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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 100



(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Westerner Logan, a long time mid-westerner again contributes an original story for the Corral. In addition to his other duties, Colonel Logan serves as an Associate Editor of the American Rifleman.*)

Nearly a hundred years have passed since many stone sentinels were first set by the pioneer homesteaders. Yet today they stand just as proudly, guarding their owners fields and pastures as they did in early years. They are one of the picturesque sights in Central and Northern Kansas.

Stretching mile after mile across the prairies, and along Kansas highways, they are a continual source of curiosity and interest to tourists traveling the modern highways across the state. Countless thousands of acres of the prairies are fenced with these unusual fence posts made of stone. They have withstood the withering heat of the summer sun, the wintry blasts of the prairie blizzards, floods, grasshoppers and rodents and were impervious to rot and decay which often endangered posts of wood. But to understand the reason for the stone posts it is

necessary to turn back the pages of history to around the 1870's.

Following the great war between the states many families, weary of the war and searching for new homes and opportunity, began to arrive in Kansas in increasing numbers. They came by oxen and horse drawn covered wagons; some even came on foot, and a few rode the old Kansas Pacific Railroad, which had only a few years earlier pushed its rails westward across the plains to the Rockies.

A great number found the great plains to their liking and established homesteads. Nothing pretentious those early prairie homes. Many were built of the virgin sod turned over by sod busting plows "Soddies" they were called. Not a few were but dug-outs in the ground with an earthen roof for a covering.

Soon there came the necessity to fence at least a part of their homestead to keep the few head of cattle, or horses, from straying and to keep out other wandering livestock.

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# The Foreman Sez . . .

Maybe you would like to know a few of the results of our recent questionnaire and how they point the way for us this year. Your Deputy Sheriff, Earl Adams, has supplied me with this information and will report later about program subjects, etc. Fifty-three percent of you have responded so far. I wonder why not 100 percent. Only one member wanted to go back to our small room and only one member wanted the attendance limited to 45. A little more than half wanted attendance at 65 while a third wanted attendance at 85. With attendance of active members being at a figure of 40 it is apparent that our range rules will have to be followed in presenting invitations to our corresponding members. These state: 1, An active member may invite a corresponding member. 2, Corresponding members from outside a radius of 150 miles may present themselves and; 3, The Trail Bosses are to present the Registrar with a list of the corresponding members in the vicinity that are to be invited in rotation. Since new active members and the promotion of all activities of the Corral must come from the participation of interested, dedicated corresponding members, a way of involving them more and more will be found. At present, the idea of an "Associate" membership as a stepping-stone between corresponding and active membership is being formulated. You will hear more of this soon when it is cleared by the Trail Bosses.

Again please let me and the Trail Bosses know your desires and thoughts and your willingness to participate in our activities. Again I challenge you to have a part in making this a happy and great year.

## THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

### NOVEMBER MEETING

The meeting on November 11 at the Los Angeles Corral was memorable in many respects. Andy Devine came as a guest of the Corral to introduce his friend David Miller who had brought some of his beautiful art from his home perched high in the Hollywood Hills to our meeting. Mr. Devine pointed out that when David was younger he painted a series of Sioux Indians whom

he personally knew and interviewed — survivors of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. These portraits have never been reproduced and it is David's hope that some day a portfolio or a book can be prepared of these pictures together with a story of each of these participants. In addition to this monumental task completed years ago, David Miller is still actively painting scenes of his beloved southwest. I do not know how he finds time from his work as a writer, actor, and technical director for the movie industry to get all this other work accomplished!

The Deputy Sheriff, Alden Miller, presented Andy Devine a bronze cast done by Westerner Dwight Vance as a memento of his visit. Unbeknownst to many Corral members, a museum has been established in Kingman, Arizona (Andy's home town), that already is a repository for his memorabilia and ephemera. Apparently, the main Boulevard in Kingman has been named Andy Devine Boulevard also! Andy mentioned that when he was a kid they would not allow him on the Boulevard and now they named it after him!

Speaker of the evening Clem Meighan, Ph.D., Head of the Department of Archeology at UCLA, presented a fascinating lecture on California Indians. One of the themes that he developed was the important concept that California Indians were probably more advanced than some of their cousins on the plains. Early historians of the California scene have depreciated these people, but Dr. Meighan thinks that this is not accurate. He felt that one of the reasons why early settlers in California developed this inferior attitude towards the Indians was because the Indians would not fight — they were apparently quite a peace loving group of Indians with, of course, some exceptions.

The meeting closed all too soon because there were a lot of questions that I still wanted to ask of Dr. Meighan.

Guests at the Westerners November 11 meeting included: Murray Gall-Mann, Ph.D., the Professor of Theoretical Physics at Cal-Tech. Dr. Gall-Mann was a recipient of the 1969 Nobel Prize in Physics.

Guests of Sam Currie included Ralph Phillips who posed for Western Artist W. Herbert Dunton who illustrated Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*.

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# Sentinels ...



A typical sturdy stone fence post that has survived many a varied Kansas season.

Much has been written about the barbed wire that fenced the West, but what about the posts that held up the wire. Until recent years little thought or publicity, has been given to the most unusual post ever used on the plains. It has largely been through the efforts of one man that these stone sentinels have taken their rightful place as real Americana of the West. My good friend, Ralph A. Coffeen of Russell, Kansas, has done an outstanding job of telling the real story of the stone posts. Much thanks and appreciation is due him.

Even though barbed wire was becoming more and more available there was a real problem to be solved, what to use for posts? Except for a few scattered trees along the banks of meandering streams posts of wood virtually non-existent. It was here that pioneer ingenuity came to the rescue. Some of the rugged individuals had noticed out-croppings of limestone near the top of nearby hills. In fact a few had already quarried enough stone to build simple homes for their families.

The strata of Greenhorn limestone of the Benton formation, ran in layers of eight or more inches in thickness. And what was of

real convenience, the strata lay only a few feet below the surface. It did not involve too much difficulty to remove the soil to get down to the layer of stone. If, reasoned these hardy souls, they could develop a way to remove the stone in sizes suitable for posts perhaps it would solve their fence post dilemma.

