Montrose, California,
Dec 20, 1926.

Captain R. G. Carter, U.S. Army, Retired,
Washington D.C.

Dear Captain Carter,

Your article in the January number of the Frontier Times, though small in itself, covers a wonderfully interesting field of action during those eventful years you refer to therein, much of which I am only familiar with in a geographical sense, since the troublesome Indian days you speak of in Texas had about all passed when I first went there, in 1880. Of General McKenzie I have read much and heard much, and one of my reasons for writing you at this time is to ask you of a certain incident, in which he and his command took part one time against the Kiowas at Howard's Well, eighty or a hundred miles north of the old stage crossing on Devils River, I had often heard the story I refer to, but never in detail, as to time, date and the number of men he had on that occasion. It seems that a band of Kiowas laid siege to a party of emigrants at Howard's Well sometime in the late '70's, and after starving them out for water, massacred the whole outfit.

Shortly afterwards General McKenzie, with a train of covered wagons loaded with infantry, left San Antonio for the scene of the massacre, and upon arriving there met the Indians, who immediately attacked the train, but with the most unexpected and disastrous result that probably any band of Indians ever encountered.

It is likely that you yourself were in that fight. Then, I would like to ask you as to Fort Bascom, and just where it was, in relation to some place that now exists.

I always understood it to be on the north bank of the Canadian River up near the head of that stream, in New Mexico, and again, I have been told that it was on the South Fork of the Cimarron. Kit Carson, as you no doubt know, with a command of something less than 300 enlisted, 50 or 60 Ute and Jicarilla scouts and a wagon train, and a couple of howitzers, left Fort Bascom early in November 1864, for the Adobe Walls, on the South Canadian, and twelve days out, opened an attack there on the winter encampment of several thousand Kiowa and Comanche Indians, who were strung out along the river bottom for twenty five miles. The fight opened at daylight, with a low thermometer, and lasted only throughout that one day, with the odds all in favor of Carson, who, however decided to retreat that night to the high plains, knowing that he must be defeated and overwhelmed if he remained longer in the river bottom. I will thank you very much — Very truly yours, D. F. McCarthy.

Cin O. 1 — 9 — 29

To Capt R G Carter 4th Cav U S A retired
Army & Navy Club Washington D. C.

Dear Sir & Comrad.

Your article on Mackenzies Trail in July Winer of the West was very interesting to me I served in Co D' 4th US Cavalry from 1869 to 1874 I celebrated my 20th & 21st birth day on the panhandle but you forget to say that your horse was killed by lightning while we were camped near Old Fort Sumelar New Mexico it was the finest cloud burst I ever saw I held my horses head for 3 hours while a sheet of water was coming from the sky. no fire no no breakfast no nothing but mud & water I sometimes think it is only a dream hoping to hear from you

I remain yours in comradeship

Peter Lacher

201 W 69th St Cin O.

LACHER

Rochester N.H. Mar 16th 1927

Capt. R. G. Carter

Dear Comrade

I have received two copies of the Fort Worth - Star Telegram which I suppose came from you, and have read your account of the expedition with much interest. I was out on that scout as I joined the Ridgement when you were out. but I have been in Cat Fish valley and on Pease River and through that country many times when the Indians broke out they almost always struck for that country. I joined the Ridgement some time in June 1872. I am in hopes of getting the rest of the story. I have been fairly well through the great winter. I got cold feet and gave up going to the home in Washington. it seems we have got our Pension bill through which will be a good thing for many and we will all appreciate it. hope you are enjoying good health and if you come this way this summer shall hope to meet you again. with many good wishes I will close

Your Comrade

Geo. S. Adams
32 Pine St

4126 Johnson avenue,
Western Springs, Illinois,
January 16, 1934

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

My dear Captain:

