WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL
The Branding Iron

NUMBER 92 LOS ANGELES CORRAL JUNE 1969

THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF PAT GARRETT

PATRICK F. GARRETT All 6'4" of him

FREDERICK FORNOFF
Photo by Colin Rickards

Dear Sid Platford:

This letter is written in place of the Lincoln County War article you suggested I write for the *Branding Iron,* since I have just come to the end of the trail in long search for a mysteriously missing document. Some members of the Los Angeles Corral who have known the joys and sorrows of digging for illusive information may find interest in one experience of a fellow-amateur researcher.

Few killings in the old West have been more written about than the murder of Pat Garrett, slayer of Billy the Kid. For the past sixty years magazine articles, newspaper features, even full length books have offered a variety of solutions to the mystery of how and by whom the deed was really done. In my opinion the truth may never be known until and unless there comes to light a true copy of the report made by Frederick Fornoff, Captain of New Mexico's Territorial Mounted Police, whose investigations began at the scene of the killing even before the victim was buried. His findings were recorded in a confidential report to the Territorial Attorney General, James M. Hervey, by order of Governor George Curry.

What had Fred Fornoff discovered? A most significant hint of the answer appears on page 216 of Governor Curry's Autobiography: "His report to me differed materially from that of the local sheriff and medical examiner, and confirmed my impression from some of the information I had obtained, that Brazil (who had volunteered a confession to the crime) was the victim of a conspiracy rather than the killer. . . ." Aside from Governor Curry many other writers have made reference to the Fornoff Report but I have found none who ever actually saw it. As far as I have been able to learn, no copies were made of this

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The Branding Iron

of the Los Angeles Corral of
THE WESTERNERS

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Address for Exchanges
and Material Submitted for Publication:

The Roundup Foreman
SID PLATFORD
345 W. Palm Dr., Arcadia, Calif. 91006

THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

Corral Chips . . .

Ex Sheriffs Glen Glen Dawson & Don Meadows and the following members of the Los Angeles Corral attended the Baja California Symposium VII of the Asociacion Cultural de las Californias, Mrs. Helen Raitt, Bill Hendricks, Jim Currie, Walt Wheelock, John Urabec and Ev Hager, which was held at Tecate, B.C. on Saturday, April 26th and in San Diego, Calif., Sunday the 27th.

BIBLIOGRAPHERS, LIBRARIANS & MIKE HARRISON — Take Note . . . WE GOOFED on our publication numbering and have one too many 87s. If you keep your file according to these numbers, you will note the Friswold Keepsake bears number 87, as does the Branding Iron for June, 1968. In point of time, the Keepsake was published in April.

The Southwest Museum in Los Angeles is showing through June, "The Call to California", an exhibit of photographs, maps and drawings of the famed Don Gasper de Portola — Father Junipero Serra expedition. Subtitled "The Epic Journey of the Portola-Serra Expedition in 1769" the exibition, compiled by author Richard F. Pourade, photographer Harry Crosby and artist Lloyd Harting, was commissioned by San Diego newspaper publisher, James S. Copley.

The exibition honors the California Bicentennial Celebration. The two-year event commemorates the founding of the first permanent settlement in California by Portola-Serra.

The museum and its director, Dr. Carl S. Dentzel are active in the Bicentennial Celebration.

"A California Hide Trade Letter, 1844" Edited Anthony L. Lehman, an unnumbered Keepsake, has been presented to the members of the Los Angeles Corral by Mr. Lehman, this is an extremely interesting annotated item of early California.

C. M. Bill La Gana, board of directors member of "Many Trails Indian Club" is doing a wonderful job of collecting old clothing and distributing them to various Indian Tribes in the Southwest.

Ex Sheriff Homer Boelter held an autograph party at the Southwest Museum May 15th for his newly published "Portfolio of Hopi Kachinas" the large audience were entertained by beautiful costumed and colorful Hopi dancers.

The Brand Book Committe are searching for an Editor for Brand Book No. 14.

The Pacific Coast Writers Conference will be held at California State College at Los Angeles June 23 - July 3rd.

Dedication Ceremonies will be held at Lone Pine, Inyo County,May 24th, 1969, at which the Alabama Hills will be designated as a National Recreation Area, consisting of 30,000 acres, by the U.S. Bureau of Land Management, these picturesque hills are familiar to all of us as the background for many movies.

Dr. Clifford M. Drury, Iron Eyes Cody, Jack Linke, Sheriff Ernie Hovard
photo by Iron Eyes

The March 12th Meeting was held at Les Freres Taix Cafe, Dr. Clifford M. Drury introduced the speaker, Jack R. Linke a native of Montana and still a hoss-riding cattleman of that state, he is a grandson of Dr. John P. Reins who arriver in Virginia City (Montana) in 1865 to participate in the vigilante activity there, helping to hang 28 of the Road Agents. Mr. Linke secured a wealth of information on the vigilantes, both from conversation with his grandfather and from more recent research, Linke also had the good fortune to know quite well Charlie Russel who likewise told Linke much of the early days of Montana.

It was at this meeting that Dr. Carl Dentzel exhibited a collection of famous western artists, including several original Remingtons.

