

and the "Seven Days Battles" on the Peninsula, subscribed for and erected a magnificent equestrian statue in memory of their old leader. They had not been within a few feet of the Bullock cabin and H---'s tent from May 3 to May 5 at Chancellorsville. It was placed on the north side of the State House in Boston. It was of bronze and a splendid work of art. An inscription was placed on it setting forth his full record in detail. It was dedicated with much display and elaborate ceremony. I saw it three years ago and noticed that that entire inscription had been removed and only his name remains.

It may be, but this is mere conjecture, that some of our old scrappers with long memories of the suffering and disgrace that had been heaped upon us during those fateful days and nights of May 1863 at Chancellorsville had protested and had secured the obliteration of this fake record.

He had been whitewashed by his staff and personal friends before the Committee on the Conduct of the War. Had any man from the ranks of my brigade of the old Fifth Corps seen his (H---'s) condition as I saw it, and I could have sworn to my actual knowledge of it, there would never have been any doubt as to the discredit this "Fighting Joe" had cast, not only upon his noble army but upon the martyred President Lincoln who selected and trusted him and then relied upon him to maintain his honor and duty to Lincoln and his country, to whom he (H---) had solemnly pledged himself.

When, at last, Lincoln had discovered Grant, he declared: "Here is a man who fights!!"

The courage and devotion of the Army of the Potomac was sublime, and amid all and in spite of all the reckless, incompetent

and stupid generalship displayed, its sadly torn and decimated ranks still stood firm and undaunted when Grant and its new leaders brought it to its last goal at Appomattox.

Grant, while he was generally invisible was, nevertheless, always a compelling force; we all trusted him as did Lincoln, who never interfered with his plans either by orders or by suggestion, for he and we knew that he was directing and his presence was known and felt.

Sherman, while he was always visible was an inspiration.

Thomas, the silent, grim soldier, was ever a tower of strength, while Sheridan, the incarnation of battle, was the game-cock that never wavered.

These combined all of the fundamentals -- courage, devotion, patience, endurance, loyalty and skill in the handling of men in battle -- which few men can do -- and all this without the telegraph, the telephone, the stenographer, the typewriter, the bombing airplane, poison gas, the motor truck, first aid, elaborate field evacuation and base hospitals, comfortable billets for reserves, rest areas, and almost countless auxiliaries which contributed so materially to the success of our gallant fighters of the A. E. F. during the World War.

Lincoln had at last found the right man, and through his common sense, rare intuition and perfect confidence he had in these great leaders, the battle problems had been solved, the long drawn out war had been won and the Union had been saved for all the coming generations.

SA-TAN-TA

" Of the two tribes (Comanches and Kiowas) the Kiowas were best disposed toward the Whites. They fought the Comanches as frequently as they did the white settlers. In my boyhood days their habitat was north-central Texas, the vicinity of what is now Fort Worth. But they ranged as far south as the Nueces River, and far enough north to come in contact with the Sioux. As a boy I was with a party of my father's friends hunting on the Pedrinales River, some 30 or 40 miles from Austin, Texas, when a war party of Kiowas camped less than two miles from us on the same stream. Fortunately they missed us. This was about 1870, and was the last raid of these people. The war party numbered only seven and the Kiowa chiefs claimed that it was composed of Kikapoos and two or three outlawed Kiowas.

In 1869 my father was appointed provisional governor of Texas. Shortly after his inauguration he went to the penitentiary at Huntsville for an inspection, taking my mother, brother and myself with him. We were in the Superintendent's office, where my father was hearing complaints and pleas for clemency. Two Indians were brought in. They were SATANTA and a sub-chief of the Comanches known to the whites as BIG TREE. Satanta was of medium height and about 50 years of age. BIG TREE was a magnificent specimen of a man, fully six feet tall, broad shouldered and straight as an arrow. Compared with Satanta he was of quite dark complexion. The Indians had been in the penitentiary for about two and a half years. They claimed they had gone into a white settlement on a peaceful errand and had been captured and sent to the prison without a chance to defend themselves. My father had evidently investigated their case before our visit, for he informed them thru the interpreter that he was going to pardon them and send them back to their people. They say that the Indian is stoical. There was nothing stoical about these two. Big Tree said something to the interpreter. Satanta looked dazed. The interpreter evidently repeated what my father had said. In a moment tears were streaming down the faces of the two Indians. They fell on their knees before my father and were prevented from kissing his feet only thru the interference of the deputy sheriffs. They were led away sobbing.

Note

These two Indians did not enter the Huntsville Penitentiary until Nov 1871. Satanta was 6 ft. in height and dark while Big Tree was smaller and much lighter in complexion.

R. B. L.

The Army and Navy Club
Washington, D. C.
20 February, 1932.

Companions:

I am deeply sensible and warmly appreciative of the honor you have conferred upon me and I most cordially thank you for the same, for I consider that it is a very great honor to be the National Commander of such a body of men who, when the going was hard, made such sacrifices as you all did in the North and Northwest and Southwest in the advancement and progress of civilization in that vast area west from the Rio Grande of the Mississippi and north to the Canadian border.

It meant extreme heat and cold, rain, hail, sleet and snow -- "blizzards" and "Northers" -- exposure and all that went into it in our service on the plains against a wily, alert and treacherous horde of Indians blocking our efforts at every step. For many years it was my belief that the hardy pioneers who followed in upon our trails were indifferent and unappreciative of our hard service and sacrifices in opening up those vast regions -- then uninhabited except by savages, buffaloes, wolves, rattlesnakes, jack-rabbits and prairie dogs, but in recent years I have had occasion to change my mind.

Railroads now gridiron that country; ranches, schools, universities, historical societies, clubs, Chambers of Commerce, have taken the place of those once desolate spots. The State of Texas through its legislature, convened in midsummer ^{1873.} by the Governor, passed a joint resolution expressing its "Grateful Thanks to the Officers and men of the Fourth Cavalry for prompt action and gallant conduct in ridding its borders of those scourges" -- the hostile Indians who had held back the tide of immigration to the West and North.

On August 28, 1928, a bronze tablet was placed in the lobby of a beautiful Spanish Inn erected on the "Spur Ranch", Spur, Dickens County, Texas, directly on the "Mackenzie Trail", to commemorate the events of the campaigns of the Fourth Cavalry, with a list of thirteen actions on or near this ranch comprising 763 square miles. This ranch is on the "Staked Plains".

I get many letters, photos, and numerous requests from various societies, Chambers of Commerce, school superintendents, professors of history, surveyors, and leading business men in these numerous towns which have sprung up -- all eager for information of those days long past. I briefly cite these facts that, although you are growing old,

You may know

^ your services and sacrifices have not been forgotten.

Again, Companions, you have my grateful thanks for the honor placed in my keeping, and I shall endeavor to advance all the interests of the Order in the coming year.

R. J. Carter
Capt. U.S.A. Retired
National Commander S.S.W.

History is defined to be "the recorded events of the past, that branch of science which is occupied with ascertaining and recording the facts of the past."

History deals with facts and history can only be reliable when it is written by persons not interested in the outcome of the treatment to be given men or events dealt with.

What we now call propaganda is and has been too often mistaken for historical facts. There is no doubt but that much of what goes as history would have been differently recorded if the writer had had access to the facts or had not mistaken propaganda for facts, but better still have been a personal and active participant.

So far little attention has been paid to the facts having to do with the history of West Texas, while every phase of the history of the older portions of the State have been dealt with. This section has a history all its own just as fascinating and colorful as any other part of Texas.

