



DECEMBER 1960

LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 55



THE LOWDOWN ON SHOOTIN' EDITORS

At the October meeting Ed Ainsworth unveiled the blood and guts that went into the precarious craft of newspaper publishing in the pioneer days of the West. *From left:* Sheriff Henry Clifford; Westerner Ed Ainsworth, *Los Angeles Times* feature writer, author of many books, and speaker of the evening; and Deputy Sheriff George Fullerton.

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

HISTORY, WITH GOOD FELLOWSHIP

THE SEPTEMBER meeting of Los Angeles Corral, following the summer tradition, was held at the home of Dr. Harvey Johnson, in Pasadena. After an afternoon which saw swimming, gabbing, and imbibing the beverages concocted with the medical finesse and precision of Ex-Sheriff Harvey Starr, the gang settled down at twilight to the thick steaks barbecued and served out-of-doors on the spacious grounds of the Johnson home.

Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel, Director of the Southwest Museum, was speaker of the evening. The long title of his subject, "The New Decade

in the Southwest, Places, Peoples, Problems and Progress," proved no handicap to the versatile and eloquent Carl. He disposed of it handily, and finally came to port with many interesting observations on the present plight and promise of the Indians of the Southwest. He told of his visit to the Hopis, and his attendance, in August, at their Snake Dance. Two other Westerners—Ex-Sheriff Homer Boelter and Iron Eyes Cody—had also been present at the reptile rock-and-roll, and the Westerners highly enjoyed, and happily entered into, the discussion which fol-

(Continued on Page 3)

THE BRANDING IRON OF THE LOS ANGELES CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

Published Quarterly in
March, June, September, December

OFFICERS—1960

HENRY H. CLIFFORD *Sheriff*
639 S. Spring St., Los Angeles 14, Calif.
GEORGE FULLERTON *Deputy Sheriff*
1838 Verdugo Knolls Drive, Glendale 8, Calif.
HOMER H. BOELTER *Deputy Sheriff*
in Charge of Branding
828 No. La Brea, Hollywood 38, Calif.
BERT OLSON *Keeper of the Chips*
619 North Rexford Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
CHARLES RUDKIN *Registrar of Marks and Brands*
1490 Lorain Road, San Marino, Calif.
LORING CAMPBELL *Assistant Registrar*
232 S. 6th St., Burbank, Calif.
PAUL BAILEY *Roundup Foreman*
5040 Eagle Rock Blvd., Los Angeles 41, Calif.
CARROLL FRISWOLD *Librarian*
519 W. Foothill Blvd., Altadena, Calif.
DR. HARVEY JOHNSON *Asst. Roundup Foreman*
1401 So. Hope St., Los Angeles 15, Calif.
EDWIN CARPENTER *Assistant, Branding Iron*
Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif.
HOLLING C. HOLLING, NOAH BEERY, JR., BEN H.
O'CONNOR *Wranglers*
LONNIE HULL *Daguerreotype Wrangler*
PHIL RASCH *Representative*
567 Erskine Dr., Pacific Palisades, Calif.
IRON EYES CODY *Chief of Smoke Signals*
Brand Book Committee: HENRY H. CLIFFORD,
Editor; ROBERT L. DOHRMANN, *Asst. Editor;*
JAMES ALGAR, *Art Editor;* PAUL GALLEHER,
Sales and Distribution.
Address Exchanges and Publication Material
The Roundup Foreman
PAUL BAILEY
P.O. Box 41073, Los Angeles 41, California

Corral Chips . . .

The return of Lonnie Hull, our genial and talented daguerreotype wrangler, to the recent meetings has been a joy to every member of the corral. Lonnie has been invalidated for nearly a year, and has been sorely missed. Through the years he has photographically recorded the history of Los Angeles Corral, and the thousands of pictures he has made at our meetings, at his own expense, have been one of the brightest parts of our organization's existence. No man could be more deeply appreciated than is Lonnie Hull, and the great thing he has done for Los Angeles Corral. No man could hold greater affection in the hearts of his associates.

CM Bob Robertson, our genial writer and contributor from Carson City, spent a week in Southern California. While here he visited some of his fellow Westerners.

Corral Chips . . .

Ex-Sheriff Arthur H. Clark has been elected president of the Glendale Kiwanis Club for 1961.

Jim Gardiner was recently hospitalized for sinus surgery. He is now at home, and breathing normal again.

