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MY FRIEND JOHN

By BILL BENDER

(Your Round Up Foreman considers it a pleasure and honor to present the following manuscript from CM Bill Bender. The two Bender illustrations were done specifically for this article and unfortunately are not for sale — even to the Round Up Foreman. Bender, a man of many talents, once presented to Westerner Paul Bailey a manuscript. Paul graciously suggested that Bill stick to his art — a very admirable suggestion as it turned out! This article, however, would suggest that Bill might want to dust off his literary talents, and combine his art and writing in a book.)

It was a mighty dark nite. So dark in fact I couldn't tell when my eye-holes were open or shut. However, my ears were working overtime and there sure enof seemed to be someone prowling thru the house. Finally a flicker of lite showed under the door, followed by a familiar click . . . which gave me a clue. In the kitchen the refrigerator door was wide open with someones back side a sticking out. The refrigerator belonged to the U. S. Air Force and the rear end to John Hilton, desert painter and recently of Twenty-nine Palms, California.

"Let's eat," comes a voice from the innards of the ice box. "Do you realize it's breakfast time back home."

"Not as easy as I can figger out it's one a.m. here," I comes back . . . an from where I'm standin' it looks like a full moon comin' up."

Looking at it from all angles, ol' John was right and my stomach backed him up 100%. It wasn't long before the both of us were bellied up to the table ready to attack the feast spread out before us.

We'd left Travis Air Force base a couple

of days ago, early on a Tuesday morning and tho it was an 18 hour flight by my old turnip, according to the sun it was just 11:00 a.m. of the same day when our big 707 jet put down in the Philippines. So far our brains had been able to comprehend such



goings on, but it was still a mystery to all the machinery under our hide and consequently they would shut down or work full blast at the doggonest hours of the day or nite.

We'd been sent by the air force to do some painting thru-out the Orient and while we were waiting for paper work to clear us

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The Branding Iron

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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1500 words
or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West.
Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

The Foreman Sez ...

Like the Chicago and Denver Corrals, the new Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners, organized December 1946, came into existence to enable men with common interests to meet with reasonable frequency and to exchange information and knowledge relative to the cultural and historical background of what is commonly called the West.

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The subject THE WEST is so broad that it encompasses not only half of the continental United States, but reaches to the very roots of present evolution of earlier explorations and activity.

In our group of members can be found men whose hobbies and vocations cover many of the most fascinating subjects of research dating back to the prehistoric days, down to the Indian and Spanish phases of our region. There are probably a thousand subjects that might be listed and found to be of mutual interest to the members.

Each man is expected to take an active interest in each meeting and to prepare a paper on the subject of his own choice. The spirit of fair exchange enables every man to broaden his own knowledge of the West and and to contribute some of the richness of his own study and experience.

Your Roundup Foreman felt that a re-statement from the first issue of the *Brand Book* (Volume 1, No. 1, January 1947) would be most appropriate — need more be said.

THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

JULY MEETING

Fandango Californiano — El once de Julio "El Adobe," casa of the early California days, properly welcomed the gusty members of Los Angeles Corral into the graciousness of its vine covered colonnades and fountain cooled patio, celebrating the yearly "Noche de las Señoras." Those Westerners whose checked shirts and leather accoutrements proved that they were returning from duties about the ranchos, joined with other members, relaxing to the accompaniment of tall stories and cool salt margaritas, followed by a bounteous comida.

Sheriff Newbro then introduced guests and members and asked our host, Ex-Sheriff Carl Dentzel, to give us a foreword about the unusual and historical program of Elizabeth Waldo and her group of musicians and dancers. Presented was an authentic chronicle of early California arts, beginning with the eerie rhythms of the primitive Indians, a suggestion of the graceful swirl of Spanish señoritas in their ruffled skirts, folk dances of Mexican origin, and finally just a

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John Hilton, raconteur, geologist, artist, musician, botanist, gemologist, author, historian, man of good will, world traveler, Hoale and gentleman, plays at the dedication of his murals at the Saddleback Inn.

for Vietnam we'd decided to amble around the Philippines and get in a few licks with the paint brush.