April 9th meeting was held at Les Freres Taix Cafe, speaker of the evening was our own Ex Sheriff Henry H. Clifford, his subject was "Early California Lithographed Letterheads" and had on display many old and interesting examples from his famous collection.

Tom McNeil had on display the last of the series on Cowboy Art in tribute to the late Ed Ainsworth.

May 14th meeting was held at Les Freres Taix Cafe — the speaker of the evening was C. M. Waddell F. Smith, Sheriff of the San Francisco Corral, whose subject was . . . "Western Transporation and Communications (up to the coming of the first Transcontinental railroad) what better qualified speaker could we have for his important subject than Waddell F. Smith, a great grandson of one of the founders of Russell, Majors and Waddell, owners of the famed Pony Express — Earl C. Adams had on display from his famous collection about a dozen original Charlie Russell, J. H. Sharp, Remington, and Ed Borein paintings, which, if put on the market today would bring Mucho Dinero.

Please note: — this issue of the Branding Iron is numbered #92 — there is no gap — issue #91 was the keepsake presented by Ex Sheriff H. Clifford — each publication is numbered consecutively.

On May 26th the Los Angeles City Council honored our regular member Iron Eyes Cody by presenting him with a beautifully embossed tribute for his many eleemosynary efforts in behalf of the Indians of Arizona and Southern California.

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Mystery of Pat Garrett

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well-guarded document.

My preocupation with the puzzle many years ago. As a boy, I had known Pat Garrett in the sense that a lad in a small city may have a speaking acquaintance with a fellow citizen, an adult. Futhermore I had spent some time on the Boyd ranch in New Mexico the summer before Olive Boyd became engaged to marry Wayne Brazel. Consequently the Garret killing was the subject of a high school theme paper I undertook to write in 1908, some time before Wayne Brazel was brought to trial. Although the school theme paper received a decent burial, curiosity about the matter has returned to plague me from time to time ever since.

For advice in preparing that effort to write about the death of Pat Garrett, I went to our neighbor, G. Allie Martin, city editor of the El Paso *Herald*. In the months following the killing the streets of El Paso had buzzed with a lot of conflicting "inside information" as to the true facts of the why and how of Garrett's deah. These whispered accounts ranged from the plausible to the incredible, and Mr. Martin told me that the truth would probably not come to light until the Fornoff Report became public; Captain Fornoff, he said, was the one man bent on discovering the truth, an officer not influenced by the local pressures which had twisted the accounts that had so far been offered the public. A representative of the El Paso *Herald* had been unable to examine the report at Sante Fe, being told that its contents were restricted for use at the forthcoming trial of the man indicted for Garrett's murder.

The Fornoff Report, however, was never introduced at Wayne Brazel's trial. The prosecution's failure to introduce this evidence raises an interesting question, just as does the failure to hear the testimony of Carl Adamson who, except for the defendent, was the only known eye witness to the shooting. It occured to a good many people that Adamson's testimony or the disclosure of Captain Fornoff's findings might have opened the lid of a Pandora Box.

Twenty years later, when a magazine article claimed that a "prominent ranchman" (not identified by name) was responsible for the assassination of Pat Garrett, my interest in the Fornoff Report was revived. I was living in Chicago at the time, too far away for a personal visit to Santa Fe, but I addressed a letter to the office of the Attorney General of New Mexico inquiring how a copy of the Fornoff Report might be obtained. I was informed that no such report was on file. Trying to get in touch with Mr. Fornoff himself, I I learned that he had left New Mexico and was said to be seriously ill in a hospital somewhere in Wyoming. I never succeded in reaching him; many years later his son told me that he had no information about his father's report.

In 1945 ex-Governor George Curry replied at great length to my letters requesting information concerning certain old buildings in the town of Lincoln but when in one letter I made passing inquiring as to the whereabouts and content of the Fornoff Report he replied that he was sorry but he could not help me in that matter. This seemed to be the end of the trail. However on a visit to El Paso later on I stumbled across a new bit of information. District Court Judge Ballard Coldwell, a great delver into political-historical matters in he region, informed me that the Fornoff Report was among the personal and confidential papers which James Harvey had quite properly taken back with him to Roswell at the conclusion of his service as New Mexico Attorney General.

Judge Harvey apparently failed to receive the letter I addressed to him; at any rate I received no reply. Later, when I wrote Maurice G. Fulton that on the next of my annual visits to Lincoln County I hoped to call on Judge Harvey at Roswell, Col. Fulton replied that Judge Harvey had passed away and that his personal papers were not available for inspection.

The Fornoff trail disappeared again until Lewis A. Ketring, Jr., of Monterey Park, California, came up with a new lead: "Back in 1958 I called on Judge Brice at his home in Roswell—I believed it was on Riverside Drive. This was on April first, and the next day I talked with him again in his office in the White building. Judge Brice was continuing the law office where he and his friend and long-time partner, James M. Harvey, had practiced together for many years. Judge Brice told me quite frankly that he had in the office files the Hervey report, the one made for him by the Territorial Police after the killing of Pat Garrett, but Judge Brice declined 'at least for the present,' to let me examine or copy it." That the Fornoff Report was indeed in Judge Hervey's former office appears to be borne out by a letter I received from a prominent De Baca County attorney of whom I inquired concerning the report. He wrote that after Judge Hervey's death his papers had been carefully preserved by his old law partner.