Earle Forrest, author and corresponding member of Los Angeles Corral, fled the rigors of a Pennsylvania winter for the warmer climes of California. His attendance at Westerner meetings has delighted his many friends here in Los Angeles.

Col. Charlie Hoffmann, from far-off Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico, sent many of his Westerner friends an intimate and delightful remembrance in the form of a letter headed *Felix Navidad y Próspero Año Nuevo*.

CM Horace Parker, proprietor of the Paisano Press at Balboa Island, has issued a keepsake from his famous publishing house. The *recuerdo* includes a facsimile edition of the first issue of Gillett Burgess's *The Lark*.

The Western Presses

The western regional presses continue to produce important and valuable Americana. Here are some recent titles:

Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson. *An Arizona Gathering*. A Bibliography of Arizona, 1950-1959. Compiled by Donald M. Powell.

Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale Calif. *Fremont's Fourth Expedition*. A Documentary Account of the Disaster of 1848-1849. Edited, with introduction and notes by LeRoy R. Hafen and Ann W. Hafen. Volume XI of Clark's magnificent Far West and Rockies series.

Howell-North, San Francisco. *The Last of Steam*, the last ten years of steam locomotive operation, by Joe G. Collias. 275 illustrations.

Old West Publishing Co. (Fred Rosenstock), Denver, Colorado. *Indians, Infants and Infantry*, Andrew and Elizabeth Burt on the Frontier, by Merrill J. Mattes, as chronicled by his wife, Elizabeth Burt.

Stagecoach Press, Houston, Texas. *Santa Fe Trail*, First Reports: 1825, by Augustus Storrs and Alphonso Wetmore. Limited edition of 550 copies (hand set) of this rare item.

University of Nebraska Press. *South Pass: A Journal of the Wyoming Gold Strike, 1868*, by James Chisholm. A new addition to Nebraska's Pioneer Heritage series.

Westernlore, Los Angeles. *Your Desert and Mine*, by Nina Paul Shumway. Foreword by Harold Weight. The story of the Coachella Valley, and the beginnings of the date industry.



Ed Ainsworth tells of the editorial blood-letting of pioneer days, at October meeting.

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

Lively Fall Meetings

(Continued from page 1)

lowed this most interesting talk. Many corresponding members were in attendance, and it was an evening to remember.

October's meeting saw the return to Costa's Grill. Westerner Ed Ainsworth, feature writer on the *Los Angeles Times*, delivered a talk loaded with sharp observations, and with the humor for which he is famous. His "Ghosts on the Field of Honor" was concerned with duels fought, and sudden death faced, by the pioneer editors of the West. To stay alive in the rough-and-tumble journalism of those days, one had to be able to shoot as well as write, if he were to

Ex-Sheriff Harvey Starr serves at the vital post of bartender at September meeting, with the smiling approval of Ed Carpenter and Jim Algar.

—Lonnie Hull Photo.



Good food and good fellowship marked the outdoor meetings of 1960.

—Lonnie Hull Photo.

stay alive for the next edition. Ed's anecdotes of the more famous affairs of honor were a delight.

The November meeting, also held at Costa's, was marked by the nominating committee's report apropos to the new officer line-up for 1961. The committee, made up of Ex-Sheriffs, was headed by Ex-Sheriff Arthur H. Clark, and placed in nomination the names of George Fullerton, for Sheriff; James Algar, Deputy Sheriff; Ben O'Connor, Registrar; Bert Olson, Keeper of the Chips; and Paul Bailey as Roundup Foreman. Election was scheduled for December.

Speaker of the evening was Dr. Andrew Rolfe, of Occidental College, whose topic "The Road to Virginia City," closely paralleled his recent book of that name (see review elsewhere in this issue). There was a near-record attendance on hand to hear the talk of this noted writer and educator, and the enthusiasm and interest was reflected in the long and exciting discussion which kept the corral members in their seats long after the talk was finished.

Nominating Committee Chooses New Officers

At the meeting of Thursday, November 17, the nominating committee, headed by Ex-Sheriff Arthur H. Clark, and composed of Ex-Sheriffs Harvey Starr, Homer Boelter, and Paul Bailey, placed in nomination for the elective officers for the year 1961 the following: For Sheriff, George Fullerton; for Deputy Sheriff, James Algar; for Registrar of Marks and Brands, Ben O'Connor; for Keeper of the Chips, Bert Olson; for Roundup Foreman, Paul Bailey.