I was very much pleased to receive your letter, all full of good wishes and of words about West Point. I have often stopped im reading over the Cullum book of 1920 and that of 1930 to look over your stirring record, and now I am glad to have your letter and your picture--- that agree exactly with the record and make it more complete. I am perfectly sure when I look at your picture ------ it is said that we must not praise a man to his face, but such a little trifling rule as that does not bind the files from West Point--- I am perfectly sure when I look at your picture that all the men in your company felt that nothing could stop them. I had a classmate, John B. McDonald, of whom we used to say that he had no end of courage. After the war and the 1920 Cullum came out I wrote him and said that the class were all glad to see that their West Point judgment of him had been abundantly verified. And he wrote back that he was much obliged for the good opinion, but that the fact was that in the war he had particularly good men who only needed to be held back. I wonder if you ever ran across McDonald---- in the good old phrase, he was "the salt of the earth!"

In your class of '70 I knew Palfrey, instructor in my time, but not of my section, Wood, always in charge of my section, Rockwell, always in charge of my section, Reed and Larned always over us in drawing, Postley my first instructor in math, Ira McNutt tack in B Company during our first two years, Benny Randolph tack in A Company, McClernand, a tack the last two years, Charlie Schofield an aide, I think, Michler, adjutant under Gen. Schofield, Hein tack over my company my first year and tack over the same company another year when I had gone over to D. Then in your original class of '69, Bergland was my instructor in law, Tillman our instructor in Kim, Duvall my second instructor in math, Braden I knew all the time at West Point, the name of Charles H. Rockwell was carved on a desk. I have a great many warm memories of some of these men but I must not begin to tell them for I would never be through.

I want to renew all my good wishes for a first class New Year and to thank you again for your letter.

Most sincerely yours

Williston Fish

Feb 21 - 1929

Caffin R. G. Barber

Dear Sir

Your letter of Feb was most interesting to me. My father ranched from on the forks of the Big Blue north of Ft Riley. We did not have any of the slimy Indian scouts you were in up there in my time. We used to go down to Abeline or Dodge & buy cattle driving them to the ranch to be fed up & then

drive them north to U P RR
ship them in to market.
Do we cut a good lot
of hay related ch if we
could help out the range
feed ogh our cattle in
to market in good condition
much earlier in the season
tgh better prices that way.
I had a most enjoyable
time a few years ago
as I was driving from the
Pacific through Kansas.
Iran to the place where

the old Ranch stood. There was an old trading store not far from the Ranch in the 70's. Now I found a nice modern town with fine trees & all surrounding country in high state of cultivation. I hunted around & found a man that had been here there since 1867. He remembered me & we were "herding" drove cattle together. We had a great old time

I am glad I saw the real bed work. It is all gone now except very up in Montana near Glacier Park. That country looked something like what Kansas look in 70 & 74. Thanking you for your most interesting letter I remain

Yours truly

Sidney S Belmore

Palmer, Texas
Dec. 17. 1928

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

Dear Sir:

By having an article published in the Dallas News, I recieved a reply from one S. F. Osborne, at Breckenridge, Texas, he giving me your address. And the minute I saw your name I remembered your face. At Richardson I wa chief Trumpeter of the good old 4th. My father was Bandmaster at the same time, and a brother also. Both have died many years ago. I was at Richardson twice since my discharge and saw only the two stone warehouses standing. I am

now 81 years old and am drawing a small pension. But I have hard work to make both ends meet. Have lost my left eye entirely, and the right one is nearly gone, and is a hard matter for to write this. Yes, I remember you well. I have a small room here that I pay $6.00 for, and coal is $14.00 a ton, and the gas stove that I cook on, all cost money and does not enable to buy clothes, I did not draw back pay when I received my pension. They told me pensions were only being paid from date of application. I am alone here, no wife and no other relatives, and it a hard matter for me to get along. I am as writing to

Howarth of the 11th Infantry.
now in England.
But I was so glad to have
gotten your address, so I
could write you. I would
like to have sent you a
Christmas present but am
am too poor to buy one.
Hope I may receive a few
lines you. Captain an officer
of my regement. Will try and
send you the letter I had pub-
lished in the the Dallas News
later. Yes, I remember you well.
It will not be long until I will
be totally blind and what I
will do then, I do not know.
Doctors want $100.00 to operate
on one eye, and I can't raise
the money! This is a little one
horse town 28 miles from Dallas.