Judge Brice only recently had passed away when I was in Roswell again, early in 1964, but in October, 1968, I was able to talk with

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Mystery of Pat Garrett

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his daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Dowaliby. She explained that after her father's death she and her neice, Mrs. Paul Beck, had disposed of the papers and records of long ago. An examination of the files she had preserved developed nothing as far back as fifty years. The mass of older papers and documents had been boxed and left in the alley back of the office building to be picked up by the trash man, said Mrs. Dowaliby. I sought out Mrs. Beck, who confirmed her aunt's account. As I was about to leave her home Mrs. Beck recalled hearing something about the boxes in the alley having been taken away, apparently out of idle curiosity, by a man named Frederick. an employe of Glover's Packing Plant. There proved to be more than one Frederick living in Roswell but I was able to locate the man who had once been employed at the packing plant, Morris P. Frederick.

Imagine my excitement when Mr. Frederick told me that yes, he was the one who had lugged home the boxes from the office building! My joy, however, was short lived. Mr. Frederick went on to say that a few days after he had secured the papers and before he had an opportunity to examine them a man named Beck related to the Brice family by marriage, had sought him out to learn whether he was the man who taken the boxes from the rear of the White Building. Mr. Beck was quite emphatic in demanding that all the papers be returned so that they might be destroyed. This, Mr. Beck said, was in accordance with Judge Brice's emphatis instructions. It seems that the Judge felt that certain documents, if ever made public, would cause needless controversy and trouble. At Mr. Beck's insistence, Frederick accompanied him to the city dump as a witness to the burning of the papers. When I sought to locate Mr. Beck I found that he had lost his life in an airplain accident some months before my visit to Roswell.

To me, this seems to be the end of the sixty-year old trail. However some reader of the *Branding Iron* may know the whereabouts of a true copy of the Fornoff Report. This letter is an appeal to such a man.

If Captain Fornoff's findings are made known the "controversy and trouble" predicted by Judge Brice will perhaps follow. But the revelations might well dispel the deliberately false accounts, the mistaken theories and myths which have gathered about the murder of Pat Garrett.

Robert N. Mullin.

LUIS ORTEGA, RAWHIDE ARTIST

During the decades between 1890, the year historians say ended the Western frontier, and 1910, when Hollywood, the Pendleton Roundup and other show places fabricated a storybook West and peopled it with "cowboys", oldtime cowmen had thinned and their ranges and ranches were being cut up into grain fields, row-crop farms, orchards, oil fields and towns.

Former riders of the old cowmen found the competition for jobs very keen and only the best could get and keep those jobs that remained on the remnants of the old stock outfits. Better hands were never known than those who remained to do the work in the old-time way in those last years of the cattle range and cow ranch.

After 1910 some of those range riders and ranch hands tried show business as contestants at Pendleton, Cheyenne, Calgary and other places where riding, roping and other stopwatch stunts were being formalized into a performance which would come to be known as rodeo (pronounced RODE-ee-o). Others tried show business in Hollywood where some of them drew wages as "extras", fewer became stunt men and "doubles" for stars who could not ride anything wilder than a rocking horse. Very few became actors in their own right.

Many bowlegged old riders stayed on the cut-up ranches to learn to build chutes and fences, to plow, irrigate, bale hay, pitch feed to "muley", half-hog bovines in winter and to be the sort of farm hands who now call themselves "working cowboys".

Old-time riders turned to many other occupations with the change of times but the smallest number of them became writers and artist who had both the desire and ability to record in letters and paint the true story of their West or to reproduce the articles used in the early days of cattle-range and cow-ranch industry.

One of those artists with ability to record in writing the things he knew and the things taught him by older men is Luis Ortega. Besides ability to write with authority on early California cow-range and ranch history and the customs, methods and equipment of oldtime Spanish-Californian *rancheros, jinetes* and *vaqueros,* Luis knows the art of rawhide platting not as a mere mechanic but as an artisan whose work probably was not often equalled by old-time braiders and has not been excelled by anyone during his time.

A few simple implements serve Luis in the cleaning and stretching of hides before they

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LUIS ORTEGA

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are cut into strands for braiding and in the cutting, sizing and bevelling of those *trenzas,* but the real tools of his trade are a keen memory of traditional patterns, an artist's eyes for designing and skillful hands that can execute authentic, early-day Californian *reatas, bozales, maneas, cabezadas, riendas* and other articles of an extinct type of horseman and cowman.

Lass ropes, platted nose bands, hobbles, headstalls and deins were tools of the riders' trade but, like hand-stamped saddles and silver-mounted bits and spurs, those tools became works of art in the hands of skilled artisans. Such an artisan is Luis Ortega whose last ride across the Divide will add one more notch on the tally stick of lost arts.

Every museum or other place where historical material is kept in the West should have collections containing the rawhide work of Luis Ortega. Most particularly, all such places in California should have examples of the *obras* of her *hijo del país.*

Wallace Irving "Bob" Robertson,
Post Office Box 335,
Carson City, Nevada 89701.