In accordance with the by-laws the above nominees would serve as directors of the corporation, with the added nomination of Immediate Past Sheriff Henry Clifford, and Past Sheriff of 1959, Glen Dawson. All other officers to be appointed in 1961.

The nominations were accepted without dissent, and elections scheduled for the December meeting.

Some Westerly Winds From Other Westerner Corrals

CHICAGO—The October issue of *Westerners Brand Book*, official publication of the Chicago Corral of Westerners, featured the paper delivered by editor Don Russell at one of the previous meetings. As author of *The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill* (see review elsewhere in this issue), Westerner Russell had plenty of material on tap to make his talk—"Buffalo Bill's Greatest Show"—richly informative. As published, it makes an entertaining study of the fortuitous friendship of Bill Cody and Ned Buntline—which, via the stage, circus and dime novel route, parlayed this friendship into plenty of moolah for both of them. According to Westerner Russell one here beholds the roots and genesis of America's adult western.

NEW YORK—The latest edition of New York's publication *The Westerners Brand Book* is rich with factual articles pertaining to the western scene. "The Banditti of the Plains," by N. Orwin Rush, director of Libraries, Florida State University, explores the mysteries surrounding Asa Shinn Mercer, whose book of that name stirred up some of the bitterest editorial turmoil in the Far West. "Reminiscences of E. L. Gallatin," a charming find of 1900 is another interesting item of this issue. "Frontier Doctor," by Kenneth M. Hammer, and "Pawnee Bill's Pet Peeve," Edward Anthony, completes the features roundup. A Memoriam, noting the passing of Albert Harry Greenly, prominent member of the New York Posse, and original editor of their *Brand Book* adds a reminding touch as to the relentlessness of time even among Westerners.

POTOMAC—By looks of the late issues of *Corral Dust*, the Westerners of Washington, D. C. are an enthusiastic and dedicated group. Their excellent publication has become noted for its highly interesting and entertaining book reviews,

as conducted by their own *The Old Bookaroos*. Their news columns show them to be a well-traveled lot, with Europe and continental U. S. taken in nonchalant stride. However, in the October issue of *Corral Dust*, our own Phil Rasch provided the main timbers to their publication with his article entitled "A Mention of Chavez y Chavez." Phil, as a specialist on New Mexico frontier history, and particularly that centered on the shooting turmoils during the rough territorial days, turns in a penetrating study of this Mexican opportunist who escaped both bullets and the gallows.

SPOKANE—The Spokane Corral of Westerners continues to maintain the high editorial standards of their publication *The Pacific Northwesterner*. The Fall issue featured "Petticoats In New Albion," by Carl P. Schilcke, M.D., a scholarly recounting of the deeds and courage of the women who accompanied the adventurers and missionaries to the Pacific Northwest. The author mentions many names and examples of these pioneer wives, who shared equally with their men in building a civilization in a wilderness. A companion feature was "The Iroquois In the West," by Richard T. Conn. Mr. Conn, who is Curator of Pacific Northwestern History in the Eastern Washington State Historical Museum at Spokane, traced the history of the various importations into the West and Northwest of the Iroquois, as hunters, boatmen and trappers. The clashes of these aliens with the natives and white men of the area, makes this an absorbing study of a little known phase of western history.

TUCSON—This fall saw the launching of this corral's new publication, *The Smoke Signal*. The *Branding Iron* has not yet seen a copy of the new venture, but joins the chorus of Los Angeles Westerners in wishing them well.

Cornered—Four Ex-Sheriffs

Lonnie Hull, at one of the fall meetings, shoots four Ex-Sheriffs with one shot. From left: Harvey Starr, Homer Boelter, Paul Bailey, and Don Meadows.



Southwest Museum Requests Publications

The Southwest Museum Library, Highland Park, Los Angeles 42, is attempting to secure complete files of all publications of Westerners organizations. Any of the following would be an especially welcome gift:

Kansas City Westerners, *Trail Guide*, 1956 and following.

Wyoming Westerners, *The Brand Book*. Any issues.

Chicago Westerners. Volumes I to VII.

Denver Westerners. Volumes I to VII.

Any issues of German, French or Swedish Corrals.