Working with a blacksmith friend it was not long before they developed a novel method. Some simple tools were fabricated, tools of the type that would be used for many years in the producing of thousands upon thousands of these uncommon posts. The first tool was a tempered drill bit attached to a rather large hand-made brace on which was mounted a heavy metal wheel, or as was more often the case, a heavy circular stone (Fig. 1). This would serve as a weight to help force the bit into the stone. When an outline of the desired size of the post was laid out holes were drilled six to seven inches into the stone and about eight or nine inches apart.

Metal "feathers" were inserted into the holes, and a "wedge" (Fig. 2) was placed between the feathers. When all were in place each wedge was subjected to blows from a hammer, thus forcing the wedge deeper between the feathers. This resulted

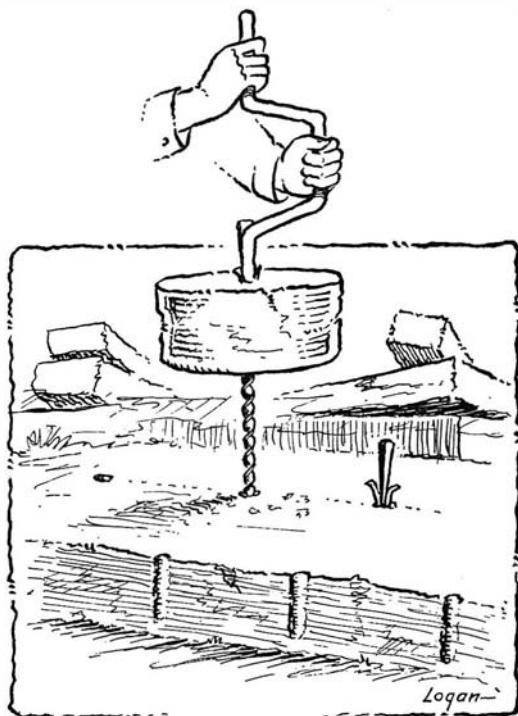
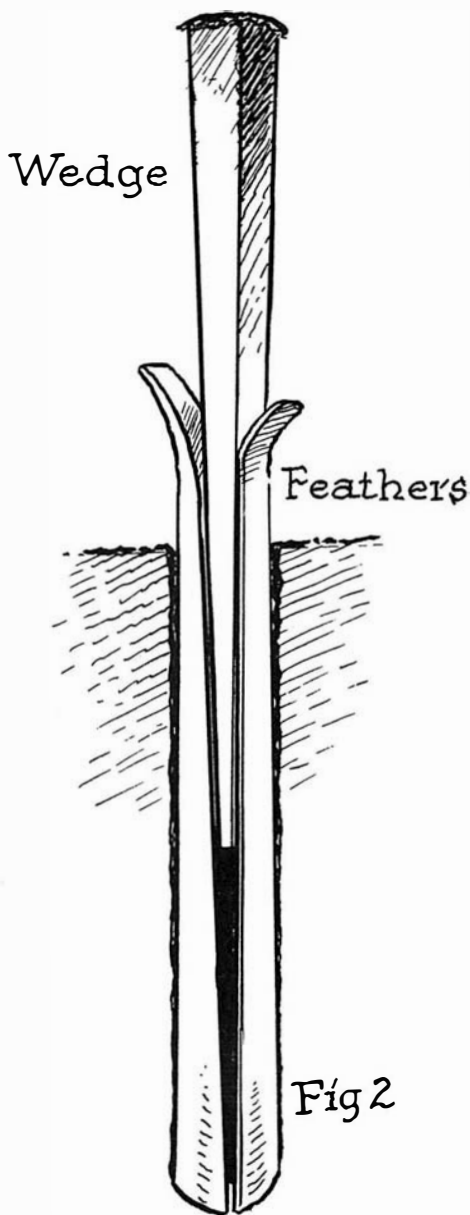


Fig.1



in the stone cracking along the line of the previously drilled holes. There was another method though not as widely used since it could only be done in the coldest weather. In this instance each drilled hole was filled with water and allowed to freeze. The resulting expansion of the frozen water had a similar result to the feathers and wedge.

Crude, tedious, tiring and time consuming by today's standards perhaps, they were eminently efficient in those pioneer days. Stone for a few of the early houses, barns and other buildings was quarried in like manner, although with a bit more refine-

ment. Many structures like the fence posts are still in use.

While undoubtedly some of the pioneers quarried their own stone it was more customary for several to pitch in and work together at given times. Usually this was during the periods when farm work could conveniently be laid aside. For those not able to quarry their own posts they could be purchased at the quarry for the low price of twenty-five to thirty-five cents a piece. With each post weighing around five to six hundred pounds the stealing of posts did not present too much of a problem. It was a laborious effort to lift and haul the posts from the quarry to the places of use. Often special low slung wagons were used to haul the stone.

When fencing was to be done the posts were strung out across the prairie in a line where the fence was to go. Then began the task of digging the holes and setting the posts in place. Depth ranged from eighteen to twenty-four inches. Corner posts were braced by stone supports (Fig. 3). Ten to twelve steps were paced off for subsequent posts. Then came the job of stringing the barbed wire.

The wire was spaced on the posts at least a hammer's length apart, and a like distance from the ground. Often only three strands were used although it was not uncommon to use more, depending on the circumstances.

In the main only two methods were used in attaching the barbed wire to the posts. Both are illustrated. One method was to drill a hole in the face of the post at the de-

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Fig. 3

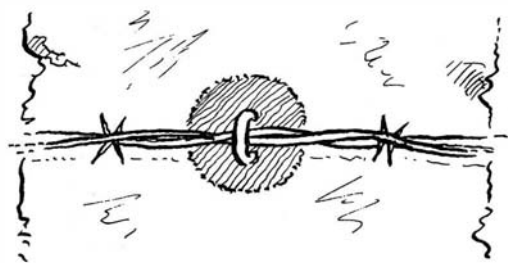


Fig 4

sired spacing for the wire. Into this hole a wooden plug was driven flush with the surface of the stone. A staple straddling the wire was then driven into the wooden peg (Fig. 4). In the absence of a staple a straight nail was driven in part way and then bent over the wire. (In the event you question how well these nails held the wire, try to pull one out after it has been in place a few years. I never did succeed in getting a souvenir nail.) The more common method, and that most widely used, was to wrap a piece of plain wire around the back side of the post and then twist the two ends around the barbed wire as in Fig. 5.