As it is with our great government they always seem to match up likes against unlikes so here was two dried out desert rats a-looking mighty water logged. We'd come down thru the clouds and landed in a big puddle just at the height of the monsoon season. Before we'd loped twenty feet we'd caught sight of more rain than we'd seen in our whole life.

Finally to dry out a wee bit we headed for the hills and our midnite breakfast finds us up amongst the pines in the town of Baguio where we'd rented a two bedroom house for a couple of days.

Now I've been asked many times just what's it like to travel with John Hilton. These questions were put to me by all sorts of folks with varied interests. The rock-hounds would want to know the answer slanted towards their interests as would the flower fancier, shell collector, musician, writer and of course the painter. To each

of em John represented one thing out of this category while in reality he was all these birds rolled into one. However it took a trip half way around the world for me to appreciate it. It was too complex a subject for a homeguard. You had to be a world traveler and log up a heap of experiences before you could savvy this partner of mine.

So here we are in Baguio, knowing our way thru papayas, cocoanuts, mangoes and a half dozen other tropical fruit I'd never laid an eye on before . . . and all this at the bewitching hours between one and two. Finally full as a cuckoo and wide awake as an owl we switched on the porch lite and stood out in the balmy nite wondering what all the poor folk back home were doing. Of a sudden out of the dark comes a moth big as my fist. After circling John just long enof to arouse the collector-killer instinct, he lands in my hair. Before I could raise a paw to untangle him John was all over me like a home made quilt, a swattin' an a brusin' me up something awful. He outweighed

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Hilton...

me by a good 60 pounds and with this overgrown bug in my top-knot, Johns thumb in my eye, I just knew the end was neigh. However all things eventually come to an end and there he stands triumphantly holding some rare specimen in his hand as I get off the deck and feel for busted bones.

News got around fast that our lite was on and we'd hardly sent the moth off to the happy hunting ground when a dozen more flew in. In ten minutes there were more varieties than you could shake a stick at even if you were a might fast shaker. What's worrying John now is the time it's taking to send em to bug heaven without harming their wings or bodies. 'Meantime, back on the porch' a rare one might be getting away.

"Hey, I've got the perfect extermination chamber for these 'Lepidoptera'". John roars. "Clean out the freezer in the refrigerator n' we'll freeze em to death."

The rest of the nite finds us in our underwear, swatting bugs and running to the freezer with em. "You know," grins John between swats. "It might not be a bad idea to leave that door a-jar a trifle in case them fellers in the white coats and butterfly nets come to get us. Did you ever think what a sight we must make from 50 yards out doing a ballet on this porch in our shorts."

That morning when our house boy showed up to clean we were catching up on our sleep when I hears this yell at Johns door. "Meester Heeltone, meester Heeltone wake up. Your eyes blox . . . she fulla blugs."



OUR PEDICAB BOY
SAIGON

"That's O.K. Joe," comes a sleepy answer. "In the U.S. we call 'em 'instant moth.' Just add water n' stir."

Passing thru some mighty pretty country on the way to Lengyen gulf, John was having a field day. In the canals long side the road were growing all kinds of exotic flowers. Some were even growing right out of the trees and hanging plumb down to the ground.

"Hey, there's a nite bloomin' something or other," he'd holler out using a scientific name about as long as a rope. Then he'd also rattle off the common name in hopes my li'l ol' brain could grasp the situation, which it didn't.

"Carrumba, stop the car," he exploded one time. "There's a Stanhopea tierina."

As we began our journey once more to the gulf with the dainty flower in his big paw he gave me the whole history of it along with how it was treasured by queen so and so thousands of years ago.

Finally I says. "Now doggone it John, do you mean to tell me you've seen all these flowers before back in the states?"

"Nope."

"Well then, how in the heck do you know so much about 'em?"

