



DECEMBER 1971

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 103

## What Is Your Membership Worth To You?

AN ANNIVERSARY APPRAISAL WITH A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

By PAUL GALLEHER

If an Organization such as ours has been in existence for a quarter of a century, and we wish to recognize this fact, we might review our past and ask ourselves several questions:

1. Why was such an organization formed,
2. How has it demonstrated its vitality,
3. Is there still a need for a continuing effort to do what we are doing, if in truth we are doing anything at all?

This Corral has enjoyed 25 years of prosperous and continuous growth and activity. Looking back over these years, I cannot help but be impressed with several factors which have contributed to our development. However, before I report on these factors, let me set the scene for you.

The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, was born amid a somewhat distinguished environment of happenings. In December of 1946, several things were taking place which will help identify the time for you. It was in that month and year that Roscoe Conkling, recently deceased, was bringing to a close his magnum opus, the large 3-volume set of *The Butterfield Overland Mail*, which has been characterized as without question the final and definitive work on this important phase of westward development. Almost at this time, Bernard DeVoto was putting the finishing touches to his now-classic *Across the Wide Missouri*. Membership in the Historical Society of

Southern California was five dollars, and J. Gregg Layne, the first speaker at our first Westerner meeting, was editor of the *Historical Society Quarterly*. Paranthetically, it is interesting to observe that not by design, but by fortuitous circumstance, our Silver Anniversary volume just published, should be on the subject of vigilantes. This was also the subject of that first talk given to the Westerners by Mr. Layne 25 years ago, on the 19th of this month.

Also one day in mid-1946, there had assembled in front of the Los Angeles City Hall, 25,000 citizens to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the raising of the first American flag over the pueblo, in 1846. It was a year of centennial celebrations to commemorate the capture of Los Angeles. It was also the year in which Paul Bailey introduced his now-famous publication, *Deliver Me From Eva*. In the same year, W. W. Robinson was working on a study of land in California which was later to be published under that same title. Art Woodward did his *Lances at San Pasqual* and there was a 2½ California state sales tax.

It was then during these times of exciting happenings that The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, was born. Last month we had some reminiscences of what, for lack of a better phrase, was put on by the "Old Timers." We will try to avoid repeating

(Continued on Page Three)

# The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Published Quarterly in

March, June, September, December

## OFFICERS—1971

- ALDEN H. MILLER ..... *Sheriff*  
1705 Rancho Dr., Glendale, Ca. 91201
- EARL C. ADAMS ..... *Deputy Sheriff*  
1386 Orlando Rd., San Marino, Ca. 91108
- EVERETT HAGER. . . . . *Registrar of Marks & Brands*  
P.O. Box 3006, Terminal Island, Ca. 90731
- HUGH C. TOLFORD. . . . . *Assistant Registrar*  
of Marks & Brands  
14226 Runnymede St., Van Nuys, Ca. 91405
- TAD LONERGAN ..... *Roundup Foreman*  
12911 Olympia Way, Santa Ana, Ca. 92705
- DONALD DUKE. . . . . *Assistant Roundup Foreman*  
P.O. Box 8136, San Marino, Ca. 91108
- BERT H. OLSON ..... *Keeper of the Chips*  
619 N. Rexford, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210
- WILLIAM H. NEWBRO. . . . . *Past Sheriff Trail Boss*
- ERNEST M. HOWARD. . . . . *Past Sheriff Trail Boss*
- THOMAS S. MCNEILL ..... *Librarian*  
207 Avenue G, Redondo Beach, Ca. 90277
- H. GEORGE McMANNUS ..... *Representative*  
1011 E. Lexington, Glendale, Ca. 91206
- IRON EYES CODY ..... *Daguerreotype Wrangler,*  
and *Chief of Smoke Signals*  
2013 Griffith Park Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca.  
90026
- DON MEADOWS ..... *Membership Chairman*
- JOHN H. URABEC ..... *Wrangler Boss*
- WARD G. DEWITT, ROBERT N. HUNTOON, ANTHONY LEHMAN, ALLEN WILLETT. . . . . *Wranglers*

Address for Exchanges  
and Material Submitted for Publication:

The Roundup Foreman

TAD LONERGAN

12911 Olympia Way, Santa Ana, Calif., 92705

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

Copyright © 1972 by The Westerners,  
Los Angeles Corral

## The Foreman Sez . . .

Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* has fired public interest in Western History and the plight of the Indian. With our changing attitudes toward Nineteenth Century western expansion, less than one hundred years later, one wonders what our era will look like a century from now.

Whatever we look like—your job and mine is to accurately record it—in its totality. Our reaction to it today are only too

Page Two . . .

obvious. Lets not make the world only safe for democracy but safe for people.



## THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

### NOVEMBER MEETING

The November Meeting was a real highlight. It had been billed as an "Old-Timers Night" and there were several original charter members of the Corral present for this occasion. We were honored to have these gentlemen with us: Neil Harlow, Paul Bailey, Homer Boelter, Glen Dawson, and Paul Gallaher. The Deputy Sheriff, Earl Adams, introduced each of these gentlemen by name.

One of our own members, Iron Eyes Cody, has been active in many different facets of Indian history and heritage. He has been a participant at the Sun Dance Ceremony held by the Sioux each fall and showed us twenty minutes of movies that he had prepared of this ceremonial dance. Some pictures which he took are included in this *Branding Iron*. Thank you Iron Eyes.

The Corral was saddened to hear that old-timer Jim Fasero had been rehospitalized because of some continuing illness. The Corral wishes the best to Jim.

Guests at the meeting included Pat Gardner, a guest of Lorrington Campbell, Pat's main interest is railroadiana and steam locomotives. Bill Fenton was a guest of Ray Billington—an anthropologist, Iroquois linguist and a Fellow with the Huntington Library. It was good to see the Honorable Judge Stanley Barnes as a guest. Henry Clifford brought Harry Kelsey—he is the Director of History of the Los Angeles County Museum. Bill Lagana and Paul Mason were guests of Iron Eyes Cody.

