LOS ANGELES CORRAL
WESTERNERS
The Branding Iron
J. GOODMAN

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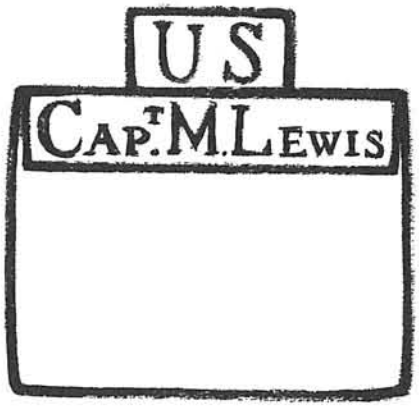

THIRTY-EIGHT HORSES AND A BRANDING IRON

By CHARLES G. CLARKE

In the year 1892, a branding iron was found on one of the Indian burial islands, located three and a half miles above the Dalles of the Columbia River. It had once belonged to Captain Meriwether Lewis of the famous Lewis and Clark Expedition. Not much is known about this interesting artifact, for it is not mentioned in the Lewis and Clark Journals, and is only alluded to by the single entry of October 5, 1805, where it is stated: "we had all our horses 38 in number Collected and branded."

In the absence of documented data, all that can be done today is to review the known facts, organize them, and make an attempt to reconstruct the possible history of this particular branding iron.

As the iron bears the legend: U.S. Capt. M. L. Lewis, there are at least two possibilities for its origin. First, that it was issued to Captain Lewis while he served in the U. S. Army, 1st Infantry, during the years 1797-1800. Second, and perhaps most likely, Lewis had it made at Harper's Ferry in the spring of 1803 at the same time he was having his iron-frame boat and other materials made for the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

When President Thomas Jefferson assigned the command of what later became the Lewis and Clark Expedition to Meriwether Lewis, there were hundreds of details to be worked out and prepared. Lewis correctly surmised that somewhere between the headwaters of the Missouri and the upper reaches of the Columbia River system, an overland journey by horses must be made. No white man knew of the length of this portage, for the expedition was to be the first to enter this heretofore unexplored country. The needed horses, hopefully, could be obtained from the Indians by trade, and when thus secured, were *Government Property.* As such, to a military man like Captain Lewis, the horses had to be branded. Therefore this brand-

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The Branding Iron

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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.

NOTICE

The response to our "Call for Articles" for the *Branding Iron* was heartwarming to say the least. Out of a membership of some 800 devotees of Western History, we received two good features and one single page sheet of comments. For an organization of this size and caliber, this is sort of shocking, however we do see a light way down the hall. So if you thought about sending in something, think about it once more. Bear in mind that it is not the task of the editor to write the *Branding Iron*, but to complile submissions by the membership. So who is the loser?

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

April

A special private screening of the color film "The Buffalo Soldier" was the program for the evening. This segment, a portion of a four-part series entitled "The Black Frontier", dealt with the history of two famed U.S. Army Cavalry regiments who served in the West after the Civil War. Dr. W. Sherman Savage, a local historian and an authority on the Negro in the American West, answered questions not fully answered by this splendid University of Nebraska film.

To compliment the film, Allen Willett had a superb exhibit of memorabelia.

May

The Corral honored the centennial of the founding of the National Park System by spending an evening with fellow Westerner Horace M. Albright, former director of the NPS, distinguished citizen and conservative. Albrights address "The National Park Year: The Yellowstone Centennial" gave many sidelights on his experiences as Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, a post he held for 10 years.

As a tribute to this distinguished gentleman, Horace M. Albright was made an Honorary Member of the Los Angeles Corral.

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Monthly Roundup . . .

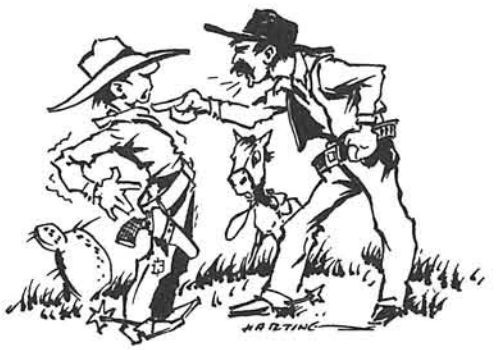
June

The Leonis Adobe, standing under the Oaks in Calabasas, was the scene of this years "Fandango" and western barbecue.

Tours of the adobe were made during the social hour. Built during the last century, and recently restored to its original beauty, the location was home to Miguel Leonis "The King of Calabasas" and his Indian wife Espiritu. Leonis was a great Basque who ruled the west end of the San Fernando Valley and the adobe was the headquarters of his rancho. At the time of his death in 1889, Leonis had built a small empire of land and livestock.

This adobe is a most unusual structure in that the adobe bricks in the walls of the home have been covered by a sheathing and panelling which was installed by Leonis. The furniture, while not original in most cases, is of the period.

Associate members Tony Kroll and Andy Dagosta designed the most attractive announcement of the "Fandango" and this item is sure to become a collectors piece. As the sun set in the west, Westerners and their wives toasted the romance of early California, dined beneath a 600 year old oak, and relaxed to the voices of a local barber shop quartet.



The Foreman Sez . . .

It is seldom one gets to honor the centennial of an institution like the National Park Service, and a man who had something to do with it, all in one evening. The May 10 Corral meeting paid homage to Horace M. Albright who was Superintendent of Yellowsetone National Park from 1919 to 1928, and director of the National Park System from 1929-1933.

Yellowstone National Park was created on March 1, 1872, when President U. S. Grant signed into law the Yellowstone Act, establishing Yellowstone as the World's first national park. The national park concept is based upon the recognition that certain areas of natural, historical, or cultural significance have such unique and outstanding characteristics that they must be treated as belonging to the Nation as a whole, and as part of the Nation's heritage.

