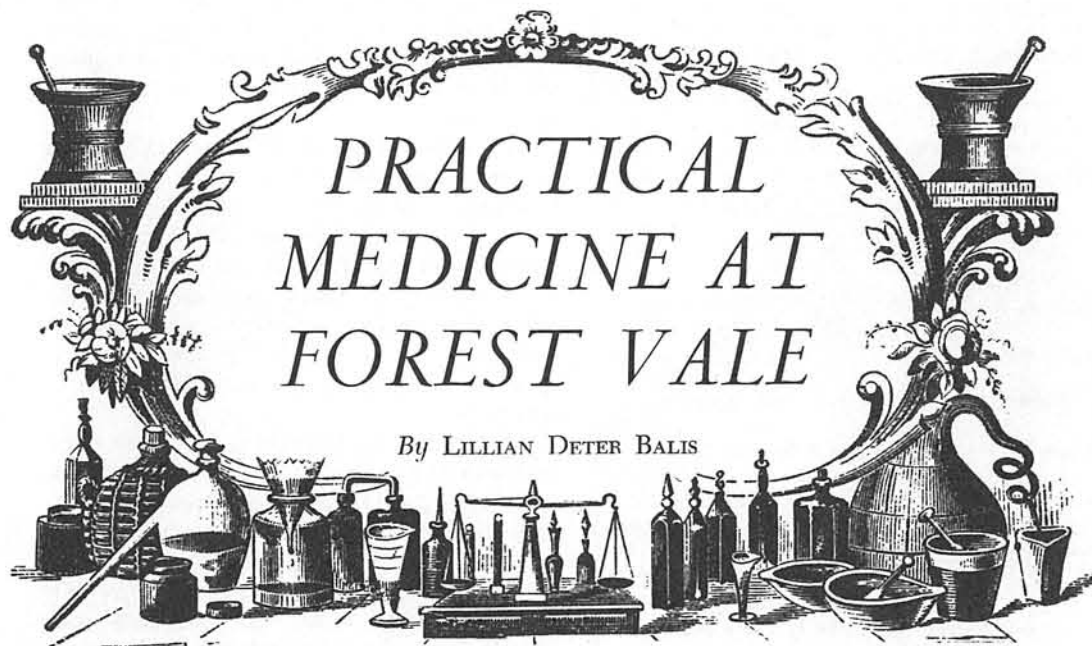




MARCH 1972

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 105



By LILLIAN DETER BALIS

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Among the many facets of life that existed during the days of the Old Deter Mill, was the treatment of the sick and injured by every available means. The ingenuity and inherent skill of the author saved the lives and limbs of the workers and residents of the mill which would have been otherwise lost because of the distance to the nearest medical doctor.)

The Deter Mill was established by my father on the present Ball Mountain Road in 1881 to supply lumber to Butte Valley, Shasta Valley, the Klamath River area and Yreka. Known as "Forest Vale," it was the only stopping place between Shasta Valley and the Ball Ranch, and it soon became an overnight stop for travelers. Later, Father built a large 20-room hotel to accommodate

the drivers of the buggies and freight wagons.

Father realized very soon after he had started getting out the timber for the mill that he had to provide ways and means for medical care as most of the young men working for him were not skilled in hewing out building timbers and they did not know how to handle the tools. There was the broad-ax and the foot adz and also the drawing knife. The drawing knife was a knife with a handle on both ends and having a very sharp center of fine steel about a foot long that was used to smooth off the timbers and also to shape the mortises. It was also used in making shakes and shingles, to smooth off the ends. All three

(Continued on Page Four)

# The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

Published Quarterly in

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

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Los Angeles Corral



## THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

The Los Angeles Corral begins the new year with a fine slate of officers, and a peerless slate of programs for the first quarter. It appears the Corral is due for a vintage year.

And now a few words about 1972 from Sheriff Adams. He said, "I know we cannot be unaware of the eternal struggle between constancy and change, nor oblivious to the fact that the government can do something for you only in proportion as it can do something to you and that some day we will have to make an election between economy and liberty or social welfare and servitude.

"I bring this up to point out that we must understand that today we are in the midst of living history of equal importance to that history of long ago and to urge, nevertheless, that we should come to our monthly meetings for a relaxed, enjoyable evening sharing with our associates and friends a common interest in history, but ever mindful and hopeful that in our discussions we can learn from the errors of those who have gone before us how to live today and to correctly guide us tomorrow.

"I would like the motto for 1972 to be:

Together we stick  
Divided we're stuck."

### JANUARY

To kick-off the new year, the officers for 1972 were introduced to the Corral. Sheriff Adams, on behalf of the Corral, extended thanks once again to Alden H. Miller for his exceptional contribution to the Corral as Sheriff during 1971.

A treat was in store for Westerners January 12, when Dr. Robert G. Gunderson of Indiana University presented his program "Congressman Davy Crockett's Tour of the

## Bailey-Billington Honored

Our own Paul Bailey and Ray Billington were two of three chosen by the Cowboy Hall of Fame to select the 1972 Western Heritage Book Awards (Non-Fiction Division). After receiving hundreds of submissions, these Westerners digested 46 books each in a record thirty days to pick the final three winners who will receive their awards April 18 at Oklahoma City.

North and Down East." The whimsical professor painted an interesting word picture of America's legendary folk hero.

The following new Associate members received their Grubstake Certificates during the evening and the Corral bid them welcome. They are: Thomas F. Andrews, Dwight S. Cushman, Kenneth B. Mansker, Lloyd Mitchell, and Edward L. Parker.

#### FEBRUARY

In honor of Abraham Lincoln, Dr. Harry Kelsey, Chief Curator of History at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History, told us something of Lincoln's Indian policy, a matter which is continually obscured by the smoke of Civil War battles.

As a surprise of the evening, Carl Dentzel showed the Corral a real life mask of Lincoln which is now a part of the collection of the Southwest Museum. Wrangler Allen Willet exhibited original wild life art used on U. S. Duck Stamps which is from the collection of C. M. Dr. Robert Stragnall.

#### MARCH

Fellow Westerner, Associate George Geiger, presented a slide travelogue of his ventures to the Channel Islands. He has long cruised the waters off Southern California in his own homemade vessel and shared with us a visual presentation of what the various islands look like today.