During the period prior to and including the years 1870-1873 while there had been a continuous Indian warfare on the border west of the 100th meridian and north including parts of the Texas Panhandle, in which units of our little regular army had been involved, all of which has been made a matter of record for years, and during which many lives were lost, ranches burned, women and children captured, and cattle and horses stolen, it was not until 1874 that the War Department resolved to place enough troops in the field,

operating along converging columns and under some of its very best officers of tried experience, for the purpose of subjugating or annihilating those wild bands of Comanche, Kiowa, Arapohoe and Cheyenne Indians, who up to this period had absolutely refused to go into a Government reservation and become Agency Indians.

For many years West Texas had been given over to the red man and no settler dared to go west of the 100th meridian unless under the very guns of the forts temporarily placed at strategic points as a line of defense. The columns sent into the field during that period, 1874-5 were under General N. A. Miles, operating from the North; Lieut. Colonel ("Black Jack") Davidson operating West from Fort Sill, I. T. (now Oklahoma); General Ranold S. Mackenzie, Fourth U. S. Cavalry, "than whom there was no more effective fighter in the entire army", operating from Fort Concho towards the North and West; Col. G. P. Buell and Lt. Col. ("Bean") Neill operating in cooperation with General Mackenzie near the Fort Sill reservation in the Indian Territory, while Major Price was operating from old Fort Bascom, N. M., towards the East.

Thus there was placed in the field some 2,000 men for the purpose of crushing or subjugating these savages, who broke treaties and promises, because they were enraged at what they declared was the encroachment of the whites on their lands and the slaughter of buffalo on what they considered their own hunting ground -- 4,000,000 alone having been killed by the buffalo hunters north of Texas, to say nothing of the millions killed in Texas.

Many battles took place in the Texas Panhandle among the canyons and breaks of the Staked Plains. Until finally, after their

villages and supplies had been taken and burned and all of their ponies captured and killed, leaving the Indians afoot on the high plains in midwinter, they were compelled to go into the reservation and surrender. And thus the way was cleared and West Texas was at last relieved from further savage incursions, burning, pillaging and capture of women and children, and that region was made open to settlement and rapid development made possible.

The officers and men of our little army freely offered their lives and actually cleared that vast region giving it to civilization forever. One writer states, "It is to be hoped that the services and sacrifices of these men will at least be remembered by the people who occupy this country and enjoy its benefits."

That section alone freed from the ravages of the Indians by our various campaigns, but particularly that of 1874-75, is larger than all New England, together with New York, New Jersey and Delaware. This work will deal only with the Mackenzie column to which the writer was attached for this hard and perilous duty, and of which, it is believed, he is now the only surviving officer.

(Dallas, Texas, News - August 28, 1928)

OLD-TIME RANGER DEPLORES PASSING OF REAL WEST AND COMING OF DRUG STORE COWBOY
by Davney White

Crosbyton, Texas, Aug. 25 -- I attended the reunion of the Plains people held a few days ago at the Rock House--a memorable and historic place in Blanco Canyon where Hank Smith, a pioneering plainsman, built the first home in the Staked Plains of Texas more than a half century ago. Over 10,000 of us were at this celebration, and I alone felt like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted when I mixed with these people and thought of the fast and furious days of many, many years ago, when I served as a peacemaker in this section of Texas.

My companions at this reunion were of modern Texas. I saw here more silk stockings and more of silk stockings than I have ever seen at any one time on Main street in Dallas. Many of the men folk were gossiping during the day about crop conditions and the younger ones were sucking soda through straws, while the most boisterous of the would-be cowboys were furnishing diversion and amusements for the visitors by roping fan-tail Jersey yearlings, and were seemingly content in their belief that they were portraying the wild and woolly West that we old-timers saw in this section when Cap Arrington and Capt. Bill McDonald and Butterworth and myself were chasing cattle rustlers and were, at the time, hoping for exciting experiences so we might make the hairs on the heads of our friends in effete East Texas stand on end while we were telling them of what we saw and did out here on the frontier of civilization.

Many, many years ago I came out here the first time with lungs that were bleeding and a head without any hope therein of ever getting well. Others came here with similar minds and bodies. Butterworth--I forget his real name--came here from Scotland about the same time and became identified with one of the Scotland-owned ranches being operated in this section of Texas. He became an efficient cook, and, in time, a rather noted Texas ranger. I learned from bedding and scouting with him that he was of royal blood from the old country. In the course of time his people sent him quite a sum of gold with which to buy for himself a cattle ranch. He regained his health and subsequently became reconciled to the life of the Texas range. He therefore sent this bag of gold back to his people and told them he craved neither riches nor distinctions. He seemingly was satisfied with having gained the reputation of being the best shot and best cook in Company B of Captain McDonald's noted ranger company.

Changes Are Legion

I know not the whereabouts of Butterworth at this time, but I do recall that he is the only man I ever intended to kill maliciously. We were scouting through Blanco Canyon and had arrived on its highest peak when the sun was setting. As I unsaddled my horse I gazed on a most beautiful sunset and poetically compared it with out probable and possible view of Paradise. I asked Butterworth what it reminded him of and he replied in his phlegmatic manner, "It looks like a mustard plaster." I reached for my six-shooter and pulled it, but didn't shoot him then, as I feared I would have some trouble in explaining why I killed him.

Seriously, there have been many wondrous and wonderful changes in this section of Texas during the years that have elapsed since I first rode over it horseback. When I came out here first, thirty-three ranches were covering this section of Texas and they embraced 3,500,000 acres. So sparsely was this country settled then that it was a

seventy-five-mile ride in any direction from Hank Smith's Rock House to the next habitation. Many days did I ride as the crow would fly all day long without seeing a human being. Today this is, in my mind, the greatest cotton-producing section of the United States, and as a result nearly every rood of this fertile and areable land is being planted in cotton or in feedstuff. I miss now the white-faced cattle that then were as numerous as were the buffalo of the previous era.

I see few signs of the cowboy days of old. These thirty-three ranches, with the exception of one which still maintains its identity and ranch headquarters, are now as extensively and intensively farmed as the similar area contained in Dallas, Ellis and McLennan Counties. In the communities that we passed to or through hurriedly in the years ago in search of outlaws, we now find prosperous and progressive towns containing hundreds of substantial business houses and many handsome residences and happy and contented citizens. Last night I slept in a modern tavern in Paducah. My slumber was disturbed by radios, graphophones and autos were being raced around the public square. I camped here years ago on the courthouse square and our duty then was to keep factional and fighting ranchmen from killing each other. Parenthetically, I wish to say here the best building in this prosperous town is owned by the local newspaperman and he is now making more money in trading and writing than any small town banker is making in any other town in Texas.

"Railroads Play Hell"

Big Foot Wallace, the noted plainsman of old, told me years ago that railroads and barbed wire fences would "play hell with Texas." He meant, of course, that they would destroy the romance of the West. They have enabled these people to have modern comforts, pleasures and profitable business interests. His idea of progress was to let every man have all the freedom he could hold provided he did not encroach on the freedom of his neighbor. Today I feel like the automobile and the silk stocking craze have destroyed the romantic West. We are traveling now ten times faster than we were before we had the auto, and we are progressing in every way ten times faster than we were when we were riding bucking bronchos. My grandchildren will be as pessimistic fifty years hence, I doubt not, of the future of our country as I am now over the passing of the West. In the language of the immortal Toll Buie, a noted politician of East Texas--this country has been "ruint" as far as I can feel and see. It is true I enjoy seeing these many happy and prosperous people, but my heart was almost broken when I viewed the rodeo stuff here wherein the drug store cowboys were breaking fan-tail Jersey calves for the delectation of the people who came out here to see what the real West means today.