This great park encompasses more than two million acres, and has much to offer in superlative scenery and natural wonders. Yellowstone's world-famous hydrothermal features are its spouting geysers—including, of course, Old Faithful, aptly named since it has been erupting many times daily since it was first discovered in 1870. The terraced springs, the boiling hot pools, and the bubbling mud pots, are some of the most dramatic examples of geology in action that can be viewed anywhere in the world. At the same time, Yellowstone is the Nation's largest wildlife preserve, thanks to our good member Horace Albright. Bear, moose, elk, bison, deer, antelope, wolves, coyotes and a dozen smaller animals roam at will. Hundreds of bird species frequent the Park, and fish – especially trout swarm through the streams, rivers and lakes.

The scenery of Yellowstone is magnificent while surprisingly gentle, just like the man who was Superintendent for so many years. Majestic mountains that are more than 10,000 feet in elevation do not appear high since they rise from the Park's main plateaus, which average almost 8,000 feet. In these surroundings, the breathtaking beauty and wildness of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone rushes in as another unexpected surprise. Throught the Park are hundreds of lakes and ponds surrounded by dense natural forests, as fast moving white – foaming streams cut through the black-walled canyons.

This is Horace Albright's world, and we thank him for his contribution to the Nation. Take a look at the book *Wilderness Defender: Horace M. Albright and Conservation* by Donald C. Swain. Read about this man who is truly a part of our National Park heritage. The Westerners – Los Angeles Corral is proud to have a man of this stature among its ranks.

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ing iron was carried from Harper's Ferry, down the Ohio River by Lewis in the summer of 1803. Near St. Louis the men recruited thus far went into winter camp. When spring broke in 1804, the actual expedition started on its way. As the three boats were worked upstream, hunters on four horses scoured the country for game to feed the men. Most probably these four horses were branded by the iron, and the branding iron carried was taken along. As they worked upstream that summer, the horses were lost and stolen before they reached present North Dakota.

During the winter of 1804-5, while staying among the Mandan Indians, the iron was possibly shown to those Indians as one of the whiteman's strange articles of "medicine." In the spring of 1805, most of the party started west again, so the iron was carried on up the Missouri and portaged around the Great Falls of that river.

In the summer of 1805, while Captain Clark and the balance of the men were laboriously working the canoes up that extension of the Missouri now known as the Beaverhead River, Captain Lewis and three men, George Drouillard, John Shields and Hugh McNeal, were walking overland in desperate search of Indians with horses. At long last, on August 11, 1805, they discovered a lone Indian on horseback – the first Indian the party had encountered since leaving the Mandans the previous spring. Lewis used every device known to him to approach this Indian, but the latter, being frightened by the two other men on Lewis' flanks, put the lash to his steed and vanished.

However, this hopeful sight of an Indian with a horse gave renewed confidence to Lewis. He and his men followed an Indian trail which led them over the continental divide at Lehmi Pass into the upper Salmon River basin where they met with a party of Shoshoni Indians – with horses! By the aid of Drouillard's sign-language, the Indians were prevailed upon to return over the pass with a herd of their horses to bring Clark's canoe party on by land. Sacagawea, the Indian wife of a French-Canadian interpreter with the party, also helped convince these Indians that this party of whitemen were not a war party, but were strangers who could be trusted. The Indians went, the canoes were cached, the baggage was loaded, and the whole party returned to the Indian's camp.

Thereafter a trade for horses began and eventually some twenty-nine horses and a mule were obtained. Some of the horses had sore backs, but they were the best to be had. They were loaded with the baggage, while most of the men had to walk. In the heavily wooded mountains the men had to break trail. Captain Clark had previously obtained the services of an elderly Shoshoni Indian, "Old Toby," and his son, to act as guides. Toby knew of a Indian trail which led to the north and then to the west over the mountains which would lead the party to the navigable waters of a branch of the Columbia River.

The party were guided up the north fork of the Salmon River where they again crossed the continental divide at Lost Trail Pass. They then descended into the upper Bitteroot Valley. Near present Ross' Hole, they encountered a band of Flathead Indians who traded them twelve more horses and generously swapped better ones for the lame and sore-backed horses which had been obtained from the Shoshoni.

The party now had forty horses, a mule and three colts. Now everyone could ride and there were extra horses to carry the baggage. The descent of the Bitteroot Valley was easy, but the climb over the Lolo Trail into the wild Bitteroot Mountains amid snow and fallen timber was the most trying portion of the whole trail for man and beast. Up on the icy ridges, some of the horses fell with their packs, while during the night halts, others wandered off into the timbered mountains. The colts had to be killed to feed the starving men, for there was no game left on these heights.

After a most difficult crossing, the party reached the warm, grassy plains laying along the western base of the mountains. Here food was more plentiful and the friendly Nez Percé Indians made them welcome. They were now on a branch of the Clearwater River which flowed into the Snake River, which in turn empties into the Columbia. The men started constructing dug-out canoes for the descent to the Pacific.

The Captains arranged with chief "Twisted Hair" and his sons to care for the horses during the coming winter until they would need them again the following spring. This accommodating chief, along

The original Meriwether Lewis branding iron now resides in the Oregon Historical Society collection.

with another, also agreed to guide the party down the rapids of the Snake and Columbia Rivers. Their presence made it possible for the river Indians encountered enroute to understand this strange intrusion of whites into their territory and to trade salmon and dogs to the party for food.

Though the journals make no mention of it, it does appear that Lewis and Clark inquired of these chiefs how they expected to return to their nation. Apparently they told the Captains that they would obtain horses from one of the Columbia River tribes and thus make their return by land. It appears that this fact also gave the Captains an idea of how they might use horses for their return.

Before departure from the Nez Percés, the party's thirty-eight horses were callected and branded, undoubtedly with the branding iron bearing Captain Lewis' name.

