Modocs and Bannocks, after which he was back in Arizona fighting Apaches.

Joseph Balmer of Zurich, Switzerland, a recognized authority on the Sioux Indians, gives a detailed account of "The Leadership of the Brule Sioux." Beginning with the year by year record of Brown Hat, dating from 1700, he comes down through the years, and describes 17 chiefs of the Brule Sioux.

Joseph G. Rosa, author of "They Called Him Wild Bill," the best biography of "Wild Bill" Hickok that has ever been published, tells the story of the assassination of Wild Bill, and the two trials and execution of Jack McCall for the murder. Rosa describes in detail the first trial by a miners' court in Deadwood, and McCall's second trial and trial in the United States Court at Yankton, where he was convicted and hanged.

"Early Decorative Art of the Plains Indians," by Colin Taylor, illustrated by Edward H. Blackmore, is an interesting description of the fascinating bead and quill work on buckskin clothing of the plains tribes, buckskin gun cases, war bonnets, tobacco bags and buffalo robes.

In "The Christian General" Investigates the Camp Grant Massacre," Colin Rickards tells the shocking story of how a party of 146 white men, Mexicans and Papago Indians swept down upon Eskiminzin's camp of Aravaipa Apaches near old Camp Grant, Arizona Territory, in the early morning hours of April 30, 1871, and murdered the entire band. It is only rivaled by the Sand Creek Massacre of an earlier day. Rickards then tells of Gen. O. O. Howard's efforts to bring about peace and settle the Aravapas on a reservation. It is one of the most detailed accounts of this crime that I have yet read.

"The Lame Deer Creek Incident: 1890," by Fraser Pakes, is the story of two young Cheyennes, aged about 18, Head Chief and Young Mule, who charged down a hill in a desperate attack on two troops of cavalry. Head Chief was wanted for the murder of a young white man, and Young Mule was his friend. In reporting this affair, First Lieut. S. C. Robertson, commanding Troop G, First Cavalry, stated that the two young Cheyennes, "seemed perfectly devoid of fear and the audacity, was probably never surpassed in the records of Indian bravery."

"Whitman of Camp Grant," by Barry C. Johnson, is an interesting and detailed account of Lieut. Royal E. Whitman from the United States 21st Infantry down through the years of the Civil War. While he gained a good reputation as a business man after he was mustered out he was emasculated with army life, and succeeded in touting securing an appointment to the second U.S. Artillery on July 15, 1867. His career from then on was rather varied. He was charged with irregularities while in command of Camp Grant, which was finally abandoned because of the most detailed accounts of this crime that I have yet read.

Gathering at Fort St. Vrain was the greatest group of mountain men that would ever assemble. Tom "Broken-Hand" Fitzpatrick was already encamped. Fitzpatrick, who was not only an excellent scout and hunter, but who showed remarkable administrative ability, was to go on to the post of Indian superintendent. Kit Carson came up from the south with a string of details, and Lucien Maxwell was soon to arrive from Taos, where he had detoured to take care its due but not an ounce more gravity for this man.

True, it was a high point in Fremont's life. The trip was to spread his fame, his Report is one of the best of the West, his map served the Forty-niners—if he had only dropped dead as he turned in his reports and maps, his name would have gone down in unblemished splendor.

But to this group, here at St. Vrain's, Fremont was to add a name that was quite possibly the greatest of his attaches. Unfortunately, he neither read nor wrote; did not enjoy spinning yarns of his activities, and has never drawn a biographer to spread his fame in a saga. Fremont failed to name a river, mountain or valley for this man.

Two of his Delaware Indian hunters had left Fremont, and he here engaged a young French-Canadian, Alexis Godey, to replace them. Born in St. Louis, about 1815, Godey had been in the mountains for some seven or ten years, hunting and doing a little trapping. He had kept to himself, but had learned to live and get along with the Indians, even if he did join in the native social activities by lifting a scalp now and then.

William Brandon spins a delightful picture of Alexis that we only can hope was true:

"Godey had voyager blood in his veins. He could never be unhappy long, or solemn or anxious or troubled. He would render unto trouble its due but not an ounce more gravity than the law expressly required. Life was for living, and living was meant to be an enjoyable business. He could grin the bark off a tree."

"Godey was a joyful animal delighted with the good God's splendid world, especially delighted with the beautiful girls the good God had sprinkled liberally upon it. Vide Poche girls from St. Louis, graceful girls from Santa Fe and Taos, wearing low-necked blouses, red roses in swirling folds draped from their glossy hair, brown shuck cigarets between laughing lips. California girls in scarlet petticoats embroidered with green silk stitching that flashed under satin skirts, Cheyenne girls in sleeveless knee-length dresses of fringed and quilt-worked buckskin, worn Diana-ise, and best of all, so they said, Arapaho girls, so ardent, kind and comely. Godey was charmed by all."

Fremont split his party into two parts, one under the management of Fitzpatrick was to travel by way of Fort Laramie, the route taken by part of the First Expedition. With this group went Alexis Godey, Fremont, with Kit (Continued on page 3)