(Continued on Page Eight)

## Worth of Membership . . .

what was said then, and in some small way, take a look at these 25 years on the basis of the accomplishment of the Westerners of Los Angeles, and a forward look at what is expected of us in the future.

Mention has already been made of the several factors which contributed to our growth and development. First I should mention the little set of principles and policies which were wisely conceived a quarter of a century ago, and indicate to you that they have been pretty-well adhered to. Here is a quotation from our very first publication: "The new Los Angeles Corral of Westerners, organized December, 1946, came into existence to enable men with common interests to meet with reasonable frequency, and to exchange information and knowledge. They are motivated by sincere desire to learn more of our own great West — its background, its people, its traditions and its history. Westerners know that in their own backyard, they have a rich heritage of fascinating facts and lore well worth perpetuation. In a modest way, the Westerners are trying to stimulate this interest, trying to unearth and rediscover our ancient past and trying to preserve our more recent history of the Indian, pioneer and others who trod our plains and mountains in opening the West to so-called civilization. While doing this purely as an avocation, they feel richly rewarded in the pleasure they derive from their study and research. They neither expect nor wish any other reward."

*Each man is expected to take an active interest in each meeting and to prepare a paper on a subject of his own choice. This spirit of fair exchange enables every man to broaden his own knowledge of the West and to contribute some of the richness of his own experience and study."*

Our batting average hasn't been 100%. I'm sure you all realize this, but with this goal before us, we have made progress toward these objectives. Secondly, we have had dedicated and vital leadership, and while we have had renegades among our membership who would have liked to do other than maintain our principles which on occasion might have led us away from our purposes, the far seeing vision of our leadership has always been able to get us back on the right track, and for this I'm

sure we are all grateful. Men who were merely 'joiners' or who had ulterior motives in gaining membership to our organization, were soon disillusioned and resigned. We always need to remind ourselves that we are not just a drinking society, nor a knife and fork club, but first and foremost we come together for the purpose of learning something ourselves, and broadening our own horizons as well as helping others in their quest for knowledge.

Thirdly, in the sense that we have demonstrated our vitality, we should say that to the credit of our The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, there has already accrued a significant shelf of books, quarterly publications and keepsakes. To a large extent, the substance of these publications has been either directly or indirectly contributed by our members. It may interest the new members and guests to know that a complete set of our *Brand Books*, thirteen in all, recently sold for \$800. These books have been the fruit of the labor of our membership and at no financial gain to themselves.

Testifying to the fact that these *Brand Books* are much more than just publications here is what Paul Bailey wrote several years ago. "There is nothing on God's sod that so fraternally unites the souls of men as mutual endeavor in a common project . . . From the organization's very inception, the *Brand Book* — from incubation, from sweat and terror of production, through to the satisfying joys of completion — has been the catalyzing factor in welding the men-souls of this unique fraternity into the common joy of creation . . . Twelve times has this dedicated little group of men risked effort, time and money to the bringing forth of their periodic volumes. Twelve times has this dedication and risk been vindicated by a unique and timeless book worthy to take its place on the shelf of publications which have made The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, famous . . . From Hodge, Harrington and Wellman, to Russell, Dixon and Ellsworth, have come the riches of scholarship and art. Between the covers of these books are the scores of papers written by men of skill and dedication, whose sole purpose was to make articulate the memories and experiences to which the Great West had moved them.

*(Continued on Next Page)*

## Worth of Membership . . .

The great majority of these contributors have come from the membership rolls of the organization they have so ably and imperishably served. The frantic and continued demand by libraries and scholars for these *Brand Books* is final clinching proof of their importance as publications . . . But important and heartwarming as is this achievement, it is not the most important asset inherent in this publishing endeavor. A greater thing by far has been the magnetic, almost spiritual quality which this united endeavor has laid upon Los Angeles Corral through the years. Like a lodestar, the *Brand Book* has been the strength and sinew which has welded a very small group of men into a dedicated force. More than any other one thing, the periodic issuance of these books has been a force that has gathered and fashioned men of diverse backgrounds into a fraternity of dedication.

Thus the Westerners have demonstrated the vitality of the group by not only doing the research, the publishing and individually supporting these publications, but also seeing to it that these books find a permanent place in the libraries and colleges both here and abroad so that their efforts may be for all time available for study and use. In further defense of the vitality factor, it should be mentioned that many of our own members have been frequent speakers at many historical functions, various historical societies throughout the state, many conferences such as the Western History Association whose ten annual meetings have found a number of our members making solid contributions to the great body of western history. They have appeared before corrals not only in this country, but in foreign lands as well, and otherwise brought glory to and expanded the image of our own Los Angeles Corral. Conversely, the ever-grownig stature of The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral attracted many well-known personalities from outside our Corral who accepted our invitation to address us. While its risky business to try and name them all, just to make a point, I do recall among a host of visitors, Oscar Winther, Horace Albright, David Lavender, J. Frank Dobie several times, Dr. Robert Cleland, Paul Wellman, Roy Hafen and many others. The point I am

Page Four . . .

trying to make is that men of achievement from whom we can learn, did and still do, come to us to help with our aims and objects — another addition to our vitality factor.