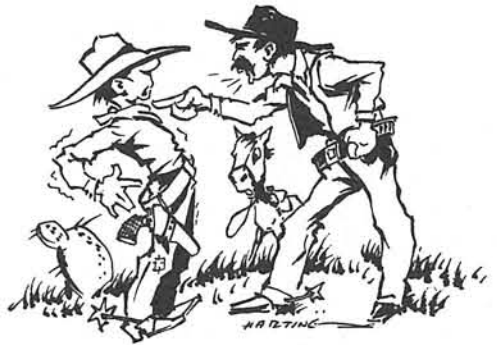
To compliment the speaker's presentation, Allen Willett had a superb exhibit of Channel Island memorabilia, artifacts, and navigation maps.

### Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners extends the big paw of friendship and welcome to the following new Corresponding Members.

They are: Ben Abril, La Canada; Edwin E. Bathke, Los Angeles; Ralph Cannon; Dean G. Combs, Canoga Park; Robert Ellithorpe, Encino; Richard J. Flood, Mesa, Arizona; John J. Handchin, Mission Viejo; Edward E. Harnagel, M.D., San Marino; Mrs. Thelma L. Hubbell; Francis W. Kelly, Arlington, Virginia; O. E. Laird, Los Angeles; Edmund L. Lambert, Culver City; Kirk Martin, Yucca Valley; John S. Mc-

Donald, Canoga Park; Ralph Miracle, Santa Barbara; and Robert R. Savage of Omaha, Nebraska.



### The Foreman Sez . . .

Somewhere in Southern California today a member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners has finished a story or a book review for the *Branding Iron*. Tonight he will type it, double-spaced with wide margins all around; tomorrow on his way to the office he will drop the heavy Manila envelope into the mailbox and walk briskly away with the feeling of dedicated contribution to the success of the Corral.

No, your editor is not smoking pot — but he can dream too!

One of the most thankless jobs of any organization is editor of the club publication. It should be the most gratifying position in the Corral when one considers the organization flowers with authors, writers, artists, and dedicated historians of the American West.

"The well has run dry," remarked a former editor of the *Branding Iron* as he pumped like sin on the handle. He tried to prime it with a re-do of old stuff, but the pipe did little but cough up more dust and a skinny Clamper. In disgust the old editor walked off into the sunset. Now Carl Dentzel has his polished bones in the Southwest Museum.

Like the ships at sea, your crew is sending out the S.O.S. to all Corral members. It is down to that old phrase "Sink or Swim" — the choice is yours.

The best insurance an editor can have nowadays is a stable of steadily producing writers. You are out there behind those wine bottles. Rattle your cage, writers!

## **Practical Medicine . . .**

of these tools were dangerous to handle if one was not skilled in working with wood; so some of the men quite often received bad cuts.

As we lived 26 miles from Yreka where the nearest doctor was located and had to travel by horse and buggy, and had no telephone, we just had to be prepared to do our own doctoring. Father always kept white fir balsam on hand as it had the finest healing power for cuts that we could get. Some of the older timber men used it for kidney medicine. There were a few cases where the cut was so deep that in order to stop the bleeding we had to mix flour and soot together in a pan kept for that purpose and set the injured part of the body right in the mixture until the bleeding stopped. We used about two-thirds soot and one-third flour for the mixture. It seemed to be very healing, as we never had a case that didn't heal, and heal quickly.

Sometimes we would have to keep the foot, or other injured part, packed in soot and flour for two or three days. When we were sure that the bleeding had all stopped we would soak the foot loose from the mixture and place it on a piece of well-sterilized cloth saturated in fir balsam, and wrap it up loosely. In two or three days we would dress it again.

As I was my father's helper at all times I had many things ready for emergency cases. We had a large fireplace, and my, but it was handy for getting the soot when quick action was needed. I always kept a box of sterilized wool and clean white cloths ready for emergencies. And one of the men had made a pair of crutches and padded the tops with a piece of sheepskin with the wool on which came in very handy at times.

We had one man, Sam Brown, who cut his foot nearly half off across the instep. We put that foot together and bound it closely. We used the soot and flour mixture and the balsam, and it came out perfectly. We had another man who broke his leg between the knee and foot. His name was Jack Bennington. A log had rolled back and struck his leg. It was a bad break and as he got up and started to walk, the bone slipped by, so the men brought him to the house. I cleared a table on the back porch that we used for cutting meat and other

things, and the men laid him on the table. I ran and got my box of sterilized wool and white cloths and then went out to the shake pile and got some splints to bind onto the leg. Then we were ready for the operation. One man took the foot that had the broken leg and another man stood at the patient's head and held him under the arms, while the first man pulled the bone in place. A third man and I bound the leg like this: We first wrapped a cloth of white linen around the leg for protection from moisture; then we put a padding of wool around, very thinly. Then the splints — very thin ones first; then more wool, and then the thicker splints last. This was done to let the air penetrate through to the leg. Then we used cheesecloth for the last wrapping as it was porous and let in the fresh air. Now, this was done within an hour after the leg was broken so that it did not have time to get swollen or sore, and the blessed patient did not even make a groan while we were doing it. He was a thin man and it was not hard to place the bone in shape and bind it securely. Well, the next day he was up on crutches as we had only put the splints from the foot to the knee so he could handle himself easily. We supplied him with plenty of reading matter and it wasn't long until he was hobbling around doing little chores. When the time came that he felt he did not need the heavy thick splints on we took them off; and in a few weeks the light ones were all removed and the leg was all healed. You see, in those days there wasn't any thought of blood poisoning; of all the cuts and bruises we took care of at the mill there never was a case of infection of any kind.

We had another case that wasn't so easy. My father used to run the planer and edger saw at night as there wasn't sufficient water for power for running both the mill and the planer in the daytime. (In those days the logs were so large that they had to have two circular saws, one directly above the other in order to cut through one log.) One night, about 10 or 11 o'clock, my father caught his hand in the edger saw and split his forefinger the full length — a perfect center split clear to the hand — and also cut the other fingers up pretty badly. When he came to the house holding that bleeding hand in a red bandana handkerchief, I felt very brave for I knew he needed



plenty of help. I got out my kit of cloths and balsam, and we put the finger together. As we didn't use water on clean fresh cuts, we just saturated a cloth with balsam and wrapped the finger securely together with the linen cloth to hold it straight. And we dressed the other cuts and plastered them with balsam and bandaged them up. With the proper care the hand was healed in due time. We made a buckskin mitt for the hand to keep it free from dust at the mill. Father lost but a few days' work; he would look after the things he could, without having to use both hands. We did not use water very freely, as the balsam seemed to have quite a drawing tendency—something like a plaster, and in a short time it would let loose of the skin, so we could remove the cloth easily and apply more balsam with clean dressings. My, this balsam was a Godsend, as all of the families at the mill used it for all purposes, including boils.

