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LOS ANGELES CORRAL

NUMBER 137

A Paul Bailey Checklist

by Anthony L. Lehman



The staccato thrumming of typewriter keys in motion is a familiar sound to our fellow Westerner Paul Bailey. He has been hearing it now for over fifty years, from the moment of his first fledgling efforts as a Salt Lake City newspaper reporter in 1925, down to his work this morning preparing several more pages of manuscript for his next publication.

And what a remarkable career as a writer Paul has had. His many articles and book reviews alone represent a formidable output, but when these are coupled with his nearly two dozen hardbound volumes of both fiction and non-fiction, then his achievement becomes even more awesome.

Not surprisingly, many awards and other

The Branding Iron

THE WESTERNERS
LOS ANGELES CORRAL

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THE BRANDING IRON solicits articles of 1,500 words or less, dealing with every phase of the Old West. Contributions from members and friends welcomed.

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THE MONTHLY ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER

One of the most popular events of the Westerners' year is the Rendezvous, and the 1979 celebration of this annual milestone more than lived up to the usual happy expectations. On a handsome California afternoon of the warmest variety, a tremendous crowd gathered again at the home of Past Sheriff Alden Miller, who is without a doubt the most gracious and hospitable of hosts. Guests consumed the authentic Indian fry bread served in the patio with thorough enjoyment and as fast as willing hands could prepare it! Under shady arbors, able and talented artists exhibiting their paintings of western scenes included Ben Abril, Arthur Beeman, Easy Cheno, Andrew Dagosta, Bill Edwards, and Juan Martinez. Ben demonstrated his artistic genius by producing in less than an hour a palette knife impressionistic canvas of a Mendocino church, truly a striking work of art. Wrangler boss Bill Warren and his hard-working helpers accomplished without a noticeable hitch the ticket selling, serving of refreshments in the saloon, and innumerable other jobs required to make the day run smoothly, and for this considerable feat our appreciation goes to wranglers Abe Hoffman, Jerry Selmer, Wade Kittell, Don Torguson, Bill Lorenz, Bill Burkhart, Jim Gulbranson, Frank Newton, Woody Wilson, and Victor Plukas. We are especially grateful, too, to Ray Nicholson for hauling in and setting up the sound equipment. Robert Zamboni again effectively coordinated the auction of items donated by corral members, well-assisted by Bob Scherrer, Ed Parker, and Robert Hoshide. After the auction, which was enlivened

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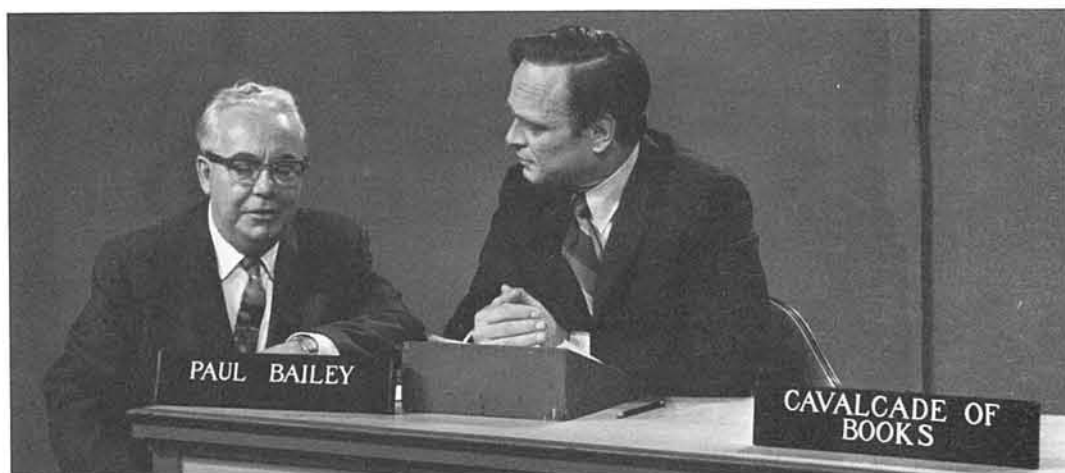
Paul Bailey, author of the prize-winning best-seller and book-club selection, *For Time and All Eternity*, is interviewed on network television, 1964.

forms of recognition have come his way. In 1964 *For Time and All Eternity* received the Los Angeles Press Club Doubleday Book Award as the best book written by a working newspaper man. The Golden Spur Award from the Western Writers of America went to *Claws of the Hawk* in 1966. And *Polygamy Was Better Than Monotony* received the Westerners International Co-Founder's Award for the best book on a western subject and locale in 1972. Most recently, Paul has been elected President of the Western Writers of America, a fitting honor for his literary contributions.