But what of the future? Just what do you think your membership is worth to you? Is there a continuing need for this organization, and if so what is to be done about it. Time has a way of marching on, and in its wake members are taken from us just as the Fred Hodges, the Homer Britzmans, the Lonnie Hulls, the Percy Bonebrakes, the Ernie Suttons and those who were so fondly recalled last month. Has this 25 years stressed enough the values which come from taking an active part in such an organization so that the interest and research among men with common interests will endure? Is this spirit of fair exchange, in an atmosphere conducive to the absorption of such material to be continued? The phenomenal growth of our state and city in the past ten years has created situations which all organizations have had to take into consideration. We now have many more people interested in the West who must be served. For many years our active membership had been limited to 50 men, with an unlimited number of corresponding members. There were some advantages to this. Each one knew the other in a more intimate and attached way. They helped solve each other's problems and the spirit of comradeship prevailed in their kindred interests. By action of this Corral not too long ago, the active membership was increased to a base of 75 members and only very recently an 'Associates' program was initiated to allow for an additional 25 or 30 members in this category. These new men are going to have to gradually assume the responsibility of continuing the principles and purposes for which this group was founded, and it is going to be up to them to see that this Corral of Westerners maintains its place as a living, vibrant organization — not only with a past, but with an even greater future. I feel that we now, as a larger group in a more populous community, can still generate the same feeling which was true with 50 men if we but do two things: First, be sure we maintain only a membership of interested men who believe in what we are trying to do, and sec-

(Continued on Page Fourteen)



# Dwight Franklin

By GLEN DAWSON

Dwight Franklin was one of the most creative men ever to be a member of the Westerners. His regular membership was for about a ten year period, 1946 to 1956. He died January 16, 1971, outliving most of his contemporaries. This sketch is to record something of a very remarkable career.

George Dwight Franklin was born in New York City, January 28, 1888. He spent his first Christmas with his parents in Pueblo, Colorado, and from there went to Camp Verde and Flagstaff, Arizona. His father died when Dwight was two years old. His schooling was a succession of private schools and military academies. His mother, Jean Dwight Franklin, an artist and literary figure, had a great influence on Dwight, and mother and son made several trips to Europe together. Among their numerous friends were John Burroughs, Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt and Zona Gale.

Dwight Franklin showed skill as an artist from the age of two or three, and from 1906 to 1914 he was an artist, collector and preparator with the American Museum of Natural History in New York. In 1912 he was in Wisconsin for three months collecting fish and preparing them for exhibition in the Museum. When he was twenty the Fourth International Fishery Congress awarded him a prize of one hundred dollars in gold for a paper on preparing fishes for museum and exhibition purposes.

He was not only an artist, but a photographer specializing in photographs of wild birds. In 1913 Dwight and his mother spent the summer in Arizona, traveling by horse and wagon, painting, sketching and photographing. For several weeks he clerked at the Babbit and Preston Trading Post in Tuba City, sleeping in the second floor of the Trading Post. He took a special interest in observing, photographing and drawing lizards. The Franklins viewed the Hopi Snake Dance the same time as Theodore Roosevelt did and they met the poetess Sharlot Hall. On this trip Dwight purchased



DWIGHT FRANKLIN

a silver belt buckle from a Navajo Indian and wore it the rest of his life.

Dwight Franklin had a long interest in firearms and military costume and equipment, and it must have been with some disappointment that in World War I he was rejected for military service because of deafness in one ear. He made displays for the Liberty Loan drive and the Red Cross. In connection with Bashford Dean, Franklin did volunteer research for the Office of Chief of Ordnance in protective coloration for the clothing of soldiers and for the design of helmets. Later, during World War II, his desire to be of service was for the most part frustrated, but he qualified as an Air Raid Warden and for some two years had the title of Camofleur with the Office of Emergency Management.

In 1925 Dwight Franklin was a member of the Arcturus Expedition of William Beebe and spent six months collecting in the Saragossa Sea, the Galapagos, Cocos Island, etc. During this time he observed a volcano in action, personally discovered an uncharted lake, harpooned a Devil Ray 18 feet across, and dove for specimens, photographed, and drew from life.

In the same year he became art director for Douglas Fairbanks, experimented with

*(Continued on Next Page)*

## Dwight Franklin . . .

color for *The Black Pirate* and later was a designer for other films, including *Treasure Island*, *Captain Blood*, *Naughty Marietta*, *The Plainsman*, *Man of Conquest*, *Reap the Wild Wind*, and *Adventures of Mark Twain*.

The greatest claim to fame of Dwight Franklin is that he was the originator of the miniature groups, or dioramas, now in use in museums throughout the world. Beginning in 1914 this was his principal occupation for more than fifty years, researching the history and costume and constructing these historical works of art. The Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History is just one of the many museums with a considerable amount of his work. Others are Children's Museum in Brooklyn, Cleveland Museum of Art, University of Illinois, Naval Museum at Annapolis, Museum of the City of New York, and Metropolitan Museum (N.Y.); there are as well some figures in private ownership. Some of the most elaborate miniature groups were done together with Robert N. S. W. Whitelaw for the George Washington Masonic National Memorial Association of Alexandria, Virginia—said to have been installed at a cost of \$75,000.

Dwight Franklin was a long time friend of Henry Alexander Ogden who had made a notable series of 70 color plates of American military uniforms. Franklin was made a Fellow of the Company of Military Collector & Historians for his pioneering work in developing the diorama technique. He was also a member of The Armor and Arms Club. Dwight Franklin had a great appreciation for music, particularly folk music and ballads. He knew by heart the words of many ballads.

In 1928, Dwight married Mary McCall, Jr., who became a well-known screen writer. They had a daughter, Sheila, and twin sons, Gerald and Alan. The marriage was dissolved in 1944. In 1947, Dwight married Elizabeth Moultrie Darling and acquired a step-son, Norris Goodwin. At the time of Dwight's death, the Franklins had six granddaughters; three by Sheila Benson, who is living in Mill Valley, one by Gerald Franklin, who is a practicing at-

torney in Santa Barbara, and two by Norris Goodwin, who practices law in Oroville.

Because of his research needs Dwight Franklin built up a large reference library and went on to collect guns, swords, costume and military objects of all kinds. Part of his collection was given or exchanged with the Los Angeles County Museum. His bookplate of a flying ship was done for him by his friend the noted artist Will Crawford. A residue of his books and pamphlet collection was purchased by Dawson's Book Shop in 1971 and these materials are the basis of the information and illustrations for this article.

### BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DWIGHT FRANKLIN

"A Method of Preparing Fishes for Museum and Exhibition Purposes." Reprinted from *Bulletin of Bureau of Fisheries*, May 1910.

"Some Fish of the Middle West." In *American Museum Journal*, January, 1914.