It was quite a problem, being 26 miles from a doctor or a telephone, when a baby was born — and there were several born at the mill. My mother had three babes born there, one on Christmas day when there was four feet of snow on the ground. Those were times of hard winters. We had a dear old grandma living there who was as good as most any doctor. She knew just what to do in maternity cases and I, though too young to be of much help, was a natural born nurse. I was needed to warm blankets and do many other things in short order. And we never lost a mother or baby. Also, we never had a baby who had to nurse the bottle.

Now, for the medicine we used for family use (we never bought any medicine out of the drugstore, to speak of). We gave catnip for the babies with colic, and the mother's milk provided action for the baby's elimination. I would go half a mile up on the hill and gather lady slipper root (*Cypripedium*) which was used as a nerve remedy for mothers. (We just steeped some of the root for drinking.) And my Uncle Abe would go up the creek and get chittem bark off a nice live tree for use as a laxative. These herbs and all, we would dry and store in cans for future use. We were all so healthy and happy it seemed we were never in need of very much medicine except for colds. Then Mother would make a cough syrup of horehound and honey

and onion syrup. And the few times it was needed, mother would make an onion plaster for the chest. We never had a contagious disease at the mill.

Another herb that was used frequently was the wormwood. Wormwood looked like a willow bush and it was used for stone bruises and swellings. My grandmother would go into the back yard and gather a bunch of wormwood sprouts and leaves and place them in an old brass kettle she kept for that purpose, fill it part full of water, and boil it for a time. When it was cooled properly, the patient would soak his bruised hand or foot in the solution for as long as two hours at a time. We children had many bruises on our feet in those days because we all went barefooted in the summer. But bruises and loss of toenails all went with the barefoot boy.

I would like to mention how my dear mother managed the hotel and home even though she was unable to walk most of the time. Her knees and ankles were enlarged and stiff, and the doctors called the complaint inflammatory rheumatism. She would advise us and plan the meals, and as her hands were all right she did manage to help us a great deal. With my sister, older than I, and the help of a hired lady, we managed those large washings with only the washboard, and we had a great many beds and rooms to keep in order.

It would be impossible to tell how hard we did work. There were freight teams coming in at night and my blessed brother (only about 12 years old when he did a man's work) took care of the big barn, keeping it clean with a big homemade wheelbarrow. Many a night he and I would get up out of bed and walk the floor because our legs ached so badly. But we were happy to be of so much help to our parents. My father worked so very hard way into the night; most of the time it would be near midnight when he retired.

But with all this hard work it seemed we had time for many good times. But they were all had at home. Our little bunch of folks who lived at the mill would come in in the winter evenings and we would play games and dance and sing songs. Father would have a large supply of apples laid in the cellar for winter. As there wasn't a railroad nearer than Redding, we didn't have

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# CARL EYTEL'S BURRO PAINTING

By L. BURR BELDEN

When Carl Eytel, early desert artist, visited Death Valley nearly 65 years ago he advanced from Ludlow north at a burro's pace, literally. Rather than make the journey in a single day aboard the Tonopah & Tidewater train, the noted Palm Springs pioneer rode his burro parallel to the tracks as far as Shoshone, making frequent leisurely stops along the way to sketch and paint the desert he loved.

There was so much to see and record that by the time he reached Furnace Creek Ranch he had used his last scrap of canvas. Undaunted, Eytel painted a picture of the Furnace Creek oasis on the side of a gallon canteen. Somehow, the canteen painting became the property of the late Bill Keys, who gave it to the museum in Death Valley as his gift to the National Park Service; it is on display there now.

Far out on the desert, just beyond a sea of sand dunes, the Tonopah & Tidewater had a Amargosa Canyon station named Sperry, which consisted of an adobe section house, a submerged water reservoir beneath a trap door, and a small depot with a telegraph key and a hand-operated semaphore. "Tourists" were a rarity at Sperry, and when Eytel arrived, leading his burro, he was invited to stay awhile. There he stayed for a time, and enjoyed the good cooking in the section house. When Eytel left, he presented his hostess with an oil painting of his faithful burro, in lieu of money—which Eytel almost never had. The painting was done on what is probably a window shade, for Eytel had been out of painting canvas for some time. It is said that Eytel often painted the burro, his favorite subject, and that he would bestow such a painting as a gift to someone who had done him some kind of favor.

When the occupants of the section house moved farther along, the painting of the little burro was left hanging on the wall. A



railroad agent at Sperry rescued the painting and hung it in his office. Later, a civil engineer named Glenn Brown came along and admired the painting, and Sperry gave it to him.

In 1942, when Uncle Sam needed steel in the war effort, the Tonopah & Tidewater was torn up. The section house was wrecked for the scant salvage of its doors and windows. Brown, the engineer, moved to Barstow, and later went to work for Stanley Burke, who was then a wholesale distributor. Eventually Brown presented the painting to Burke, who had expressed a strong desire to own the painting.

Burke was fascinated with the burro painting. Because he knew that Eytel had been a well known, although never a well-to-do artist, he wanted particularly to have competent jurists see the painting to verify it as an Eytel. The painting was shown to famous artists John W. Hilton and Bill Bender, and to the late Ed Ainsworth, whose book *Painters of the Desert* includes a chapter on Eytel, and is tops in its field, and to J. Marie Rapp, long-time art critic and early curator at the Palm Desert Art Gallery. All these people pronounced the burro painting to be an original Eytel. Miss Rapp recalled that Eytel often painted a burro to give to friends.

Burke is now retired, and living in San Bernardino. He has the little burro painting hanging in a place of honor in his home. The painting itself has that special charm exuded only by a desert burro; it is well preserved, and has been elegantly framed.



## ***A FUNERAL IN THE QUEEN OF THE COW TOWNS***

*By* ALBERT SHUMATE

When the Old North Broadway Cemetery in Los Angeles was condemned by the City in 1926 necessitating the removal of all bodies, the Quartermaster General, Colonel L. H. Bash of Fort Mason, directed that the remains of Brevet-Major Edward Harold Fitzgerald be transferred to the National Cemetery in the Presidio of San Francisco. Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Hutchinson, who was in charge of the operation, wrote that it was only through diligent search that he had located Fitzgerald's grave. He noted that, "The Old Broadway Cemetery, as it is now, is a mighty lonesome place to be buried in, and I feel sure that the Major is glad of the transfer."