LIGHT THOUGHTS FOR A DARK DAY

Sunny California? I don't know about you fellows down south except for what I've read in the papers and seen on TV but we haven't seen the sun for quite a spell now. And looking down on the American River from my hideout which at the moment is about a half mile wide and running strong, I got to thinking back some forty years to my early days in Arizona.

The rain brought to mind the time the Harvey Company decided to run trips from the Grand Canyon down to the Western Navajo Reservation, taking in the Richardson Trading Post at Cameron, the one run by Jess Smith and Jot Stiles at Tuba City, with a side visit to the Hopi village of Moenkopi. A test run was made one day, with a party of a half dozen of the drivers who would man the cars to be used in the venture. The day was in August and one of the men was Billy Joynt an ex-jockey from England, who was in charge of the transportation desk for the Company at El Tovar Hotel.

August being the rainy season, the expected happened. Crossing 7 Mile Wash they were caught in the midst of a cloudburst run-off. There was only one thing to do and the men did it. They bailed out and swam ashore - all except Billy. Before he took off, he stood on top of the car radiator and proclaimed to all that he had crossed the Atlantic Ocean eight times, but this was the first time he had been wrecked 5000 feet above sea-level.

Bucko Sisk took visitors off the train at Flagstaff who had arranged for his services and guided them on trips through the southwest, and especially the reservation country. Bucko Sisk stuttered and stuttered badly.

One day he appeared on the station platform at Flagstaff before train time. A couple of the local boys were also there for the everyday pastime - watching the train come in. One of them asked Bucko if he was about to make a trip and Bucko replied that he was waiting for a customer to come in on the next train.

Pretty soon the train pulled in and one man got off together with his gear. Bucko walked over to him, the man spoke and Bucko turned on his heel and walked off. As he passed his friends on the platform one of them asked if that was his man and Bucko replied "Y-y-y-eah, b-b-but I d-d-don't w-w-want t-t-to g-g-g-get m-m-my g-g-g-god d-d-d-damned b-b-block n-n-n-nocked off." Yep - his client also stuttered. The "locals" explained to the visitor Bucko's unseeming behavior and it all ended well. Bucko and the visitor made the trip as planned.

Over the line in New Mexico a trader built himself a swell layout that catered to the "kerridge trade." Not that he or his wife whom he called "Mamma" would run off anyone who dropped by that didn't quite fit into that category. A fixture at the trading post was a register. This register was considered "the holy of holies" and only really important people were permitted to sign it. Will Rogers, on his trips to the Southwest used Bucko as his guide and driver on many occasions.

On one of their trips together, a stop was made at the trading post and strange as it may seem, the trader didn't recognize Will Rogers. As a matter of fact, they were both - Bucko and Mr. Rogers - dressed pretty much alike, Levis, shirt open at the neck, Levi jacket and Stetson, so that the second person couldn't have been very important - if important at all. He knew Bucko, of course, and while they were exchanging the usual pleasantries, Mr. Rogers wandered around in the store looking at rugs, silver jewelry and the usual stock carried in such a place. After the usual inquiries as to road conditions, and so on, the trader asked Bucko who his friend was. When Bucko told the trader that the man with him was Will Rogers, the trader let out a yell that could be heard a mile away, "Mamma, mamma get the book."

Michael Harrison

ENROLLMENT OF USC - 1890

ACADEMIC BRACEROS

My grandfather, George Washington Faulkner, came to California in 1875 *via* emigrant train on the Union Pacific-Central Pacific transcontinental railroad. Gramp was a typical emigrant from the "Bible Belt" coming west in search of cheap land, a milder climate than Ohio could offer, and a fertile field in which to raise his children in the stern Methodist principles of his ancestors. He found his first two objectives in the Santa Clara Valley of Southern California, and pioneered the third in collaboration with the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, like-minded Methodist settlers, and the Rev. Marion Bovard of Los Angeles.

From an agricultural standpoint the next fifteen years were ones of trial and error, with experimentation the order of the day. Everything from prunes to mulberry trees wre noted in his diaries, while the grain and bean crops sustained the family economy through the difficult period.

In 1882 Faulkner, along with a number of other Methodist pioneers, built the first church in Santa Paula, a building that was dedicated on February 25, 1883. At some time in the preceding years, he had made a firm friendship with the Reverend Marion Bovard, a minister intrigued with the idea of fonding a Methodist university in southern California. Mr. Faulkner had assisted Bovard in raising money in Ventura County for the proposed school, stating that he wanted his children to have "a good Christian education." When that first Santa Paula church was dedicated, it was the Reverend Mr. Bovard who preached the dedicatory sermon.

Bovard appears to have been a popular speaker for such occasions. When the Hueneme church was dedicated two years later, it was Bovard who again did the honors.

The first president of the University of Southern California would invariably follow up these dedicaory sermons with a week-long series of lectures on "Education." It can be assumed from reading between the lines of contempory newspapers accounts (and Mr. Faulkner's diaries) that these Bovard lectures were used as a leverage to raise money for the fledgling university. While the sums realized must have been modist, the spirit behind the pioneers' giving was not forgotten by Bovard.