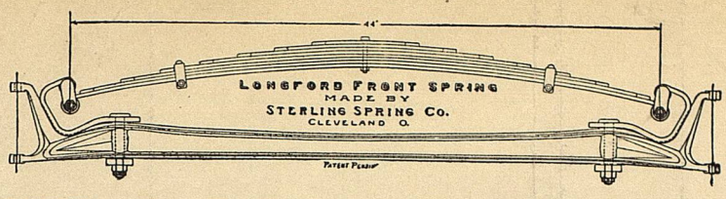
and everything is very high in price. Now, do not fail to drop me a line. I will be so glad to get it.

Respectfully,
P. R. Helde
Palmer
Texas

Excuse writing. Can't see well.

BUD GARBER

C. E. MATTHEWS



BUD GARBER & COMPANY

BLACKSMITHING

and Southern Texas Distributors

LONGFORD SPRINGS FOR FORD CARS

Telephone 730

206 South 2nd St.

Waco, Texas,

March 15, 1927

Capt. R. G. Carter

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir :

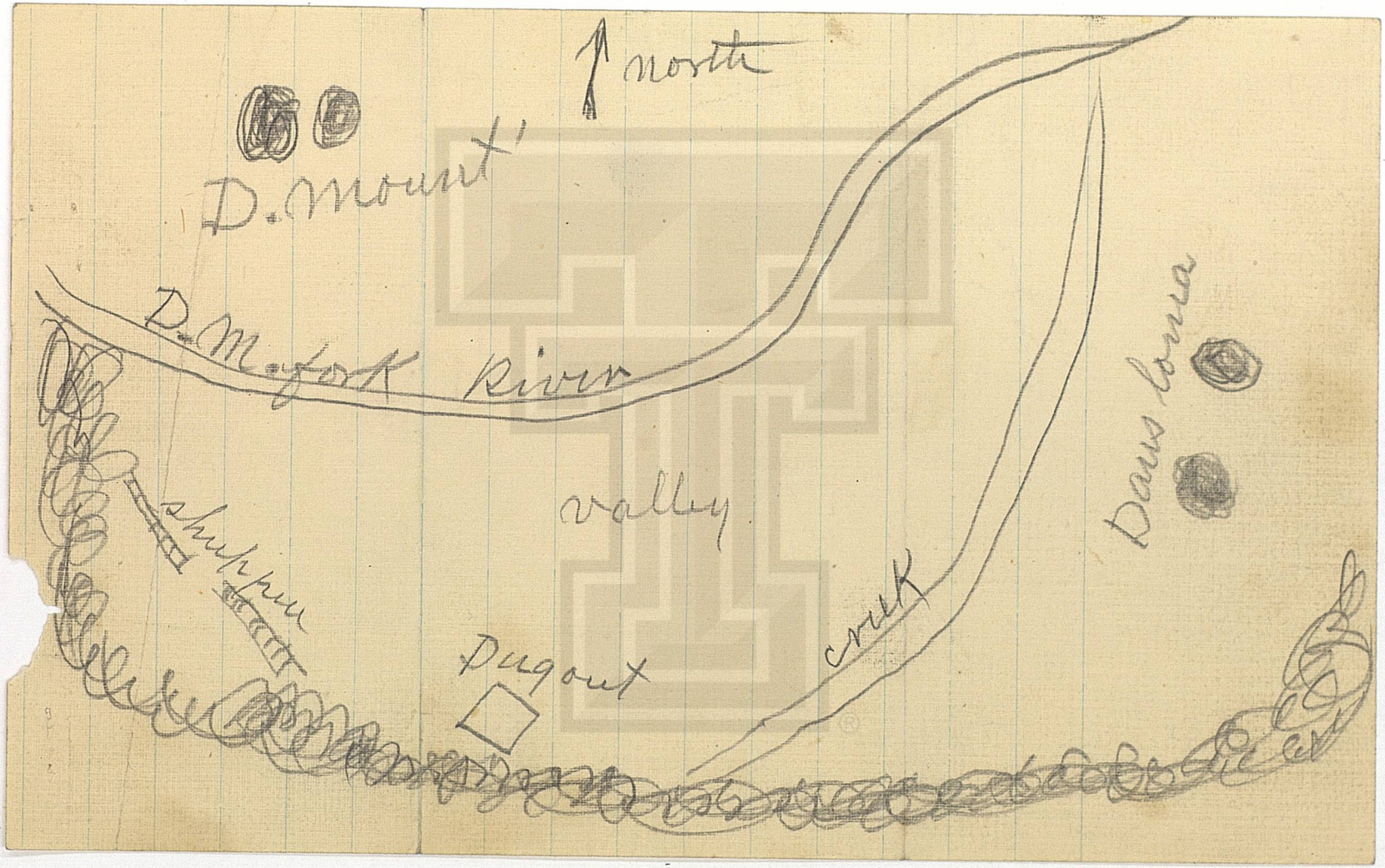
I have been reading your account of West Texas in the Fort Worth Star Telegram, and being very anxious to locate an old Sheep-pen about 10 miles South East of Double Mountain, where an old sheep herder was killed about 1866 or 67.