Fitzgerald's old monument, repaired and the shaft once again attached, was also moved and placed over the Presidio grave. Close by stand monuments to General Shafter, General Evan Miles, and General Henry Haskell. Also near is a small marker inscribed "Pauline Fryer, Union Spy," a memorial to the famous Pauline Cushman,

the "Spy of the Cumberland." Inscriptions on Fitzgerald's marker include the following: "He served his country gallantly in the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Coutre-ras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapul-tepec, Mexico." The Civil War "Camp Fitzgerald" on Fort Street (now Broadway) in Los Angeles was undoubtedly named to honor the Major.

Fitzgerald was born on December 23, 1815, in Morristown, Pennsylvania, and in 1839 entered the Army from Virginia as a Second Lieutenant. He served in the Seminole War in Florida until 1841 when he conducted a band of Seminoles to the "Western frontier of Arkansas." He was stationed in the Cherokee Nation until 1846.

At the outbreak of war with Mexico, his battalion joined General Wool in Texas, and in 1847 he became a member of the Army under General Scott. In the landing at Vera Cruz, Fitzgerald reportedly was the

*(Continued on Next Page)*

## **A Funeral . . .**

first of the invading Army to leap to shore. He received his commission of Brevet-Major for "conspicuous gallantry" during the storming of Chapultepec. At the close of the War he entered the First Dragoons and was stationed on the Pacific Coast from 1849 until his death in 1860. In 1849 he was Supply Officer at Fort Mason, and in 1851, during the Indian disturbances at Warner's Ranch, Major Fitzgerald organized a volunteer company to defend San Diego. Agoston Haraszthy (whose name is so closely allied with the development of viticulture in California) wrote as sheriff of San Diego to Governor John McDougal on November 26, 1851, asking for assistance because the "Indians have begun hostilities." Haraszthy also added, "With pleasure I mention that Major Fitzgerald, U.S.A., hearing of the emergency, volunteered as a private and deposited \$210.00 out of his purse for the purchase of provisions etc."

On January 9, 1860, Fitzgerald, after a long illness, died of tuberculosis at the Sisters' Hospital. Founded by the Sisters of Charity, the hospital was a forerunner of the present St. Vincent's Hospital.

When the tidings of Fitzgerald's death reached the First Dragoons at Fort Tejon, they passed resolutions of sorrow and esteem for their late comrade. The resolutions were signed by the following officers: Lieutenant-Colonel B. L. Beall, Brevet-Major James H. Carleton, Captain John W. Davidson, and Lieutenants C. A. Ogle, H. B. Davidson, M. T. Carr, F. F. Davis, and Leroy Napier.

Announcing the arrival of a squadron of the First Dragoons from Fort Tejon to attend the funeral, a Los Angeles newspaper stated that the squadron "performed the march, a distance of over 100 miles, in the unusually short time of thirty-one hours, including all stopages, over bad roads and during a snowstorm in the mountains."

When the funeral ceremonies were held on January 12, the Los Angeles *Star* reported:

"On Tuesday afternoon, the mortal remains of Major Fitzgerald were conveyed to their last resting place, in the Catholic Cemetery of this city. The large assemblage of citizens who attended on the melancholy occasion, proved the esteem in which the

deceased gentleman was held in this community; there were at least 2,000 persons, the stores along the line of procession were closed. A good man and a brave soldier was taken from us; our citizens mourned the loss, and by their presence testified their respect for the departed.

"The funeral Cortege started at one o'clock P.M., from the Sisters' Hospital in the following order:

"Lieut. C. A. Ogle, Adjutant First Dragoons, Marshall.

"The Band of the First Dragoons.

"A Squadron of Dragoons, with their guidons shrouded in crepe.

"The Hearse, containing the Body, the coffin covered by the American flag; Pall Bearers, four on each side.

"The Rev. Clergy, in canonicals, accompanied by boys bearing the Cross.

"Citizens, two abreast; embracing the Judge and officers of the U. S. Court; Capt. Greenwall, U.S.C.S., and Federal officers; members of the Bar; the merchants and citizens generally.

"A carriage containing the Sisters of Charity.

"Then followed a long line of carriages and citizens on horseback.

"A conspicuous object in the mournful procession was the black horse of the deceased, in trappings of woe; led by Privates Howard and Egan, of the deceased's Company, who had served with him for many years.

"The body was conveyed to the Church, where the services were celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Raho, V.G., Rev. P. Oneto, 1st Assistant, Rev. P. Garibaldi, 2nd Assistant. After which a solemn and very impressive discourse was delivered by the Very Rev. Father Raho.

"After service, the procession was reformed, and marched to the cemetery, where Father Raho closed the religious services; the body was committed to the earth; the Dragoons fired the salute, and the gallant soldier and true Christian was left in his lone home. Peace to his ashes!"

In San Francisco on January 17th, the *Alta California* reported Major Fitzgerald's death on the front page. The article concludes: "He sank to rest as calmly as the beautiful sunlight, which fades majestically from the summits of our snowcapped Sier-

*(Continued on Next Page)*



### **A Funeral . . .**

ras [sic] and leaves them in evening gloom."

The two thousand citizens present at the funeral represented fifty percent of the population of the City of 1860. I doubt if Los Angeles, the home of the super-colossal, could have such a grand funeral procession today. However, when one

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many varieties of sweets or oranges, but were all so grateful for what we had.

There were two or three months in the winter that we didn't get our mail unless someone went on snowshoes down to the valley 14 miles away. Then he would have to borrow a horse to go on to the post office as the snow wasn't deep enough to use the snowshoes. So we heard but very little world news and so had nothing to worry over.

In the year 1889 my sister and I both were married and went away to live. That seemed to make another problem as my two younger sisters were not old enough to take our places. So Father sold the mill and the home and bought a ranch in Butte Valley. He and Mother and my brother

considers the present population, and visualizes fifty percent of the three million attending, it may be just as well!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Al Shumate is a Corresponding Member of the Los Angeles Corral, past president of the California Historical Society, and an Elder of E Clampus Vitus.)

and two sisters lived there for some years, and then sold the ranch and came to Montague where Father bought a home. My folks lived there until they both passed on in their 80's, without ever having to go to the hospital. Their last few years were spent in perfect harmony.