This iron was a box like device 2¼" x ¾" in area and 1½ inches deep. The long panel, with the letters *Capt. M.L. Lewis* reversed, was 1½" x 4¾" in size. This, with the box on top with the initials *U.S.*, made the whole 41/16" x 4¾" in over all size. The iron was provided with round lugs on each end to which a handle could be clamped after it was heated for the branding process. Apparently the open space could be filled in with numbers or marks for additional identification. These marks could be applied with a separate "running iron." Sergeant John Ordway, a member of the party, calls the piece a "stirrup iron," which may refer to its shape or to a term then used among the men for branding irons in general. In addition to the horses being branded on the near-right shoulder, the fore-manes were cropped close to afford easier recognition later.

The expedition left their horses under the care of these friendly Indians and set off to the Pacific in their newly constructed canoes. Undoubtedly, the branding iron was taken along rather than being cached with the pack saddles and a few other articles which the party left.

The party reached the mouth of the Columbia and went into winter camp nearby. Spring followed and the party set out on the homeward journey. After passing the Cascades of the Columbia by canoes, the Captains began to trade for horses. Too much time would be lost by attempting to row upstream against the swift current of the circuitous bends of the Columbia and Snake Rivers. The expedition had taken nearly six months to reach the Mandan nation when ascending the Missouri River in 1804, so the Captains undoubtably wished to avoid this slow method of travel on the return route.

At first only a few horses could be traded for, but in the end enough were obtained so that the little baggage remaining could be carried. Knowing Lewis' meticulous re-

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spect for government property, it seems most likely that these new horses were also branded. Furthermore, some of these river tribes were troublesome in demanding tribute and they stole property whenever possible. Branding these horses could help to recover them if any were missing.

At this stage of the expedition, the Captains were almost destitute of goods for trade. Captain Clark gave medical care to the sick. He set a badly broken arm and dispensed eye-water to the nearly blind natives. By this means good will was established and this service, along with some of the men's old clothes and buffalo robes, were the means by which most of the horses were obtained. By the time the party had reached the vicinity of the Dalles, enough horses had been acquired to mount all the sick and lame men of the expedition. The Walla Walla chief, Yellept, had been most helpful in providing aid and food to the men. He urged his tribe to assist the party in crossing their horses and provisions to the opposite shore of the Columbia in order that they might take a direct cross-country trail to the Nez Percé nation. It seems a fair assumption that the branding iron was given to Yellept in consideration of his great help.

As the branding iron was later discovered on a burial island in this area, we may assume it might have been found in the grave of Yellept or one of his chiefs. Admittedly this is pure speculation, but it must be stressed that through Yellept's help the expedition had now obtained enough horses so that all could ride, and this ratiocination may account for the iron being found where it was.

After a few days journey, the party reached the hospitable Nez Percé villages where they had spent some days the previous fall. These Indians had kept their word and all the horses were recovered – all except two. For Old Toby and his son had taken two of the best to return to their home among the Shoshoni. In all fairness, it must be stated that Toby did not steal these two horses. The year before, he had suddenly left the expedition while it was waterborne, and in his mind he was just collecting his pay as guide. Undoubtedly, the Captains would have rewarded him much more for his services. Besides, he had lost his own two horses on the Lolo Trail.

The horses were wild from running free during the past winter and spring. The men of the expedition needed the expert help of the natives in rounding up and taming the horses so that they could again be ridden.

Many decades before when the offspring of the original Spanish horses introduced into Mexico migrated north along both sides of the Rocky Mountain ranges, the knowledge of how to lasso and manage these strange beasts also had passed north from tribe to tribe. These Nez Percé In-

Meriwether Lewis

William Clark

dians knew the use of the riata, how to break the wild steeds, and the best method of castrating the unruly stallions. The Lewis and Clark Journals frequently mention the superb horsemanship of the Indians and relate that the Indian method of castration was superior to the technique used by their own horseman, George Drouillard. In fact, the expedition lost a couple of their stallions as a result of improper gelding.

During the long wait among the Nez Percé while the heavy snows were melting up on the Lolo Trail, the men corralled their horses so that they would become accustomed to each other again. They made additional packs, saddle-pads, and ropes in preparation for the long, long journey home. On June 24, 1806, the whole cavalcade of men and horses were guided back over the Lolo Trail and on to their former camp called "Traveler's Rest," located on the Bitteroot River.

In order to further explore the country, a division of the party was now made – the Captains each taking a group of men on different routes. Captain Lewis took nine of the men, five Indians, and seventeen horses, to go by the most direct route to the Falls of the Missouri. He went by way of the east-west flowing Hellgate River and crossed the continental divide over a new pass – down into the game filled plains of the upper Missouri.

Captain Clark with twenty men, Sacagawea and her baby, and fifty horses, returned up the Bitteroot Valley. At the head of the valley they followed a new and more direct trail to their former camp at Shoshoni Cove. They crossed the divide at a pass since named Gibbon's Pass and followed an Indian road which bore along the east side of the dividing range. It was unnecessary for them to return by the round-about way of the Salmon River, which they had been compelled to do on the outbound journey the previous year in order to obtain horses from the Shoshoni.

Both groups, now being in open country, found that their horses caused constant trouble by straying and seeking to return to their former rangelands. Though they were hobbled at night, several got loose and on many of the following mornings much time was spent in search of them.

Just before Lewis reached the Missouri, ten of his best horses were missing. Three were recovered, but expert tracker Drouillard spent several days in an unsuccessful search for them. Four of the remaining horses were left with six men of Lewis' contingent to transport the canoes and cached baggage down around the Great Falls to navigable waters. Captain Lewis took the six remaining horses on an exploration to find the northern extent of the Marias River. The United States needed to know more of its lands acquired by the Louisiana Purchase. For this dangerous tour of exploration, he took only three men: George Drouillard, Joseph and Reuben Fields. On the Cut Bank branch of the Marias River, they had a serious encounter with a party of Blackfeet Indians in which two of their horses were driven off, but they escaped with four of the Indian mounts. Outnumbered five-to-one, Lewis and his men beat a hasty retreat, riding alternate horses almost night and day, for the two hundred or more miles before they reached the Missouri River. Here, fortunately, they found the canoe party just then descending the Missouri. Lewis and his men embarked, after throwing the saddles into the river and setting the horses free – or as Lewis worded it: "gave them their final discharge."

