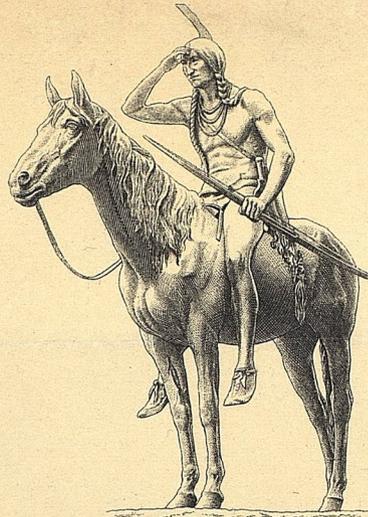


OLD TIME
OF

TRAIL DRIVERS
TEXAS



GEO. W. SAUNDERS, PRES.
J. B. MURRAH, V. PRES.
J. D. JACKSON, V. PRES.
IKE T. PRYOR, V. PRES.
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WM. B. KREMPKAU, SERGT.
J. STEWART PEARCE, CHAP.

UNION STOCK YARDS
SAN ANTONIO

July, 13, 1926

Capt. R. G. Carter
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Carter;

Please excuse my delay in answering you as I am
very busy.

Enclosed you will find a list of names of people whom I know
who might be interested in Pioneer History. If you wish more I
will send them later. These are not all Trail Drivers, I picked
people who are likely to buy your book.

You can keep the Strong Book, it might be of some use to you
but not to me, I do not admire his style. I received you \$1.00
Thanks.

Let me hear from you at your leisure.

Your friend,

G. W. Saunders

STONEWALL JACKSON

From Observations and Recollections of a Sculptor (J. E. Kelly)

In 1883, or shortly afterward, when I was working at the RIDING CLUB New York City, modeling a horse, principally from as near a perfect charger as I have ever seen--which afterward was used as the basis for my monument of Fitz John Porter, at Portsmouth, N.H., a man used to come in at times and watch me, as well as to talk about the (Civil) War. He was the old-time fire-boy type, black hair parted in the middle and brought ~~forward~~ forward in blinder fashion--a white shirt, sleeves rolled up showing a red one, an apron made of ticking, black pants and natty boots. He looked clean, neat and crisp, with a jaunty swagger. This man told me a story which I will give in substance:

"After the battle of Chancellorsville, I was on guard at the bank of the Rapidan or Rapahannock River; it was growing dusk, and three or four men from my regiment came and started across, the river being quite shallow. One of the men was a half-breed Indian; he and the others used to do a good deal of independent scouting, and as they were allowed to come and go as they liked, I said nothing to them. After awhile I heard some firing; then they came running back and waded ~~the~~ across the river. As they passed me, I heard one of them--an Irishman--say,

"'It was Stonewall Jackson.' 'No it wasn't.' 'Yes, it was.' 'How do you know,' asked the other fellow. 'I recognized him when I turned him over. Don't I know what he looks like?' Then they passed on. Next day I heard that Stonewall Jackson had been shot; and now when I hear that his own men shot him by accident, I think of what I heard those fellows say that night.

mirrored text from reverse side of page, appearing upside down.

AMERICAN BOOK CO. NEW YORK CITY
PO BOX 100
BUREAU BRIDGE

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Publishers
64-66 Fifth Avenue
New York

June 21, 1925.

Captain Robert G. Carter,
Army & Navy Club,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Although we attained our majority some years ago, still Indian legends and the prowess of Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse fire our imagination.

A book on the Indian Wars by John Neihardt has recently been published. It is the third in a cycle of epic poems which Mr. Neihardt is writing to preserve the race-mood of courage that developed west of the Missouri River in the nineteenth century. The first poem was called "The Song of Three Friends," the second, "The Song of Hugh Glass," and this present volume, "The Song of the Indian Wars."

The author became acquainted with the land of the Indians some thirty-seven years ago, when he lived with his pioneering grandparents in Kansas on the Upper Solomon. He saw signs of the vanished buffalo and sat around cow chip fires. For years he was intimately associated with the Omaha Tribe, a Sioux people, at a time when the old generation was still numerous. His "brother-friend," Curly, was one of Custer's Crow Scouts, who only told him the truth, however much he may have prevaricated for gullible reporters.

You should read the book for you will find it not only entertaining, but interesting. Many of Mr. Neihardt's characters may be men with whom you have served, or at least whom you know by reputation. For instance, Brigadier-General Anson Mills who served with conspicuous gallantry under Crook both in the Rosebud fight and in the Battle of Slim Buttes; and Captain Howard Morton who fought with Forsyth on the Rickaree Fork of the Republican and who still carries the bullet that tore out one of his eyes in that "wonderful little battle."