Such was the building of a fence to keep the prairie fields from intrusion and to prevent livestock from straying to greener pastures.

Today, nearly a hundred years later, as giant stratoliners wing their way through the blue cloudless skies overhead or as high powered automobiles glide over modern paved highways, to say nothing of the sleek transcontinental trains that speed across the prairies on ribbons of steel, one cannot help but wonder how many who take the modern conveyances for granted know or appreciate the sweat and toil that went into the

fencing of the prairies with the uncommon stone posts. But those driving more leisurely are intrigued by these stone sentinels stretching for mile after mile in various directions across the prairies. Hundreds do stop and ask to know the story of the stone posts.

But what memories the old posts bring to one who grew to ravel in the beauty and fragrance of the prairie wild flowers growing along the old fences, or who has heard the joyous morning call of the yellow breasted meadowlark as it gives forth its melodious call of happiness, or who remembers the mournful, nocturnal howl of a lone coyote as it turns its nose heavenward in the moonlight, perhaps by the side of an old stone posts? And who has not been startled by the whirring sound of a ring necked pheasant as it takes off in flight from the shade of one of the old posts? Or, who has observed a frightened rabbit as it jumped from a hollowed spot at the base of one of the stone posts, which afforded it a shady protection from the noonday sun?

Yes, what moments of happy and pleasant memories the sight of these silent stone sentinels of the prairies bring to mind to those of us who see in them a fragment of history. They tell of the hardships toil and sweat our early forefathers endured to give us the rich heritage that is ours today.

Truly we can say with the poet of old. . .

They crossed the prairies, as of old

The Pilgrims crossed the sea.

And, *made* the West, as they the East.

The homestead of the free."

## Death Takes Ann Hafen

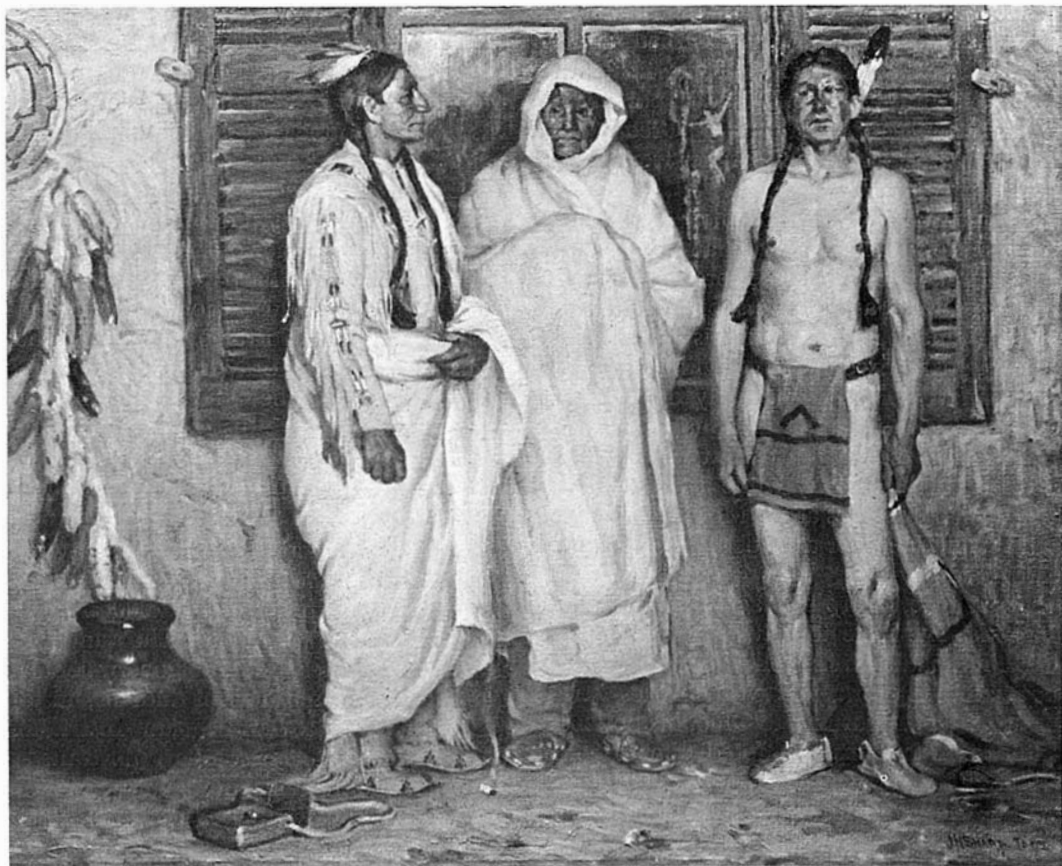
The Corral will be saddened to hear of the death of Ann Woodbury Hafen (Mrs. LeRoy R. Hafen) who died December 15th, 1970, at Provo, Utah. The late Mrs. Hafen's bibliography runs for four pages in the index to the Hafen collection prepared by Brigham Young University in 1962. Not only did Mrs. Hafen establish a niche for herself in the literary and western world, but collaborated and co-authored with her husband many major works on Western Americana. Because of their close cooperation for so many years, they were collectively known as The Hafens. Her death is a real blow to all those interested in western literature. Her

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Fig 5





(Courtesy Biltmore Galleries)

## JOSEPH HENRY SHARP

70 YEARS OF WESTERN PAINTING

by TOM McNEIL

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Westerner Tom McNeil has an excellent library and collection of Western Art. He has prepared the following paper which deserves wide circulation.*)

In the early 1920s high in the aspen forests of northern New Mexico near Taos, Joseph Henry Sharp bounced over the rocky roads in his studio-on-wheels dubbed, *Prarie Dog*. Sharp liked to paint in the open even in rough weather. Fond of trees, flowers, gardens, he used nature's background for the many Indian studies, known by all collectors of Western painting. The tall slender aspens turning golden in the crisp fall air of the Sangre de Cristo mountains were favorite subjects for the Taos painters. Some of Sharp's most popular canvases feature these unique high mountain trees.