SOME MORE GRIST FOR THE MILL

HAS THE LAST WORD BEEN SAID ON BILLY THE KID?

BILLY THE KID fanciers might like to win now these additional grains, which were found rather unexpectedly in the *Los Angeles County Employee* for September, 1930. Under the title "A Man of Action," Laura LeMay wrote therein about Numa A. Strain, at that time foreman of the San Gabriel Road District. Earlier he had been superintendent of the J. DeBarth Shorb ranch in San Marino, and before that a scout and beef distributor on the Mescalero reservation. In dealing with his early period the articles give some direct quotations from him about his personal knowledge or what eyewitnesses had told him of three Billy the Kid incidents; here they are, reprinted with the permission of the *Los Angeles County Employee*:

"Yes, I knew Billy the Kid, well," admitted Mr. Strain. "In fact, I used to scold him for being so foolhardy, but it didn't do any good. I was a personal friend of Old Victoria, who went on the warpath. After Victoria was killed, Geronimo took up the fight. I knew him, too. Pat Garrett, the sheriff who killed Billy the Kid, was a friend of mine too. He told me himself how he happened to 'get' the kid.

"Bill had a sweetheart—half Mexican, half American—the daughter of Pete Maxwell. One evening Garrett, a man named Poe, and another fellow whose name I don't remember, had gone over to Maxwell's, looking for Billy. Billy was on his way there. He was hungry, and as somebody had told him Maxwell had some fresh beef, he started over with a butcher knife to get some. As he approached the adobe, he saw two men sitting on the step in the dark but didn't recognize Poe and the other man. Inside the house, Maxwell was in bed and Garrett was sitting on the head of the bed talking to him.

"As Billy came up, he asked where Pete was. The man with Poe answered in Spanish, which he spoke like a Mexican. If Poe had answered it would have been all over with him, but fortunately the other fellow spoke up and said Pete was inside. Billy went in without getting suspicious, and sat down on the foot of Pete's bed, in the dark. Then he noticed that another man was sitting there and started to back out the door. Pat reached for his gun, taking care not to let the hammer click for he knew it would cost him his life if Billy heard it. Just as Billy reached for the door, Pat let him have it several times, and that ended Billy the Kid's career."

A shooting affray at the agency when Mr.

Strain was at the [Mescalero] Reservation once gave him the thrill of looking down Billy the Kid's gun. As Mr. Strain relates it the firm of Murphy, Dolan and Riley had been furnishing the county thereabouts with hay, grain, and potatoes. Then a firm of McSwaney and Tunstill came in and started bidding for contracts. A small war resulted, lasting one year to a day.

"There were between thirty and sixty men on each side," said Mr. Strain, "everybody there being considered on one side or the other. Nobody could be neutral. But being a Government man, I refused to join either side. On that particular day, there were fourteen men fighting against one man, all in an adobe house rented by the Major, and finally I went up to see what I could do.

"Roberts, who was fighting the rest from one room in the house and was already fatally wounded, saw me coming and hollered at me to keep out. Then Billy the Kid saw me and got the drop on me. 'Go on back, Strain,' he ordered. I said, 'Billy, I can go around the back way, can't I?' Billy said, 'No, you go back the way you came.'

"I went back to the agency and told them that Roberts needed help, and asked for volunteers. Nobody offered to go and I told them they were all yellow. Finally one fellow volunteered to go with me but when we got there Roberts was beyond help.

"Another friend of mine," continued Mr. Strain, "was an eye-witness to Billy the Kid's escape from jail. Billy had been caught and was to be hanged. He was confined in an old hotel, without bars, but under the guard of two of the toughest fellows around there. They couldn't keep handcuffs on Billy because his hands were smaller than his wrists, so they had to watch him closely.

"While one of Billy's guards was across the street at dinner, the other one left Billy for just a moment. There was a gun room at the head of the winding stairs and Billy ran into it and grabbed a Winchester, which belonged to my friend who was in jail there too. Nunnally told him he had his gun and Billy said, 'I don't want your gun, Nunnally.' He took another, and another prisoner protested it was his. 'I don't want yours, either,' said Billy and put it back. He grabbed a six-shooter and shot one guard with that, the other one with a double-barreled shotgun. Then he got on a horse which bucked him off. He mounted it again and escaped."