Creative talent, of course, helps to account for Paul's skill, success, and productivity, but lest we romanticize the world of the

author too much, let me point out that hard work and self-discipline are perhaps even more important. Year after year, for example, Paul Bailey would routinely rise at 5 a.m., sit down in front of his typewriter, turn out a thousand or so words, and only then leave for a full day's work at his office. In the inspiration — perspiration spectrum, sweat clearly prevailed.

A complete listing of this prolific author's work has never appeared, and it probably never will. Paul himself does not possess copies of many of the things he has written and, in fact, confesses to having forgotten the titles and subject matter of some of them. Let it be said, therefore, that the following checklist does not have pretensions of com-



Paul Bailey on television's CAVALCADE OF BOOKS, discussing *The Armies of God*, 1968.

pleteness, even though every effort has been made to track down and record each item. For the sake of greater convenience, the various entries have been categorized as fiction, non-fiction, essays, book reviews, memorials, and miscellaneous writing.

This checklist will undoubtedly be of some use to present and future collectors of Baileyana. More importantly however, it is my hope that an even greater body of readers will be drawn to the work of this remarkably talented author in whose writing I continually find such qualities as warmth, compassion, sensitivity, insight, intelligence, and humor — attributes which, incidentally, endearingly characterize the man himself.

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Corral Chips

Honorary Member *Horace Albright* discusses the early days of the National Park Service in a sprightly and informative interview in *Sierra*, a publication of the Sierra Club.

Taking time out from his usual summer's rustication in Cecilville, California, *Dwight Cushman* appears before the Genealogical Society of Siskiyou County for a talk on the "Highlights of Genealogy and Book Collecting."

The 19th Annual Conference of the Western History Association is held in San Diego with the Los Angeles Corral of The Westerners exceedingly well represented. Noted among the attendees are Active Members *Byron Bailey*, *Ray Billington*, *Art Clark*, *Paul Gal-leher*, *George Geiger*, *Everett Hager*, *Bill Hendricks*, *Abe Hoffman*, *Dutch Holland*, *John Jeffrey*, *Webster Jones*, *Phil Kavinick*, *Richard Mohr*, *Doyce Nunis*, *Rodman Paul*, *Dan Thrapp*; Associate Members *Todd Berens*, *Don Franklin*, *Bob Scherrer*; along with Corresponding Members *Katie Ainsworth*, *Robert Blew*, *Don Bufkin*, *Larry Burgess*, *Leland Case*, *Horace Dodd*, *Erl Ellis*, *John Gilchriese*, *Leroy Hafen*, *Anna Marie Hager*, *Father Barry Hagan*, *Gloria Lothrop*, and *Dick Yale*.

Los Angeles Corral members were not only much in evidence at the Western History Association convention, they also walked off with several notable honors. *Ray Wood* received the University of the Pacific-Philip Danielson Award for delivering the best talk before a Westerners group in 1978, a presentation given to our Corral on "Ina Coolbrith, California Poet Laureate and Librarian." The Western History Association also announced

creation of the *Ray Billington* prize to be awarded each year for the best article in any journal other than the *Western Historical Quarterly* (which has its own Oscar O. Winther prize) on the subject of frontier history.

Carl Dentzel journeys to Japan where he has an audience with the Emperor and receives a special invitation to visit the Emperor's private museum.

The Pasadena Star-News runs a feature story on *Clifford Drury*, noting the productivity of this distinguished author's career. Clifford, incidentally, has just finished his twenty-fourth book, *Chief Lawyer of the Nez Perce Indians*, published as Volume XIV in the Northwest Historical Series of the Arthur H. Clark Company.