Already in his sixties, Sharp had seen the spectacular high desert landscape in New Mexico as early as 1893 while on a sketching trip from his home state of Ohio. He was searching for background scenes to incorporate in his studies of Indians. Sharp is credited for discovering Taos as a future art center. He was the first artist to encourage others to move to New Mexico.

Sharp's long and productive career can be divided into three overlapping periods. His first important work was confined largely to capturing the customs of the vanishing American Indian. Portraits of chiefs, scenes of Indian life in camps and pueblos, are paintings for which he is best known. By 1893 he exhibited two paintings of Indians at the Fourth Annual Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, another at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. In the middle

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period came landscapes with or without figures. In his later years he turned to seascapes and florals. Throughout his entire span of painting he continued to portray Indians. His last major work, "Green Corn Dance" was an Indian scene from Taos, painted in 1949.

Born in Bridgeport, Ohio in 1859, Sharp was the only child of William Henry and Elizabeth Sharp. His ancestors were of Irish descent. Some ascribe his spontaneous good humor and ready wit to his inheritance! Young Joseph went to live with an aunt in Cincinnati following the early death of his father. By the age of 12, Sharp knew he wanted to become an artist. At 13 he went to work in a nail factory while at night began night school studies at the McMicken School of Design. He later attended the Cincinnati Art Academy.

By nature, Sharp was active, restless and curious. His urge to travel came early. In 1881 he made his first of many trips to Europe studying for a year with Charles Verlat in Antwerp. Returning to Ohio, his boyhood interest in Indians prompted him to come West. From New Mexico through Arizona and to the West he worked his way north to the Columbia River country by boat. Indians of the Ute, Umatillas, Shoshone, Nez Perce, and Klikitats tribes were subjects for study and for sketching. "Eagle Boy", "Nez Perce", and "Washakie" were portraits inspired by the long Western journey. Henry Farny another Ohio-born painter of the West, is given credit for encouraging Sharp to concentrate on Indian paintings. Both men shared studios at one time.

Sharp trained well for his vocation. Returning to Europe in 1886 he studied with Carl Marrin in Munich, and with Nikolaos Gysis. Frank Duveneck as also one of Sharp's teachers having established himself in Italy at this period. Both visited Spain. Before returning Sharp, copied works by Velasquez, Goya, and El Greco. Considered as exercises to improve technique, Sharp favored these copies exhibited once at the New Mexico Museum of Art. He kept them hanging in his studio home in Taos.

The period, 1890 to 1900 was full of activity. Sharp joined the staff of the Cincinnati Academy of Art as an instructor in life classes. Fernand Lungren, active in Cincinnati art circles, encouraged Sharp to exhibit locally. The two artists developed a long

lasting friendship meeting years later in New Mexico both painting the local Indians. Addie Byram became Sharp's wife in 1892. Membership in the Society of Western Artists provided opportunities for exhibiting his paintings. The second sketching trip into the Southwest produced a full page illustration for *Harper's Weekly*, October 14, 1893, entitled, "Harvest Dance of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico." Sharp wrote the text accompanying the illustration. A member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners owns the original drawing. An exhibit of three paintings at the Chicago Art Institute, three at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, and a one man show of monotypes at the Denver Artist's Club are included in the ten year period.

International attention was drawn to Sharp for his exhibition of Indian paintings at the Paris Exposition in 1900. He was awarded the silver medal. The same year the United States Federal government acquired eleven paintings of Indians, installing them in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. These Sharp portraits are loaned to public museums throughout the country. At the urging of President Theodore Roosevelt, the government built a small cabin-studio at the Crow Agency near the Custer battlefield. Sharp wrote a witty invitation referring to his "palace" studio as containing, "rare Montana furniture" and "imported paint from Paris" to his friends in 1901. Here Sharp spent his winters painting Indian studies, scenes of Indian life, and portraits. He did some of his best work under these primitive and trying conditions. Neither scarcity of food nor the bitter winter weather of Montana deterred this determined artist. Sharp was often asked why he chose to paint the Plains Indians before those nomadic and pueblo Indians farther West. He replied he didnt expect the culture of the plains tribes would last as long. It is estimated Sharp painted at least 200 of the Custer battle warriors. He had a true humanitarian affection for Indians as people. He was able to capture the mood of a defeated and dying race.

From the Crow Agency, Sharp traveled throughout the area. Pine Ridge, South Dakota was a favorite location. Here he painted Hand and Spotted Elk. His closest Indian

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(Courtesy Biltmore Galleries)

friend was Flat Iron, Chief of the Sioux. Reproductions of five portraits were published in *Sunset Magazine*, vol. XI, no. 2, June 1903. These include Cheyenne, Sioux, and Blackfoot chiefs. The text of the article reveals some of Sharp's admiration for the bravery, the stoicism of these native Americans. Like E. A. Burbank who painted many of the same chiefs, most of Sharp's portraits were painted from life. As historical documents, these paintings are highly prized by museums, ethnology departments in universities, and studios art collectors. Victor Justice Evans added 13 more Indian portraits

to the Smithsonian collection in 1939.