A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS PARTY

By CLARA T. WOODY

EIGHTY-THREE YEARS AGO, in 1877, in a tiny mining camp lying deep in rugged Arizona mountain country, hundreds of miles from the nearest railroad, with the fiercest, wiliest Indians for next door neighbors, the women of the camp staged a Community Christmas party which must be unique in the annals of Christmas parties, for it was held in a saloon. The Sunday School usually met in a tiny adobe room, so small that not thirty people could crowd in. There was no other place to hold a community gathering and prospects for the party looked slim until the proprietors of the Champion Saloon learned of the dilemma and offered their saloon as a hall.

When word reached the smaller camps scattered throughout the mountain country that there would be a Community Christmas Party in the Knox & McNelly Saloon in Globe, to which all were invited, everyone resolved to go.

Word of the coming party spread throughout the territory too and became the talk of other towns. To the men, isolated in those rough mountain camps the recollection of home and mother was all tied up with the church Christmas celebrations, so it brought happy memories mixed a little with sadness.

Tonnie Kennedy, youngest teacher in the tiny Sunday School, was delegated to collect funds and buy presents for the children. The stores sold no toys, so pocket knives were chosen for the little boys and gay hair ribbons for the girls. Among the grown people were plans to exchange gifts with friends who would be there. Cakes were baked and cookies made for the young bachelors. Bags were made and filled with nuts and candy—there were no oranges or apples in those days.

The day before Christmas a beautiful pine tree was brought down from the Pinal Mountains, a tree that reached to the ceiling of the saloon, and then the doors of the saloon were closed to patrons. The bar was moved outside, the kegs of stock were stored elsewhere, and a fresh white curtain of new muslin was drawn across the shelves of the back bar. None of the ornate mahogany bars which came later were yet in the rude camp. All traces of the usual merchandise were removed, unless perhaps the odor lingered—but the scent of the Christmas tree overcame even that.

Then the women of the community trimmed the tree. There were no Japanese glass baubles, no strings of electric lights, but ribbons of every hue and strings of popcorn gave color and the stores were stripped of the small trade mirrors they carried for the Indians. These were used in profusion to make the tree sparkle. Then,

wonder of wonders, someone remembered a box of real honest-to-goodness Christmas candles. The tree was perfect.

The very novelty of the Sunday School Christmas party in the saloon insured a good attendance, but more than that, it was a rare occasion for the widely scattered settlers to get together in a purely social way.

At seven o'clock the doors were thrown open and shyly at first and then more boldly the women and children entered these hitherto unknown precincts. As their numbers increased everyone became more at ease. Finally Superintendent Jewell opened the little program with a brief prayer. There wasn't a musical instrument in all the camp. A sextette sang a Christmas song, a few of the children "spoke their pieces" and then the Sunday School group sang "Jingle Bells." That was the program.

Santa Claus didn't get there. The children were told not to expect him. He couldn't get to such a far away place—not and do all the other things he had to do on Christmas eve. Even without Santa all had a wonderful time.

The hall was crowded and Felix Knox and Bill McNelly were genial hosts to the whole community.

We'd like so much to know who was there. We know the names of only a very few. Johnnie Crampton was there, but not the Middletons, nor the Roses; Judge Hackney didn't arrive until the following spring to start his newspaper, the *Arizona Silver Belt*, so there was no news reporter to keep a list for us.

Tonnie; a young merchant, Alonzo Bailey; Superintendent Jewell; Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy, Tonnie's parents; and Mrs. Ross, another Sunday School teacher, made up the sextette.

Sixty-five years later Tonnie Kennedy wrote that she couldn't remember any event in her life which she treasured and enjoyed more. Perhaps one reason it was such a happy evening for Tonnie was that this was the evening her life's romance began. Three years later she married Alonzo Bailey. Hers was the first wedding in the first church built in the camp.

Los Angeles Corral of Westerners was well represented at the 1960 encampment of the Death Valley Forty-Niners, held November 11-12-13 in Death Valley. Among those present and serving in various capacities from hosts, speakers, judges of the jackass derby to just plain spectators were Ex-Sheriff Arthur Woodward, Ex-Sheriff Don Meadows, Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey, Ed Ainsworth, and CMs Sid Platford, Al Ferris, John Hilton, L. Burr Belden, and Ardis Walker.

DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL . . .

THE ROAD TO VIRGINIA CITY: THE DIARY OF JAMES KNOX POLK MILLER. Edited by Andrew F. Rolle, associate professor of history in Occidental College. Norman, Oklahoma University Press. \$3.75.