"The Psychology of Museum Groups." Reprinted from the *Proceedings* of the American Association of Museums. 1917.

"Artist Rebuilds the Past, Dwight Franklin and his groups for museums . . ." By William B. McCormick. *International Studio*, April, 1923.

*The Arcturus Adventure*. By William Beebe. 1926.

"Weapons of the Buccaneers and Pirates." Reprinted from *A Miscellany on Arms and Armor in honor of Bashford Dean*, 1927.

"It's a Small World." In *Education*, September, 1940.

"Gun Toting in the Old West." Reprinted from *Brand Book of The Westerners*, Los Angeles Corral. 1948.

"The Historical Miniature Group—An Interpretive Technique." In *Quarterly*, Los Angeles County Museum, Fall, 1955.

"Fremont at the Signing of the Treaty of Cahuenga." *The Westerners Brand Book* No. 7. Los Angeles, (1957).

## Art Woodward Remembers Dwight Franklin

My friendship began with Dwight in 1922 in New York City and continued down the years.

Dwight Franklin, as a man, was one of the kindest, gentlest souls who ever lived. He was tolerant in most ways and became really riled only once that I can remember in all the years that I knew him.

As a sculptor of miniature figures, Dwight was the originator of the miniature dioramas. His first ones, I believe, were made for a small museum on Staten Island, New York. His series of dioramas illustrating the early history of New York City are in the Museum of the City of New York. One of his aides was a young man, Ned Burns, who on May 16, 1939 was appointed Chief of the Museum Division, National Park Service.

Dwight was essentially a very modest hombre. He knew he was good at his trade, but one would never suspect it when talking to him. He was never arrogant or proud in his knowledge, always the humble student and we have spent many hours "kicking the gong" around on some picayunish detail of history, mainly for the fun of it.

In his research on any project, large or small, he spent weeks and months ferreting out the details of clothing, weapons, uniforms, etc. His approach to his historical portraits was meticulous, but his interpretation of his subjects was one of mood. He froze action and made the figures, small as they were, appear to live. One never needed to have a name or title to understand the miniature characters. Consequently he turned on his artistic sense when creating a famous historical personage and although he knew what a button on a uniform was in the most minute detail, there was no stiff rendering of it in his figures.

Dwight was not anti-social, but he preferred to sit quietly in his studio with one or two friends, sipping drinks, and discussing history, old and new. I remember particularly one afternoon in the early 1940's sitting in his hillside studio over-looking Highland Avenue in Hollywood, along with



A Soldier at Valley Forge. Done in wax by Dwight Franklin. —*Courtesy Art Woodward.*

old Bill Crawford, huddled in his great coat by the fireplace, rambling from one subject to the other. Bill usually sucked on his pipe, Dwight sat in his cubby hole with work bench, Bunsen burner, his modeling tools and wax, while I pounded on a typewriter, intent on a magnum opus on the costumes of Mexico-California from late 18th to middle of the 19th century, which never appeared except in typescript. To illustrate Dwight's patience, imagine a double row of figures ranging from John Barrymore in his role as Captain "Long John Silver," in full pirate rig — to an excellent portrait likeness of Mark Twain, all made in wax, standing on the top most shelf of an open face cabinet in the tiny cubby hole. There were at least two dozen of these miniatures, the result of several years work. Then one night, after Dwight had left the studio and gone to his Hollywood home, all hell broke loose. Dwight was at times a bit absent minded, preoccupied with his work and on this evening I believe it was a Friday night, Dwight forgot to turn out the flame on the Bunsen burner (in which he heated his spatulas and other tools for working the wax). He

*(Continued on Next Page)*

## Woodward Remembers . . .

did not return to the studio until the following Monday morning. I too went up there that same day. The studio work shop was a shambles. Jim Bridger and General "Jeb" Stuart as well as nearly all of the figurines standing on the edge of the top shelf, near the ceiling, had bent in the middle. The heat from that tiny—almost invisible gas flame, reaching to the upper portion of the room, had been enough to reduce the figures to what would appear to be beyond repair. The weight of some, caused by the bending of the figures, had toppled them to the floor. Dwight and I looked at the mess, and I for one probably felt the impact more than Dwight. I knew how many man hours of research and careful sculptoring had gone into the creation of those little people. Dwight, instead of bemoaning the destruction, gathered up the remains very carefully and, one by one, in the years that followed, restored each one to its former likeness . . . and all this at the time when he was engaged in his diorama of Captain John Paul Jones on board the *Bonhomme Richard* engaging the British war ship *Serapis* in the English Channel, September 23, 1779. I might add that this diorama is now on exhibition in the Naval Academy Museum, Annapolis (A photograph of this group is pictured as illustration No. 191, *Picture History of the United States Navy*, by Theodore Roscoe and Fred Freeman, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1956).

Such a man was Dwight Franklin. He cherished his early memories of his youthful adventures in Arizona and above all he treasured his reminiscences of his trip on the *Arcturus* with William Beebe. As he grew older he apparently lost all desires to participate physically in field expeditions and was content to re-live the more active days of his youth. On several occasions I asked him to take short trips with me to archeological sites, but he always refused smilingly, saying he liked his creature comforts too well to go prowling around the countryside. In May 1954 I was planning a short jaunt to Custer Battlefield in southern Montana in company with Hugh and Penny Shick and my wife, Barby. Knowing Dwight's interest in the Battle of the Little

Big Horn, I asked him if he wouldn't like to go with us. To my great surprise and delight he accepted and I believe that that trip from Altadena, California—starting May 14 through May 24 was the last field expedition he ever made. Now that he has hit the Long Trail I'd like to bet that somewhere he and Bill Crawford, M. R. Harrington, as well as Harry Ogden and William Beebe and a host of other old friends, adventurers all, are gathered in a rendezvous swapping lies and sipping whatever is being served at that camp fire. Move over boys, I'm only seventy-three—but I'm bound to join you sooner or later.

— ARTHUR WOODWARD.