Phoebe Apperson Hearst, benefactor at the University of California at Berkeley, collected authentic paintings of Indians for the anthropology department. In 1902 she purchased 80 Sharp oil paintings for the University. Composed mainly of Crow, Cheyenne, Sioux, Blackfoot types, Rio Grande pueblo residents. They were exhibited in San Francisco at the Pan American Exposition and elsewhere. The collection grew and now consists of over 100 works. The paintings are framed under glass, wrapped in

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# THE LAME DEER BURIAL SITE

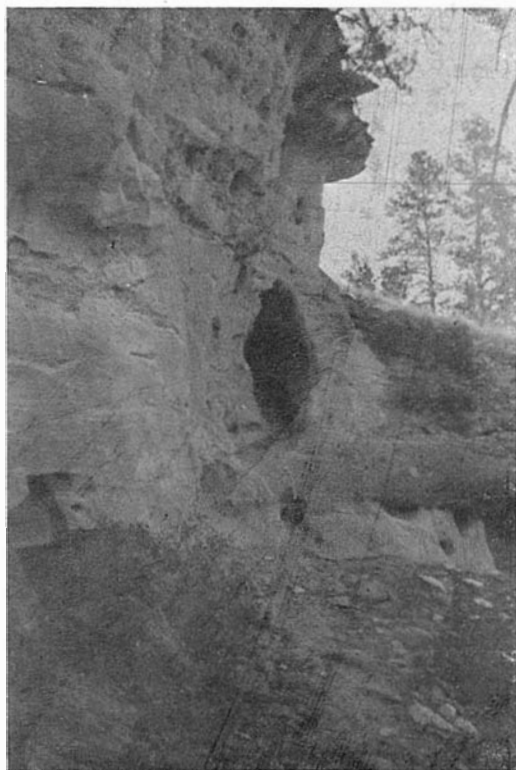
by AL HAMMOND

The Northern Cheyenne Reservation is located in Montana with its agency at Lama Deer which is forty miles east of the Custer Battlefield. Few of the Cheyenne people of today realize that their agency was named after a Sioux Chief. Those who do know have laughed and suggested there might be a few of them who would be disturbed and annoyed were they to possess that knowledge.

The Lama Deer Fight occurred May 7, 1877 at which time the U.S. troops were under the command of General Nelson A. Miles. The casualties amounted to four soldiers killed, one officer, and six soldiers wounded. Indian losses were fourteen killed and many uncounted wounded. The fight took place near the mouth of Soldier Gulch just south of the town of Lama Deer.

When General Miles attacked the Indian camp Chief Lama Deer and Chief Iron Star were separated from the band. General Miles rode up to shake hands with Chief Lama Deer and it looked as if everything would be settled peacefully. Unfortunately a white scout rode up as Miles was shaking hands with the chief and at the same time his adjutant George Baird, was doing the same with Iron Star, the other chief. The scout came on, with drawn rifle causing them to become suspicious. Thinking they were going to be shot, and fearing treachery Lama Deer ran back a few steps, and fired at General Miles. Miles seeing his danger had drawn back his horse which settled back on its haunches as the bullet whizzed by. The General was very lucky, as he well knew. A soldier near him was killed instantly. A hot fight ensued with quiet deadly fire from the guns of the soldiers.

Lama Deer and Iron Star were killed and the fight was almost over as fast as it had started. The Indian camp was one of the richest ever seen. There were fifty-one lodges filled to capacity with many beautiful buffalo robes, fine horse equipment and a wealth of Indian goods. There were some of the Seventh Cavalry horses which had been captured at the Little Big Horn. Soldiers gathered souvenirs as mementos and



then the entire camp was burned and destroyed.

Near the battle site is a small cave that the Northern Cheyenne mistakenly say is the burial spot of Chief Lama Deer. The cave is higher than a man at the entrance and runs in about fifteen to twenty feet. One can walk in with both hands touching the sides of the cave walls. It narrows and recedes as one proceeds into it. The cave cut was made into the sandstone cliff by erosion and almost looks hand carved.

It is difficult to understand how the story ever got started or why the Cheyenne have said it is the burial location of the Sioux Chief Lama Deer. It was the location of an unknown Indian burial and perhaps this was how the story started. This site was completely destroyed years ago by soldiers stationed at nearby Camp Merritt and today there is no evidence whatsoever of any burial.

The elderly Sioux have told and passed on a different story. A daughter of the chief who was also there at the time of the battle spoke out about her father's burial. She visited the supposed burial site in later years and mourned for him at a different

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## Corral Chips

It was almost like old home week during the second weekend in November at Death Valley! Many officers of the Death Valley Forty-Niners are also very active in the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners including Bill Newbro, our Sheriff, Hugh Tolford, Jack Stoddard, George Sturtevant, and many others who are going to be mad at me because I cannot remember all their names!

Corresponding member Bill Bender was justly honored with the Artist Award for his beautiful landscape. This is a singular honor because this is the judging that is done by all of the rest of the artists who are in the Show. First prize of the popular judging went to Ray Swanson, second prize to Bill Hampton and third prize to, guess who, Bill Bender. Corresponding member Andy De-gosta won top honors in the open show. Andy's work is beautiful and the Corral should be proud of his accomplishments. Your Round-Up Foreman was so proud he nearly bought one of his oils but could not quite make up his mind and by the time he got his mind made up, it was sold! C. M. member Ted Littlefield was also represented. C. M. member Robert Wagener had some of his beautiful presentations also hanging around the patio. Old friends of



C.M. Andy De Gosta's prize winning oil painting displayed in Death Valley during the recent '49'er encampment.

Bob's are very pleased to learn that he is moving from Long Beach to Bishop where he plans to devote most of his time to painting. Bob's production up till now has been very limited but I see great things for the future now that Bob has finally decided to devote his full time and energies to his chosen avocation. Good luck Bob!

There was also some evidence at Death Valley of ECV. The Round-Up Foreman is still in the dark as to what this mysterious organization that reports to the "Protectors of Orphans and Widows" is really up to! However, they seemed to be a bunch of great guys and there seems to be some sort of affinity between E. Clampus Vitus, Westerners, and the Death Valley Forty-Niners. Your Editor has tried to define the peculiar affinity and magic between the men involved in these three organizations and is at a loss to scientifically explain what there is about the mystique of these three groups.