This book constitutes the latest addition, number thirty, to the American Exploration and Travel Series. As its title denotes, it is that portion of a diary written by nineteen year old James Knox Polk Miller, or to those who knew him in those days, J. Sidney Osborn, since for reasons of his own he had assumed an alias.

In 1864 Miller left New York State, and the diary begins with his departure from Chicago, bound for St. Joseph, Missouri. With newly found companions he left the latter city on August 16, 1864, and arrived in Salt Lake City on October 7.

Miller, or Osborn, had a capital of over \$3000.00 before outfitting at St. Joseph, and when he arrived in the City of the Mormons he cast about for a business venture. He became a tobacconist. I can only conclude that he was an optimist of the first order. To establish cigar stands in Salt Lake City in those days, when one knows the Mormon prejudice to the use of tobacco, was a rather foolhardy venture.

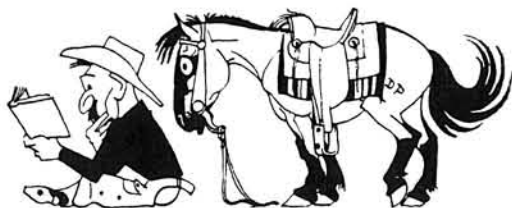
Anyway, by May 22, 1865, Miller's capital was depleted and he trekked northward to Virginia City in Montana Territory, arriving there about two weeks later. He found employment, and entered into the community life of the city.

After a two year stay, and having recouped his Salt Lake City losses, Miller determined to visit Europe. He proceeded via Helena to Fort Benton, and took a steamboat down the broad Missouri. The reproduction of the diary terminates when Miller is in Washington, D. C. on his way abroad.

A diary is a skeleton on which an editor can place flesh and make it a living, speaking document.

The editor of *The Road to Virginia City* has given a ten-page introduction and one hundred and forty-six footnotes. This seems like adequate flesh. But, my feeling is that many more footnotes would have livened the book, and certainly the introduction could have been much more extensive.

After a year abroad, Miller, still using his pseudonym, returned to Helena, engaged in business and was successful. Later he moved to the Black Hills where he became a prominent business leader. While here he became ill with pulmonary tuberculosis, and died at Santa Barbara,



California, in 1891, at the age of 46. A photograph of Miller during the Deadwood days is reproduced in the book.

The Editor says that Miller was a rather unusual and observant diarist. It is true that Miller gives us some insight into some of the life being lived in those areas he traversed and the communities in which he lived for a time, as seen through the eyes of a youth, whose conscience was oftentimes in turmoil. Speaking for myself, I feel that this particular diary is callow and I cannot share the Editor's enthusiasm.

Since the diary was considered of enough importance to edit, I would have liked more biographical information on this man who left New York for the West during the Civil War, and who was obviously healthy and of military age; who writes of his social activities in Salt Lake City and Virginia City, but mentions scarcely or not at all, the badmen, the gamblers, the mines and the miners, the freighters, the hurdy-gurdies and the play girls. Maybe a streak of puritanism, or concern with his own problems, kept Miller from introducing us to these citizens who played a definite role in frontier life of the sixties.

Footnotes could have highlighted the existing relations between Mormon and Gentile, and the Military with its General Patrick Connor, for instance; or the discovery of mineral wealth and the founding of Nevada City and Virginia City; or the story of the Montana Post; and so on. Even the trip from Fort Benton back to Missouri gave me the impression that I was being hurried along.

Maybe the Editor was held to a limited number of pages by the Publisher for reasons of cost or such. I can only surmise as to this, but a subsidized press shouldn't be plagued with such problems, as can be the case with smaller regional presses.

If a diary is to be edited, or an historical book published, my hope is that these works will maintain a scholarly rating of "Excellent."

Incidentally, the pen and ink drawings done by Joe Beeler of Baxter Springs, Kansas, are excellent. His work is acknowledged on the jacket, but not in the book. Credit for good art merits more permanence than mention on a dust wrapper.

HARVEY E. STARR, M.D.

(Continued on Next Page)

Down the Book Trail

(Continued from Previous Page)

THE LIVES AND LEGENDS OF BUFFALO BILL, by Don Russell. Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1960. 514 pp. \$5.95.