During the time Lewis was on his northern tour, Captain Clark and his party had reached the cache at Shoshoni Cove and had recovered the canoes left at the forks of the Beaverhead River. Finding all in order, he divided his party. Some of the men took the canoes downstream to the former camp at the head of the Great Falls where they joined with the men whom Lewis had left there for the portage detail. The balance of Clark's men followed with the horses along the river as far as Three Forks. They then took a new route overland by way of Bozeman Pass on to the upper Yellowstone River which they needed to explore.

It had been planned that most of Clark's party were to descend the Yellowstone in dug-out canoes which they were to construct. Three men were to take the horses, now no longer needed, directly overland to the Mandans where they were to be turned over to the trader, Hugh Heney. But the Crow Indians had other plans. On the morning of July 21, 1806, Clark found that twenty-four, or almost half of his

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horses, were missing. The best trackers made a thorough search of the hard-baked ground, but no sign could be found except a moccasin and the indication that the missing animals had been run off rapidly.

Clark and his men now set off in their new canoes, except for three men including Sgt. Pryor, who were to take the remaining horses overland to the Mandans. On the same day that Lewis was having his scrape with the Blackfeet, the Crows stole the remaining horses from Sgt. Pryor. Left afoot, he and his men had to walk back some ten miles to the Yellowstone. Here they built two bull boats and descended the river, being just a few days behind the Clark party.

Meanwhile, Sgt. Ordway and his combined party portaging the canoes around the Great Falls were having their problems with their four horses. They lost them. Buffalo were roaming the country by the thousands and the horses had a wild urge to mix in with them. Therefore, the Indians cannot be blamed for the loss of all the stock.

For a few years following 1806, there must have been some sixty-seven horses on the plains of the upper Missouri bearing the brand of Captain Lewis. Today many of their descendants bearing hundreds of other brands in this great cattle and horse country are working for mankind, innocently unaware that their ancestors bore the brand of the very first branding iron ever used in the Pacific Northwest.

That identical branding iron may now be seen in the Oregon Historical Society at Portland, Oregon, among the valued mementos of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Many viewers have speculated on its history and have probably wished that this mute object could tell its own story.

PINE RIDGE OGALALA SIOUX

By AL HAMMOND

The Pine Ridge Ogalala Sioux Indian Reservation was first established in 1879. Some of the first interpreters were Peter Reshaw, Little Bat Garnier, Big Pat Pourier and Billy Garnett. Problems of all sorts fell on their shoulders and were they to fail in any of their interpretations they had the wrath of all concerned to face. Understanding was needed.

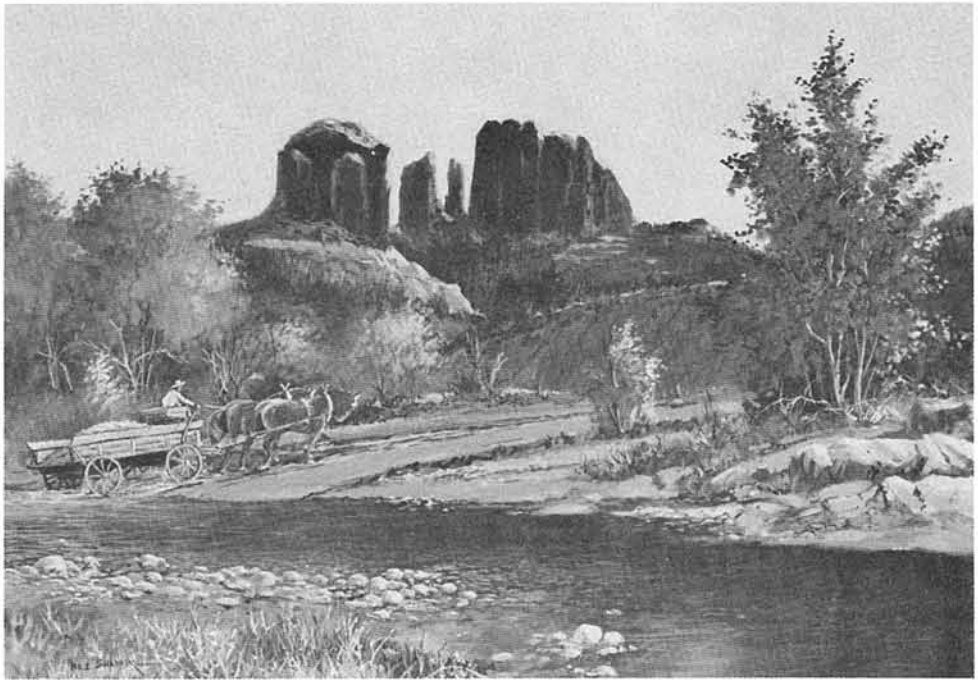
Old Pine Ridge friend, Jake Herman, told me of a lot of the humorous incidents. At the time of enrollment the Indians had only their last names so the interpreters were the ones to help in the selection of first names There were times they had to change the Indians last names as there was not the words in English that would compare in the whiteman's tongue. An elderly Indian when asked what he wanted as a first name replied, "Julia." He was told it was a woman's name and he should select another. The old man thought for sometime and said, "Mildred."