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A frequent visitor to the Westerners, Don McLain, is responsible for the naming of many significant place names in the San Gabriel Range. Kratka Ridge, Charlton Flat, Mount Lucans, Mount Mooney, and Little Jimmy Springs have all been applied by this geologist, photographer, government surveyor and forest service ranger.

Mr. McLain has a large collection of artifacts at his home at 2936 Glenrose in Altadena along with his equipment used on previous expeditions.

Mr. McLain is a very unassuming man and does not talk a lot. Your Roundup Foreman hopes that someone is recording the vast amount of history that is carried around in this gentleman's mind.

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At the Garden Court of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Tuesday, December 8, 1970, Henry R. Wagoner Memorial Award was conferred to Charles E. Kemp by the Board of Trustees of the California Historical Society. Charlie is a charter member of the San Francisco Corral of the Westerners. Past, sublime, noble, grand, humbug of the Grand Council E.C.V. and is well known in the L.A. area and a personal friend of many of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners.

Congratulations Charlie. Past Wagoner Award recipients include Carl Wheat, 1959,  
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Reverend Maynard Geiger 1960, Dale Morgan 1961, Thomas W. Streeter 1962, George P. Hammond 1964, Francis P. Farquhar 1966 — and to that galaxy of Westerners is now added the name of Mr. Charles E. Kemp. Congratulations.

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The *Wall Street Journal* on Tuesday, November 24, 1970, had the following item:

“Philadelphia — John B. Stetson Company said it is considering discontinuing its hat manufacturing here because of substantial losses from the operations. The company would continue to sell and distribute hats under its Stetson and other labels, perhaps contracting the manufacture to other concerns, a spokesman said.”

Other subsequent news reports have confirmed that indeed the Stetson & Company closed its doors over Thanksgiving vacation.

Hundreds of thousands of cowboys, presidents, mountain men, bankers, and just plain old dudes are all going to be very nostalgic about the passing of this company that played such a unique role in the West.

Via con Dios.

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Prolific Westerner, Dudley Gordon, has again blown into print with his favorite subject — Charles Lummis. In the *Wilson Library Bulletin* for December of 1970 a printed article entitled “Aggressive Librarian Charles Fletcher Lummis” authorized by our own biographer of Lummis. There is no one better prepared or equipped to write on this noted member of early Southern California elite.

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Honorary member of the Los Angeles Corral, Mark R. Harrington, has had another honor heaped upon an already long list. An organization called The Friends of the Mark R. Harrington Library has been formed by the San Fernando Valley Historical Society Inc. to add to and preserve their library which was given this association by Dr. Harrington. The dedication of the library took place in June 1970 and on that same day The Friends were established. Those wishing to honor this grand old man of the West may send their contribution to the San Fernando Valley Historical Society,

Andres Pico Adobe, 10940 Sepulveda Boulevard, Mission Hills, Calif.

It is of interest that this grand old scholar and member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners previously owned the Andres Pico Adobe and during the early years practically single handedly restored this great heritage of the Southwest. It was purchased by the City of Los Angeles in 1968.

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Westerner Chris Mason who started out splitting rails for the railroad in Vermont and New Hampshire furnished your editor with the following definition of an internist (a specialist in internal medicine): A jerk who started out as an expert with no experience and wound up as a G.P. with no practice.

Needless to say, anyone with this kind of salty approach to life is not easily fooled by any of our Federal bureaucrats or others who want to pull the wool over our eyes.

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Merrell Kitchen of Stockton, Calif., was present for the December meeting. Merrell is one of the founding fathers of the Los Angeles Corral having been present at the second meeting ever held by this Corral. After moving to Stockton, his membership was changed to that of a corresponding member and he subsequently became a charter member of the Stockton Corral. Welcome back any time — Merrell.

The Corral welcomed as one of its guests at the December meeting Mr. Russell E. Belus who is the Curator of History in the Los Angeles County Museum.

It was reported by corresponding member Bailey from Santa Barbara that beloved Westerner Col. Hoffman had a heart attack and was taken to the hospital for intensive treatment. He apparently is improved and on the way toward recovery. Hurry back Colonel we might need your services on the border again!

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## **Ann Hafen . . .**

magnificent contributions will continue to enhance, mold and influence western history for years to come. The Corral extends its heartfelt sympathies to Mr. LeRoy Hafen at this untimely loss.

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## Joseph H. Sharp...

heavy brown paper, and stored in the workroom at Kroeber Hall. In excellent condition, these invaluable art works are not on public view. Only the Gilcrease Foundation in Tulsa, Oklaroma, has a larger collection.

By 1902, "J. H." as his friends called him was spending the summer months in Taos, New Mexico. In 1909 he established his studio, the Copper Bell, across the street from the Kit Carson home. The building was an old adobe surrounding a garden of cottonwoods and hollyhocks. Sharp added a front garden gate with his name carved in wood. His neighbor, Irving Couse, another famous painter of Indians shared the same garden. Currently, the old Sharp studio has been remodeled, is now owned by a prominent art dealer. The carved garden gate remains as a reminder of the famous painter and his summer retreat. When the Taos Society of Artists was formed in 1912, Sharp was a founding member.

At the Taos altitude of 7,000 feet, some artists found the winters uncomfortable. Sharp established a winter studio in Pasadena, California at 1481 Corson St. From 1910 to his last days he maintained the two studios. Addie died in 1913, her sister, Louise Byram, became Sharp's second wife in 1914. Louise outlived Henry only a few years.

The Panama Pacific Exposition in San Diego was a high point in Sharp's mature years. His, *Crucita, Taos Indian Girl*, won a gold medal. *Pueblo Girls*, at the Pacific Southwest Exposition, Long Beach, 1928, earned a cash award.

Sharp was now in his landscape period, painting the Taos back country with or without figures. His palette became lighter, more colorful, and the sure draftmanship continued. He was exhibiting annually at the Museum of Art in Santa Fe, and in California. With other well-known western artists, Sharp contributed to traveling shows from San Francisco to Kansas City.