C. M. Scott McMillan has returned from a month in Europe to take over as president-designate of the Department of the Mojave section of CAMP, the Council on Abandoned Military Posts, with an eye to revitalizing CAMP activities in this area. Any Westerner who is a member of CAMP (or would like to be) may contact Scott at his home regarding Department of the Mojave affairs for next year. The address is 7518 Kyle Street, Tujunga, 91042.

The *Eagle Rock Sentinel* publishes *Henry Welcome's* well-researched article on Tiburcio Vasquez, noting that the infamous outlaw was an occasional, not-so-welcome visitor in the Eagle Rock area.

Jack McCaskill's zeal and diligence in his collector's pursuit of old picture postcards is the subject of a fine article in the *Arcadia Tribune*.

The Summer 1979 issue of the *Southern California Quarterly* is rife with contributions by members of the Los Angeles Corral. In addition to an outstanding article by Associate Member *John Robinson* on "Colonel Edward J. C. Kewen: Los Angeles' Fire-Eating Orator of the Civil War," the issue also contains book reviews by both *Ray Wood* and by our new Associate Member *Don Pflueger*.

Associate Member *Victor Plukas* attends the Northern California Symposium of the Conference of California Historical Societies meeting in Livermore. Victor presently serves as the Co-Chairman of the Conference's Ways and Means Committee.

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Benefactors of the Colorado Springs FINE ARTS CENTER

Homer E. & Helen Ross Britzman

by Robert O. Potts

Some of the finest artifacts in the collections of the Fine Arts Center — from the works of Charles Marion Russell and Nicoli Fechin — were given by Homer and Helen Britzman.

While Helen was a Colorado native, Homer was born in Missouri in 1901, but the family moved to Colorado Springs early in his life. His father worked for the Midland Railroad, and they lived at 220 North Walnut St. Homer attended West Junior and Main High schools.

By high school time, Homer stood 6 ft. 6 inches, which earned him the title "Biggest Man in Interscholastic Basket Ball!" He was team captain at Main High in 1918 of both the football and basket ball teams. Scholastically he did well on the debating team and was Senior Class president. Homer had a bachelor's degree from Colorado University before earning a Master's in Journalism from Michigan.

While an underclassman at Boulder, he married his high school sweetheart Helen Ross, who lived at 1308 West Colorado Ave. Her father worked for the Gazette newspaper, and Helen attended Buena Vista, West Jr. and Main High. Neither of these families was affluent, so the fortune that they accumulated, they did it together.

After college, Homer joined Mountain States Telephone and was assigned to the El Paso Texas district. By the time he was transferred back to Colorado, he was advancing to top executive status. During his travels he met Charles and Nancy Russell in Montana. He visited in their Great Falls home many times. His fascination for Russell's story telling, paintings and sculptures contributed to his love for western Americana, and his desire to help preserve the record of the west of the pioneers, in words, pictures and sculpture.

Homer's involvement in the oil business first in the Rio Grande Oil Company and later as an officer of the Richfield Oil Company made a financial base enabling them to make their formidable collections of art.

Through the years the Britzmans maintained their friendship with Nancy Russell, who after Charles' death in 1926 had moved to the home they had planned together, and which Charlie had named "Trail's End". After Nancy's death, Homer and Helen purchased this home and the contents, in 1943. It is in Pasadena at 725 Michigan Avenue. In this purchase they obtained many personal items, not all art as such, but significant among collections of the works of the famous man. Notable were clay and wax sculptures which had never been cast into bronze. Homer selected 12 of these and had them cast into 12 reproductions each. Among the personal possessions were Charlie's "Sunday spurs", silver mounted bridle, chaps and his favorite Colt 45 nickle plated revolver, with the intriguing jingle carved into the bone grips. This jingle named his favorite weapon "The Equalizer".

From this Pasadena location, Homer issued the publications of his Trail's End Press. This included his own writings, among which is a biography of Charles M. Russell. Also, Russell's own "Rawhide Rawlings" stories, Western writers such as M. I. McCreight, Karl Yost, Frank Marion King, Hill & Forrest; he printed reproductions of paintings and drawings of Russell and Nicoli Fechin.