Hand Smith built this old rock house because he craved to commune with God and nature alone. He came here to be as far away as possible "from the madding crowd." He lived the life of the pioneering plainsman, and died when he became tired of living. His daughters are now wearing silk stocking and his sons are smoking cigarettes and drinking soda through straws. Hank and I used to put our feet on the ground and take our'n straight. We old-timers will erect a monument in due time to Mrs. Hank Smith. No he-man deserves any credit for being a pioneer. Every woman earns a diadem whenever she follows her husband westward.

Capt. R. G. Carter Has Had A Colorful Military Career

National Tribune-Dec-8-1932.

Few veterans have had a more colorful military career than Capt. R. G. Carter, U. S. Army, retired, who makes his home at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. Despite his advanced age, Capt. Carter is still quite active and delights in regaling his younger friends with reminiscences of the Civil War and expeditions against the Indians. A memorandum of his military career follows:

Civil War—22d Mass., Aug 5, 1862, to Oct. 4, 1864—First Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. In all principal battles from Antietam up to and including siege of Petersburg. Youngest of four brothers, two of whom served from First Bull Run to Appomattox Court House.

Graduate U. S. Military Academy, class 1870.

Indian Wars—Congressional Medal of Honor for "most distinguished gallantry in action" with (Qua-ha-da) Comanche Indians, Freshwater Fork, Brazos River, Tex., Oct. 10, 1871.

Brevet first lieutenant for "specially gallant conduct" in action with Indians Oct. 10, 1871. (Held several hundred Indians in check until the command came to my rescue, with five men—one man killed, two wounded; my horse shot, fell on me and crushed my leg. Rode five days on trail with leg in splints.)

Personal thanks and congratulations of Gen. R. S. Mackenzie, then commanding 4th U. S. Cav., and Gen. Jas. A. Hardie, then assistant inspector general and confidential military aide to President Lincoln during the Civil War, who was then on a tour of inspection of the western frontier, for the capture of 10 deserters and three civilians.

Special letter of thanks and commendation from major general commanding Department of Texas, Jan. 4,

1872, expressing "gratification and special commendation" for "zeal and ability" in capture of 10 deserters and three civilians after a 200-mile march during a heavy sleeting "norther." (Record capture of any military department of the United States.)

Joint resolution by legislature of State of Texas, called into extra session by the governor, expressing "the grateful thanks" of its people for "prompt action and gallant conduct in inflicting well-merited punishment upon these scourges (Indians) of our frontier," etc.

Thanks and congratulations for "gallant and successful attack upon the combined camps of hostile Indians" at Remolina, Mexico (Coahuila), and for "the very handsome manner in which they accomplished this perilous and difficult work," published in G. O. 6, June 2, 1873, headquarters, Department of Texas.

Report of Gen. R. S. Mackenzie to department headquarters: "All the officers * * * acted handsomely" and "deserve consideration" after "the terribly hard ride" in attack upon hostile (Indian) camps and a march of 160 miles in 32 hours with pack train, wounded men, captured women and children, ponies, etc.

Brevet captain for "gallant service in action" with confederated bands of Lipan, Kickapoo, and Mescalero Apache Indians at Remolina, Mexico, May 18, 1873.

Bronze plate voluntarily placed by the pioneers of the Texas "Panhandle" in the lobby of "Spur Inn," Spur, Dickens County (on the "Staked Plains," Mackenzie Trail), commemorating the events of campaigns of the 4th U. S. Cav. from 1871 to 1875, and citing Capt. R. G. Carter as being "especially worthy of honor." Unveiled Aug. 18, 1928.

Hannibal Hamlin

Maine and New England may well honor the memory of Hannibal Hamlin, and the city of Bangor, where on Independence Day, 1891, he died, fittingly dedicates a monument to commemorate his career. Three times he received votes for the vice-presidential nomination in Republican conventions, and until 1856 he had been a Democrat. The relations between himself and President Lincoln during the war period were unusually intimate as between the incumbent and the next in line for the White House. The two dramatic events in Hamlin's life took place, the one in the House of Representatives on Feb. 15, 1846, the other in the Senate on June 12, 1856.

There always has been some question as to how David Wilmot, Democratic representative from Pennsylvania, happened to be detained at the executive mansion with President Polk on the day when the bill appropriating \$3,000,000 for negotiating a treaty with Mexico was offered. The anti-slavery men knew well that Wilmot was ready to offer his celebrated proviso as an amendment for the exclusion of slavery from any territory that might be acquired from Mexico. The bill was up and every moment was precious. Where was Wilmot? The anti-slavery men were tense with anxiety. The critical moment had come and the opportunity might not appear again. Hamlin gained the floor just in time and himself offered the amendment. He took an active part in the excitement that followed. The amendment carried 115 to 106. But in the end the proviso was detached from the bill as it went through Congress in final form.

Ten years later Hamlin voted against the Kansas-Nebraska bill, although he did not formally sever his connection with the Democratic party until June, 1856. He then made his famous statement in the upper chamber; he considered the repeal of the Missouri compromise the chief cause of the ills that beset the country; the Cincinnati convention had decided that repeal; he therefore must thenceforth oppose the party with which since his youth he had been connected. Shortly thereafter he was elected Governor of Maine by a handsome majority.

In the Chicago convention of 1860 Hamlin had on the first ballot 194 votes for the second place on the Lincoln ticket and on the second 367. His chief opponent, Cassius M. Clay, on the same ballots received 101½ and 86 ballots. The nomination in 1864 went to Andrew Johnson with the idea that it would be good political strategy to give the second place to a representative of the loyalty of the South. Hamlin was greatly disappointed. Lincoln is said to have sympathized with that feeling. On the first ballot in the convention Johnson had 200 votes to Hamlin's 150; many changes ensued and on the next ballot Hamlin had but nine votes to Johnson's 494. Hamlin's name was used once more. In 1868 there were 11 nominees in all for second place with Grant, among them Ben Wade, Henry Wilson, Reuben Fenton, Andrew G. Curtin. Hamlin's highest total came on the second ballot, but it counted only 30 votes. The youngest aspirant, Schuyler Colfax, obtained

the nomination, and his vote went up ballot by ballot from 115 to 145, 165, 186, and 541.

Hannibal Hamlin had a really remarkable career. He was an expert typesetter as a boy and early entered public life as a lawyer. After five terms at Augusta he went to Washington, going from the lower to the upper House in 1848 to fill a vacancy. In 1857 he became Governor of his native state; he resigned to return to the Senate, and he resigned from the Senate to become Vice-President. For a short time he was collector of the port of Boston, and again he was in the Senate from 1869 to 1881.

A very strange incident in his career was the charge during the bitterness of the 1860 campaign that there was "a strain of negro blood in his veins." It was made by W. H. Stiles and again by such a man as Barnwell Rhett in speeches in the South. The papers then took it up.

"High-toned, honorable, high-spirited southern gentlemen ought not to submit to such a thing," they said. Absurd as the idea was it was seized upon as a weapon by his political opponents and there were some who gladly made what they could of it.

HONORS MEMORY OF HANNIBAL HAMLIN

Statue of Former Vice-President Dedicated in Bangor

He was my father's Cousin

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 15 (AP)—With 5000 citizens witnessing one of the most colorful events taking place in this city for a number of years, a bronze statue of Hannibal Hamlin, vice-president of the United States under Abraham Lincoln during the Civil war, today was unveiled, dedicated and presented to the city of Bangor.