Selection of the name of the reservation was a complicated predicament. Some of the Indian people wanted it called the Red Cloud Agency, and others the Crazy Horse Agency. Many other names were also suggested and no agreement could be reached. It was an Army officer who was inspired with all of the pine ridges located there who came up with the answer. When he reported this to Washington, D.C., the name of Pine Ridge was selected.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

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

They are: William Blenkinsop, Long Beach; Todd I. Berens, Santa Ana; Jac Crawford, San Diego; A. Chester Douglas, La Canada; James B. Garkie, Los Angeles; Robert Gray Gunderson, Bloomington, Indiana; Leland N. Lien, Rosemont, Minnesota; Paul K. Margolis, Los Angeles; Stroem Newell, San Diego; William Peacock, Jr., Houston, Texas; Burt Price, Salt Lake City; Dwight Vance, Columbia Falls, Montana; Raymond F. Wood, Encino.



Baldwin's Crossing

A Western Artist Takes a Look at His Background

By BILL SHADDIX

I can remember an extreme interest in art at the ripe old age of five, back in my native Oklahoma. As a third grade business man, I drew small three and four page original comic books on blank notebook paper and sold them to my classmates for ten cents each.

While in the fourth grade in Wellington, Kansas, I did my first portrait. It was not appreciated however. It was done with chalk on the sidewalk in front of the school. The portrait was of one of my teachers and not to her best likeness. My payment for that work of art was a spanking with a paddle by the school principal. My big mistake was signing my name to the drawing.

After migrating to California with my parents in 1945, I remained steadfast with pencil and chalk and became the number one blackboard and window decorator when a holiday rolled around. With chalk in hand I drew many a Santa and reindeer, along with all the other paraphernalia, such as Christmas trees, etc.

As a student at Whittier High School in California, I majored in a fine arts course. Miss Russell was a very apt teacher. Besides learning the fundamentals of art, we were taken on field painting trips. I guess I learned more from Miss Russell than any other person.

The Korean War interrupted my progression for awhile but while still in the army I made my first attempt with oil paints. In 1953 I was stationed at Fort Polk, Louisiana and was commissioned to paint a farm scene. My payment for that was a turkey dinner and a ride in a row boat in a small pond.

Although I continued to paint, it was several years before I began to sell my work. During my employment in the District Attorney's Office in Orange County the local attorneys became interested in my work and purchasing it. In 1959 I entered my first competitive art exhibit. My work was

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Canyon Shadows

praised by viewers and fellow artists, which prompted me to enter other shows.

Since that first art show I have progressed to my present status. My work has been purchased by collectors from all over the world. I rely entirely on an income provided by sales through the galleries with the exception of royalties from sale of reproductions of my work.

In recent months I have received more attention from collectors of western art along with frequent sales of paintings. Although I do not consider myself a cowboy artist, I do paint western landscape and find myself using horses and cowboys occasionally, and herds of cattle often.

I have studied the western landscape from Mexico to the Canadian border. In 1969 I toured the northwest by small plane – painting and sketching as I went. In 1970 we drove from California up to Idaho, Wyoming and Montana taking pictures and painting the scenes of interest. This coming June my family will join me in another tour of the great northwest (including southern Canada) by car and camping trailer.

Besides painting and sketching on location I use a 35 mm camera as an aid. By taking slides while I travel I am able to refresh my memory and capture beautiful scenes and lighting effects to be painted at a later date.

At present I am in the process of getting an airplane which will enable me to reach out of the way places in a hurry, places that are part of this great country and not touched by the great majority of people and which I enjoy painting.

All in all, I have been fortunate in my endeavors as a professional artist. Although I did not receive formal training beyond high school I feel that my progression has been steadfast. My goal in life is to continue to learn all I can and my dream is to leave a message in my work that will be remembered after I am gone.

The competition in this age is the greatest of all time and my desire is to be able to compete with the best. Through hard work and the inspiration from my wife, Bev, and the fantastic country we live in, I believe these goals can be realized. Incidentally, I'm a firm believer in the power of positive thinking.

Editors Note: Bill Shaddix has all the qualities needed for success in the field of western art. The location of his studio and home in beautiful Sedona should provide the setting and inspiration for many future works. Here the life style is carefree, but Shaddix remains vigorous, intense, and enthusiastic. This may stem from his close association with the land.

WHO WAS SEQUOYAH?

By DWIGHT CUSHMAN

Thousands of Americans have enjoyed the spectacular beauty of Yosemite's giant sequoia trees without knowing the story of the Indian genius after whom they are named. Sequoyah was an illiterate Cherokee Indian who invented an alphabet and taught his people to read and write.

Sequoyah, whose Indian name means "The Lame One," was born about 1770 and died in 1843. His English name was George Guess or Gist. His white father was probably Nathaniel Gist who spent many years among the Cherokees as a hunter and explorer and later served as a Colonel in Washington's army. His mother was a full-blooded Cherokee.

Sequoyah was many things – an expert blacksmith and silversmith, hunter, painter, salt merchant, farmer, diplomat, and explorer. To his own people, he was their greatest hero. He served as a soldier in the War of 1812 against the Creek Indians who took the British side.

Born in Tennessee, Sequoyah later moved to Alabama, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. In 1809 Sequoyah began trying to discover the secret of the white man's book, called "the talking leaf" by Indians. For twelve years he worked with little encouragement. He found eighty-six distinct sounds in the Cherokee language from which all words were made. His alphabet consists of a character for each of these sounds.

The alphabet was so simple that in three days a Cherokee could learn to read and write. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions cast the alphabet into type and sent the type and a printing press to the Indians. "The Cherokee Phoenix," the first Indian newspaper in history, first appeared in 1828. A four-page paper, it was printed half in Cherokee and half in English. The Cherokee Council voted Sequoyah a silver medal and a pension in appreciation for his efforts.

The only portrait of Sequoyah was painted by Charles Bird King in 1828 while Sequoyah was serving as a representative of the Cherokees in Washington, D.C.

Sequoyah was one of America's great men. He has received many honors. Sequoyah and Will Rogers, who was part Cherokee, are the two representatives of the state of Oklahoma in Statuary Hall in our national Capitol. Sequoyah County in Oklahoma was named for him. He is one of the twelve alphabet inventors in the world's history to be reproduced in bronze on the doors of the Library of Congress.