"Hell," he snorts. "I read a book now n' then like anybody else."

"So do I, but I'm lucky to remember the title when I get to the last page n' here you've been siphonin' off words that run two to the pound all morning. Now stop it 'fore I come up with an inferiorty complex."

One thing the both of us had a heap of pride in and that was our ability to eat anything and everything . . . no matter how raunchy it looked or smelt. We'd earned our spurs in that department many years before down Mexico way. However our Waterloo lay just ahead at a little native restaurant within spitting distance of the gulf. It was hi-noon and whatever the food was, it must of been fixed when McArthur returned. We must of had the same idea about then because we offered real quick-like to buy our driver a platefull first, which he politely turned down but since we were buying, he'd take a beer. We wasn't sure if he said he didn't eat lunch or he wouldn't . . . so now with our guinea pig out of the

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John Hilton using his palate knife to get those colors so much a trade mark of his work.

Hilton . . .

running the weight was on the two of us. The way John was licking his chops I figured sure enof he was going to throw all caution to the wind and go real native on me. Finally after the waitress had shooed the flies off the fifth time and flashed us a grin of gold teeth I throws in the towel and admits this is one meal I'm going to pass. John had won it hands down. Later as we sipped our warm San Miguel beer he confesses up that he'd no idea of eatting it either, but figgered on beating me if he had to go so far as to buy a platefull and pray for some catastrophe of nature to happen before his first bite, to save him.

We never crossed trails with a snake on the whole trip but we saw the next best thing that same afternoon. The natives were out in force doing some community fishing with an acre of net. At least it seemed that big. We drifted in just about time to watch em beach their catch and twenty minutes later fish were a floppin' all over the place. Of a sudden someone spied a deadly eel amongst the fish which sent em a scurrying looking for rocks and sticks to beat Mr. eel to a pulp.

"Now I betcha that feller ain't any worse than our friend the desert rattler," comments John as he plows thru the fish with his bare hands. Then right before the snorting natives he reaches down and grabs this ugly critter of the sea by the nap of the neck and hangs him out to dry. The natives were flabbergasted at this big gringo from another land, and then with a snap of his wrist he broke the eels back and all became normal again. Some of the folks clapped, others wanted to shake the sacred hand that'd done the dirty work while even a few had me take their picture standing next to him.

"Boy I'm tellin' you I'd a thot twice before I wrapped a finger around that bugger," I says to John later. "What woulda happened if he'd a bit you . . . way out here with no doctors around?"

"Well I reckon he'd a just up n' died with a nasty taste in his mouth," was the answer.

The guitar music and the rich voice singing La Paloma had all the earmarks of a country we both thot a heap of. It was hard to believe we were in Manilla, so thru the door we went on a trot for a look-see. Any-way it was time to hang on the feed bag and what could be better than some tortillas, enchillada y frijoles con chili. The place was about lite enof to see the candles on the tables and that was all. Gradually we skylined this feller over in the corner with a guitar hanging from his withers by a string, so we built camp close by. That's all there was, the three of us. Reading signs I could see John was itchin' plumb up to his elbows to get his paws on that guitar and make it talk to him. Being the good buddy that I am, in between songs I'd whisper loud enof to be heard all over the place and them whispers was telling whoever cared to lend an ear that my partner could sure enof rattle them six strings like nobodys business. In the dark I could see this fellers eyeholes lit up like a jack o lantern and the next thing he'd talked John into playing a few Mexican songs too.

"Maybe you teach me sometheeng new, maybe," was the tune he passed on with the guitar.

I've heard Juanito sing under all kinds of conditions and places but today he never sounded better. Them leather lungs of his

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was pumping enof air to burn the bearings on a windmill, and the whole building was vibrating as it kept time to a hot spanish number. Before the song was over the door opens and in pokes a couple bewildered heads. They had no choice but come in since there was more right behind a pushin' for a look too.

I could see the handwriting on the wall so I figgered it best to hi tail it down the street and get our waiting driver. It had all the signs of a long afternoon.