I have written of the ways and means that my father and mother dealt with sickness without any medical help from a doctor, and with so many other problems to meet, particularly financial ones. I am sure all would say, "Well done, good and faithful servants."

From: The Siskiyou County Historical Society's Publication *The Siskiyou Pioneer and Yearbook, 1957-1958*, Vol. III, No. 1, pages 24-26.

# **Corral Membership**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Trail Bosses asked Paul Galleher, newly appointed Membership Chairman, to express his views on what the Los Angeles Corral may expect from this committee in regard to Active and Associate membership. You will be interested in these remarks.)

It is the responsibility of each and every member of our Corral, both Active and Associate, to maintain the standard of the Corral by thoughtfully choosing its members. Careful and deliberate consideration should be exercised before presenting a new member proposal.

The Membership Committee will discipline itself to maintain the conviction that new member proposals are not to be acted

upon hastily. Rather, extreme care, caution and concern will be employed and not until satisfied as to the qualifications of the candidate will they be passed along to the Trail Bosses for action. Membership is limited and must therefore be offered only to those who by interest, experience and total desire to contribute to the enrichment of the Corral, are willing to accept responsibility, and who by their works, will bring distinction and luster to the Corral's image. Friendship is quite important, but alone is not the yardstick by which to recommend membership.

The Committee will be bound by these principles and will look for cooperation from all members to help maintain them.

# Fremont's 1856 Campaign

## A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Compiled by KENNETH M. JOHNSON

Presidential campaign biographies and related writings comprise a literature, if that is the word, which has not been greatly studied, and the reason is apparent. Written in haste, quite often by a hack, with the sole purpose of promoting a candidate, they quickly and quietly disappear from the scene. However born in an aura of contest, and subject to attack, such biographies are usually very careful as to facts; the inferences and deductions are, of course, something else. Nevertheless, with a little care the wheat can be separated from the chaff. If the candidate is successful he becomes the subject of major biographical writings, and the campaign biography becomes an obsolete curiosity. On the other hand if the candidate is defeated, then for its facts the campaign biography remains a biographical tool of some value.

My own interest in this area arose out of a study of the Fremont court-martial. I wanted to find out all I could about the man. After examining the modern biographies, I turned to his presidential campaign in 1856, and was astounded by the volume of material both in book and pamphlet form. In the first category there were five full-length hard-bound biographies. These follow:

Bigelow, John, *Memoir of the Life and Public Services of John Charles Fremont*, 480 pages (Derby & Jackson, New York, 1856).

Smucker, Samuel C., *The Life of Colonel J. C. Fremont*, 403 pages (Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York and Auburn, 1856).

Upham, Charles W., *Life, and Explorations, and Public Services of John Charles Fremont*, 355 pages (Ticknor and Fields, Boston, 1856).

Willard, Mrs. Emma, *Late American History: Containing a full account of the courage, conduct, and success of John C. Fremont; by which through many hardships and sufferings he became the explorer and*

*the hero of California*, 277 pages (Barnes, New York, 1856).

Woodworth, Francis C., *The Young American's Life of Fremont*, 282 pages (Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York & Auburn, 1856).

While not quite in the same class as the foregoing, the following book covering the origin and founding of the newly formed Republican Party could be included:

Hall, Benjamin F., *The Republican Party and its Presidential Candidates with Biographical Sketches and Portraits of Fremont and Dayton*, 512 pages (Miller, Orton & Mulligan, New York & Auburn, 1856).

Of the five biographies the one by John Bigelow is the most desirable because it contains copies of several important documents and letters. Bigelow was an important figure of his time; he was editor of the New York *Evening Post*, United States Minister to France, author of many books, and the editor of Benjamin Franklin's collected works. The book by Upham is also of value, and covers Fremont's disastrous fourth expedition in more detail than any of the others. Upham was an Unitarian clergyman, and also something of a politician, being a state senator and a member of the House of Representatives from Massachusetts. The work by Smucker (sometimes spelled Schmucker) while acceptable adds nothing to the story. Regardless of this the only biography to have a second edition was that of Smucker in 1860. The books by Willard and Woodworth are blatantly eulogistic.

Of far more interest than the formal biographies are the pamphlets issued during the campaign which show the uninhibited political practices of the time. They are fascinating; it was a situation of attack and counter-attack, no holds were barred. The number of such pamphlets is astonishing; thirty-four have been found and there may

be more. No bibliography can claim to be complete, but at least this is a start. Although the acronym WASP was not known in 1856, certainly a presidential candidate who did not, at that time, fit in such classification would have great difficulty in being elected. Because of his French ancestry and some question about his religion, Fremont was particularly vulnerable, and many of the booklets bear on this. The question of slavery also emerges very strongly.

In the following list in a great number of cases, the author, date, publisher, and place of publication are not given. Because of this the repetitious use of N.P. and N.D. is avoided; however, where any of this information is present it is noted. The date in all cases would be 1856. A word of warning: not all of the items have been seen, and there has been recourse to library index cards, other bibliographical works, and booksellers' catalogues. Because of this some titles may be slightly inaccurate. An asterisk indicates that the booklet is in Cowan, including volume four.

\*Life of John Charles Fremont. 32 pages. (New York: Greeley & McElrath, Tribune Buildings, 1856).

This item appears to have had a very wide circulation, and in it the author, probably Horace Greeley, displayed a little humor as indicated by the following excerpt:

"It is quite customary for persons who write biographies of candidates to disclaim all reference, in preparing their works, to the pending election. Supposing them to tell the truth, it must be admitted that such books follow marvelously quick in the wake of the nominating convention. In this instance, no disclaimer of the kind can be put forth. Almost the sole object of this brief sketch of the life of Col. Fremont has been to promote his election to the Presidency."

\*Das Leben des Ober Fremont. 32 pages. (New York: Greeley & McElrath, Tribune Buildings, 1856). This is the German language version of the first item.

Fremont — His Supporters and Their Record. By an Indianian. 14 pages.

The Republican Party was on record as being opposed to any extension of slave territory, and this pamphlet takes the con-

trary view; it also contains the following gem of political thought:

"Our glorious Union was formed to promote the prosperity and happiness of the white race, and as a condition of the Union, expressed in the constitution, the rights of the slave States are recognized and guaranteed. Shall it be sacrificed to a false philanthropy, a wild and fanatical sentimentality towards the black."

Black Republican Imposture Exposed! Fraud Upon the People. Fremont and his Speculations. How he employed public money to buy a large estate. 16 pages. (Washington: Printed at Polkinhorn's Steam Job Office — 1856).