The name Sequoia, the Latin spelling for Sequoyah, was first proposed by the Austrian botanist, Stephen Endlicher, in 1847. It is fitting that a giant red tree should be named after a giant red man. When you walk beneath the giant redwood trees of the Mariposa, Tuolumne, or Merced groves, it is well to know something about Sequoyah the person and the great tree which is named after him.

If you would like to do further reading about Sequoyah, a good biography is *Sequoyah* by Grant Foreman published by the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. It was first issued in 1938 and reprinted in 1959. A good children's story is

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Editors Note: The illustration of Sequoyah which accompanies this article may be found hanging in the National Archives. According to our two Indian authorities, Paul Bailey and Al Hammond, this painting is not Sequoyah, but the likeness of Thomas Maw who was available for the sitting in place of Sequoyah. Hammond calls attention to the long clay pipe, the turban, costume and Presidential Medal around the neck which are certainly not characteristic of the Cherokee nation. Bailey calls attention to the nose, mouth, and eyes which are not Cherokee. Is there an illustration of the real Sequoyah?

Corral Chips

One of the highlights of the March Westerners confab is the presentation to *W. W. Robinson* of an Award of Merit from the American Association for State and Local History. Will, one of the original founders of our corral and a most distinguished historian, receives a standing ovation from his assembled compadres.

Will Robinson is presented his Award of Merit from the American Association for State and Local History by Carl Dentzel. — Iron Eyes Cody Photo

Assuring its availability to future scholars, the important library of *Don Meadows* is purchased by the University of California at Irvine. Don's outstanding collection of books, pamphlets, and ephemera is especially rich in material dealing with the history of Orange County and of Baja, California.

Doyce Nunis also shows his interest in Lower California by addressing the Tenth Baja Symposium in Mexicali on the topic "La Frontera, 1848-1868: Years of Conflict and Turmoil."

The latest newsletter of the Death Valley 49ers, ably edited by our own *George Koenig,* includes a photo of Westerner artist *Andy Dagosta* standing proudly in front of a display of his fine art work. Andy and C.M. *Lloyd Mitchell* are also notable exhibitors at the Plaza Show in Rancho California sponsored by the Chriswood Gallery.

As one of his last official duties as outgoing president of the San Diego Congress of History, C.M. *Max Johnson* stages the organization's eighth annual get-together. *Bill Hendricks,* another Baja buff, is a featured speaker on the subject "Towns and Villages of Baja California Norte."

On the bookish side, Branding Iron editor *Donald Duke* writes a foreword to a welcome reprint of F. N. Otis' *Illustrated History of the Panama Railroad.* The University of Oklahoma Press publishes its third major tome to be authored by Associate Member *Dan Thrapp,* a work titled *General Crook and the Sierra Madre Adventure.* And C.M. *Dick Yale,* meanwhile, provides an introduction to a reprint of the 1934 *Type Specimen Book* put out by the American Type Founders. Dick and C.M. *Jac Crawford* then lovingly handbind the volume.

The scholarly bent of Westerner authors is further revealed by *Bill Hendricks* of the Sherman Foundation, who translates, writes an introduction, and supplies supplemental notes for David Goldbaum's 1918 *Towns of Baja California.* Nor does the ink ever dry on busy Doyce Nunis' pen, witness his introduction to the 27th volume in *Glen Dawson's* Baja California Series, a colorful and extra-illustrated work entitled *The Drawings of Ignacio Tirsch.*

Readers are furthered advised to be on the lookout for another La Siesta Press publication soon inasmuch as peripatetic *Walt Wheelock* informs us he has just returned from an extended tour of the beaches of Sonora, Mexico. According to Walt, many of the beaches are quite unknown to Norteamericanos, and some are not even on the maps as yet.

Cactus *Jack Jeffreys* travels over the sand dunes to enthrall the Yuma County Historical Society with his slide show on the Yuma Prison. If you haven't read his definitive book on this subject, then you are

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Corral Chips . . .

missing an outstanding piece of local history.

Down in Queen Mary country, *Wade Kittell* is installed as the new president of the Long Beach Historical Society. Wade also takes time out to address the Glendale Women's Club and to provide an article for the annual publication of the Downey Historical Society.

Well, that's it. A darned busy bunch of Westerners. Why not keep us posted on *your* doins by sending along a corral chip to Assistant Roundup Foreman Tony Lehman, 4524 Rhodelia Avenue, Claremont 91711.

Lest We Forget

By Herschel C. Logan

The sky was grey and overcast, the wind out of the north chilly and damp as we wended our way to the small stone enclosure on the site of what had once been Fort Wallace, one of the noted military posts in the Old West.

"The Old Post Cemetery," said my companion as we entered through the small gate. His subsequent words faded, as though borne away by the wind. Or was it because other thoughts and sounds came to mind with increasing tempo.

Unmindful of all else my eyes turned to the weathered headstones, and the messages they bore . . . of youth, manhood, womanhood . . . Indians and pioneers . . . of soldiers and scouts, all of by-gone years. Brief and simple were the epitaphs. Died of cholera, age 22 . . . killed in a fight, age 27 . . . met death by an arrow, age unknown . . . run over by a train . . . kicked by a horse . . . pneumonia . . . and on and one . . . each giving its silent message to any who might chance that way. Some out of curiosity, some for research, and some to pay honor to those who sleep there.

As I turned aside, one small stone caught my eye. It appeared to be illuminated by a shaft of light which had broken through the cloud leaden sky. Bending low I read the single word, "Unknown."