The dedication exercises were impressive, having as their principal speaker Gov. Brewster. Men of state-wide and national importance were in attendance, including Sen. Moses of New Hampshire; Senators Gould and Hale of Maine; former Gov. Baxter of Maine; Congressman Hersey of Maine, and Hannibal E. Hamlin of Ellsworth, son of the late Vice-President.

The statue was unveiled by Miss Louise Hamlin of New York, great-granddaughter of Hannibal Hamlin. It was presented to the city by Haven Sawyer, chairman of the citizens' committee and accepted by Mayor Wilson.

Gov. Brewster gave a review of the life of the great statesman and an estimate of his life work and achievements. He said in part: "Through 20 years steadfastly and yet calmly he maintained his anti-slavery views. He would never yield one inch. A seat in the Senate of the United States could be lost by a single vote without the tremor of an eyelash. That prize of power was dangled in vain for two months before his waiting gaze if he would deviate but a hair's breadth from his denunciation of slave power. Turning from the party which had honored him for 20 years—leaving political associates who seemed to hold the key to power—joining with groups which seemed to be almost outcasts in our social, economic and political life—he calmly cast the die in that memorial speech in the Senate of the United States which electrified the country and foretold, as we may now realize, the beginning of the end."

COL. R. D. CARTER'S BURIAL TOMORROW

World War Veteran to Lie in Arlington Cemetery—Died of Pneumonia.

Funeral services for Lieut. Col. Robert Dexter Carter, U. S. A., retired, who died of pneumonia at his home, 3320 Seventeenth street, Friday night, will be conducted at the residence tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment, with full military honors, will be in Arlington Cemetery.

Col. Carter, who was 49 years old, was a veteran of the World War, numerous Philippine campaigns and had also served on the Mexican border.

Born in Newton, Mass., Col. Carter attended schools there and later went to schools at Amherst, Mass. Coming to this city, he attended Business High School and was graduated in the class of 1894.

He was first commissioned in the 12th Infantry and subsequently served in the 16th, 17th, 13th and 28th Infantry.

During 1917 he was sent to an Army camp at Syracuse, where he became executive officer. And in November of that year was sent to France with a replacement battalion. After serving for awhile in France he developed throat trouble and was ordered back to New York and was retired soon afterward for disability. However, he was reinstated and allowed to serve long enough to complete sufficient length of service to go into regular retirement and was later retired with the grade of lieutenant colonel.

He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Helen Wright; a daughter, Miss Helen Carter; his father, Capt. Robert G. Carter, U. S. A., retired, who fought in the Battle of Gettysburg with the Union Army, 65 years old, and two sisters, Miss Mabel C. Hilgard of St. Louis and Miss A. H. von Bayer of Wheeling.

LIEUT. COL. CARTER RITES TO BE HELD TOMORROW

Studied in Local Schools and
Served in the Philippine
Insurrection.

IN FRANCE DURING WAR

Jan 25 - 1926

Funeral services for Lieut. Col. Robert D. Carter, U. S. A., retired, who died Friday night of pneumonia, will be held at the residence, 3320 Seventeenth street northwest, tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be in Arlington cemetery.

Col. Carter served in the Philippine insurrection, on the Mexican border and in France. In his youth he was captain of a prize-winning cadet company at Business High school.

Col. Carter was born in Newtonville, Mass., August 10, 1876. When a boy, his father moved to this city. He was graduated from Business High school in 1894, and then attended Columbian college, now George Washington university.

He obtained a second lieutenant's commission January 1, 1900, and was sent to the Philippines. Following this campaign, he was stationed in Texas, New York, and at the Washington barracks here. He was a sharpshooter and won several prizes at the national matches at Camp Perry.

Col. Carter attained the temporary grade of lieutenant colonel August 5, 1917. A few months later, he was sent to France. He returned May 31, 1918. He was retired October 22 of the same year.

Col. Carter is survived by his wife, a daughter, Miss Helen Carter; his father, Capt. Robert Carter, U. S. A., retired; and two sisters, Mrs. A. H. Von Bayer, of Wheeling, W. V., and Mrs. Harold Hilgard, of St. Louis.

CAPT. R. G. CARTER HEADS ORDER OF INDIAN WARS

Will Be Installed With Ceremonies
at Dinner at Army and Navy
Club February 20. 1932

Capt. Robert G. Carter has been elected commander of the Order of Indian Wars of the United States and will be installed, with Indian ceremonies, at the Army and Navy Club on February 20, when the club holds its annual dinner.

Other new officers include Maj. Gen. Charles D. Rhodes, senior vice commander; Brig. Gen. Thomas F. Slavens, junior vice commander; Brig. Gen. Edward S. Godfrey, historian; Dr. Alexander Lee, chaplain; Capt. Peter F. Meade, recorder and treasurer, and Lieut. Col. George F. Ahern, Col. Gustave J. Fiebeger, Maj. Richard D. La Garde, Maj. Gen. William A. Mann, Col. William S. Shunk, Lieut. Col. James A. Ulio and Dr. Thomas N. Vincent, members of the council.

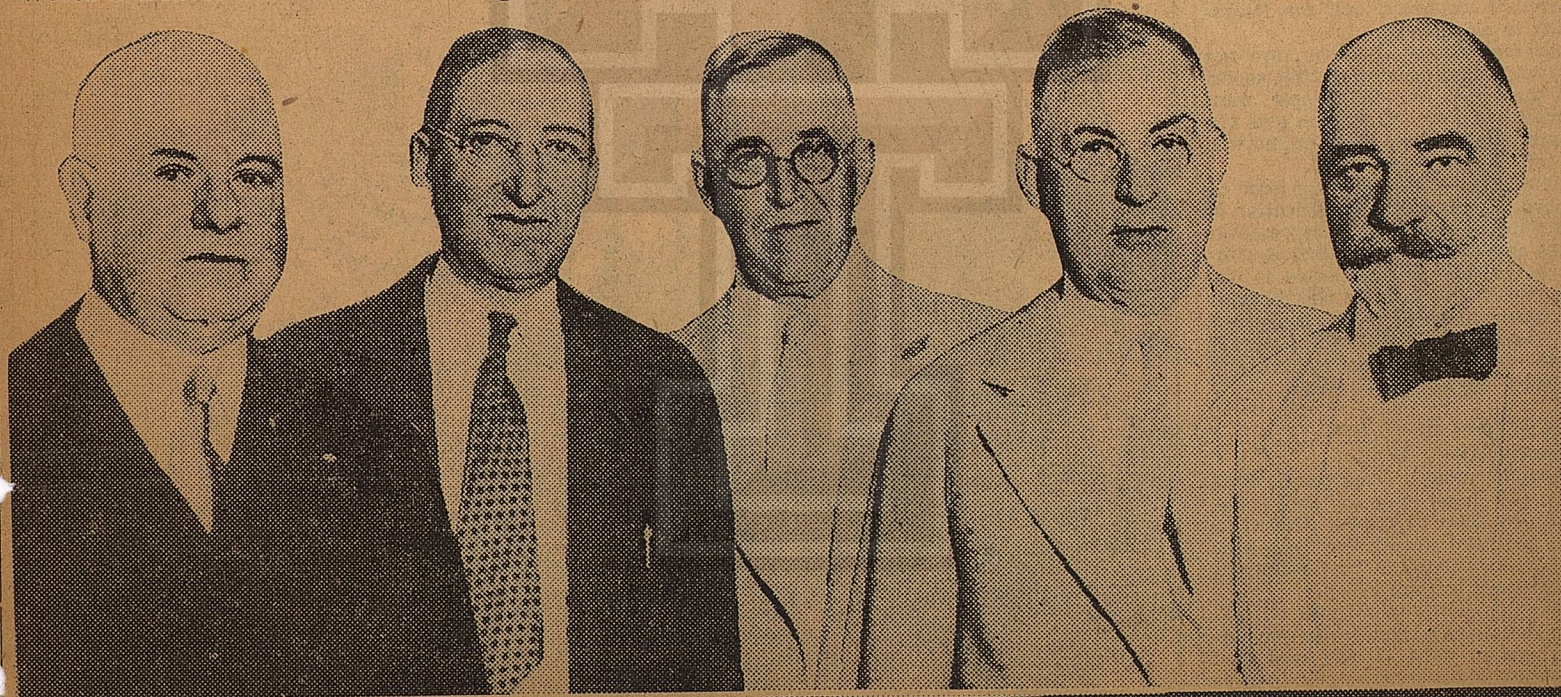
The order is made up of Indian fighters and their lineal descendants.