\*Black Republican Imposture Exposed! The Accounts of Fremont Examined. 14 pages. (Washington: 1856).

This is substantially the same as the preceding item, and in an exaggerated manner charges Fremont with fraud in his operations in California.

Fremont a Protestant! 8 pages.

Fremont's Romanism Established. Acknowledged by Archbishop Hughes.

\*John Charles Fremont. Read and Circulate. A California statement of his connection with Palmer, Cook & Co. Together with a brief review of his military and financial career, from the record.

Cowan indicates that the place of publication of the above was San Francisco. This and the two items immediately below appear to be the only pamphlets published in California.

John C. Fremont: His Character, Achievements, and Qualifications for the Presidency; and Other Matters Connected Therewith. By Chas. E. Pickett. 16 pages.

This little work by California's most noted, if somewhat eccentric, pamphleteer is one of the most interesting of the lot. Pickett was violently opposed to Fremont, and forcefully and succinctly stated about everything that could be said against him. Lawrence Clark Powell in his *Philosopher Pickett* (University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1942) gives particular attention to this booklet which is very rare. The only copy located is in the California State Library, and it is not listed

(Continued on Next Page)

## **Fremont's 1856 . . .**

in *California Imprints*, 1833-1862. (Edited by Robert Greenwood, The Talisman Press, Los Gatos, California, 1961).

Buchanan or Fremont! Popular sovereignty [*sic*] or federal tyranny! Union or disunion! Freedom or slavery! By W. Carroll. 8 pages. (San Francisco: Steam Presses of Monson & Valentine Co., 1856).

Greenwood (*supra*) states the W. Carroll was a pseudonym for Conrad Wiegand. Wiegand was an assayer in the United States Mint at San Francisco, and was the author of several other booklets.

Life of John C. Fremont, the pathfinder of the Rocky Mountains. By Charles W. Upham. 12 pages. (Middleboro, 1856).

As already noted Upham was also the author of a fullscale campaign biography of Fremont. The Middleboro mentioned was probably in Vermont.

\*The Life, explorations, and public services of John Charles Fremont. 115 pages. (Livermore & Rudd, New York, 1856).

Reasons For Going For Fremont. Letter From Ephraim Marsh, President of the Convention that nominated Fillmore. 8 pp.

This item also contains a letter from Hamilton Fish in support of Fremont.

Read And Ponder—Letter From Allen Steele of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Reverend Steele with several Methodist clergymen visited Fremont, and the following is a quotation from his letter:

"The charge said he (Fremont) that I am a Catholic, is a device of the enemy, gotten up without any foundation or truth, merely for political effect, which nobody will believe after the election has passed. I say to you, I say to all my friends, I am a Protestant, and always have been. His lady is also a member of the church. She was seated at one end of the extension room, engaged most of the time we were there, in writing. She looked well enough to be the wife of a hero, as she is, and mistress of the White House, as she doubtless will be."

\*Col. Fremont's Religion—The Calumnies Against Him Exposed By Indisputable Proofs. 10 pages.

Beilage Zum "Buffalo Telegraph"—Kein

Skalpen Territorium. 16 pages. (Miller and Bender, Printers, 358 Main Street, Buffalo).

The Election and the Candidates—Governor Reeder in Favor of Fremont. Reasons for Electing Fremont and Dayton. "The Poor Whites of the South"—Letter from Gov. Reeder on the Approaching Election. 16 pages.

This pamphlet is one of many on the issue of extension of slavery, and in addition to the letter contains a speech by Governor Reeder and a study of labor conditions in the South. The latter is a fairly reasonable review of the situation, and of some importance as part of the mass of writing on the slavery question.

A Letter From Governor Reeder on the Approaching Election of President and the Candidates. 4 pages. (Issued by the Young Men's Fremont and Dayton Central Union of the City of New York.—John W. Oliver, Steam Printer, 43 Ann Street, New York)

The letter is the same as that referred to in the preceding item; also included is an excerpt from a report by W. L. Marcy, Secretary of War, on the war in California and Fremont's part therein which is not unfavorable.

Col. Fremont Not a Roman Catholic. 4 pp.

Republican Presidential Candidates. For President, John C. Fremont of California. 48 pages.

\*Fremont. Only 17 Working Days in the U. S. Senate.—Twice Voting Against the Abolition of Slavery in Washington. 15 pp.

Speech of David Dudley Field, Delivered at Troy. Why Naturalized Citizens Should Vote For Fremont. 8 pages.

Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Men. Proceedings of the Democratic Republican Convention, at Syracuse, July 24, 1856. 16 pages. (Albany, 1856).

Fremont's Private and Public Character Vindicated by James Buchanan and Who Conquered California. 4 pages.

Chauncey Shaffer's Reasons for Voting for John C. Fremont. 4 pages.

Free Soil, Free Labor, Free Men! Address to the "Democratic Republicans" of the County of Columbia. 8 pages. (Columbia  
(Continued on Next Page)



County is in the State of New York).

\*John C. Fremont! Is he honest? Is he capable? 8 pages. (Jefferson).

\*John C. Fremont's Record. Proof of his conviction of mutiny. Proof that he is a duellist. Proof of his swindling the government. A startling record. 16 pages.

\*Who is John C. Fremont? By one who has long known him, socially, financially, and politically. 16 pp. (N.Y.: Daily News, 1856). Fillmore. Speeches. Also, Evidences of Fremont's Romanism. 24 pages.

The Republican Platform, and the Lives of Fremont & Dayton. 72 pp. (Boston, 1856).

Fremont's "Principles" Exposed. By O. P. Lord. 8 pages.

Signal Fires on the Trail of the Pathfinder. (Fremont's Expedition Across the Plains in Verse) (New York, 1856).

The Fearful Issue to be Decided in November Next. Shall the Construction Stand or Fall. Fremont the Sectional Candidate of the Advocates of Dissolution. 24 pages.

The year 1856 may have been a bad year for Fremont, but it would appear to have been a good one for printers.



## Corral Chips

Our Assistant Registrar of Marks and Brands, *Hugh Tolford*, wows the Junior League of Los Angeles when he speaks to them at Occidental Center on "The Last Great Bonanza," his fascinating slide show study of such turn-of-the-century boom-towns as Tonopah, Goldfield, Rhyolite, and Rawhide. This was the same outstanding presentation Hugh put on for the Corral several years ago.