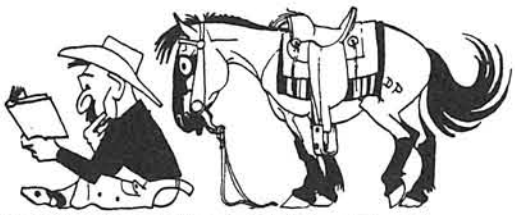
Rolled back were the years as I straightened up . . . wafted on the breeze was the faint echo of a bugle call. Louder, still louder until it mingled with the muffled sound of horses hoofs on the prairie verdure. An army caisson, with flag draped pine box on it, headed in through a larger gate in the wall. On came the procession until it came to a stop at the very spot marked by the little worn stone.

Turning to the phantom figures, I made inquiry . . . "a drummer boy killed in a skirmish with Indians," some said . . . "so young, and such a fine lad, with so much to live for," replied others. His name? Relatives? Or home? I inquired. But their reply was lost in the sounds of taps as the box bearing its precious soul was lowered to its eternal rest . . . just as the setting sun broke through the lowering clouds, as if to cast its golden rays on the scene.

"Unknown" . . . was the only message the little headstone would give. Yet as the muskets broke the stillness of the prairie with their farewell volley over the grave, I seemed to hear a voice out of the wind . . . "but known to God." And somewhere a mother would look in vain for the boy who would never return.

Today, high overhead, the meadowlark sings its song . . . the same sun bathes the landscape in a setting of beauty . . . and the wind softly blows a requiem over the forgotten graves of those who once lived . . . enjoyed life . . . but now rest in the little Post Cemetery.

And, careless generations too often forget that their own lives are better, and richer, because of the sacrifice made by those, known and unknown, who sleep there on the prairie . . . awaiting the final bugle call. Only a Post Cemetery they say . . . but a hallowed spot in the legacy of the Old West . . . and of a great nation.



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

SCULPTOR IN BUCKSKIN, An Autobiography by Alexander Phimister Proctor. University of Oklahoma Press, 1971. $12.50

When his commissions began to dwindle during the darkest years of the depression when few could afford works of art, Phim Proctor's family urged him to spend his time putting his personal reminiscensces down on paper and, luckily for the western history and western art buff, Proctor did. The result is a delightfully informal memoir of a fascinating man and a talented artist.

Alexander Phimister Proctor, often regarded as one of America's greatest sculptors of western horses, Indians, elk, deer, and buffalo, was born in Canada in 1860. Later Proctor moved with his family to a homesite near Denver, Colorado, where he lived the typical life of a boy growing up on the frontier, learning to hunt and fish and survive in the wilds.

Responding to promptings from his father, the young Proctor went on to New York for further schooling in order to develop the artistic talent he had displayed since childhood, when his sketches of wild animals had so delighted his parents. His studies at the National Academy of Design and at the Art Students' League bore fruit when, in 1891, Proctor received his first big commission – to sculpture a series of life-size animals to decorate the bridges crossing the fairgrounds lagoon at the World's Columbian Exposition.

From here on out, the artist's reputation was secure, and he turned out a prodigious amount of notable work, including bronzes for the Brooklyn Museum and the Bronx Zoo, heads of game animals for Theodore Roosevelt's White House, an equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee, and several variations on the theme of pioneer mothers (including the one in Kansas City, Missouri). But perhaps his greatest, culminating effort was the immense mustang group, modeled from King Ranch horses, which graces the campus of the University of Texas – a work which the late J. Frank Dobie called "one of the finest pieces of bronze in America."

This is a rattling good autobiography, with chapters that will delight the student of the West. For example, there are accounts of early Denver, hunting big game in the Rocky Mountains, the Grand County feud, the scaling of Half Dome at Yosemite, and numerous other adventures in which Proctor found himself a participant.

Furthermore, Proctor is a darn good artist with words too, witness his vivid description of the sorry-looking cowboy named Cowtit Ike who was so skinny and whose face was so thin that "when he shaved he had to put his finger in his mouth and push out his cheek so the razor could reach his beard."

In addition to a highly readable text, the book is beautifully enhanced by numerous Proctor drawings of animals, Indians, and cowboys interlaced liberally throughout the volume. There is also a portfolio of photographs depicting his major, and I might add impressive, pieces of sculpture.

If you like the American West, and if you count yourself knowledgeable in the art it has inspired, then this attractive and downright enjoyable book belongs in your library.

– TONY LEHMAN.

THE KANSA INDIANS . . . A History of the Wind People 1673-1873 by William E. Unrau. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1971. 233 pp., 4 maps, 16 photographs and paintings, $8.95

The Kansa or Kaw Indians were few in number. They have not had much written about them and compared to other Indians of the plains didn't hold an important position in frontier Indian history. The author has searched out documented history and did an able undertaking of bringing out the facts and details of this tribe. The bibliography is surprisingly large.

For some reason the author prefers the usage of the name Kansa and doesn't refer to them as Kaw. The use of both names is

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prominent. Upon their moving into Indian Territory of Oklahoma, the Kaw name was used more and their home was the Kaw Reservation. I feel both names should be used, at least to the new reader it is more enlightening.

The photograph of Washunga who was one of the tribe's leading chiefs is a "maybe" credited to Corresponding Member Samuel J. Bell. It's a fine photograph of a very distinguished Indian. Photographic credit belongs to William S. Prettyman who did a lot of horse and wagon travel to cover the early Indian scene in Oklahoma.

The book does have merit. It has the usual pathetic Indian history but is not lacking in humor of the Indians themselves and their dealings with those they crossed paths with. Again a good book for the "Civilization of the American Indian Series."

— AL W. HAMMOND.

THE TRUSTY KNAVES, by Eugene Manlove Rhodes. 189 pp., 5 illustrations, introduction by W. H. Hutchinson. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1971. $2.95

Those of us who enjoy the history and lore of the old West are certainly grateful to the University of Oklahoma Press for its fine Western Frontier Library series, of which this is Volume 49. By making notable works available in an inexpensive yet attractive format, the press deserves both the plaudits and the support of western history buffs everywhere.