The front of the Pen was built of rock and the back of the pen was a bluff. He was killed and left in the dug-out and the Rangers found him a week or so later. I think the Rangers were camped at old Fort Griffin. The pen is supposed to be about a mile or so south of the D M fork of the Brazos River and possibly near the McKinsie Trail.

I enclose sketch and if you can give me any information I will be under lasting obligations to you.

Respectfully,

A. B. Garber


north
D. mount'
D. M. fork River
valley
shuhpu
Dugout
creek
Dawsonna

BUD GARBER

C. E. MATTHEWS

BUD GARBER & COMPANY

BLACKSMITHING

and Southern Texas Distributors

LONGFORD SPRINGS FOR FORD CARS

Telephone 730

206 South 2nd St.

Waco, Texas, 4-16-27

Captain R. G. Carter.
Washington D.C.

Dear Captain:-
Your letter received and I wish to thank you for the information about the sheep pen at Double mountain Have written the men you suggested and hope to hear from them soon again thanking you

Yours Truly.
A. B. Garber.

Princeton, Kentucky.
Jan. 25. 1929.

Capt R. G. Carter,
Army and Navy Club.
Washington D.C.

Dear Sir:-

Please find inc. $1.00 for which please send me one copy of "Map of Texas, Oklahoma & Etc. as per your ad. in "Frontier Times" I ordered a copy of your book "The old Sergeants Story" as soon as pub. and read it with deep interest, also your letters in "Frontier Times" I am the father of several little lads. and I am trying to teach and impress on their minds what the grand old Western Pioneer and Indian fighter stands for. Its a shame that the grand old heroes of the frontier, both officer and Private. that starved, froze, fought, bled, and many died, have never recieved the honor, praise, and undying glory they deserve. I wish that it was possible for Mr Hunter, to republish, in "Frontier Times" all those articles of yours on "Indian Campaigns, that was pub. in a Texas paper some years ago. as mentioned in "the old Sergeants Story." Now Capt Carter, I trust you will pardon me for this liberty I am, as a stranger, taking in addressing you. in this

~~in this~~ manner. But I cannot resist, the temptation, to write, and tell you, that there is still hearts that beat with pride and love, for the valant fighter of the "old West" Trusting my order will be in time to get one of the maps, and with best wishes for your future health and happiness.

I beg to remain - Very truly yours -

Wade H. Morse -
Princeton, Kentucky -
R.F.D. # 1.