Puzzle Dry Chief.

Opening of a New Railroad in the Texas Panhandle

will be celebrated tomorrow and high officials of the Burlington reached Denver yesterday en route to Childress and Pampa, Texas, terminals of the recently-completed Fort Worth & Denver Northern. Left to right are J. F. Vallery,

assistant general freight agent of Denver; Ralph Budd, Burlington president; H. H. Holcomb, vice president in charge of traffic; Edward Flynn, vice president in charge of operations, and F. Montmorency, general freight agent of Omaha.



Thomas Lyttleton Suter
Rare Americana

Hillsboro,
Loudoun County,
Virginia.
July 25, 1953.

Dear Mr. Dykes:

Do you have a copy of Robert G. Carter's, The Old Sergeant's Story? I have just acquired a rather nice copy and will be pleased to let you have it if you are interested.

Now this is a rather scarce book and I have been unable to find a single record where one was offered for sale. If you already have a copy I would certainly like to know what you paid for it.

The first time you have a chance why not drive up this way? I have a box full of correspondence you might like to go over. Most of it concerns the Pan-Handle of Texas. They are letter to this same Carter concerning the Indian Campaigns in that country. Carter as you know was there with the 4th Cavalry. I only wish I had all his correspondence. I am sure what I have is but a small portion. Unfortunately all his good books had been sold prior to my getting this final lot. There is a second volume of The Trail Drivers of Texas, and that is all.

Very truly yours,

Thomas L. Suter.

Thomas L. Suter.

Thomas Lyttleton Suter
Rare Americana

Hillsboro,
Loudoun County,
Virginia.
July 31, 1953.

Dear Mr. Dykes:

Thanks for the dope about Carter's, The Old Sergeant's Story. Had the book been an old one I could have priced it without trouble. But when I commence to fool around with the later ones I get stumped and have to depend on my friends for information.

The Trail Drivers book is a little out of my line so I am sending you the volume 2 I have here and will be pleased to accept your offer for it. It was kind of you to offer me the volume 1 but I would rather you have the set to sell than me.

Under separate cover I am sending you the box of Carter correspondence I have here. It will take you a half day or more to wade through the stuff and I am sure you would rather do it at home than hang around my place. Some interesting letters are a controversy between Carter, Ghent and Brininstool. It would take me too long to write about it. I am sure you would much rather read the letters yourself. On the very top are three original letters to Carter from a former Texas Ranger. Unfortunately I did not find copies of Carter's letters to this man. If his replies were anything like the others he wrote and do have, they were full of his self importance and the aches and pains he was suffering at the time.

I do not have the slightest idea just what a batch of letters like this is worth. After you have read all of them and would like to keep them please be assured I will be pleased to have you make an offer. I can see no reason why I would not accept it since you are better qualified to give the stuff a value. If you not want the letters just return them and no harm will be done. If the letters are returned I reserve the right to ask you not to make copies of any kind nor use the contents in any way.

I knew old Captain Carter very well. He was a hot headed, self opinionated old fellow, and would challenge you to a fight on the least provocation if you should disagree with him. You will find some of the contents of his letters fairly burn the paper.

Are you seriously interested in Raousset-Boulbon? I have just learned of a book written by the secretary of this man during his adventures in California and Mexico. This is the first time I have heard about the book even though it is a stout volume of over 500 pages. I am hoping to get a copy and if I do would you want me to quote it to you? Anyway I have asked my man in Paris to try and find me several copies. If finding a copy of this book is anything like finding a copy of Lambertie's book on the same man, it may be a long, long time.

Very truly yours,

Thomas Suter.

Thomas Lyttleton Suter
Rare Americana

Hillsboro,
Loudoun County,
Virginia.
Sept. 2, 1953.

Dear Mr. Dykes:

Here are some odds and ends of the Carter correspondence which I missed when I sent you the box full of papers. They are not too important but if you should decide to take what I originally offered you should have all the stuff in my possession. I am sure in the meanwhile you have received my note giving a price for the entire lot. I trust the price is satisfactory and I will be receiving your check soon.

Very truly yours,

Thomas L. Suter
Thomas L. Suter.

Extract from Major James S. Brisbin's Article on the Little Big Horn Battle, June 25th. 1876. (Published in the Omaha Daily Herald, May 30, 1886).

"Major Reno had been sent up the Powder river with six companies of the Seventh Cavalry with orders to go to the Forks look for Crook, then cross over to Tongue river and come down that stream to its mouth where he would be joined by Custer. Reno disobeyed his orders so far as after going up Powder he crossed over to Tongue and then to Rosebud coming down that stream instead of Tongue river. He said he crossed Tongue thinking it was Pumpkin Creek. He found the trail of the Indian camp which we had been watching on Rosebud and followed it a short distance up that stream but turned back. It was fortunate he did so for had he encountered the camp his six companies would in all probability have met the same fate that Custer's five companies did a few days later at Little Big Horn. Reno's departure from orders by coming down Rosebud instead of Tongue river delayed us about three days in moving after the Indians.

Having got Reno back and his troops concentrated in the vicinity of Rosebud Gen. Terry proceeded to carry out his plan for inclosing the Indians between two, and if possible three of the columns then in the field against them. He sent couriers to Gen. Crook asking him to come down the Rosebud and issued the following explicit order of instructions to Gen. Custer for the march of his command."

(Note by C.F.B. This statement of Major Brisbin is the first statement I have ever found of any reason given by Reno for his disobedience of Gen. Terry's order which was an explicit order)

The foregoing account is continued by Major Brisbin in the Omaha Weekly Herald of June 10, 1886.

(It should also be noted in connection with Gen. Terry's positive order to Major Reno that he was to go up no river except the Powder, but when he finally got over to the Rosebud as he states by mistake, he should have gone down the river, but instead followed the trail for some distance and on the day of Crook's engagement on the 17th. of June, Reno was only forty miles from Crook and he had a Gatling gun with him. Brisbin's statement that Reno's disobedience delayed the movement against the Indians if it is true is most important, for the Seventh might have overtaken that camp if it had not been flushed as they were said by Reno's scouts to be moving leisurely. This camp is generally understood to be only a part of the Indians who finally concentrated on the Little Big Horn.

I have ample evidence of Gen. Terry's indignation with Major Reno for disobeying his positive order, a copy of which I have. It was short and terse and very military showing that Gen. Terry or his staff knew exactly how to give a positive order instead of the carte blanche letter of instructions given to Custer. Of Course, if you assume that a carte blanche letter of instructions can be modified by verbal understandings or verbal orders, then you have an unusual situation and it is then pretty hard to tell where you will land.)