During the mid 1920s Henry and Louise traveled in Spain. Always sketching, some excellent small canvases of the Alhambra Gardens were painted on panels made in Madrid. A few years later, South America, the Orient, and finally Hawaii were visited by the Sharps. Seascapes, native Hawaiian flowers, Oriental still life objects, were sub-

jects for the painter's brush. Some of the 1935 floral paintings of Hawaii and the hollyhocks from the Taos garden, are now highly prized by collectors and private galleries.

Thomas Gilcrease, an admirer and friend of "J. H." established what is now one of the most important collections of the art of Western America in existence. It is now called the, Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, owned and managed by the City of Tulsa. At the opening of the Institute, Sharp was selected to provide the paintings. Mr. Gilcrease had purchased over 200 from Sharp. A catalogue was published with a self portrait of the artist as a frontispiece. The *Tulsa World* gave a full page review of the exhibition.

Doomed to total deafness by a boyhood swimming accident, Sharp kept small pieces of paper handy for transmitting conversation. His early affliction no doubt sharpened his powers of visual perception, allowing him long periods of concentration needed for painting portraits. A battered felt hat, the inevitable cigar, were his personal trademarks. Cigar box lids provided the support for many of his small oil sketches. He had a full head of hair, and sported a neatly trimmed beard and moustache. His health was good, and although not a food faddist, he was careful of his diet. A ready smile charmed his many friends. As late as the last year before his death at 93, he made his last summer trip to Taos on the Santa Fe Railroad. He was a favorite of the railroad management, having painted many of their calendars. His life ended in Pasadena August 1953. He left behind a rich legacy. "Their works follow them."

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## Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Corral wishes to extend the hand of welcome to the following new C.M.'s: Paul R. Eldridge, Reno, Nevada; Richard Flood, Mesa, Arizona; Murray Gell-Mann, Pasadena, California; Jirayr H. Zorthian, Altadena, California; Lloyd P. Harting, Mission Viejo, California; Glen W. Adams, Glendale, California; Palmer L. Long, Anaheim, California; Sven C. Rudkin, San Marino, California; Gerald Huestis, M.D., Santa Ana, California; and Ed Trumble, Boulder, Colorado.

## The Lame Deer Site...

location than that of the cave. In her telling of the battle and relating where her father fell she spoke of and pointed out the true burial spot. The burial is near the next big coulee down stream from the one where the sandstone rock cave is located. Its a rock cairn burial and has deteriorated a great deal since the chief was placed there. The burial site actually is proving the old saying of "dust to dust." Very little now remains.

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## Monthly Roundup...

Ted Myers also a guest of Currie's accompanied Ralph Phillips from San Diego.

Westerner Al Hammond brought Gilbert Tuijillo, a full blooded Apache.

Westerner Bill endriks brought Mr. David Hatfield, an Aviation Historian, who is presently employed by the Northrup Institute of Technology. Mr. Hatfield has been an Aviation Historian since 1931 and is the Director of the Aviation History Library at the Northrup Institute of Technology. He has published a five volume series on aviation history. His personal library on aviation history is the most complete in the world.

Hank Clifford brought Artist Jirayr Zorthian. Leland G. Hunnicutt, M.D., was a guest of our Deputy Sheriff Alden Miller. Dr. Hunnicutt was one of the early ear, nose, and throat specialists in Southern California area and still, at age 72, is active in the practice in his specialty. Congratulations!

### DECEMBER MEETING

The last meeting of the year 1970 was hosted by our genial Sheriff, Bill Newbro. A significant collection of illustrators of the west had been collected by Westerner Tom McNeil. This included many illustrated rare books by the representative artists including Lundgren, Gleason, Dixon, Santee, and many others.

The group was next treated to one of a most erudite presentations on western fiction literature by John Eldridge, Ph.D., from the University of Nevada at Reno. The trieffort of western writers started with B. M. Bower, and was added to by George Perillo

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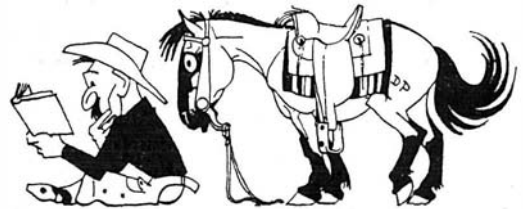
and closed with that displaced New Englander, Owen Wister.

For years so long that the Corral has lost track, Westerner Don Perceval has presented to the out going Sheriff one of his paintings. This year was no exception and Westerner Don was here in person to present the very coveted and cherished work of art which went to Bill Newbro. Don Perceval also brought for our enjoyment several unblemished first editions of books which he himself has illustrated. The Corral is aware of its great debt of gratitude to Don Perceval and thanks him for his generosity, kindness and continued contribution from his heart to the Corral.

The beautiful handcast solid silver Sheriff's badge then was pinned on the lapel of Alden Miller — and another year opens for the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners.

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C.M. Dick Bunnell has been doing a lot of lecturing recently on the Indians and archeological problems associated with early civilization here. His most recent lecture was to the Ebell Club last week. Congratulations Dick!



## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

THE UNITED STATES ARMY BETWEEN TWO WARS: ARMY LIFE AND REFORMS, 1865-1898, by Jack D. Foner. Humanities Press, New York, 1970. \$7.50

This book is "western" only in that the greater part of the small United States Army was stationed in the West during the period mentioned in the subtitle. The reader who is looking for thrilling accounts of battles with the Indians, or tales of high adventure, will be disappointed, for the book is entirely without heroics of any sort. Hardships are

(Continued on Next Page)



depicted in plenty, but they are the hardships incidental to life in the primitive western posts, and to the system — or lack of system — in the Army at that time. Dr. Foner has written a scholarly and thoughtful monograph on the internal and administrative condition, with special emphasis upon the enlisted man and the fumbling and unsteady progress made toward reform.