(C O P Y)

P. S.
Please write me & tell me
some more of your trails.
E.R.Perry.

Soldiers Home
Minnehaha Falls
Minneapolis, Minn.
December 8th, 1932

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

Dear Comrade Carter:

No doubt you will wonder how I dare to address you as Comrade when I am a soldier's widow here at the Home. I was reading the wonderful write up in our National Tribune this evening and saw you was a Civil War veteran and went out with the 22nd Mass. Regiment 1862. My lamented husband went in the 53rd Mass. Regiment and I thought I would take the liberty of writing you. My husband, Freemen G. Perry, enlisted in Athol, Mass. Co. E, 53 Mass. Infantry under General Banks. He was born in Harmony, Maine. He came home with his health impaired after being in the New Orleans, La., Hospital for weeks. He could not lie in a bed when he returned to Maine. My sister-in-law, Mary Perry, of Hartland, Maine, told me she went to the woods and got herbs and roots and barks from trees and made bitters and nursed him back to health, the best she could. After he got so he could work he went to Iowa and then came to Minneapolis and was a carpenter or millwright. He went with a crew and helped build Fort Assynaboine, Montana, and in 1883 I came out here among relatives and got homesick, and went back home. I met Mr. Perry on the train. I objected to his sitting with me, told him I had a long journey to go, and guessed I would sit alone. The car was full and he sit on the arm of a seat awhile and the next morning 2 families came in and was boisterous and Mr. Perry got up and came back where I was and said those men "were not talking any language a lady ought to hear" and he said if I go in the next car and find a seat will you come with me? Well I said, "Let me look you over and make up my mind about it" and so he was under inspection and I made up my mind I would go as I would be home at seven o'clock that evening anyway. He came back smiling and took my belongings and we arrived at our seat. He had his lunch with him. I had mine. He had a roast chicken and all the et ceteras, and 2 napkins, &c. He said his landlady and her husband, old schoolmates from Maine, told him to share the sumtous lunch with some young lady and he had obeyed orders. I watched him closely. He began talking abbut his war record, &c., &c., how he had almost starved many a time, and I in my sympathy drank from the same canteen and pitied him.

"How they had scraped the scum of some old molasses barrels in New Orleans" so they might get a taste of that once more. How he had worked in Dakota and Fort Assynaboine, Montana, and he said, "Did you ever see any of our pipe stone relics that the Indians make?" And I said, "Yes, sir, I have, and he said, "I've made a lot of them. What shall I make you?" I said,"Well, I dont know whether I want any or not?" Well, he said, "I am going to make a Bible and a tommyhawk and hammer next. Now what do you want?" I told him I had a Bible but I guessed I might take the tommyhawk to scalp any of them Maine Indians if they came along.

He was sick and was going back to Maine, the first time in 14 years. When we got to Montreal (I was born in Canada, six miles from the Vermont line, right where the Penigaks Indians came in.) I said our train is on No. 5 line I believe. Nothing but those old large oil lamps to see by. I asked a conductor and he knew my voice. He said,"Well, Emily Ross, are you just getting home? Mother asked me the other day if my father had told him how I was, (my father was the telegraph operator 14 years for the Vermont Central R.R. at my home town. I told Mr. Perry he better sit next to the window as I would be getting out first and he was going on to Mass. to his brother's at Orange, Mass., and when the conductor came in I told him I had bought my ticket to Boston almost as cheap, and I wanted to sell part of it and get $5.00, five dollars, back if I could on it and he the conductor reached over and said, "Emily,are you married?" I thought I would die. I said "have you forgotten what little sense you ever had? And Mr. Perry said, "No, she is not, but she will be if I can get her.""Well, he said, "if you can, you will get one of the very best girls in all the country, but I guess your chances are slim because she is devoted to her parents." We corresponded and I never saw him but once. He staid East as his sister had a paralytic stroke and then came back here and bought our home here and sent for me to come. We were married June 27th, 1887, and he died Jan. 18th, 1900. The very best devoted husband I have ever known. Fine looking. Was commander of Dudly P. Chase G.A.R. Post the last year he lived.