## Monthly Roundup . . .

### DECEMBER MEETING

If it is possible to have a Westerners meeting packed with emotion, the December issue was one of these memorable experiences! Paul Gallaher read a paper on the history, goals and aims of the Westerners. This paper has been reprinted in this issue. It would bear some study by all those involved in the administration of the Corral.

A treat that has been traditional with the Los Angeles Corral starting with Clarence Ellsworth and proceeding up to Don Louis Perceval has been the presentation of a fine painting to the outgoing Sheriff. Don Perceval, as he has in the past, again presented a beautiful water color to outgoing Sheriff Alden Miller. In addition to this, he talked to us for a while about historical honesty in Western art. His talk began as usual with those amiable words "Beloved Bastards and Fellow Sons of Bitches." It went on to make a point that many of the so-called Western artists do not spend much time in the West and actually did not paint regalia, saddles or other items in their period. He cited many examples. Don Louis has suggested that he would prepare a manuscript for the *Branding Iron* that could be published later. If so, we will not review his talk further here except to say that it was provocative, fascinating and one of the finest short presentations that we have had all year.



## In Remembrance

MARK R. HARRINGTON

1882-1971

Dr. M. R. Harrington, distinguished honorary member of The Westerners, Los Angeles Corral, has taken his last trek into the great unknown.

The June 1959 *Branding Iron* carried a story of his scientific achievements as an archeologist, anthropologist, writer, explorer and museum curator, plus a bibliography of his writings. He was a first lieutenant in World War I. His profile is carried in *American Men of Science*, *Who's Who in America* and many other books. He was a man of many achievements.

I, who have known Uncle Ray for many years, plan to write of him briefly, not as the scientist, but as the man. Volumes could be written about him in this category, but our space is limited and I must condense my association with him to these few paragraphs.

He was known by many names, depending on what time in his life you happened to enter it. In earlier years he was known as Ray or Raymond, sometimes as M. R., and in later years as Mark.

During his work among many Indian tribes he was given Indian names, such as *Hosaistuggeteh*, "He Carries a Snake" given by the Senecas because he wore a snake-skin hatband; an Osage name *Wahope*, meaning "War Bundle," because he was buying this particular object for the Heye Museum; The Zunis dubbed him *Tonashi*, "The Badger," for digging in badger holes, whose entrances disclosed archeological treasures. His favorite name, however, was an Oneida word, *Jiskogo*, meaning "The Robin." The name he used when writing fiction was Ramon de la Cuevas, "Raymond of the Caves."

I will write of him simply as Uncle Ray, as he was known intimately to me and my family. I came into his life when he first came to California to assume the role of Curator for The Southwest Museum in Highland Park.

He was married to the late Dr. Arthur C. Parker's sister, Endeka. Dr. Parker, a Sen-



"JISKOGO" DR. HARRINGTON  
*Dressed for Indian ceremonial*

eca Indian, was a famous anthropologist and founder of National Indian Day among his many achievements. He was my wife's, Birdie, father. When we married I became a part of Uncle Ray's family, attending family functions, joining scientific clubs, visiting archeological digs and joining his pet project "The Friends of the San Fernando Mission," which was founded to restore this early landmark.

When Endeka passed away, he married Marie Walsh, a well known author and writer. She kindly included us in family celebrations, along with his son Johns, his wife Virginia and their children Carol and Raymond, and our boys Robert and Arthur. And later Carol's husband Martin de Alaiza and Maria, their baby girl.

Uncle Ray probably inherited his great love of the outdoors from his part Mohawk grandmother. He had sympathy for all living creatures and would allow no one in his party to kill a snake in his path. Everyone would have to walk around the creature, as he said: "It was there first and we are intruding on its territory." He would allow no one on his expeditions to kill any animal, as he said we were not that hungry and did not need the food.

*(Continued on Next Page)*

## Mark Harrington . . .

My father-in-law, Dr. Parker, in the early days was studying to become a minister and Uncle Ray interested him in anthropology, a science he became famous in. In later years he became the Director of the Rochester Museum of Arts and Sciences.

They were such good friends that they both joined the Iroquois False Face Society as brothers. When my wife was born prematurely on an archeological expedition in Charlotte, New York, he travelled many miles to see the newborn child, and naturally in later years he became her godfather.

I can't quite remember when I first met Uncle Ray, but I believe it was when he was living at the Casa de Adobe, while he was restoring the Pico House in Mission Hills. We liked each other at first sight and he said at a later date that he would like to adopt me.

He would recount stories of his adventures among the many tribes he visited and I would tell him my adventures among various tribes, when I travelled with my father Thomas Long Plume on his wild west show.

As a technical advisor in motion pictures Uncle Ray helped me many times with Indian dialects and languages. When I wrote my first book on Indian sign language, he wrote the foreword and was a great help to me, as well as on my second book *Indian Talk*. He was never too busy to help anyone who came to him for advice or information, no matter how small or extensive it was.

I introduced him to the late Westerner Clarence Ellsworth, and Clarence illustrated some of his books. Many times we would have lunch with the late Westerner Dr. F. W. Hodge, and they would relate many stories. Dr. Hodge's Zuni Indian name was *Teluli*. I always had my trusty camera with me and I have many pictures of excavations, parties and general get togethers with Museumites.

Uncle Ray loved The Westerners and did not like to miss any of the meetings, despite the fact it was so hard for him to get around. His disability was due to a serious accident in which an automobile struck him down on Fegueroa Street, below the Museum. Two inches of one of his legs was

lost in the gutter. His leg was so badly shattered they could only suspend it from a sling and hope for the best. With his strong will and determination he graduated from wheel chair to crutches, then to a cane, all the while carrying on his museum duties as Curator.

His wife Marie would bring him to my home and I would take him to the Westerners meeting, then I would drive him back to Mission Hills, where he lived in a new adobe house he had built, after he had sold the Pico house. He loved to sing Indian songs and we would have a grand time singing Peyote songs. He had attended many Peyote meetings and had learned the ritual and songs.