The Trusty Knaves first appeared in serialized form in *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1931 with seven illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner. Fortunately, in this new edition the editors saw fit to reproduce these original illustrations, a fact which adds materially to the book's attractiveness.

Although a work of fiction, the appearance of *The Trusty Knaves* solved a minor historical mystery that is of interest to the student of western outlaws. When Bill Doolin broke jail in Guthrie, Oklahoma, on July 5, 1896, the lawmen who pursued him were puzzled by his total disappearance. As it turned out, Doolin was holed up on Rhodes's ranch in New Mexico. Here, to the eternal gratitude of those of us who enjoy cowboy fiction, Doolin proved his usefulness by saving Eugene Manlove Rhodes's life when he shot a wild horse that was bent on terminating the young author's career.

The plot of *The Trusty Knaves* hinges upon a clever and complicated scheme to rob the local bank in the frontier town of Target. Ironically, the community's leading, and supposedly most upright, citizens are the insidious plotters of the deed: the marshal, the sheriff, the judge, the largest landowner, and the most prosperous merchant are all in cahoots.

Getting wind of the affair, a motley but capable crew of western types (including a teamster, a cattle ranch foreman, a drifting alcohol-loving cowboy, a young dude anxious to learn the code of the West, and the outlaw Henry Hawkins — (a pseudonym for Bill Doolin) set out to prevent the robbery and the harm it would cause the ordinary, thrifty citizens of Target. The group dub themselves "the trusty knaves" because "really good men, they never do much of anything — not when it's risky."

Working together in the best tradition of western cooperation, trust, and resourcefulness — which Rhodes clearly wants the reader to admire — the "knaves" thwart the bank robbery and rid the town of its nefarious citizens for good measure. Incidentally, Doolin had come to town to look over the bank himself, but he rises to the higher moral calling of protecting it — this time!

Despite the fact that I enjoyed this book, reading it straight through in one sitting, several apparent blemishes are worth mentioning. In the first place, the dialogue was often so incredulously polished (considering the different characters' background and education) that the realism of the rest of the text was well-nigh destroyed. I doubt, for example, if anything even vaguely resembling the following ever emerged from a frontier telegraph operator's lips: "My dear old fossil, your unworthy surmise proves you to be yourself no better than an evil-hearted rogue."

And when Pres Lewis (the teamster) indulges his penchant for quoting the classics, the effect is absolutely ludicrous. Alluding to a just concluded corral brawl, he observes metaphorically that "the brave boy seized the brawny Indian and hurled him over the beetling precipice into the

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Book Trail . . .

seething waves below." Rhodes is obviously striving for humor in this and similar instances, but he certainly does so at the expense of credibility and authenticity, which are patently his companion goals in *The Trusty Knaves.*

Perhaps even more disturbing, however, is the book's failure to focus on one essential protagonist until well along into the plot. The reader no sooner thinks he has identified the main character when another one saunters onto the scene and usurps the former's place. We run the gamut of "trusty knaves" until at last Henry Hawkins (Bill Doolin remember, and the last to be introduced no less) emerges as our boy.

Still, this is a book well worth reading, with a first-rate plot, a keen sense of atmosphere, and a nostalgic feel for the frontier values which, in the author's view, are alas disappearing.

— Tony Lehman.

Twentieth-Century Montana . . . A State of Extremes by K. Ross Toole University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1972, 6 x 9, 308 pages, ill., $7.95.

Montana is such a spacious country with grand mountains and vast salubrious plains, that authors seem to get lost before they can complete their research and get their thoughts into print. At long last, someone has climbed over the Continental Divide and brought the Montana story up to date. It took a native Montanan, a onetime cattle rancher turned history professor, to complete the job.

Twentieth-Century Montana is a very attractive book since the compiler chose to illustrate his work with some classic old-time photographs of the period. Farming, mining, lumbering, and early day towns are given equal coverage.

At the turn of the century Montana envisioned a future of wealth and prosperity founded upon its vast copper and timber holdings, its eastern grasslands, so lush for cattle and sheep ranching. The people came, they stayed, and they moved on to Oregon and California where the winters were milder and the future more bright. The Montana gold seekers of Alder Gulch and Grasshopper Creek induced Congress to form Montana Territory out of a huge hunk of Idaho Territory. This was done and before long, in 1889 to be exact, Montana reached statehood. Prior to the turn of the century Montana produced 61 percent of the nations copper, and its cattle industry, was one of the largest in the West. The trouble was that Montana was a state of distinct differences, dependent on resources, weather, soil, and circumstances.

Twentieth century Montana found itself confused. It was difficult to generalize about its economy or its politics. To the west of the Continental Divide, the rivers tumbled out of the mountains in profusion, and the water was largely unusued. To the east, the rivers were sluggish, and the demand for water was great. In the west, the wealth lay bound in or on the mountains; in the east, the wealth was bunchgrass.

Toole's lucid and controversial interpretation of the salient trends of the past seventy years are placed on the event years, when strikes, droughts, and labor disputes took place. Not forgotten are the personalities like Clark, and Thomas Walsh.

Being a native, Toole conveys the feeling of the country and the people. Like all academic historians, he forgets to convey the importance of transportation in the development of Montana in this century. For instance, the building of the Milwaukee Road all the way to the Pacific through the Bitterroots, the last of the American transcontinental railroads. After its construction the Milwaukee Road was the first U.S. road to electrify its mountain lines in Montana. This was an engineering marvel for its time and certainly worthy of mention. Seldom discussed is highway and road construction, or the inroads of air transport.

A fascinating story of Montana's struggle to survive.

— Donald Duke.

Who Was Sequoyah . . .

Alice Marriott, one of the Landmark Series published by Random House, New York, 1956. *A Guide to the Yosemite Sequoias* by James W. McFarland, published by the Yosemite Natural History Association, contains much interesting information about the giant sequoia trees.