Coming back we were still a good block away when I picked up Ellando el Rancho Grande. You couldn't miss as it boomed thru the walls and traveled up and down the streets and alleys. Folks were rattling their hocks towards the Papagayo on the double and I had to elbow my way back in. Drinks had sprung up at our table like mushrooms. "On the house," the owner tells me. "Just keep your friend singing." It's now one o'clock, all the tables are full and standing room only. Business had never been so good.

The only act coming close to topping our Papagayo experience was in Thailand. We'd just flown into Bangkok in our new *western* suits made for us the day before in Saigon. We're slicked up plumb down to our boot heels as the scene opens. Dinner for three as we draw up chairs in the Orchid room, guests of an Airforce Colonel. This layout was high class from the word go and tho decked out in new suits there wasn't a Thai under the same roof that'd take a back seat to us. The place smelt of money.

As the big and little hands on the clock came together at top dead center, the band leader and his crew took a breather. He, being a good friend of the Colonel, chose our table as a spot to set a spell and have some relaxed conversation. During the course of the palabra something was mentioned about John and the way he could tickle a guitar. Before the band went back to work the feller had wrangled a promise that John would strum a few tunes.

As I say, this is a number one layout and many of the rich Thai speak four or five languages, including our own. The evening was bristling with happiness and when John was announced they were right in the mood for some good ol' cowboy songs. It's sorta on the tough side to describe the enthusi-

asm, but you better believe it was great, with no holes barred. Their palms were a smokin' from clapping so hard and it looked like this might go on till sun-up. However the last number brought down the house and between a bunch of backslappin' and hand pumpin' John made his way back to the table.

I can still see it as he stands there before the mike, a single ray of light ferreting him out.

"Ladies n' Gentlemen," he starts. "Years ago we had a president who many of you still remember, as do the people of the United States. Tho his problems were many with earth shaking consequences he loved to relax with his thots dwelling in the great southwestern part of our country and also to listen to the songs that originated there. Tonite, with your permission, I would like to sing Franklin D. Roosevelts' favorite, "Home on the Range'."

Before too many lines got themselves sung the crowd had caught up the spirit and joined in wherever they knew a few words or lines. Sweat was running off John like he'd sprung a leak, in a evening that'd long ago pegged the needle on all the measuring devices at 100% humidity . . . but the song went on, stanza after stanza, each one getting louder and better. I reckon the survivors of that nite will never forget F.D.R. or J.W.H.

The French cut quite a swathe acrost a heap of Asia and the one item that really took holt was the bidet. It might suggest an important item in the bathroom to most but to me I only conjure up an image of a trough for cleaning shellfish. John had quite a collection already started back home and he was adding to it by leaps and bounds every day. A heap of em he was catching or buying alive yet, as we made our way on up thru the Philippines, Taiwan, Okinawa and points north. Sometimes in the hot weather they were apt to get a little ripe before we could check into a hotel. Pity the poor elevator boy as we engulfed him in our aroma. However being a dedicated shell collector John would roll up his sleeves, hobble his breath and go to work cleaning his prizes in front of the bidet.

One day as we ambled along a beach in Japan we stumbled onto a rare find. Some

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Hilton . . .

Japannese fellers had been diving for shell fish, a species John hadn't been able to track down as yet, so in jig time the yens were flying and a heap of trading is taking place. About now a span of school kids appear on the scene and since one let us know he could savvy English, John asks if he'd talk the divers into cleaning the shellfish. For this they could keep the meat. Quite a puzzled look came over the divers face . . . almost off one of disbelief or mistrust . . . but they slowly cleaned the first one and after John gives em a grin and a nod of approval they figgers they're on the right track and from there on out the tempo picks up. As we were putting the shells in a bag one of the divers says something that hit everyone smack-dab in the funny bone. At first the kid shied away from explaining to us, but with a mite of coaxing he finally unlimbers his jaw bone.