The fantastic desertion rate of the period is discussed fully, and the author shows clearly a close correlation between desertion and general economic conditions; in good times the desertion rate was high with low recruitment; in the middle '70's and early '90's, desertion was relatively low and recruitment was high. The author also shows at some length the ills resulting from the Army's lack of a suitable legal code and the occasional exercise of arbitrary power by certain officers. The book includes a chapter devoted to this subject, the gradual reform of which led to the establishment by law of the summary court martial (with very limited powers) and the promulgation by President Benjamin Harrison of a uniform code of punishments which court martials were bound to follow. The author also traces in detail other efforts to better the lot of the soldier, such as the final elimination of the antiquated system of "post traders" and the substitution of the "canteen" (now called the Post Exchange).

The writer's research has been thorough, but it is the reviewer's opinion that his presentation of instances and examples is likely to give an uncritical reader a distorted picture. There is an *implied* conclusion that miscarriages of justice by court martial, of inexcusable tyranny by officers, with occasional brutality, were general and universal conditions. The instances the author cites are unquestionable proof that sweeping and drastic reform was necessary, but those instances were few in view of the thousands of men who passed through the ranks in the three decades covered by the discussion. And, in his discussion of the soldier's pay, the author omits any mention of the fact that in 1876 Congress failed to pass any appropriation for the pay of the Army, which went unpaid for an entire year — but still performed its duty.

And if he may, the reviewer will question another statement — that service with Negro

troops was considered undesirable by officers. On the contrary, during the reviewer's service (about thirty-five years), a large part spent with Negro troops, such service was considered especially desirable, a tradition which went deep into the past.

As a final thumb-nail evaluation of Dr. Foner's book, it is a fine, scholarly work, but it is not for the casual reader; rather it is for the serious student of American military history.

C. C. CLENDENEN.



BIRTHRIGHT OF BARBED WIRE by Anthony L. Lehman. Westernlore Publishers, Los Angeles, 1970. \$6.95

Tony Lehman, active in the affairs of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, Academia, and many other historical societies and groups, has done it again with his *Birthright of Barbed Wire*. May I quote directly from a letter from Tony regarding this book:

"Quite by accident I came upon the W.R.A. collection on the Claremont College's Honnold Library, a really superb collection of most of the mimeographed newspapers published at the various centres in California, Arizona, Colorado, Arkansas, etc. As I leafed through the 50 issues of the Santa Anita *Pacemaker*, I suddenly realized that the whole picture of daily life in the assembly centre could be put together from this particular source. So that is what I have tried to do in my book: give the reader an idea of the dull, meaningless, depressing, sometimes heartbreaking brand of existence that the evacuees encountered during the seven months of this particular centre's life. I did not merely try to avoid intruding my own ideas into the narrative, preferring to let the bare facts slowly speak their own pungent story . . . even now, after researching the subject, I still do not really understand why the Japanese had to "go away."

Tony, a lot of the rest of us do not understand why the Japanese had to go away either. Looking back it is amazing why there was not more of a turmoil on their part! Granted, I was young at the time also, but I do not remember any particular antipathy toward the Japanese we knew — and I can recall my folks very carefully putting away

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a brand new Plymouth in a carefully rented garage — jacking it up on blocks, putting kerosene in the cylinders and all the other things that one was supposed to do in order to store a car for those expected years. The car happened to belong to my father's college roommate, never mind whose it was, it needed to be protected for the time they would return from "camp." I can remember being admonished not to say anything about the car to the neighbors.

At any rate, this is a fine volume which stuck to its purpose and did not digress into other areas of the question which has been voluminously documented by other researchers.

TAD LONERGAN.



LOS CORONADOS ISLANDS by Helen Ellsberg. La Siesta Press, Glendale, 1970. \$1.00

That famed company — La Siesta Press — has done it again. Helen Ellsberg has written a most interesting account of the history, biology and marine life that is present in and around this group of islands located off the Southern California coast. An old hotel that was built as speculative venture in the early 1930's is now occupied by a Mexican Army Post. Permits to land are getting more difficult to obtain because of the depredations of the Norte Americano who has managed to desecrate some of the islands.

Helen's book contains some pictures and is especially valuable to the conservationists because of her recital of the bird life which has gone and which is in the process of going — including the pelican.

A very readable booklet for those interested in marine history and for those who are collecting series of books that seem to emanate on at most amazingly irregular intervals from this press!

TAD LONERGAN.

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## In Response to Boelter's Article

Reading my old friend Homer Boelter's article in the December, 1970, issue of *The Branding Iron* brought back a couple of memories.

Page Sixteen . . .

The first flight I ever made was in a Stinson-Detroiter up to, over and into the Grand Canyon. This was in the middle twenties, when Scenic Airways, Inc., of Detroit, Michigan, carried on survey flights in the Grand Canyon area to determine the feasibility of such flights for sight-seeing purposes, in addition to carrying hunters from the south side of the canyon to the Kaibab and then returning them and their kill to the south side. The prime purpose, however, was for sight-seeing purposes.

The day I made my first flight, "Don Carlos" Lummis was visiting the Park which, incidentally, was his last trip to the Grand Canyon. That evening he was a guest in my house and during our conversation that evening, he declaimed long and loud about the curse of the automobile and then, waxing hotter than ever, about the airplane which then was invading the sacred precincts of the Park. I felt that discretion was the better part of valor and never let on that I was in the plane which dove into the Canyon missing the flagpole at Bright Angel by just a few feet while he was stranding at it's base, drinking in the glories of that wonder.

Some five years later, I entered the United States Indian Service and was stationed at Santa Fe, New Mexico. I had been in and out of Santa Fe since 1922 and knew it pretty well. Arriving in Santa Fe ahead of my bride, for I had just been married, I started house-hunting with the aid of a friend, and wound up at the Otero compound. My landlord was District Judge Michael A. Otero, son of Miguel A. Otero, Jr., who served as Territorial Governor of New Mexico from 1897 to 1906. Judge Otero's wife was — you guessed it — the Katherine Stinson about whom Homer writes in his article. The last time we visited with Judge Otero was when we were on our way to the Western History Association meeting in Oklahoma City. At that time, Katherine was desperately ill and we could not see her. Since then, Katherine has departed this earth and I am sure she is demonstrating to the angels just how flying should be done.

MICHAEL HARRISON.

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