Deputy Sheriff *Doyce Nunis* hosts and addresses the Historical Society of Southern California at their banquet in the attractive U.S.C. Faculty Club. Incidentally,

C.M. *Victor Plukas* is president of this venerable historical organization.

Westerners everywhere doff their stetsons to *Harvey Starr* in gratitude for his beautiful keepsake, a warm and affectionate biographical memoir of the late Colonel *Charles Hoffman*, a member whom all of us in the Corral will miss.

*Glen Dawson* joins the bookish Zamorano Club, along with brother *Muir*, and adds one more monthly dinner engagement to his calendar.

C.M. *Ron Miller* gives a series of talks on the history of San Bernardino County at the Ontario Public Library. Meanwhile, resident gourmets *John Goodman* and *Tony Lehman* keep busy gormandizing at the monthly chuckwagons sponsored by *La Societe de Bacchus et Epicurus*.

Hobnobbing with celebrities, C.M. *Horace Albright* dines at the White House with table companions *Bob Hope*, *Alice Longworth Roosevelt*, and *Charles Lindbergh*, among others. This is the same evening when, later, one of the *Ray Coniff Singers* brandishes her "Get Out of Vietnam" poster that makes such a splash in the headlines. *Horace* also crashes the television medium with a guest appearance on the *Today Show*.

Numerous Westerner authors continue to add distinguished works to library shelves throughout the country. *Paul Bailey's City in the Sun* is a recent publication documenting the vivid story of the World War II incarceration of the Japanese at Poston, Arizona, the largest of all the infamous internment camps. Maintaining his interest in Baja, *Walt Wheelock* edits and provides an introduction for a reprint of *Alexander Taylor's* useful *Historical Summary of Baja California*. And not to be outdone by his fellow wielders of the pen, C.M. *Rev. Francis Weber* adds another informative study of early churchmen to his already impressive bibliography with *Francisco Garcia Diego, California's Transition Bishop*. *Dawson's Book Shop* acts as publisher of this item.

Never content to remain a landlubber for long, maritime oriented *John Kemble* embarks on a three month cruise to South America via freighter.

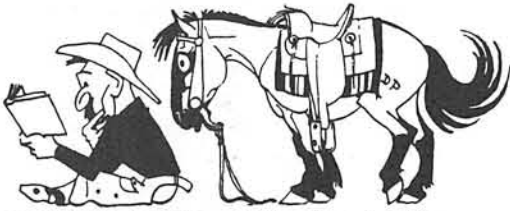
Ever look at your Grubstake Certificate and wonder who applied all the colors which dress it? Well *Art Clark* is the man  
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## Corral Chips . . .

with the brush and he stepped into the breach when Clarence Ellsworth passed away. It takes a couple hours to do each certificate so you can see that Art is painting his way that extra mile for the Corral.

C.M. Horace Albright, former Director of the National Park Service, has donated his vast private library of over four thousand volumes to the U.C.L.A. Library.

(EDITORS NOTE.) Your *Branding Iron* crew is mighty anxious to keep up with the many doings of Corral members, so if you have any news about your activities (at least those you don't mind making public!) please pass on this information to Assistant Roundup Foreman Tony Lehman and watch our stacks of Corral Chips grow. He can be found sipping wine at: 4524 Rhodelia Ave., Claremont, Ca. 91711.



## DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

THE BLACK WEST: A DOCUMENTARY AND PICTORIAL, by William Loren Katz. 336 pp., 265 illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index. New York: Doubleday & Company. \$12.95

The West was won by a lot of people. Up to the last decade, and by perusing the published historical siftings, one could be almost convinced that the job was the sole and singular accomplishment of white, fair-haired Christians, whose unflinching blue eyes were serene reflections of the mystic compulsion which turned them heroically toward the task of tidying up America's manifest destiny. It's a late discovery to many that Orientals, Indians, and even black people played amazing and substantial roles in taming that vast wilderness extending from the Alleghanies to the Pacific.

Here for the first time is the western testament to the black man, and the role he played in flinging back the boundaries. It will come as a distinct shock to many to

know that black men sailed with Columbus, accompanied many of the European explorers to the New World, and were part and parcel of the fur traders, the earliest settlers, the argonauts, the cowboys, the homesteaders — and particularly and consistently with the cavalry and infantry who made the West safe for everybody.

When William Loren Katz assumed the task of writing the biographies and gathering the press and pictures of hundreds upon hundreds of black men who shared and toiled in every phase of the American Dream, he recorded history in a new and vital manner. At last — visually and irrefutably between covers — is evidence that winning of the West had a lot more color than has ever been evidenced in books of the past. By dealing in actual personalities, in almost every case backed up by pictures, 19th century journals, and diaries, not only is this book an exciting and inspiring reading experience, but has laid the facts on the line in a way that should make every black man's eyes gleam with pride. It's proof and evaluation that no single race has corner on the goodies of history.

It is impossible to even begin to list the characters and events delineated in this big, beautiful volume. But it may come as surprise to many readers that such heroes as Trapper Jim Beckwourth, Deadwood Dick, and Major Charles Young, all were black men. The Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and the 25th Infantry — all black — wrote history not only in the western frontier and Indian Wars, but in the Spanish-American War as well. Regiments of freed slaves battled to glory in the War Between the States.

Stage drivers, cowboys, authors, sculptors, artists, homesteaders, town mayors, business entrepreneurs, and entertainers — name them, and you find black men consistently represented. Here is a glory book of accomplishment, with facts on every page. It tells of hundreds of Americans who moved upward from slavery to the highest circles of endeavor.


Through its pages also — probably more than its author realizes — goes that pernicious thread of indictment which no thinking white man can deny. The discriminations at West Point, only lately removed, denied the black man from earned ad-

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vancement in the military. Segregation and denial were written into the governments of nearly every state as they were formed westward. Oklahoma's crushing of a dream for its black colonists; California's dismal record toward the men of color who had hoped that the Far West might mean freedom and opportunity toward those black, brown and yellow citizens who helped fashion its history. But in spite of obstacles not even apparent to the pale eyed and the white, the dark-skinned Americans did their thing, and achieved amazingly. The best all-around cowboy who ever lived — the wildest cattle rustler — the most skilled stage driver — the deadliest outlaw — all were black men.

For any dark-skinned human to succeed in the historical West — as in any other part of the country — he had to be double-damned good. Here is a documentary and pictorial album stuffed to the covers with just such men. They were every bit that good.