I have been here at the Home 3 years Jan. 1, 1933. I am a Hooverite, voted for him. I have had 2 letters from the White House lately I am very proud of. I write prose and poetry. My city gave me a personal permit for six years and I had written a poem of Minnehaha Laughing Water and used to come down here 8 miles and sell it at the Minnehaha Falls here 1/2 a mile from here years ago. Excuse me for writing you this letter but I thought of what all you had been through and seen and your Indian experiences and being a Massachusetts soldier I began to write you, so please forgive me for the intrusion.

We have a beautiful soldiers home here. Fine commandant,

Major Wm. R. Boyce, who has served in the Spanish-American War and also in the World War.

I went back to Carribou, Maine, a year ago this last August on a 90 day furlough and stopped in Canada for six weeks also. The trip done me a great deal of good. I am in the Woman's Building. 160 sits down at the tables. Write me something more about your Indian career and I'll try to write you a poem about it.

Have you got an old picture of yours with "Qua-ha-da" Comanche Indians. When I first came down here to sell my peems the squaws used to sit over on the Milwaukee depot steps selling their bead work. We have one sitting at our table now. I wrote a Mexico poem that President Woodrow Wilson honored. I have done my best for these wars. My grandfather was in the War of 1812. I am a great grandaughter of General Gregg that fought with Washington.

In Honor of Captain R. G. Carter

"Honored art thou, on the Mackenzie Trail
Whose life was one, who never failed
Gallant in action, with "Qua-ha-da"
You fought for victory, and always held the day.

"In the fiercest battles, and of the direst pain
Onward you rode, not looking back again.
And "Lincoln", noblest and best of all,
You, nobly answered "Here" to all our Country's calls.

"Brevet, Captain, and Lieutenant, the bands at Kickapoo
And all the hosts of enemies, you led your armies through
The brave neer shirks his duty, wherever he may be
Farewell, Dear Captain Carter, yours for Eternity."

Yours in F. C. & L.

Mrs. Emily Ross Perry,
Minnesota Soldiers Home,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Custer Battlefield National Cemetery,

Crow Agency, Montana, October 26th, 1926.

R.G. Carter, Captain US.A. Washington D.C.

My dear Captain '

Your favor from the 2ist inst at hand it is so long ago that I cant remember one half of what i went thrubut I do the best I can.
In 1871we left Fort Griffin Texas General RS.Makenzie in Comand I belonged to Co F. Captain Wirt ~~Dais~~ Davis Co. therewere a lot of Indians that made their home in Texas all trails led towards the staked plains ,these Indians committed all kinds of raids down in the settlements and the General went after them in earnest ,but he got the surprise of his life,after a months scouting we came to Duck Creek on the breaks of the plains camped there and that night a bunch of Indians rode right thru our Camp hooping and yelling and shooting stampeded 3 Companys horses the Captains went out with their men to pick up the horses we heard shooting over the hills and mounted as fast as we could and when we got over the hill we seen the foot soldiers ,and Indians driving the horses we chased them for 10 miles but did not ~~ch~~ catch them and got only a few of the horses, and 3 Companys had to march back to Fort Griffin about 300 miles.
we followed up duck Creek and found where their camp had been we followed them on to the plains got close on their trail the second day that evening we went in camp forming a square and that night they fired into our camp we had to turn back no water.

1872.In the spring of 1872 Sergeant Foster myself and John Salsbury all of F.comp.carried a dispatch from fort Griffin to General Makenzie at Fort Richardson ,we discovered the Salt Creek Prairie Massacree 10 wagons partly correlled not far from the road they 10 teamster within 200 feet of the wagons all stripped to the skin ax had been driven thru their brains and otherwise mutilated, the wagon boss was chained to a wagon wheel and a fire was burning at his feet he was burned up to the waist we made fast time getting to Fort Richardson and reporting the same .Makenzie took up the trail at once we traveled for 7 days when we came to the Red River the river was high and he made us dismount and wade accross we had to swim part of the way,as soon as we got accross it was prepair to mount mount and away we went the water running down our legs and it was not warm either, after 3 days more we came to the Kiowa Village it looked pretty large Makenzie sent for the Chief and told him he ~~wat~~ wanted the Indians that committed the Massacree at first the Chief denied that his Indians done it, but when he turned the Artillery on his Village he surrendered turned over 124 Kiowas, himself, and Big tree, his War Chief, Makenzie send the 124 Kiowas to Florida and Satanta and Big Tree he was taken back to Texas Satanta killed himself when we were close to the Red River but Big Tree was send to the Huntsville penetentiary.After that we started right out after the Indians that

get away from hi1872 continued.