"That boy think you cla-zy," the little feller begins pointing at a grinning diver. "He say he bet you kind of man who eat skin and throw banana away."

Well that just tickled the heck out of John and he roars. When the twenty or so that made up the group of bystanders saw how good natured it was taken, they all join in to help him laugh at himself. Before the last shell was cleaned, thru our pint-sizel interrupter we were joking back and forth like old friends.

When I think of all the types sent to various countries to represent the U.S.A. and what a misconscrowed image we get for our tax dollar it makes a feller wonder. That man named Hilton, in a month or so had created more good will on a people to people level than all the so called career diplomats that are trained for it. From where I'm a standing it sure enof looks as if our government is sending the wrong breed of hombre aboard.

FURTHER NOTES ON JOHN

(Bender has probably forgotten about the following letter. It was sent to CM Riffle soon after Bender and Hilton returned for the Orient. It contains a fascinating account of Hilton's successful attempt to get Bender on board the plane.)

Dear Bill an Jeanette:

Long time no hear-um, see-um . . . everybody ho-kay? Gil told me you were mighty busy ones trying to get your house nailed back together . . . an I can believe it. Mighty anxious to see it too.

Well I've been home for 21 days now an still in a daze. I musta left my cute li'l ol mind in the Orient cause I ain't been able to find it 'round here. I'm sorta on automatic in everthing I do . . . an if I go to thinkin too much . . . I'm right back in the Orient or up flyin around on some airplane.

Yesterday I calls up Geo. Air Force an gets talkin to em about borrowing a few pictures of planes to put in this painting I'm a doing . . . from there I lets the conversation drift over to airplane rides an sorta hints around an you know by golly I might get a chance to go up in one of these super-sonic jobs where you getta wear one of them crazy suits that blows itself up when you get too high. . . . So here's hopin-



The beloved Westerner, Ed Ainsworth, Mrs. Leon Moses, and Helen and Bill Bender ham it up while thinking of old times together. Ed Ainsworth, long time friend and pal of John Hilton, helped to give Bill his start in western art.

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At present I'm working on 3 A. Force pictures. One is an ol gal doin her laundry in the Philippines along side a stream. Another is a sun-set in Thailand with rice paddys in the back ground tryin to pick up the reflection . . . an last but not least is natives (?) beach combing at Okinawa. Lordy me I like painting this stuff just as much as I do deserts . . . maybe even more cause right now ever time I take a swipe with that ol brush it stirs up another memory.

You know I've tried to set myself down an figger out what I liked so much about the Orient. . . The people were just people, the food . . . not as good as ours, the drivin was terrible, the roads overcrowded . . . rain all over the place, bugs to bitecha. Misquitos with all kinds of crazy diseases an horrible public toilets . . . etc. etc. etc. So I up an rolls this around in my think-tank for a few weeks till I've got a nice polish on it . . . an I finally gets my answer. Do you remember when you were a li'l ol bare foot, marble shootin' kid long bout 5, 6, 7 an 8. . . Every day was a new advanture . . . a new discovery . . . the unexpected happened.

Things that you never knew existed did exist, and you had to unwind yesterdays tape an rewrite it all over again to include it amongst the archives of your mind, an get it in the right sequence. Then the next day the same happened all over again . . . so from one day to the other you lived in a wonderful state of expectancy . . . a world of miracles, impossibilities and fantasy . . . but they all had a logical explanation an when you finally got em all figgered out an cataloged you were that much more the wiser, sophisticated or what ever label you wanta hang on to it . . . till you arrive to the present time when ol Bill Bender piled out of bed in the morning the same way day after day . . . more or less saw the same people, took the same road to town, paid the same damn ol bills every month . . . in other word he just about knew what was going to happen each an every day. Nothin was impossible anymore. Now it was either unethical or too doggone expensive. With man shooting thru the clouds in their supersonic birds even Heaven had to move out

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John Hilton using his palate knife to get those colors so much a trade mark of his work.