By 1890 Mr. Faulkner had developed his 150 acres into full-bearing apricots, the crop that gave promise of being the most lucrative of all those with which he had experimented. As harvest season approached in mid-June, those apricot trees were bent to the ground with the heaviest burden yet seen in th valley. Growers were in high anticipation of the profits to be realized after so many years of indebtedness and frustration. And then the nightmare of the apricot grower struck: a sudden heat wave that would ripen all the huge crop at one time and with serious labor shortage an assured consequence.

Faced with disaster at a time when he should be gathering the profits from a year's labor, Faulkner had an inspiration. Remembering all those occasions wherein he had helped Bovard raise money for the University of Southern California, Gramp reasoned that possibly the Reverend Mr. Bovard could enlist the aid of the student body to help save his crop. (The pioneers never felt any pangs of compunction about practicing the theory of mutual back-scratching!) A telegram was hasti-

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Academic Braceros

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ly dispatched to Los Angeles.*

It would be interesting to know how that call for help was worded. Having known my grandfather's *modus operandi* in such matters, one would expect to find a none too subtle hint that future cooperation on the part of Mr. Faulkner in raising funds for the university might be contingent upon what percentage of his apricot crop could be saved. Whatever the wording, the S O S was effective. Bovard rounded up every male student of the university that he could find, herded the group down to the Southern Pacific depot, and put them aboard the night train for Santa Paula with orders to remain until Mr. Faulkner's crop was saved!

It was dark when the train stopped at the flag station of Haines, four miles west of Santa Paula. Only the dim flickering of kerosene lanterns from widely scattered farmhouses broke the darkness. The sophisticated urban students from Los Angeles must have felt a tinge of uneasiness about Bovard's brainstorm, for one timid soul addressed the conductor:

"Sir, can you direct us to the farm of Mr. Faulkner?"

The Southern Pacific dignitary with the handle bar mastachio responded with icy aloofness:

"Gentlemen, you are on the farm of *Mister* Faulkner," and with a haughty wave of the lantern, highballed his engineer into the night.

That conductor, as well as every other trainman on the line, had good reasons for knowing *Mister* Faulkner. When the Southern Pacific built through the Santa Clara Valley in 1887, Faulkner had been one of the last landowners to agree to right of way terms. He had stalled, dawdled, and evaded the issue to the last minute and then had the temerity to demand fifty dollars an acre more than the railroad had been paying for land. The Espee was disinclined to make an issue in court over such gross impertinence and paid the money, plus throwing in a hog fence and a few other concessions.

Mr. Faulkner's obnoxious habit of bypassing the bureaucrats in the railroad's engineering department in matters concerning irrigation lines under the ties, and railroad crossings over the iron, did nothing to promote a feeling of brotherhood within the Southern Pacific. Nor had diplomatic relations improved when his bull took an intense dislike to the motive power of the railroad and charged under a full head of steam the late afternoon train to Los Angeles. In his later years Gramp conceded the Southern Pacific had won that encounter!

By 1890 there was not a trainman on the line that gave a tinker's damn whether *Mister* Faulkner's apricot crop rotted on the ground or was shipped *via* Southern Pacific.

It can be assumed that those pioneer Trojans had a more objective and tolerant attitude about the fruit crop. It can be further assumed that those ideas were firmly implanted in youthful minds by some very precise instructions from President Bovard of the University of Southern California. For the next thirty days the academic braceros worked like true Trojans to save that crop. Never did youth labor so nobly, sleep so soundly, clean up the boarding table so thoroughly, or have such a rousing good time as thse Southern California students. Mr. Faulkner's apricot crop was saved, and the manner in which it was accomplished has become a treasured family legend to be handed down from generation to generation. Only one who has been born and raised on the farm can know the true meaning of saving a crop, of winning when an entire year's work hangs in the balance.

My mother was a girl of nine at the time and became quite a favorite with the students from Southern California. When they returned to school in the fall and posed for a student body photograph, the group chipped in and bought a copy of the picture and sent it to her. It was one of my mother's most prized possessions until her death in 1968. That picture shows a student body of twenty-six men and twenty-seven women. Over twenty of the men had been involved in the crop saving incident. The President of the University of Southern California would have made a fine cow poke; there were very few of the "Thundering Herd" who escaped his round-up!

It would be interesting to know if the Reverend Mr. Bovard's university received a monetary "Thank you" from Mr. Faulkner; but then, that is an academic question.

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*It is not clear whether this appead was addressed to Marion Bovard or George Finley Bovard.

HOW THE WESTERN INDIANS GOT THEIR HORSES

Ben S. Millikan

There were no horses native to America. Fossils of a type of horse were discovered in America but these "horses" became extinct. The first indication I had of the origin of horses among the Western Indians was declared in the story of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Lewis speaks of seeing horses in a herd of horses belonging to the Nes Pierce Indians. He also tells of seeing Spanish saddles and bridles on these horses.

There are stories how horses strayed away from the DeSoto Expedition and were obtained by the Indians, but authority has disclaimed this and said that these horses perished. Suggestions have been made that horses were lost by the Coronado Expedition. However, authority explodes this story proclaiming they died in the desert.