The book is a beautiful gallant record of the brave pioneers who won the Mid-West for the "Great White Father." This special edition of THE SONG OF THE INDIAN WARS is richly bound and autographed by Mr. Neihardt. It is on sale, price \$7.50, at your booksellers or may be procured direct from us. Upon receipt of your order it will be promptly forwarded. Postage prepaid.

Very truly yours,

/s/ H. P. Nelson

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
Library Department.

24 June, 1925.

The MacMillan Company, Publishers,
64-66 Broadway,
New York City.

Gentlemen:-

I am in receipt of yours of the 21st.

I am familiar with the writings of John Neihart and have read his poems - "The Song of Three Friends," and "The Song of Hugh Glass." I shall take great pleasure in reading "The Song of the Indian Wars."

The late General Anson Mills was an intimate friend of mine; as was also General George F. ("Sandy") Forsythe, hero of the "Beecher Island" fight. I knew McCall, Forsythe's first sergeant of scouts, also "Jack" Stillwell, through whose efforts Forsythe's rescue was effected. I had him (Stillwell) out with me in 1872 when the celebrated Ki-o-wa chiefs, Sa-tan-ta and Big Tree, were ordered by the War Department to be transferred from the State penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas, to Fort Sill, I. T., (now Oklahoma), for a conference with the Indian Commissioners at that post, and when by a disobedience of my orders, based on Stillwell's knowledge of conditions at Fort Sill, a possible massacre of the entire garrison there was avoided.

I am engaged in revising a MS - "On the Border with Mackenzie", which is a detailed story of the operations of the Fourth Cavalry and a partial record (not a history) of that regiment under its gallant Colonel during the early 70s, when the Ki-o-was, Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes were forced into their reservations in 1874-5, thus winning the West for the "Great White Father." I should like to submit this MS. to your Company with a view to its possible publication at some date in the near future.

I am an old retired officer of the Fourth Cavalry and was Mackenzie's Adjutant on his first Indian Expedition to the head waters of the Red River in pursuit of "Kicking Bird's" band of Kowas, after Sa-tan-ta's arrest at Fort Sill, by order of General Sherman in 1871, and was present at Sa-tan-ta's trial when he was sentenced to death; also, on Mackenzie's expedition against Quan-ah Parker's band of Qua-ha-da Comanches that same year in the "Panhandle of Texas"; the capture and destruction of Mow-wis Comanche Village on McClellan's Creek in 1872, during which we secured all of their ponies and captured 130 squaws. I was his Acting Adjutant in his great raid into Mexico in May 1873. This material is all taken from my diaries and journals. Some short stories from it were published in the Youths Companion and "Outing" Magazine in 1886. It is now co-ordinated as a running story of those eventful times. I am sending you a brief resume of chapters, illustrations, etc.

We have made Mr. Neihart an honorary member of the Society of the Order of Indian Wars, of which I was National Commander in 1921-1922, General Miles succeeding me.

Very truly yours,

R. G. Carter,
Captain, U.S.A., Ret.

enc.

11 October, 1928.

Mr. O. B. Ostrander,
207 Belmont Avenue,
No. Seattle, Washington.

My dear Major Ostrander:

Your letters with enclosures received. They were most interesting to me, especially the letter of recommendation from my brother to you and the pass from Captain Frank. I thank you very much for your thought in giving the same. I shall turn them over to my nephew, my brother's son, who is a prosperous shoe manufacturer, living at Haverhill, Mass., with his office in Boston and his shoe plant at Portsmouth, N.H. He is very much interested in his father's record. He was about 6 years old when his father died.

Frank and my brother commanded F and G Companies of the 8th Infantry at McClellans', Burnside's, Hooker's and Meade's Headquarters during the Civil War up to and including the battle of Gettysburg, when they were both ordered to New York to help quell the draft riots. I was the youngest of four brothers, being myself but 16 in the Civil War, - three of us in the volunteer regiments and two of frequently went to our brother's camp when Headquarters were near enough. When our brother was absent, Frank took as much care of us as though we had been his own brothers, having us to dine on the best there was, and always sending us away with tobacco, cigars, etc. to our distant volunteer camps. I saw a great deal of him (Frank) before he died here in Washington at the Cairo Hotel on Q Street. He had paresis and for several years had an attendant who took him to walk daily.

My mother, an ardent antiquarian, kept all the letters we wrote home during the war and after my retirement from active service I compiled all of those letters in a typewritten MS. volume entitled "War Letters from the Battle Front". I gave my nephew a copy, illustrated, and one copy to each of my children. In it one pictures (Brady) of Frank, Andrews ("Charity"), Adjutant of the 8th Infantry, VanHorn, and others of the regiment.