Quotation follows from Omaha Weekly Herald of June 10, 1886.

"As to Reno's part in the Custer massacre, it is easily explained. If he had had his own way, it is likely he would not have been there on the 25th of June but on the 26th. Being there, however, by the will of another, a superior in whose skill and judgment he had confidence, Reno did the best he could to take care of himself

and those under him, for whose lives he was responsible. That Reno made a mistake in quitting the timber for the hill when he did, few will doubt, but he supposed he was falling back toward his support (Benteen), and where he had reasons to expect he could communicate with or join Custer on the south bank of the Little Horn. The retreat, or "charge," as it is called, from the timber to the hill, was disastrous, and cost Reno the loss of more men than he would have perhaps lost had he remained in the timber. There is an axiom in Indian warfare that if you cannot whip an Indian on foot you cannot whip him on horseback. This is true, for the white man when mounted stands little chance in a single combat with an Indian. The Indian lives upon his pony, and becomes the most expert horseman in the world; he often handles his arms even better when mounted than when on foot, and can easily kill his more clumsy and less dexterous white foe. Reno seems to have forgotten this, or if he remembered it believed he could reach the hill before the Indians could reach him and inflict serious loss upon him."

"The story of Reno's fight is best told by George Herendeen, the scout. This man, it will be remembered, was carried off from Gibbon's column by Custer, and in the fighting was with Reno. Soon after the battle was over he came to my tent and minutely related to me all that had occurred during his absence. He belonged to my command, was brave, cool and skillful, and trusty to an unusual extent. I had his narrative reduced to writing and the report of the battle is given below exactly in his own words."

Maj. Brisbin then proceeds to comment in his article on Herendeen's statement as follows: "It will be seen that Mr. Herendeen is very clear and emphatic in his statements, disposing of many errors heretofore reported about Reno's fight. Herendeen thought Reno should have stayed in the timber."

In the foregoing copy of Mr. Herendeen's statement, the following important sentence was omitted: "The number of Indians which attacked Reno could not have exceeded 200 and we had only one soldier killed at the time he began his retreat."

Maj. Brisbin also makes the following comment on Mr. Herendeen's statement of facts as to the rate of march by Gen. Custer's column: "Custer, it has been said, overmarched his column and arrived in the presence of the Indians with his own men worn out and his animals tottering on their feet. Mr. Herendeen says this is entirely incorrect, and that both the men and animals in Custer's command were in good condition when they arrived at the Indian village."

(Comment by Bates, Charles F.). This statement of Major Brisbin's that he obtained the facts from Mr. Herendeen immediately after the fight and committed them to writing is very valuable as evidence of the truthfulness of Mr. Herendeen. Mr. Herendeen in 1878 sent a letter to the Chicago Times saying in substance that Custer's men were not overmarched and that they went into action as contented a set of men as ever went into battle and that the men and animals were in good shape. A bitter anti-Custer critic when shown this letter of Mr. Herendeen's, published before the Reno Court of Inquiry met, intimated that someone had put Herendeen up to write the letter or had written it for him. This statement of Maj. Brisbin's, if true, puts Mr. Herendeen's statement beyond the reach of criticism or unfair implications as to who wrote that letter published in 1878. A copy of this letter of Mr. Herendeen was furnished Capt. R. G. Carter for his files. Gen. E. S. Godfrey examined the letter carefully and considered it very valuable.

SA-TAN-TA

"Of the two tribes (Comanches and Kiowas) the Kiowas were best disposed toward the Whites. They fought the Comanches as frequently as they did the white settlers. In my boyhood days their habitat was north-central Texas, the vicinity of what is now Fort Worth. But they ranged as far south as the Nueces River, and far enough north to come in contact with the Sioux. As a boy I was with a party of my father's friends hunting on the Pedrinales River, some 30 or 40 miles from Austin, Texas, when a war party of Kiowas camped less than two miles from us on the same stream. Fortunately they missed us. This was about 1870, and was the last raid of these people. The war party numbered only seven and the Kiowa chiefs claimed that it was composed of Kikapoos and two or three outlaws Kiowas.

In 1869 my father was appointed provisional governor of Texas. Shortly after his inauguration he went to the penitentiary at Huntsville for an inspection, taking my mother, brother and myself with him. We were in the Superintendent's office, where my father was hearing complaints and pleas for clemency. Two Indians were brought in. They were SATANTA and a sub-chief of the Comanches known to the whites as BIG TREE. Satanta was of medium height and about 50 years of age. BIG TREE was a magnificent specimen of a man, fully six feet tall, broad shouldered and straight as an arrow. Compared with Satanta he was of quite dark complexion. The Indians had been in the penitentiary for about two and a half years. They claimed they had gone into a white settlement on a peaceful errand and had been captured and sent to the prison without a chance to defend themselves. My father had evidently investigated their case before our visit, for he informed them thru the interpreter that he was going to pardon them and send them back to their people. They say that the Indian is stoical. There was nothing stoical about these two. Big Tree said something to the interpreter. Satanta looked dazed. The interpreter evidently repeated what my father had said. In a moment tears were streaming down the faces of the two Indians. They fell on their knees before my father and were prevented from kissing his feet only thru the interference of the deputy sheriffs. They were led away sobbing.

Note

These two Indians did not enter the Huntsville Penitentiary until Nov. 1871. Satanta was 6 feet in height and dark while Big Tree was smaller and much lighter in complexion. R. G. C.

Dallas, Texas News
Aug 28, 1928

FOUR

Old-Time Ranger Deplores Passing of Real West and Coming of Drug Store Cowboy

BY DABNEY WHITE.

Written for The News.

CROSBYTON, Texas, Aug. 25.—

I attended the reunion of the Plains people held a few days ago at the Rock House—a memorable and historic place in Blanco Canyon where Hank Smith, a pioneering plainsman, built the first home in the Staked Plains of Texas more than a half century ago. Over 10,000 of us were at this celebration, and I alone felt like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted when I mixed with these people and thought of the fast and furious days of many, many years ago, when I served as a peacemaker in this section of Texas.

My companions at this reunion were of modern Texas. I saw here more silk stockings and more of silk stockings than I have ever seen at any one time on Main street in Dallas. Many of the men folk were gossiping during the day about crop conditions and the younger ones were sucking soda through straws, while the most boisterous of the would-be cowboys were furnishing diversion and amusements for the visitors by roping fan-tail Jersey yearlings, and were seemingly content in their belief that they were portraying the wild and woolly West that we old-timers saw in this section when Cap Arrington and Capt. Bill McDonald and Butterworth and myself were chasing cattle rustlers and were, at the time, hoping for exciting experiences so we might make the hairs on the heads of our friends in effete East Texas stand on end while we were telling them of what we saw and did out here on the frontier of civilization.

Many, many years ago I came out here the first time with lungs that were bleeding and a head without any hope therein of ever getting well. Others came here with similar minds and bodies. Butterworth—I forget his real name—came here from Scotland about the same time and became identified with one of the Scotland-owned ranches being operated in this section of Texas. He became an efficient cook, and, in time, a rather noted Texas ranger. I learned from bedding and scouting with him that he was of royal blood from the old country. In the course of time his people sent him quite a sum of gold with which to buy for himself a cattle ranch. He regained his health and subsequently became reconciled to the life of the Texas range. He therefore sent this bag of gold back to his people and told them he craved neither riches nor distinctions. He seemingly was satisfied with having gained the reputation of being the best shot and best cook in

Company B of Captain McDonald's noted ranger company.

Changes Are Legion.