The Indians, living near the Mexican border, observed the use of the horses for years. In fact, over 100 years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620. Cortez captured Mexico in 1519. Mexico was over 250 years old when the American Revolution was fought. So, the Indians were quite familiar with the use of the horse at that time.

The Indians' thinking was developed from his freedom of restraint. He could go into the prairie and take the buffalo or the hills and take the deer with no questions asked. He looked at taking the horse the same way. The Indians did not consider this personal property. If an animal was at large, it was free to be taken and this was the notion when taking the horses from the Mexicans. In his observation of the horse he learned how to use it and the method of increasing the heard.

The Indian was a different man when he got on a horse's back. It placed him in a position to obtain food more easily and quickly. This advantage made him a meat eater instead of being primarily a vegetable eater.

Food has been a very important influence on human beings Good and plenty of food was always conducement of strength and aggression. It has been stated that wheat eaters are the most virile people on earth except the Japanese, though he is a rice eater.

Further, the Indians that obtained horses were the dominant factor to all tribes without horses. When a cavalcade of Indians on horseback approached a tribe without horses, the defender took for the hills. The horse was of an advantage in securing more wild animals which provided more hides with which he could have a warmer tepee, plenty of moccasins, and warmer clothing.

The Comanche and Apache Indians had more horses than other tribes because they were nearer to the source of supply. They became the superior in horsemanship and held all other tribes at their mercy until other tribes secured horses and could protect themselves.

There was an element if interest between the tribes because of the specialty each tribe possessed. For example, the Nes Pierce Indians made bows from the Hemlock tree which were unusually strong and springy. The Utes had a baby carrier with a sun shade. The Shoeshone had a special food made of pounded salmon and berries that was very popular: they also made the first water tight basket. They would take a portion of the salmon and berries, cover it with water and throw hot rocks into the basket and then cover the basket with robes, forming a fireless cooker.

Information passed between tribes of these various articles and they became a medium of exchange. There was a glass mountain in the Yellowstone Park we know as obsidian. This was a reservoir for arrow material because it offered sharp edges and became a highly prized article for arrows. Flaked pieces of this material was used as knives for skinning animals, scraping the hides for tanning and cutting meat.

All of these places and products made up a trading custom among the tribes and it was through this relationship and trading that horses became common property among all western tribes.

Another game by some tribes to obtain horses was to observe the traveling of a troop of Indians with a band of horses. Grizzly bears were feared by all tribes. These bears could be detected at night in their approach by their grunting, which was much like the grunting of pigs. One reason the Indians were so afraid of the grizzly bear was that he was so hard to kill. The Indian had to be close to him to be effective with an arrow. A tribe looking for horses would take advantage of the traveling troop of Indians while ther were in camp and their horses tied up. The attacking Indians would approach the camp by a few pretending to be a group of bears grunting and breaking sticks as bears would do, while the rest of the attacking Indians would be ready to cut the horses loose at the proper time. Most assuredly when the apparent approach of the grizzly bear, the Indians in camp would make for the trees and the grunters would keep them up the trees until the other group cut the horses loose and drove them away. Then all the attacking Indians would leave but the Indians treed would find

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DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

ON THE BLOODY TRAIL OF GERONIMO, by Lt. John Bigelow. Edited by Arthur Woodward. Illustrated by Frederic Remington and Others. Westernlore Press. $7.50.

Ten years ago Westernlore Press publised a book n the Army's long and frustrating campaign against Apache chief Geronimo. It was a journal of the early 1880's writen by John Bigelow of the 10th Cavalry and titled "On the Bloody Trail of Geronimo."

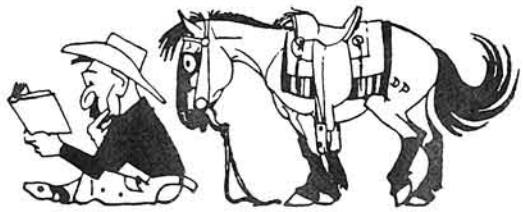
The journal, edited by Dr. Arthur Woodward of Patagonia, Ariz., had appeared some 75 years earlier as a 14-part serial in *Outing Magazine* at a time when the American public had an insatiable appetite to reach off the wholesale depredations wrought by the outlaw Indians. The book was notable for its reproduction of more than 40 Frederic Remington drawings, plus another 10 illustrations by other artist who accompanied Army forays on the seemingly endless campaigns in Arizona and New Mexico.

The 1958 book which appeared as Vol. XII of Westernlore's Great West and Indian Series, went out of print the same year, only to cause an ever-mounting demand for copies. Now it has been reissued by the same publisher. Under Dr. Woodward's careful editing, the present day reader can trace with accuracy the campaigns of Lieutenant Bigelow and his "buffalo soldiers" in 1880 as the editor renders this or that rancho in terms compatible with present day maps.

Save for the all but non-existent files of *Outing,* here is an album showing the start of the artist whom many consider the greatest in frontier portrayal.

—CM L. Burr Belden.