Bill Bender, Ed Ainsworth, Mrs. Hilsabeck and CM Bill Riffle plan art show in Santa Ana for benefit of Childrens Hospital of Orange County.

after being a resident of that soft an lofty spot since man first put his foot on earth. In fact since then none has geographically relocated the pearly gates . . . Have they?

Well then one day ol Bill gets a note from the air force saying he's going bye-bye. As far as he was concerned going bye-bye was a trip to Catalina Island. He couldn't comprehend any further . . . but he'd been to Catalina. Do you know even when he was sitting in that airplane at International airport in L.A. he didn't think it was possible that he was going to leave the ground. An even when that cute li'l gal with the beany on her head schewed the door shut an they started all them propellers spinnin away an smoke pourin out the exhaust an the plane a shiverin an a shakin an lites a flashing telling you to clamp yourself in your seat an don't you dare lite up the last cigarette . . . he still didn't think it was possible . . . An then the wheels started turnin an people was a waving their insurance policy at us from behind the fence . . . an some were shakin a tear outta their eye-holes an pretty soon you can't see em anymore as you taxi down the field past

other planes that are belching out a hundred people at a time . . . that'd just gone thru this same thing a few hours before at some distant airport. Still you don't think it's possible for such an awful thing happen to you . . . an you ain't even scared . . . cause you know somethings gonna save you the last minute. An then the plane stops . . . an you think this is where you'll be recued . . . then they pour the coal to all them fiur engines an the wings flap as the plane sorta stretches up an down but don't go in place . . . so you think . . . good . . . The blasted thing can't get off the ground . . . an as soon as they unscrew that door to git out for a look-see as to what planes snagged on . . . well you're gonna beat em out that door an to hell with the airforce . . . let some other knuckle head paint em a picture. Well they don't open the door . . . the engines quiet down an they start driving around on the ground again. You think sure enof . . . they've decided not to go an they're drivin us back to where we got on. Anyway it's sorta fun driving around on the ground . . . an you can always tell folks

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Mrs. Hilsabeck, Bill Bender, Mrs. Loeon Moses, and the late Ed Ainsworth look over some art of Bill Bender at the home of CM member, Bill Riffle.

you been for a plane ride . . . they don't have to know how high you went. Well I keeps a peepin out the window tryin not to turn my head an I notice we aint going the same direction we came from . . . but then maybe the airports have one way streets just like the cities so we most likely gotta drive plumb around the place to get back to where they'll let us out.

Well Lordy Halley-luyah . . . all of a sudden that club footed pilot musta stumped over the foot-feed cause we took off down the road like a terptinted seagull. I'll admit I'd sorta enjoyed drivin around the place . . . but by now I'd had enof an was ready to go back to whence I came from . . . but cripes I wasn't in that big a hurry. Well you know the next thing I know we was 10 feet off the ground an that joker in the drivers seat sure enof had double crossed all us passengers. All a sudden the floor of that plane got paper thin an I was sure wishing no would step down on it too hard. Then to make matters worse when we gets out over the ocean we makes a right turn. Instead of makin a nice turn they stack that plane on its side an when I looks for Uncle John he's way above me a grinnin down. Then he leans over to point something out down below an I sure

got him back where he belonged in a hurry. Imagine him weighing 220 lbs an leaning over like that when the planes already way out of balance. Well for the next hour an 10 min. I sweat blood. The Impossible had happened tho . . . Nothing unethical about this trip . . . an the airforce was taking care of my only other out . . . the expense.