This fine and beautiful book may well be the final word, the definitive evaluation, of at least one of the characters of the Old West, who was one of those, when the writing school of realism took over some decades ago, about whom some aspersions were cast as to his status as one of the foremost adventurers of the plains. As the title suggests, the legends as well as the known facts have been appraised with great thoroughness, after years of study and research. The conclusion is reached after reading this well-written and most interesting biography that Buffalo Bill for all his showmanship in later years, was deserving of the accolades and praise bestowed upon him. He was all of these, and at a very early age, a pony express rider, military scout, buffalo hunter, Indian fighter, guide and master showman.

The family bible states he was born in 1846. When he was 11 years old Bill (called Billy in his youth) when on a cattle drive at Plum Creek 35 miles from Old Ft. Kearny killed his first Indian. Cody states this in his autobiography but Don Russell says he does not confirm the episode. An account of the killing is said to have appeared in the *Leavenworth Times*, but has not been found; and it is possible (if the tale is true) that Cody was mistaken in the newspaper.

In the summer of 1860 Bill was hired as a pony express rider by Joseph A. Slade, in charge of the division from Julesburg to Rocky Ridge, with headquarters at Horseshoe Station. This is the Slade who was later hanged by Vigilantes at Virginia City, Montana, but of him Buffalo Bill says: "Slade, although rough at times and always a dangerous character—having killed many a man—was always kind to me." Cody's record ride on the express was 322 miles, the extra mileage due to the killing of one rider—Bill volunteered for the extra duty. Longer rides were made by Bob Haslam, 380 miles, in Nevada, and Howard R. Egan. Buffalo Bill was only 15 when he left the Pony Express in 1861. In June he joined Chandler's Free State party for the purpose of invading Missouri. One of his first duties was stealing horses for the company. He was not a regular enlistee until he was 18 years old.

In the fall of 1861 he carried military dispatches to Ft. Larned. In the spring of 1862 he scouted for the Ninth Kansas Volunteers, mainly between Ft. Lyon and Ft. Larned on the old Santa Fe Trail. His mother died November 22, 1863, after which for a short time he associated with gamblers and drunkards, carrying on a

dissolute life and himself admitting he was a very "hard case."

In February 1864 the Seventh Kansas Volunteers (known as Jennison's Jayhawkers) furloughed in Leavenworth for 30 days. Cody had no intention of enlisting, but awakened after a bout of bad whiskey found himself a soldier in the outfit. The book has an interesting map which shows the Civil War campaigns in which he participated.

General Carr was so impressed with Cody's ability as a scout and guide that he stated in an official report to the War Department: "Our Scout William Cody, who has been with the Detachment since last September, displayed great skill in following it (the trail) and also great credit for his fighting in both engagements, his marksmanship being very conspicuous. He deserves honorable mention for this and other services and I hope to retain him as long as I am engaged in this duty." Cody was cited for bravery by the War Department, and in Don Russell's own words "This citation in a War Dept. order was unique in a day when there were no medals, decorations, or campaign ribbons, save the Congressional Medal of Honor, which was awarded Cody on another occasion."

There is a complete discussion of the Yellow Hand affair (his name was not Yellow Hand) and other adventures which have heretofore been of legendary nature, many of them now established as fact for the first time. Anyone interested will have to read the book for himself and he will be well-repaid as this is surely one of the foremost of the year on the western scene.

Don Russell, as all Westerners know, is the editor of the Chicago Corral's *Brand Book Magazine*, one of the bests of any Westerners' organization.

MERRELL KITCHEN.



Publication of Westerner Ed Ainsworth's magnificent *Painters of the Desert* occurs just as the *Branding Iron* goes to press. The big and beautiful volume features thirteen of the most famous painters of the western deserts, complete with biographies, and reproductions of their representative works—many of the paintings in full color. Two Westerners are represented in this baker's dozen—Don Louis Perceval, and CM John Hilton. Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel has written the book's foreword. It is hoped that it may be reviewed in the next issue of the BI.



Ex-Sheriff Paul Bailey was one of the judges chosen for the Best Western Historical Novel category for 1960 in the famous Spur Awards annual contest sponsored by the Western Writers of America. Among the other judges were Irving Stone, novelist; Robert Perkin, literary editor of *Rocky Mountain News*; Emerson Price, of *Cleveland Press*; and Paul Jordan-Smith.