Ed Ainsworth's "THE COWBOY IN ART" (World, $12.50) was a labor of love for the late longtime newspaper and Western Art buff and historian. You can just about call the roll of the artist and illustrators who have made significant contribution to western pictorial history and you will find them in Ed's book. Joe Beeler, Ed Borein, Harold Bugbee, Joe De Yong, Maynard Dixon, Buck Dunton, Nick Eggenhofer, Clarence Ellsworth, Peter Hurd, Will James, Frank Tenny Johnson, W. H. D. Koerner, W. R. Leigh, Jo Mora, Don Perceval Frederick Remington, Charles M. Russel, Ross Santee, Charles Schreyvogel, Harold Von Schmidt and literally dozens of artists are represented by illustrations in this book.



In many cases there is a photo of the artist and in nearly all cases a brief biographical sketch wih some comments on his art. However, this is in no sense a critical survey of cowboy art - it is rather encyclopedic in scope and will be a useful reference volume. The book is profusely illustrated and there is a section of twenty-four reproductions in color.

The chapter on "The Vanishing Mustang" has a great story plus photos of Ed's assistance to J. Frank Dobie in locating a real mustang during the writing of Pancho's classic, "The Mustangs", For the real Western art and range life buffs there is a special edition of 1,000 numbered copies, bound in leather and with all edges gilt, in a stout fabricord covered slip case at $35.00.

s.p.

Homer Boelter's Crowning Achievement

Highlighted by sixteen bold color plates is Homer Boelter's spectacular "PORTFOLIO OF HOPI KACHINAS", a big book that is Homer's crowning achievement. Issued in in a boxed edition of 1000 signed and numbered copies, and reasonably priced at $45, this volume shoul be in the collection of every member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners.

The three-fold aspect of the kachinas—as supernatural messengers to the gods, as human impersonators of these spirits, and as handcarved dolls which serve as visual aids—is developed in the preliminary text. Homer, it should be remembered, is artist, lithographer, author, Typographer, and publisher. He has spent years of devoted research in the field and in libraries. As explained by him, the kachina cult is the warp on which all Hopi life is woven, the dances themselves being primarily petitions for rain, fertility, and good crops. There is a complex schedule of religious rites and ceremonials. Of the many kachinas, sixteen have been chosen for depiction in full color in this volume. A fascinating display of kachina symbols is offered in the end sheets. An additional loose set of color plates is included in a sleve, for framing or other purposes. Carl Dentzel provides an informative foreword. This volume offers the Westerner a pleasurable and satisfying investment.

W. W. Robinson

THE GOLDEN SPIKE "A Centennial Remembrance" American Geographical Cociety, Occasional Publication No. 3 - 118pp illustrated - $5.00. While California is celebrating its BiCentennial this year, the whole west is celebrating this year 1969 as the centennial of the juncture of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Promontory.

This well documented and concise record is a worth while item. On May 8th 1969 three hundred and 40 persons, mostly adults, will board a special train at Union Depot, Los Angeles for the biggest joy ride of their lives, to a 100 year birthday party, they will travel via rail to the Golden Spike Centennial Celebration at Promontory, Utah, for the re-enactment of the May 10, 1869, ceremony which commemorated the linking of the continent by railroad, Other special trains are due from San Francisco and New York City.

A BACKWARD GLANCE - LOS ANGELES 1901-1915. By Robert G. Cowan, 1969. Printed by Torrez Press, Los Angeles, for the Historical Society of Southern California. Issued to commemorate the 200th anniversary of the founding of California. The book is supplied both in soft and in hard covers.

Westerner Bob Cowan has put together a delightful little book on the Los Angeles that used to be. It is a book tuned to fond nostalgic memories of a day that can never return. Of a day, as Bob so hauntingly describes it, when "the world was at peace;" when "smog was unknown;" when "life moved slowly;" when "there was a healthy respect for the United States Government and little confusion about its laws;" when "schools were considered halls of learning and the individual was expected to abide by the rules and regulations."

Even so, the book is not entirely given over to nostalgic longing. It is flavored, in nice proportions, with choice bits of philosophy and comes spiced with an abundance of good humor. Nor can it be said that this little classic is one burdened with regrets. Bob acceps conditions as they once were, and tolerates them as they are today. And he accomplishes this in a spirit best expressed by this whimsical note of philosophic good sense: 'What is here tday becomes history tomorrow."

A visual, as well as descriptive, concept is afforded the reader. Forty full-page photographic reproductions of early Los Angeles are included.

My own library is enriched by the presence of this most acceptable book. It opens beckoning roadways of joyous adventure into a pleasant consort with the past.

E. I. (Eddie) Edwards

THE SECRET OF DRAKE'S BAY, by Russ Leadabrand. Illus. by Don Perceval. 1969. Los Angeles: The Ward Ritchie Press. 46pp. $3.95.

The versatile writer, Russ Leadabrand, has authored an entirely different kind of book — a juvenile. Oddly enough, however, this little classic holds comparable interest for the adult reader. The plot is based solidly upon early historical substance — the brief landing of Sir Francis Drake in his GOLDEN HINDE, far back in June of 1579, supposedly at a small bay some thirty miles north of the Golden Gate and appropriately known as Drake's Bay.

Into this intriguing background Leadabrand weaves a suspensive tale of sustained interest. As in all his writings, the descriptive appear predominates and invites reading and re-reading of whatever subject he may choose to write about.