Uncle Ray was a jovial man and he liked everybody. He enjoyed telling jokes and many times he would act them out. His favorite was his ape imitation. He would grunt and make ape-like noises, hunch over and scratch himself with dangling arms and sometimes he would jump up and hunch on a chair, causing everyone present to scream with laughter.

Westerner Art Woodward and he were very good friends and they often played jokes on each other. Art was a practical joker and one would never know when he would get a mousetrap on his finger when reaching into a bag, or the wife would find a woman's garment or shoes in his suitcase, when they returned from an archeological meeting.

I don't know how many of the Westerners have heard this yarn, but since many of them will appreciate it, I think it should be related here.

He did a lot of archeological work in Cuba and wrote several books on "Cuba Before Columbus" for the Heye Foundation. While on a dusty reconnaissance trip he and his interpreter and guide became thirsty. They tied their pack horses outside a little cantina and went inside to do a little imbibing. He understood very little Spanish at this time, as a matter of fact he later learned the Cuban Spanish. There were a lot of men standing around the bar and they all greeted him cordially. He asked for a drink. He was handed a huge mug of Cuban rum. His guide motioned for him to drink. He took a sip and his guide motioned for him to continue. Misunder-

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

# The DEWEY-BERRY FEUD



by  
HERSCHEL C. LOGAN  
OF THE OLD WEST



Roy  
Berry



Chauncey  
Dewey

Wednesday, June 3, 1903 started out much the same as any other day in Northwestern Kansas. But the tragic event that occurred that day is still recalled and discussed even to the present time. Columns have been devoted to it over the years, and in parts of the state it still brings divided and often heated opinions.

I refer to the last range war in Kansas, the Dewey-Berry Feud. Some have referred to it as a culmination of events between wealthy landowners and less fortunate small land owners. This may have had a part in the tragedy, although undoubtedly there were also other underlying causes.

Charles P. Dewey, a relative of the noted naval hero, Admiral Dewey, and a wealthy real estate man of Chicago had come to Kansas to make investments. Though astute, and perhaps at times a bit unscrupulous in his dealings he had established the huge 80,000 acre Oak Ranch in parts of

Rawlins and Cheyenne counties. No little part of the vast range had been acquired by the purchase of tax titles and by foreclosing on farm mortgages, when the boom days of the 1880's collapsed around 1887. Many of the "dirt farmers" of the area looked upon such accumulations of land with suspicion and distrust. This especially after the elder Dewey put his 23 year old son, Chauncey Dewey in charge of his holdings, the Dewey Cattle Company.

Even though the young Dewey, albeit a bit unschooled in life on the range, endeavored to be sociable and friendly he was often rebuffed in word and action by those who looked upon him as but a representative of the "money mongrels."

Among those who led in the anti-Dewey sentiment was the elder Daniel Berry, and four of his clan, Alpheus, Buchard, Roy and Beach. Many looked upon them as heroes

(Continued on Next Page)

## Dewey-Berry Feud . . .

of sorts because it was said that old Daniel had "stood up" to Dewey on a matter involving the foreclosure of a mortgage on his farm, which was held by Dewey. In any event there was the element of bad blood between the men. So intense did this feeling become that at times Dewey cattle were found shot, barbed wire fences cut, wells filled or polluted. If caught alone workers on the ranch were threatened or roughed up. So much so that they were forced to go in groups for protection.

At a public sale two days before the shoot-out Dewey men had bought an old wooden water tank. Located on the Alpheus Berry's place it had been sold to satisfy a judgement. It was from this sale that the Berry men had driven the Dewey men away with drawn guns.

Expecting little, if any trouble in removing the tank Chauncey Dewey, Clyde Wilson (a veteran of the famous fighting 20th Kansas of the Spanish-American War, and at that time a bookkeeper for Dewey) and William McBride, a constable, rode horseback. They were accompanied by five of the Dewey cowboys on horseback, plus a man and lad on a flat bed wagon drawn by four mules. Dewey later said that if he had expected any trouble he certainly would not have permitted the boy to come along. Incidentally the Alpheus Berry land was said to have been entirely surrounded by the Dewey acreage.

While the flat bed wagon was being driven along side the tank Daniel and Alpheus Berry engaged Dewey, Wilson and McBride in conversation. Nothing in their manner or voice evidenced any particular hostility. But before the tank could be loaded on to the wagon, Roy, Burch and Beach Berry came riding up. Jumping from their horses they commenced shooting. One of the first shots killed Chauncey's horse.

Then things happened fast. In the hail of lead the mules, hitched to the wagon bolted, and with the hired hands, and lad left the scene on a dead run, never slacking up until they reached their home ranch.

It may have seemed much longer but what happened was over in a matter of minutes. On the ground lay Daniel, Alpheus and Burch, each killed instantly. Roy was seriously wounded and carried a scar

on his face the rest of his life. Beach escaped with but a minor wound in his leg.

The next day Dewey, Wilson and McBride were placed under arrest and charged with murder. Sentiment on the part of the dry land farmers was almost totally in favor of the slain Berry men. Anger rose to a fever pitch, so much so that the Governor called out Company K of the National Guard to convey the trio the 40 miles to St. Francis for arraignment. Even with such an escort it was deemed expedient to take a round about way to prevent an ambush by the angry homesteaders.

Guarded by armed guards the men were ordered to stand trial, but were placed on bond pending the start of the trial. A change of venue was granted and Norton was selected as the trial site.

Space will not permit a review of the lengthy trial, amidst all the hatred, animosity and emotionalism engendered among the settlers and townspeople of the area. Assassination attempts were made against the three men.

Prior to the start of the trial there was even a magic lantern show displayed around the nation, purporting to show scenes of the shoot-out. These were in reality all posed photos to gain support for the Berrys. These shows were accompanied by the singing of a tear jerking ditty, "The Ballad of the Berry Boys."

Empaneling of the jury began on February 3, 1904 and continued until February 12, at which time the trial got under way. It lasted until March 17. Much conflicting testimony was brought out during the trial, which was covered in column after column in newspapers over the state, and in many national publications.