At San Francisco I'd had it . . . I took one look at that Pan Am Jet an I knowed right then an there they'd never get that big hunk of machinery off the ground . . . I was going home . . . by bus. Again . . . to hell with the airforce. Well Uncle John figgers I can at least have a farewell Martini with him . . . which seems reasonable especially since he was buying . . . Then we hal another one . . . for the other leg . . . then we had one for the ditch . . . then one for the other ditch . . . an then we had another n, another an pretty soon we stumbles outta the joint sing-ging Hail Britainia an before I know it I'm a settin in this ol jet as happy as a clam at high tide. Got me one of the cutest li'l ol Stewardess's making over me . . . has her needle an thread out a sewing big bad Bills airforce emblem on his suit while the other one had come up with a thin pair of wings she musta got out of a cracker jack box with the name JUNIOR CLIPPER PILOT inscribed apon it. Well I'm intoxicated by her perfume an right then an there I know I'd be the first man on the moon if she'd just up an ask me . . . but she didn't . . . said she'd be mighty contended if I'd just see her to Honolulu . . . Well never let it be said Ol Beel ain't no gentleman . . . an to Honolulu he went . . .

Well the only thing I'll remember about Honolulu . . . we got a change of crew . . . an the Stewardess's we're Oriental and about 15 times as purty as the round-eyes we flew from S.F. with . . . an all a sudden I decides I like this method of transportation. An could you think of a better way to die than with one of these cute li'l Orientals that weigh out about 95 lbs each, under each arm so's when you hit you could sorta cushion the shock for em.

When we left Hawaii it was still dark 3:30 A.M. an by the time the sun made its way over the top of the ocean I'd had

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quite a pow-wow with myself . . . done a heap of re-evaluating . . . an was have-ing flash backs over my life to the time when I too was a barefoot squirt of around 5 or 6 . . . My ol mind that'd been snoozin away for so many moons suddenly perks up its ears an decided there was something new under the sun . . . an being an inquisitive hunk of grey matter . . . it began having a ball. . . . An thats the way it was from the Philippines to Viet Nam to Thailand an China an etc. etc. etc. Every day the impossible happened . . . I couldn't wait to pop outta bed come sun-up to see what miracle I could perform or witness . . . Like standing in front of the Church at 10 minutes to 10 at nite . . . crossing myself for the first time in my life and the chimes ring out. . . . People going by had never heard of such a thing before . . . So when I wanted to do it again Uncle John grabs me an says "Hell no . . . next time you might cause an earthquake" . . . I'll never know now. Even the thot that when I was sitting in some alley in Thailand at noon drinking a quart of beer or eatin rice . . . I'd tingle all over trying to believe that it was 10:00 p.m. at Oro Grande an bedtime for Lil ol Helen. An when I was in China . . . I about lost my equalibrium when the thot came to me that I'd have to dig up to get to the U.S.A. . . . or would you?

I asked a chinaman which way he'd dig to get to the U.S. an he thot I was pulling his leg. He said "No dig . . . Fly."

Well this could go on for page after page and then there wouldn't be a doggone thing to talk about next time I see you-all. We'd just have to set around an look at each other.

Anyway I'm due in town in 40 minutes for lunch. The President of the College and Jim Killpack (local dentist who held the record of owning more B.B. paintings till that Riffle an Harville stepped into the "picture") and I are getting a party together for Nov. 8th or 9th to have an autograph party for Ed Ainsworths new book. Don't know the details as yet but think it'll be by invitation. That way we'll have more of an idea where to stage it . . . also about how many books the local dealer will have to stock up on.

Here Ed wrote it. John wrote the foreward an I drew up the pictures . . . ain't

that a hand to draw to?

Let me here from you-all one of these days. We're off tomorrow nite for Death Valley. Our last Board of director meet before the big shin-dig next month. Aim an I will get together durin the 'Happy Hour' an settle all the problems real quick like.

If you can figger out some way I can travel around the world please let me know pronto . . . I'm all packed ready to go. . . . My only two plans sofar are National Geographic an Senor Kennedys Peace Corp. There must be something better'n that.

Adios for now,

BEEL

Monthly Roundup

touch of a romantic present day assemblage of all these periods.

Pretty Miss Waldo was then pinned with a sheriff's star, making her an honorary member of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners.

A spirited evening of comradeship, laughter, good viands and some intellectual discourse assured each person of entertainment to his special liking.