THE SECRET OF DRAKE'S BAY, then, is a much-coveted book, fashioned by two well Known Westerners of the Los Angeles Corral — author Russ Leadabrand and illustrator Don Perceval. And the Ward Ritchie Press does a superb job of designing and printing.

E. I. Edwards

THE GUNFIGHTER: MAN OR MYTH?. Joseph G. Rosa. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman Okla. 229 pp., vii-xv., illus. $5.95.

In this first book-length study of a frontier type that has been ballooned into unrecognizabe from by fictioneers, motion pictures and television, Joseph G. Rosa who, incidentally, lives and writes in Middlesex, England, performs adequately a needed work. The first part may seem a bit elementary for many Westerners, but stick with it. The books gets better as you work into it.

Rosa assesses the records of many well-known "gunfighters," a term of dubious validity, or at least, historicity, including that of Wild Bill Hickok, a worthy biography of whom he has written previously.

The writer concludes that the breed of gunfighter did exist, that it was an historical factor of note n the settling of the Plains frontier, and that gunfighters were pretty much men of their times, and that their counterparts may be discerned today in American society.

There are many errors in the book, but they do not materially detract from its value. They may even add to it, for those rare Westerners who delight in finding flaws in the printed works of others.

Rosa repeats the old fictions on the Graham-Tewksbury Pleasant Valley War, p. 25, apparently of recent scholarship on that matter.

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11)
On p. 53 he cites "many men killed" in the Johnson County War of Wyoming, but does not clarify this debatable conclusion.

On p. 92 he says that 6 or 7 million Texas longhorns came into Kansas in a single summer, which is, of course, preposterous. The 10th annual census, the best source, lists a total of about 4.25 million driven from Texas to Kansas in the 15 years ended in 1880, and in the top year, 1871, a total of about 700,000 head went north, in that case to Abilene. The only other year when the drives totaled more than 400,000 head was 1873, when 405,000 steers were trailed to Wichita and Ellsworth.

Rosa says, on p. 146, that Julesburg, Colorado, had about 2,000 inhabitants in 1867, a statement equally unbelievable. George Bent, who was with a raiding party that attacked that battered community two years earlier, said it contained "forty or fifty men," adding that it was "quite a large place for the Plains in those days."

Despite such slips, this is an important, and generally trustworthy book and in an area that needed, and still needs, objective assessment. One of its most valuable portions is a review of the wepons used a the time, but this is a matter that should be commented upon by specialists in that field, of whom I am not one.

One wishes, however, that Rosa had explored further into a murky, but intriguing area: the controversial question of just how deadly these gentlemen were. Obviously their retrievable records do not tell the whole story, except in rare instances.

For example, the much-quoted Pink Simms estimated that Doc Holliday had killed "28 men," while John Gilchriese, a latter — and better — student, thinks his total was three. Hickok already was termen a gunman when he shot Dave Tutt, but until then he had killed only two men, or so the record shows.

The great discrepancy in estimates of the number of victims of Billy the Kid is a case in point. I have seen figures as low as three for Billy, and of course everyone knows the canard that at 21 he had killed a man for every year of his life, "not counting Mexicans and Indians." One would be inclined to accept the lowest "proven" figure, except that in their own time these gents were reputed to be proficient gunmen or gunfighters (and the terms reallly *did* differ), and this was true in some cases before they had killed anyone, or so the demonstrable record indicates.

It seems obvious that the retrievable record, particularly of the men who were outlaws, or from time to time acted outside the law, can never be considered complete, but this should not be equally true of lawmen — although it certainly is in the case of Joe Horner, better known as Frank M. Canton, and some others.

This is a nebulous area, but some hardy writer should plunge into it with studiousness, objectivity, courage and persistence. Meanwhile, Rosa's fine book will do very well.

Dan L. Thrapp

Indian Horses

(Continued from page 9)
their horses were gone and being on foot, could not follow.

The members of the Lewis and Clark Expedition were handicapped by the weak fire power of their guns. One shot would not stop the grizzly bear, so the men learned to gang up on him when he approached.

Buffalo hunting became the great event after horses came into the hands of the Indians. The only way the Indian could shoot down a buffalo with his bow and arrow was to get close to him. Some of his choice methods were to camouflage himself with branches and approach the trail where the animals went to water. If not detected, he could make his shot. Sometimes the Indians would throw buffalo hides over two or three Indians and often approached close enough to shoot. One of their favorite methods was to dress themselves in deer hides and deer horns and many times they could approach very close without detection and make their shot.

As time went on the Indians became excellent riders, especially the Camanches and Apaches. They became a very evasive target to the white man. The Indian developed a skill to slide over the side of the horse and very little of him could be seen from the other side. In this position he could evade the enemy and shoot at will. In this position he would shoot under the horse's neck. The Indian could shoot faster with his bow and arrow that the white man could shoot with his muzzle loading gun. The Indian method of fighting the white man was to wait until the white man would shoot then rush him before he could reload his gun.

All of these things combined were done to distribute the horse among the Western Indians. The white man was not able to conquor the Indian until the repeating rifle was invented. So we see what a wonderful influence the horse had on the Western Indian.