got away from him in 1871we scouted all summer got on their trail and travelled 40 miles a day for many days they Indians were allways 40 miles ahead of us they had about 2000lose horses and could change off,Makenzie thought of he give them a chance they would settle down so he started back towards Fort Griffin for 10 days we travelled straight for home ,they indians watched us for a week but at last the made up their minds that we were really going home and then we stopped rested our horses for a week and then started back travellin only nights the first sign we found of the Indians was on McClellens Creek where some squaws had been cutting wild graps we followed their trail on a jump and found them on the north fork of the Red River,we charged the Village

the battle lasted about a hour and a half we took i24 squaws prisoners and captured about 2000 horses we lost quiet a few soldiers and had a few wounded.

In 1873 3 companies went with Major Bankroft after Indians

the trail went thru Baxter Teritory and he pretty near lost his whole Command we followed the Indians thru Baxter territory were 53 hours without water and the horses and men were all in when by a miracle we found a pool of water close to the divide all that safed us . while we were out on this trip Makenzie made his raid in to Mexico.
after we came home from our trip my Company was send to the RioFrio River and we camped there 2 months ,and then went to Fort Clark.

Was in the Campaign of 1874 and 1875.on the Staked plains was at Blanco Canyon where we captured about 400.horses and Mckenzie had them all shot and the place is now named dead horse crossing there was lots of exitment every day to numerous to mention.
In the summer of 1875 my Company was stationed on the North Fork of the Canadian River and I was sent with Liet.Mckiney after a desperato by the name of Bennett,we captured him at daybreak among the Deleware Indians he was sent to little Rock Arkansas and hung.
Was discharged at Fort Sill December 2nd 1875 and reenlited in the 11 Inf at Fort Richardson .
After the Custer Massacree on June 25th,1876. Liet Col FM.Buell and the 11th,inf was ordered to Montana to build Fort Custer at the mouth of the Little Big Horn River on our way out we were ordered to stop at the Standing Rock Agency, on account of a great number of the Sioux that Participated in the Battle of the little Bighorn getting back to the Standing Rock Agency where they acted very mean walked around with a chip on their shoulder ,in the spring of 1877 we disarmed Chief Gauls Indians and then came up the River and camped where Col Buell built Fort Custer.
I was made a sergeant and had charge of the Logging apporatins built Ferry boat and bridges for Stage lines
In 1880 my Company and 3 more were ordered double quik to Poplar River Agency to stop the Siouxs from breaking out again after Setting Bulls return from Canada he tried to get the Siouxs to break out again ,Iwas discharged at poplar River Agency on December 6th,1880.

I could write for a week op i would mention all the minor affairs such as chassing small bunches of Indians and the time Chief Joseph of the Nez Perzies came down the Clarks fork on his way to Canada. in 1877

I am getting old and it is hard for me to write very much.

Respectfully

Eugene Wessinger

Supt, Custer Battlefield N.C.

L would be pleased of you would use your influence to get a proper pension thru for us old Indian War Veterans.

There are only 3000, and dying fast.

From the
Crow Agency,
Custer Battle-
Field -

Note - This man has got his events, dates, names, etc - all mixed up: he was probably in Capt - Wirt Davis' troop, but on account of his age, loss of memory, etc - it is difficult to follow his narrative -

R.G.C.

Capt. Charles Albert Varnum
Lincoln
Nebraska

C.A. Varnum
Capt. Greater Battle of Big Horn
Washington D.C.

I am getting old and if I die I want to write a book about my experiences in the Indian wars.
I would be pleased to have you read it and if it is good enough to publish I would like to have you write the introduction.
Yours truly