At the start of the trial the state appeared to hold the edge. Later things began to happen that favored the defense. Some state witnesses changed their stories, even under threat of perjury. Two of the jury came down with a lingering illness. And, all this time the defense attorneys kept up an incessant hammering away with obvious and telling effect.

On Saturday morning, March 19, 1904, after more than 28 hours of deliberations the jury brought in its verdict—"Not Guilty." The three men were cleared of the murder of Burch . . . the only one of the

*(Continued on Next Page)*





This photo was quite obviously posed by "stand-ins" after the actual bodies had been removed. Even so it was admitted as evidence in the trial to show the positions of the dead and wounded. In the foreground are represented the figures of Daniel Berry (left) and Alpheus Berry (right), next to the carcass of Chauncey Dewey's horse. Back of the sod wall prone men represent Bur-chard Berry (right) and the wounded Roy Berry (left). The end of the wooden water tank is shown at the lower left hand corner of the photo. —*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society.*

## Dewey-Berry Feud . . .

slain men for which they were tried. So wrought up were some of the folks of the area that the jury was hung in effigy.

Down through the years there has lingered a diversity of opinion on the part of many, both pro and con.

Hearing a rumor to the effect that the remaining Berry men wanted to talk, Chauncey Dewey in 1934 drove to Colorado to see Roy Berry. At that time realizing that they were getting along in years Roy, and later Beach, volunteered to sign an affidavit exonerating Dewey and his men of all blame in the shooting. It was said that they started shooting first, thinking to scare off the Dewey men. Blaming the shooting on the Deweys was, according to both Roy and Beach, at the insistence of their attorney, Gen. L. W. Colby of Nebraska, a shrewd court room lawyer of the old school.

The actual signing of the affidavits in May of 1934 was witnessed by Frank Bart-

lett, County Clerk of Rawlins County. Before signing Beach Berry suggested that he should get something out of the signing. When asked what he meant he replied that for years he had wanted to fish in the Dewey lake. Chauncey told him to call him at any convenient time and they would go fishing together.

A short time later it is said that nearby folks came and gazed in astonishment to see a Berry and Dewey fishing together. A happy ending to the last shoot-out on the prairies of Kansas.

Today the principals of that range war have all passed away and only memories of a turbulent day in Kansas history remains.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Westerner Logan having spent most of his life in Kansas was a close friend of one of the principals in the range drama, and as a result received most of his facts firsthand.*)

## Mark Harrington . . .

standing him, he upped the mug and drank the entire contents, amid sounds of awe. As he hurriedly left the place he heard much laughter. Getting up on his mile-high horse he roused up with a terrible headache and asked his guide "What happened?" The guide said admiringly: "You drank all the rum by yourself and it was intended that all present take a drink from it to show good friendship!"

His last Westerners meeting was at Dr. Alden H. Miller's home last year. His son brought him in a wheel chair, as he was 88 years old now and arthritis had set in his old injuries. He had a grand time visiting with many of the old timers.

Two days before he passed away we visited him at the hospital, where he was recovering from a broken hip operation and a month-long stay. We talked to him and told him we were waiting to celebrate his birthday at his home on July 6, he smiled when we admired his boyish figure.

He didn't make it, he passed away on June 30 at 7:30 p.m. in the evening with his wife Marie at his side. The world is a little lonelier placing for the passing of this saint-like man, and has left a great void in our lives.

— IRON EYES CODY.

## Worth of Membership . . .

only, insist that each man actively participate to reflect this interest.

Our corresponding membership has never been limited and has grown to the extent that we now have members throughout the United States and in some foreign countries, and with their help in joining forces with us at home, our energies will be put to an even greater use.

Some years ago we adopted the Southwest Museum as a depository for our papers, reports, manuscripts, books and the like, and just recently our Trail Bosses created the office of Historian, looking forward to the time when we ourselves, through interested members who accept this office from time to time, may create an even greater source for our use and study, and make it also possible through the Museum to help others do the same. So I think in part, we have answered all of the questions we were asking ourselves at the outset—why was such an organization

Page Fourteen . . .

formed; how has it demonstrated its vitality, and finally, is there any need for a continuing effort to do what we have been doing? Thus in truth we are still trying. We still have the future in focus, and acting on behalf of posterity, we will continue to unselfishly address ourselves to the needs of others by maintaining the principles upon which our little group was founded 25 years ago. What is your membership worth to you? I would guess the answer is directly up to you.



## Corral Chips

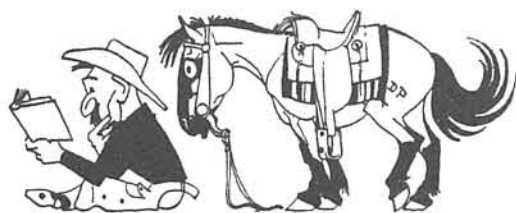
Our friends in New York who publish the *New York Posse Brand Book* have reviewed and refocused on "Wounded Knee" in an article by Harry W. Paige that appeared in Volume 18, No. 2. Dr. Paige explores the phenomenon of the meteoric rise of Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* to first place on best seller list. He mentions that there is a move afoot to establish a large visitors center including a motel and restaurant, at Wounded Knee. Your Roundup Foreman finds this difficult to believe and wonders how the rest of the Los Angeles Corral feels. White man's commercialism on such a sacred spot as this (sacred to the Indians but shameful to the whites) should not be desecrated. Dr. Paige, is there anything we can do to prevent this unbelievable irresponsible commercial development,

Incidentally, the *New York Posse Brand Book* is well worth the \$6.00 membership fee.

Ladies night at San Diego Thursday evening, November 18, 1971, at the University Club was a truly amazing function. Over two hundred people showed up. The food  
(Continued on Next Page)

was quite excellent, there was a fifteen men invitational art show including Jim Coleman, Buck McCain, Frederick Whitaker, Eileen Whitaker, Lloyd Mitchell, Guillermo Acevedo, Eldon Frye, Gary Carter, Olof Wieghorst, Bill Bender, Wilton McCoy, Austin Deul, and Bert Proctor.