I know not the whereabouts of Butterworth at this time, but I do recall that he is the only man I ever intended to kill maliciously. We were scouting through Blanco Canyon and had arrived on its highest peak when the sun was setting. As I unsaddled my horse I gazed on a most beautiful sunset and poetically compared it with our probable and possible view of Paradise. I asked Butterworth what it reminded him of and he replied in his phlegmatic manner, "It looks like a mustard plaster." I reached for my six-shooter and pulled it, but didn't shoot him then, as I feared I would have some trouble in explaining why I killed him.

Seriously, there have been many wondrous and wonderful changes in this section of Texas during the years that have elapsed since I first rode over it horseback. When I came out here first, thirty-three ranches were covering this section of Texas and they embraced 3,500,000 acres. So sparsely was this country settled then that it was a seventy-five-mile ride in any direction from Hank Smith's Rock House to the next habitation. Many days did I ride as the crow would fly all day long without seeing a human being. Today this is, in my mind, the greatest cotton-producing section of the United States, and as a result nearly every rood of this fertile and areable land is being planted in cotton or in feedstuff. I miss now the white-faced cattle that then were as numerous as were the buffalo of the previous era.

I see few signs of the cowboy days of old. These thirty-three ranches, with the exception of one which still maintains its identity and ranch headquarters, are now as extensively and intensively farmed as the similar area contained in Dallas, Ellis and McLennan Counties. In the communities that we passed to or through hurriedly in the years ago in search of outlaws, we now find prosperous and progressive towns containing hundreds of substantial business houses and many handsome residences and happy and contented citizens. Last night I slept in a modern tavern in Paducah. My slumber was disturbed by radios, graphophones and autos were being raced around the public square. I camped here years ago on the courthouse square and our duty then was to keep factional and fighting ranchmen from killing each other. Parenthetically, I wish to say here the best building in this prosperous town is owned by the local newspaperman and he is now making more money in trading and writing than any small town banker is making in any other town in Texas.

"Railroads Play Hell."

Big Foot Wallace, the noted plainsman of old, told me years

ago that railroads and barbed wire fences would "play hell with Texas." He meant, of course, that they would destroy the romance of the West. They have enabled these people to have modern comforts, pleasures and profitable business interests. His idea of progress was to let every man have all the freedom he could hold provided he did not encroach on the freedom of his neighbor. Today I feel like the automobile and the silk stocking craze have destroyed the romantic West. We are traveling now ten times faster than we were before we had the auto, and we are progressing in every way ten times faster than we were when we were riding bucking bronchos. My grandchildren will be as pessimistic fifty years hence, I doubt not, of the future of our country as I am now over the passing of the West. In the language of the immortal Toll Bule, a noted politician of East Texas—this country has been "ruined" as far as I can feel and see. It is true I enjoy seeing these many happy and prosperous people, but my heart was almost broken when I viewed the rodeo stuff here wherein the drug store cowboys were breaking fan-tail Jersey calves for the delectation of the people who came out here to see what the real West means today.

Hank Smith built this old rock house because he craved to commune with God and nature alone. He came here to be as far away as possible "from the maddening crowd." He lived the life of the pioneering plainsman, and died when he became tired of living. His daughters are now wearing silk stockings and his sons are smoking cigarettes and drinking soda through straws. Hank and I used to put our feet on the ground and take our'n straight. We old-timers will erect a monument in due time to Mrs. Hank Smith. No he-man deserves any credit for being a pioneer. Every woman earns a diadem whenever she follows her husband westward.

December 30, 1926

CAMPAIGNING WITH McKENZIE IN CO. E, 4th U. S. CAVALRY, 1870-75

Mr. Geo. W. Webb,
Editor, Winners of the West.

Dear Comrade:

I enlisted in the regular army Oct. 24, 1870, and was consigned to Company E, 4th U. S. cavalry, and served five years.

During much of my service I was engaged in battles with hostile Indians, such as at Romelia Creek, Mexico. We crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico at midnight, May 17, 1873, and abandoned our pack train of provisions after crossing the river. We broke into the Indian camp at Romelia Creek after being in the saddle 32 hours and traveling 169 miles.

We killed quite a number of warriors and captured 40 or 50 squaws and children and got all their rations of dried horse meat. We burnt their villages and returned to Texas with the loss of but three men and nothing to eat but that same dried horse meat. We went back to Fort Clark, Texas, for rations, and there we rested ourselves and our horses.

Our next fight with the Indians was at the canyon city of Blanco, Texas, Sept. 26, 1874, and there we sure broke up the main rendezvous of the hostiles for we captured and killed hundreds of their ponies and mules, killed some warriors and captured a lot of squaws.

This trip called for some more hard riding, as we were in our saddles all night. We went down into the canyon at 4 a. m., and came out with a very large herd of mules and ponies. We kept all the mules for pack mules, but had to kill all the ponies at Tool Canyon on Sept. 28th, as the Indians had got reinforcements in large numbers, and we could not hold the ponies and fight the Indians at the same time. They outnumbered us two to one, and to keep the Indians from stampeding the ponies and recapturing them, we had to kill them. Both of these fights were real battles.

Our next fight was at Salt Creek Prairie, Texas, where seven teamsters were massacred and left in a deplorable condition. Some more hard riding on that trip, and we ran into their reservation at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, but captured the whole bunch and started to Fort Richardson, Texas, with them and Chiefs Santian, Big Tree and Santi. We had to kill Santian at Fort Sill in the presence of his tribe, the Comanches.

I was also in other engagements with hostile Indians, cattle thieves, and renegade Indians along the Rio Grande, and in different parts of Texas, Old Mexico, and New Mexico, under the leadership of Col. R. S. McKenzie and Capt. Peter M. Boehm of Company E, 4th U. S. cavalry, from 1870 to 1875 inclusive.

Very few old soldiers saw much harder times than we of the old 4th U. S. cavalry. I am now 76 years of age, drawing a pension of \$20.00, which is lots of help to me, as this hard service in my younger days is now, and has been for some time, telling on me in my old age. I believe we should have a special bill for Indian War Veterans giving them \$50 per month, and our widows the same as other widows.

Enclosed find petition with signatures of the entire business people of the town, and also subscription to Winners of the West.

Respectfully in comradeship,

ALONZO HEDGE,

Charleston, Ark.

ROBERT BRUCE
18 OLD SLIP, NEW YORK CITY

October 15, 1929

Dear Capt. Carter:

I think I sent you the preliminary proofs of this, but advance hand proofs are always unsatisfactory; and having received some more returned and left-over copies today, am mailing you a regularly printed one. It would be well to destroy the others.

The next issue deals with the march from Sidney to Camp Robinson, the surrounding of Red Cloud and Red Leaf, etc., and the return to Fort Laramie. In all the reading and research I have done in connection with this, I have nowhere found out how Mackenzie and the 4th Cav. troops came up from the Territory in 1876--probably marched to Caddo and then north on the M, K & T, and connecting roads of that time; but if you know, I would like to place that information in the narrative. I find only a poor sketch of the 4th Cavalry in the Army of the United States (Rodenbough), and it says nothing of that trip up from the Territory to the Department of the Platte.

This is the first time, so far as I know, that this story has been written, and if I had waited until Capt. North and Rush Roberts (youngest of the scouts) were passed over, I do not think it could have been written at all. See also the care with which I have preserved the dates.

X X X

Bourke's article starts in today's Recruiting News, but it will be late. I am not clear in my mind whether you get it or not; if not, hope you will apply to Governors Island for it, as I shall be short of copies, though would spare them to you in a pinch, as I am specially anxious to have you follow it. You will also see that I am illustrating it, as has never before been done; but even so, all this is merely preparation for my own use of it in due time.