AUGUST MEETING

The meeting of August 12th, held at the Taix Restaurant was a memorable occasion for two reasons. The first was the presentation to Deputy Sheriff Alden Miller of a badge that had been specially prepared through the courtesy of Colonel Hoffman. The Deputy Sheriff has never worn a badge before and now he has one and it is very official looking! The second reason was the induction of eight members—the largest group ever has been inducted into regular membership in the Corral at one time. Included in the induction were: Richard Bunnell, James Currie, Donald Duke, Robert Huntoon, Wade Kittell, Herschel Logan, Lawrence Robinson, and Donald Torquson.

Deputy Sheriff Alden Miller intimated that these men will be put to work for the rendezvous which is coming up on September 19th, and will be hosted, as it has been traditionally in the past, at the beautiful and gracious home of Alden Miller.

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Monthly Roundup

The speaker for the evening was Richard Pourade — a man of many talents whose most recent and significant assignment has been the preparation of the Copley books on the history of San Diego. Already nine books in this series have been published and they are memorable and significant. Dick pointed out that the gold rush era and the resultant development of San Francisco is fairly young history when compared to the development of San Diego. Richard Pourade's photographer, Crosby, has done some remarkable work in addition to this regular assignments on the books and has produced a movie on trips through Sinaloa which was shown to the Corral. It is really well done and most informative. Lloyd Harting, a guest of the Corral on this occasion, has done some of the art work for these books and he autographed some reproductions of his work in the book for some of the Corral members who were lucky enough to get one of the limited supply.

Iron Eyes Cody's camera would not work and this is the first time I have ever known that to happen! He was able to make the meeting, but only because he had driven from Laramie to Los Angeles, some 13 to 14 hours, the day of the meeting in order to make it. Such loyalty to the Westerners deserves commendation. Iron Eyes told of a recent episode which took place on the Sioux reservation where he participated in a Sun Dance. Apparently, some of the other churches involved on the reservation were going to attempt to stop the Sun Dance and Iron Eyes told us, "I got up and gave them a speech and I did not say anything against them, but told them what I thought about them!" As you can imagine, the Sun Dance went on!

Guests at the August meeting included Richard Miller of Arcadia who is the Arcadia City Librarian. Richard A. Van Orman from the History Department at Purdue University and Wilbur R. Jacobs of the History Department of the University of California at Santa Barbara, were guests of Doyce Nunis. We welcome these guests to our meeting.

Corral Chips

Sid Platford brought to our attention the fact that the National Cowboy Hall of Fame is starting a quarterly journal to be called *Persimmon Hall* at an annual subscription rate of \$6.00. Their address is: 1700 NE 63rd Street, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73111. The first issue is excellent and, of course, will become the usual collectors item. All Westerners interested in Western Art especially should take note of this new endeavor by the Cowboy Hall of Fame.

For those interested in "Western Outlaws," two new books have become available from the Hangman Press entitled *Billy The Kid* and *The Bandit Belle*. Both of these books have been written by Colonel Breihan, CM member, Los Angeles Corral. We have not reviewed them, but because of the wide interest in "Bad Men," they are being mentioned for the membership's benefit.

George Fullerton recently had a heart attack and is hospitalized at the Good Samaritan Hospital. It is my understanding that he is going to be released on Friday, August 14th, and will be convalescing at home. George, we miss you and come back soon. We promise to feed you some low cholesterol steaks!

At the meeting of the Los Angeles Cultural Heritage Board on July 15, Board member W. W. Robinson stated that, in the interest of continuity and to insure the success of the Board for another year, he nominated Dr. Carl S. Dentzel as President for the second term. He was unanimously elected.

Northridge resident Dr. Dentzel, Director of the Southwest Museum, is the former President of the Los Angeles County Museum Association and Western Museum Conference, former Executive Secretary of the Southern California Council of Inter-American Affairs and former Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners. He is President of the Zamorano Club of Los Angeles, and a well known author and lecturer.