Would friends of W. Tarrantine Jackson be surprised if he spoke on any subject besides Wells Fargo. Dr. Jackson is a Professor of History at Davis and has been an active Westerner for years. It was good to meet him and hear his very enthusiastic presentation.



## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

**CITY IN THE SUN:** The Japanese Concentration Camp at Poston, Arizona, by Paul Bailey. Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, 1971. 222 pages, with 30 well-chosen illustrations, bound and attractively jacketed. \$7.95

Los Angeles Corral past sheriff Paul Bailey, whose list of published books runs well into double figures, has added another — a vivid picture of the World War II internment of Japanese Americans at one of the largest of these camp-prisons.

A most extensive collection of unused documentary material (collected by an executive of the camp) at the University of Arizona Library has provided the bones, and Paul has fleshed out the body to a highly readable record of this regrettable spot on the more recent history of the U. S. West.

Most of today's Westerners well remember the hectic days of urgency and wartime hysteria which followed December 7, 1941. Paul tells the story with much sympathy for the great U. S. — loyal majority of the 100,000 Nisei and Issei. To quote from an honestly-phrased dust jacket:

"Here is the story of American citizens, treated as enemy aliens, and the frustrative

problems when they were forced to adjust to an inhuman and unbelievable experience ... the revolt and its magnificent resolve-ment ... Here is the saga of an American minority who, hated and rejected, still carried on with forbearance and dignity — to emerge as an example to America which will forever live in the sociological and historical annals of this nation."

— ART CLARK.



**THE BLACK MILITARY EXPERIENCE IN THE AMERICAN WEST:** Edited by John M. Carroll. Liveright Publishing Company, New York, New York.

Westerner John Carroll (New York, Chicago, etc.) has put together a remarkable compilation of excerpts and papers on the role of the "Buffalo Soldiers" in the expanding western frontier.

The book starts with a review of Estevanico de Dorantes, better known as Estevan that was written by Raymond Locke and Colonel William Buchanan.

The article on Naranjo (Pohe-Yemo) and De Vargas Negro Drummer was written by Fray Angelico Chavez, while the section on York (a black manservant of Captain Clark (Lewis and Clark) was written by John Carroll.

The rest of the volume covers the history of the formation of the Ninth and Tenth United States Cavalry regiments and the Twenty Fourth and Twenty Fifth United States Infantry regiment—Black units that did unsung duty on the western frontier.

The book is well indexed and has an excellent bibliography.

Dr. Carroll has had the foresight to include some excellent art, some original, including work by Fred Remington, Charles Russell, Paul Rossi, Jose Cisneros, Nick Eggenhofer, Jose Grandee, Stanley Long, and others.

Dr. Carroll will be faulted by some because of the lack of original manuscripts in this compilation. This reviewer, on the other hand would like to thank him for putting this excellent volume on a long neglected segment of western history. How was it possible that one neglected group (the Negroes) could have been used in subjugating another minority group (the Indians) is hard to comprehend.

— TAD LONERGAN.

*Silver Anniversary Publication of the Los Angeles Westerners*

# The San Francisco Vigilance Committee of 1856

THREE VIEWS by { William T. Coleman  
William T. Sherman  
James O'Meara

Introduced and edited by  
DOYCE B. NUNIS, JR.

THIS BEAUTIFUL VOLUME, A KEY SOURCE BOOK FOR THE 1856 VIGILANCE COMMITTEE has been produced to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners. For a quarter century, this well-known and highly-respected group of western history enthusiasts have privately published an impressive collection of Brand Books, all but one of which are out of print and scarce.

Reproduced in facsimile is the 58-page 1887 booklet of James O'Meara; and from the *Century Magazine* of 1891, the accounts of William T. Coleman (18 pages) and William T. Sherman (14 pages). Each is preceded by a biographical sketch and portrait of its author. Coleman was the leader of the 1856 Committee; Sherman, a banker and recently resigned Army captain, was active in opposing the Committee; and O'Meara, an observer and newspaperman, reported the vigilante activities in the best account of the affair by a contemporary.

For the first time the O'Meara narrative has been edited. Extensive footnotes provide a critical interpretation of this account.

The introduction and bibliography supply by far the most comprehensive compilation of sources on the subject which has yet appeared. The 16-page Introduction is an historical-bibliographical essay and critical appraisal of some 42 primary and 36 secondary printed sources, as well as numerous newspaper and periodical sources, and many unpublished recollections and reminiscences. The bibliography enumerates a total of over 200 sources on the subject.

Appendices include a folding facsimile insert from the *San Francisco Call* of August 20, 1884, being the first published account of Coleman's view; the 8-page printing of Sherman's complete letters relating to the Committee which were abridged and tampered with when published in the *Century Magazine*; and a 12-page facsimile from *Overland Monthly*, 1876, containing Sherman's first published letter regarding the Committee.

The editor, Doyce B. Nunis, Jr., is professor of history at the University of Southern California, editor of the Historical Society of Southern California's *Southern California Quarterly*, author of a dozen books and numerous articles, and editor-elect of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners *Brand Book No. 14* to be published in 1972.

A limited edition of 500 copies, 181 pages, 7 x 11 inches, with numerous illustrations including six portraits of major participants, a reproduction of the Committee's membership certificate, and the only known photograph of a group of Vigilance Committee members in uniform. Highlighting the volume is a portfolio of all the twenty-one known pictorial letter-sheets relating to the 1856 Committee; three appendices, bibliography, index. Title and preliminary pages are in two-color. Bound in the tradition of Los Angeles Westerns in full blue fabricoid, emblematically stamped in silver. (California customers please add 5 percent sales tax.)

**Multiple copy or trade discounts  
available on request.**

**Member price: \$15.00  
Non-member price: \$20.00**

**P.O. Box 230**

**THE WESTERNERS, LOS ANGELES CORRAL**

**Glendale, Calif. 91209**