Homer's commanding appearance and polished manners made him at ease in any society. Helen enjoyed entertaining, and so their Pasadena home was a favorite gathering place for the current film colony. Such stars as Gary Cooper, William S. Hart, Noah Beery, Jr. and his father Noah Beery Sr. were frequent guests.

Homer's fervent desire to preserve the record of Western Americana in word, picture and bronze, made another important accomplishment on Dec. 3, 1946. Due principally to his planning and promoting, an organizational meeting was held at Trail's End, Homer being the host. Patterned after the Chicago Westerners group, the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners was formed, and Homer Britzman was the first Sheriff. With regularly scheduled meetings, a publication "The Branding Iron" was begun. Its thrust is to keep alive interest and awareness of the old west, its romance and historical values.

By the 1950s, the Brizmans were thinking of retirement. Though Homer's energies had lately turned to publishing and art collecting, he dreamed of returning home to the Pikes Peak region, where he could continue with his writing, and with his publishing business. Helen came out and began the remodeling of property they owned at Palmer Lake. Before things were completed, Homer's health began to fail. After a period of confinement, he died October 13, 1953. He was buried Oct. 17 in Colorado Springs, Evergreen Cemetery. He was 52.

During Nicoli Fechin's years in Taos N. Mex. (1926-1936) Homer and Helen knew him. They were fond of the Taos area, and spent many happy hours visiting with Fechin on his small ranch a few miles from town. He painted a portrait of Helen, which she has given to a relative. It is evident from the several fine wood sculptures and the paintings and drawings in the Britzman Collection, that he was one of Helen's favorite artists.

Colorado Springs is indeed fortunate that Helen followed through and moved "back home" in the late 1950s. She purchased a residence at 2212 West Colorado Avenue, not far from the schools of her childhood days. During the 1960s, assisted by her sister Elizabeth, she operated a gallery and store at 2815 W. Colorado. Here she marketed Trail's End Press books and the reproductions of Fechin and Russell paintings and drawings.

Helen was a world traveler. Extensively in the Orient as well as Europe, she experienced the cultures of many countries. But when she considered settling down, she chose her Colo-

rado Springs to finish out her life. This generous lady has forever blessed her fellow citizens with the gift of the Britzman Collection.

After a prolonged period of poor health she died Oct. 2, 1974, and is interred at Evergreen Mausoleum in Colorado Springs.

Correspondence from Patagonia

During the past nineteen years I have been living in Arizona. I was smogged out, taxed out and trafficed out of Altadena. I had called California my home since 1907. I miss all of you hombres and now and then see some of you. Pidge Berry drops in once in a while; haven't seen "Dirty Finger Jake" alias that jack-Morman, Paul Bailey now and then at meetings of Western Writers of America and have heard from others but *desdichadamente* many of my old friends and acquaintances M. R. Harrington, Tim McCoy, Don Perceval, Percy Bonebrake, Holling C. Holling, F. W. Hodge — the roll call is endless — have shoved off their canoes on that long last voyage — to say I miss them is an understatement. At 81 I'm still enjoying studying, rushing the growler, in a sense, and planning on more work. We just returned from a four month's stay in England. We, Barby and I, have crossed the pond now four or five times and each time we find more things to do. These past months we have lived in a small English town, Melton Mowbray in Leicestershire in the Midlands — and, oh, the pubs. I miss the pints in the *Grape*, the *Crown*, *White Lion*, the *Fox* as well as *The Trip to Jerusalem* in Nottingham. Only it wasn't a trip but an old inn cut out of the base of the sandstone ledge upon which the castle of Nottingham is situated. This inn was the 'Trypp' or 'stopping place' of the knights who went on the crusade to Jerusalem in medieval times. All in all we have enjoyed our travels. Now, I'm feeling better than in years. Once more I'm going to tackle the writing game. One day I hope to come to a Westerners' meeting in *Nuestro Pueblo de Los Angeles* — if I can make it thru the smog and traffic. *Saludes!* to all my *amigos*.

Art Woodward

Corral Chips...