PAUL BAILEY.

 TENTING ON THE PLAINS OR GENERAL CUSTER IN KANSAS AND TEXAS by Elizabeth Bacon Custer. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1971 (3 Volumes). \$8.85

*Tenting on the Plains* is again available and should be of interest to the constantly appearing new Custer buffs that seem to appear in large forces out of the woodwork who are prepared and ready to fight the Little Big Horn Battle. The battle is not covered in this book but much is revealed by reading it. Mrs. Custer's book naturally shows her husband in a favorable light.


The introduction by Jane R. Stewart is worthily done with good judgment and detail, and she is to be commended. There can be no doubt that Jane Stewart worked and collaborated closely with her husband. Dr. Edgar J. Stewart who was best known for his book *Custer's Luck*, died during November 1971. She is doing a fine job carrying on his work.

Elizabeth Custer's other two books, *Following the Guidon* and *Boots and Saddles*, are in print in the Western Frontier Library. This book *Tenting on the Plains* was no doubt prepared to accompany her other two books. This work is in three small volumes, boxed, etc., but I prefer it done in one volume as it was done in the past. I know this makes it a collectors piece, but

unhandy. The print is large in the three volumes and it is quick reading.

With the completion of your reading of *Tenting on the Plains*, there are shelves and shelves of reading ahead of you about Custer and the Little Big Horn Battle. The Custer Battle! What a pro and con discussion to get involved with.

— AL W. HAMMOND.

 REMINISCENCES OF ALEXANDER TOPONCE. University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1971. \$4.95

Too little has been written about the freighting to the Montana mines before and right after the coming of the transcontinental railroad to Utah. The Toponce recollections go a long way toward correcting this deficiency for the students of the intermountain West, particularly those interested in transportation. However, the principal merit of the book is its down to earth, factual and intensely interesting account of over sixty years in the life of a man who had an active and dominant part in the development of northern Utah, eastern Idaho and western Montana.

Toponce wrote his story when he was eighty years old but it was not published until four years later, in 1923. Emigrating from France in 1846 his western experience began at age fifteen when he was a bullwhacker for Russell, Majors and Waddell. Following this he drove stage on the Santa Fe Trail, rode Pony Express and became a wagon boss for General Johnston in the "Mormon War." Failing to strike it rich in the Colorado mining boom in 1862, he sold his holdings and headed a wagon-train bound for the new strikes in Montana. He built the first sluice box in Alder Gulch and collected about \$20,000 in gold dust in 1863. In this year he began his freighting career. Eventually he was operating one of the largest freighting outfits in the Northwest.

Toponce was one of the early builders of Virginia City. He does not claim that he was a Vigilante but he cooperated with them and assisted them in the clean-up of Virginia City. He had a part in the hanging of Slade. His criticism of the Vigilantes was that they only banished a lot of criminals they should have hung.

When Hearst began operating the Custer mines at Bonanza in 1879, Toponce built a  
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road and began a freight and stage line to Bonanza from Blackfoot by way of Arco and Challis. As the Utah and Northern narrow gauge railroad built north from Corrine, Alex kept moving his freight headquarters to the end of steel. He kept up his freight operations even after the railroad had been built over the divide into Montana. His account of the adventures of a bull-team freighter, sometimes tragic, often very funny, make interesting reading even for one not particularly interested in the history of the freighting business. Alex also freighted from Ft. Benton and Ft. Union to Helena. Accounts of bull-team freighting on the upper Missouri are very rare. Those of Toponce are the best this reviewer has seen.

Alex does not waste many words on his experiences on the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails, no doubt because he knew there was a plethora of diaries and journals covering these routes. He sometimes gets his history and geography a little mixed up but this is to be expected when an eighty year old sits down to recount experiences forty to sixty years in the past. These infrequent errors do not detract from the value of the book. Moreover, the reader will perceive that in telling of certain incidents, such as the Nez Perce "war," he is only repeating what was reported and believed at the time.

In addition to freighting, Toponce was widely involved in mining, driving cattle from Utah to the Nevada Comstock mines, making charcoal for the new smelter south of Salt Lake, running sheep in Wyoming and land speculation. His honesty and good reputation are attested to by the fact that he often borrowed huge sums of money without any collateral whatever.

This little book is not only good reading. It is a valuable contribution to the record of the development of the West.

— RONALD SWAYZE.



THE SWAN LAND AND CATTLE COMPANY, LTD.: by Harmon Ross Mothershead. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Okla., 1971. 203 pages, with 19 illustrations and map. \$7.95

The cattle business of the western plains began by meeting the demands of immigrants on their westward trek and, with the completion of the transcontinental railroad, opened the markets of the world to west-

ern beef. Eastern and Scottish capitalists formed partnerships with western stockmen to create land and cattle companies in Montana, Wyoming and Colorado.

One of the largest was the Swan Land and Cattle Company whose holdings, at their greatest, formed a solid block of land 130 miles long and from 42 to 100 miles wide. The ranch covered 4,500,000 acres in southern Wyoming.

This is the story of the creation of the ranch by Alexander Hamilton Swan. He went to Edinburgh, Scotland, where he found willing money in 1883. Bit by bit the ranch was built up and fine blooded stock introduced into the herds.

Harmon Mothershead, Associate Professor of History at Northwest Missouri State College in Maryville, has given us an account which tells us the fortunes, good and bad, of the Swan through the times of dealings with the Union Pacific Railroad, the introduction of irrigation, the turning to sheep grazing, affairs of law and down to the present days of division of the land.

This book is attractively printed and bound. A warning to the prospective reader. This book will hold your interest once you have started. There are nine pages of bibliography, appendix, index and unobtrusive footnotes.

— WADE E. KITTELL.



CHIEF BOWLES AND THE TEXAS CHEROKEES, by Mary Whatley Clarke. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1971. \$6.95

This story is about the Texas Cherokees around 1800 and the troubles they had about land, with the white people and with the Mexicans. In this book Mary Clarke brings out the truth about the Cherokees not harming women, children or slaves. It's a well known fact that Chief Bowles had a kind heart and did a lot of good.

It is true that the Cherokees fought on different sides, as many other Indian tribes fought on various sides as recorded in our history.

This book tells the truth and explains why they had all this trouble and how they fought for their rights for many years.

It is one of the best books I have read on the Cherokee Indians, my tribe, and I'm sure anybody who reads this work will agree with me. Many great men and fighters are mentioned in this classic.

— IRON EYES CODY.