Your article, On the Border with Mackenzie, echoes good to me; but I also have some feeling for the publishers, having found by long and hard experience that the moment a printed work is off the press, the printer wants his money; and it takes from 2 to 3 years to get the cost back--and in most cases, it never does come back. This ~~is~~ something the public does not understand, and sometimes thinks the publisher worse than he really is! Were I to start over again, I would run a lunch room, and know at 3 P.M. every afternoon just where I stand. I might sometime get around to it, but have all I can handle now, and don't want to spread out too thin. Sincerely yours,

Robert Bruce

ROBERT BRUCE
18 OLD SLIP, NEW YORK CITY

October 15, 1929

P.S.--I sent to the Photo Section, War Department, for their views of Mackenzie, and received the one recently submitted to you as one of them; I did not like either, and have reproduced the one in Dodge's Our Wild Indians, without being able to find anywhere an original of that one.

X X X

Important to bear in mind: The North bothers series in Motor Travel and the reprint of the Bourke narrative in Recruiting News, haven't the slightest connection. I was running the former, when the editor of Recruiting News asked me for another serial, and the Dull Knife fight was the only one I had all ready. I shall jump the North brothers and Pawnee scouts hastily through the Dull Knife fight, leaving the latter for a more extensive serial later on. These two running at the same time is simply a coincidence. R.B. ✓

ROBERT BRUCE

18 OLD SLIP, NEW YORK CITY

December 3, 1929

Dear Captain Carter:

By this time you have probably received direct and read the 4th chapter of the Bourke series, and I continue to hope that you have found it well done, within the limitations previously referred to.

X

X

X

My great interest in the picture of which I showed you a print a short time ago, has led me to make an enlargement, which find enclosed. Perhaps this will enable you to see a little more clearly than the other one.


Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, who made the Black Hills march of 1876, still living at Berkeley, California, comments on this picture as follows:

That picture is in my opinion, Gen. Mackenzie on drill and review, in preparation for the coming winter expedition; and was taken on the plateau and drill ground back and west of Camp Robinson, between the Post and Soldiers Bluffs, and the command is facing North.

This is very interesting if it can be proven correct. If so, I wonder if you could recognize Mackenzie or any other of the officers? When you return this with your comment, I intend to send it to Col. E. P. Andrus, and altogether I am still confident of being able to give the correct title underneath it.

Incidentally, you probably realize that unless I--or someone else, were now taking the time and great pains to identify these pictures, it would very likely never be done; and I never cease to wonder why those who took them didn't also take the extra time and trouble to make them clear for the generations that follow!

Yours very truly,



*Please this
when this
is done*

ROBERT BRUCE

18 OLD SLIP, NEW YORK CITY

November 22, 1929

P.S. One of my regular correspondents is Dr. V. T. McGillicuddy, surgeon of the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry on Crook's summer campaign of 1876; he still lives at Berkeley, California, and has been writing his reminiscences. He comments as follows:

I was stationed at Camp Robinson at the time of the Mackenzie fight, and had some of his wounded to care for in the hospital. After the close of the campaign he was the commanding officer of the post for a few months, and I became well acquainted with him. He was somewhat eccentric and somewhat of a martinet, but the Mackenzies were good fighters.

I'm somewhat inclined to use this as a footnote, and would be pleased to have any comments you care to make upon it. R. Bruce

E. P. SWENSON.
S. A. SWENSON.
A. C. SWENSON.
S. M. SWENSON.

61 BROADWAY.

S. M. Swenson & Sons,

New York October 7, 1926.

Captain Robert G. Carter,
United States Army Retired,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Captain Carter:

I recently read and was very much interested in the "OLD SERGEANT'S STORY". I was a resident of the west in the Indian days and have latterly been associated with the management of the Spur Rancho in northwest Texas. The history of that immediate section, such as events at Palo Duro and Blanco and Tule Canons, in which you took part, have been a matter of interest at all times. The old Mackenzie trail passed through the Spur Rancho and it may be of a little interest to you to know that the trail passed over land on which the Spur Inn at Spur has since been built. I enclose a picture of it. It is our thought to put up a tablet or marker of some kind at the hotel in commemoration of the trail with possibly some recitation of what Mackenzie's operations meant in freeing that country of the Indians. On the Spur Rancho and about ten miles from this hotel is Soldier Mound. The local story is that Mackenzie made a winter camp at that mound which is just east of Duck Creek, one of the tributaries of the Salt Fork of the Brazos as shown on the accompanying map on Section 316. If you can by any chance assist me with information as to this encampment, it would be very helpful. There are one or two soldiers buried on top of this mound. If there is anything published intimately descriptive of the old Mackenzie trail, I would be ever so glad to have you say where it can be procured. I judge, in reading the book above described, that you are probably one of the few living men who were intimately familiar with the old trail and the happenings in that particular

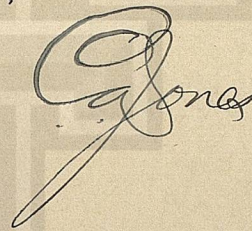
Captain Robert G. Carter, Page #2

part of the country. Possibly there is somewhere available a reliable map showing the Mackenzie trail in that region. If there is, and it is purchasable I will like to have it. If you ever come to New York, I would very much appreciate a call from you as during the years when I was in the west, I became very appreciative of what the outlying posts had to contend with and in fact had some personal connections with Indian events from a civilian standpoint.

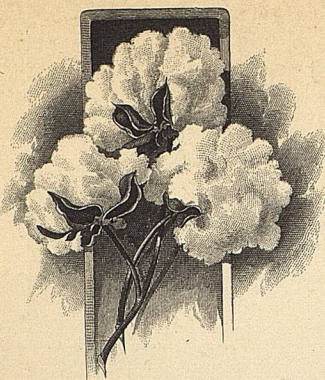
Not knowing your address, I am requesting a personal friend, Hon. John H. Small of Washington to locate you and present this letter.

Yours very truly,

Enc.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "R. G. Carter", is written over a faint, large rectangular stamp that contains the word "REGISTERED" in a stylized font.

It occurs to me that you may possibly be interested in the Spur Rancho booklet from which you will see how completely that section of the country, wholly wild at the time you knew it, has become civilized and the home of many prosperous farmers and ranchmen.



SPUR FARM LANDS

430,000 ACRES IN DICKENS, KENT, CROSBY AND GARZA
COUNTIES, TEXAS. BEING SOLD IN QUARTER SECTIONS AND
UPWARD DIRECT FROM THE OWNERS TO THE HOMESEEKERS, NO
SELLING COMMISSIONS. ALL RELIABLE COTTON PRODUCING
TERRITORY. ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM BOLL WEEVIL

The Greatest Agricultural Opportunity in America

Spur, Dickens Co., Texas,

March 28, 1927.

Capt. R. G. Carter, U. S. A. Retired,
c/o Army & Navy Club,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Capt. Carter:-

Please let me say with what deep interest your very splendid articles now appearing in the Star-Telegram are being received in this section. I so frequently hear references to these articles by not only our local people but others whom I chance to meet. They are of very definite historical value, and we hope that you are finding pleasure and at least some compensation in the correspondence which you must be receiving from many over West Texas. Quite a number of the old-timers here have expressed themselves as anxious to write you regarding the early Indian matters, but they are not so fortunate as you, and are unable to write, on account of their advanced age.

With cordial good wishes for your continued health,

Sincerely yours,

Clifford B. Jones

CBJ:MH