Years later I began a serial story in "The Maine Bugle", a magazine sponsored by the Cavalry regiments of Maine. This was

illustrated. It went as far as the ninth chapter when the magazine suspended for lack of funds. I kept the balance of the manuscript from 1886 until 1913 (27 years), determined that I would not destroy such valuable material. That year I privately printed it, but the plates for the cuts had all been destroyed and the printing company gone out of business. I printed but 200 copies - part with the magazine serials (unpaged) with illustrations, the balance a reprint without illustrations. It is a book of 509 pages entitled "Four Brothers In Blue, A true story of the Civil War from Bull Run to Appomattox". It is largely made up from these letters, but in it I have woven a running narrative sketch, breaking up the monotony of letter sequences. I am sending one of the few copies I have left and I trust you will accept it as a gift from me in memory of my beloved and favorite brother whom you, too, seem to regard as one you loved and respected. It is, of course, out of print. I was intensely interested in your "An Army Boy of the 60s", for it not only deals with what I know so well about my brother's service at the time you knew him, but it brings in many men whom I knew so well in connection with Forts Reno, Laramie and Phil Kearny. I knew Gen. Connor, the old pioneer, Col. Carrington, Henry B. Freeman, and Bisbee (now nearly 90 years of age, living near Boston, and an intimate friend of mine) whom you found at Phil Kearny in the other battalion of the 18th Infantry. Wasn't David Gordon and N. B. Sweitzer of the 2nd Cavalry along with your command on its march to Phil Kearny? I never saw Bridges but have heard many stories about him, especially by Gordon.

Bisbee in a paper read before our Society of the Order of Indian Wars recently states positively that Carrington gave Fetterman no instructions when he was sent out to the relief of the wood party, "not to follow the Indians or to cross the Lodge Pole Trail". Bisbee says it had been the custom to go beyond that point; he himself had done so with Carrington's knowledge, others had done it, and Carrington himself had done it. I will send you this paper to read and return to me if you have not already read it.

Another survivor of the Fetterman massacre has recently declared that he was present when C. gave his order to F. and that not a word was said as to how for he (F) should go. This was recently printed in the "Winners of the West", published at Saint Joseph, Mo., by the National Order of Indian Veterans of the U. S. His name is Wm. Murphy of Spokane, Wash. I have been

the National Commander of our Order. I will also send that to you if you have not seen it.

I was retired when the Ute Campaign was on. Lawton was one of my dearest friends in the 4th Cavalry. He has slept with me, messed with me and marched many a weary mile across the plains with me. I was the last one to see him away at the old Baltimore & Potomac station here. He took my only son with him to the Philippine Islands and he was with him when he (L) was killed. After 20 years service in the army (retiring as a lieutenant colonel), 3 tours in the Philippine Islands, 2 on the Mexican border, and 1 in France, he came home and died two years ago last January. My second daughter married in the Army, had two tours in the Philippine Islands and came back and died. She was born in a wall tent on the Texas border. My only remaining brother died last March, which leaves me the last remaining member of my family.

I was Mackenzie's Field Adjutant on his first Indian expedition in Texas in 1871. A bronze tablet has just been unveiled in the Texas Panhandle, commemorating our campaigns. I am sending you the "Frontier Times" with a cut of it and my letter. I was to have gone to the unveiling but the doctors advised me not to attempt the trip as I had been in the hospital four times within a year. I was also to have gone to the Custer battlefield in the Little Big Horn two years ago with Godfrey, who is one of my most intimate friends, but it meant several nights on a train and as I never sleep on a train and have chronic insomnia I had to give that up also. I have had some correspondence with Burnstone and have his "Trail Dust of a Massacre". I do not agree with him on the Custer affair, to which I have given much study. Custer was a classmate of my brother and I lost two classmates in that fight, so I have been intensely interested in it and have written a great deal on it, which I probably shall not publish. Reno was on duty at West Point when I was a cadet. I saw much of him after he was dismissed, and I have never changed my opinion of him, i.e., that he showed a yellow streak at the Little Big Horn, lost his leadership and absolutely failed to regain it either during or after the battle. It took Godfrey nearly two months to pull himself together after his trip in 1926.

I regret that your trip to Denver has proved so disastrous to you. We are too old now for the wear and tear and excitement. I trust you will experience no serious setback. With care I may last a while longer but dont dare travel far from my base for fear

- 4 -

of a toboggan slide. I was very glad to hear from you and later will give you some very interesting sidelights on my brother's son, Warren Ordway Carter, who died about four years ago. His life reads like a romance but always verging on tragedy.

My best wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me to be

Most sincerely yours,

R. G. Carter,
Captain, U.S.A., Ret.

P. S. I had a long correspondence with Hodges and Driggs at Yonkers, N.Y., some of which I may send to you as a curiosity sometime. But as soon as I found that Driggs only part in the game was to cut out, slash, edit, revise, etc., etc., and they offered to close a contract on a 50/50 scheme, I dropped them. These publishers are a lot of d----d sharks and robbers at best, and I have got done dealing with them.

R.G.C.