C. M. *Larry Burgess* has recently been appointed Adjunct Associate Professor in the Department of History at the University of California Riverside where he will teach occasional classes in graduate programs on Historical Resources Management. Larry also publishes an article on Fred Perris for the Annual of the San Bernardino City Historical Society called *Heritage Tales*.

James S. Fassero, Los Angeles Corral's own astro-physics scientist, has spent most of the summer and a good part of the fall bedfast, and hospitalized — a much too frequent occurrence in this enthusiastic Westerner's life. It was during *Jim's* twenty-year sojourn at Cal-Tech, where he had a great part in the design and fashioning of the Palomar telescopes, that Jim first joined Los Angeles Corral. To the old-timers he is remembered as one member who appreciated his membership by assiduous attendance at meetings, and participating actively in talks, writings and help. Some years after he joined Nortronics in space capsule and space optics engineering, he was forced into open heart surgery. Since then he has been in and out of the hospital. But always in between surgery and medical incapacitations, he has striven to make up attendance at the Corral he so dearly loves. These last months' sojourn at the Harbor Community Hospital have left him with impaired functioning of the left side. Those who know *Jim* will realize what a sneaky blow this can be to such a man. While he recuperates at his home from this one, and looks forward to again walking into a Corral meeting, he probably would appreciate a note or card from those of us who remember him.

Finally, among the newly elected officers of the Los Angeles Collegium of Western Art are Associate Member *Cornell Norby*, President; *Phil Kavinick*, Vice-President; and *Tom McNeill*, Secretary.

Monthly Roundup...

by expert auctioneers Hugh Tolford, Glen Dawson, and Bill Kimes — and at which Ben Abril's Mendocino impression went for an outstanding price — the aroma of barbecuing steaks lured by now hungry Westerners to a delicious repast under the trees in Al's front yard. Honoring Past Sheriff Don Meadows, a member of the Los Angeles Corral since 1950, proved the highlight of the evening. In his inimitable oratorical style, Paul Bailey extolled Don's accomplishments for and contributions to the corral over the past 29 years and presented him, on behalf of all, a plaque in token of both friendship and the deep admiration, affection, and appreciation in which Westerners hold him.

OCTOBER

"The Builders and Designers of the California Missions," a surprisingly appealing and infrequently dealt with topic, was presented by Norman Neuerburg, Professor of Art History at California State University at Dominguez Hills, in a talk illustrated with slides. Neither missionaries nor military, neither colonists from Mexico nor the occasional European who arrived in California to stay, appear to have been responsible for the amazingly sophisticated design occasionally manifested on the mission structures. The Indians were indeed the builders, in that they supplied the labor force; but none of them would have known how to design a building, let alone endow it with any specific architectural style! Since no construction plans or drawings of the missions exist today, the identity of their real designers remains a tantalizing mystery. For example, Norman showed a slide of Mission San Carlos Borromeo at Carmel and another of a church in San Blas which bore striking similarities to each other in the star-shaped windows over their front doors and in their towers. He conjectured that these two structures were designed by the same person, one Manuel Ruiz, an architect originally from Guadalajara. He also stressed that the facade of Mission Santa Barbara reflects a popular structural theme of the period, and that he

(Continued on Page Fifteen)

HELP WANTED

(to open an empire)

by Willis Blenkinsop

Men were scarce around St. Louis in the spring of 1823. Good ones were almost impossible to find. So to recruit the manpower needed for his fur trapping expedition, W. H. Ashley placed a help wanted advertisement in the *Missouri Republican* of January 15, 1823. It read:

For the Rocky Mountains

THE subscribers wish to engage One Hundred MEN, to ascend the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains, there to be employed as Hunters. As a compensation to each man, fit for such business, *two hundred dollars per annum* will be given for his services, as aforesaid. For particulars apply to J V GARNIER or W H ASHLEY at St. Louis. The expedition will set out from St. Louis on or before the 1st day of March next.

Jan 15 Ashley & Henry

Just how "fit for such business" those who responded would be was a gamble Ashley would have to take, for many of those who read the advertisement (and there were many who could not) were "found in grog Shops and other sinks of degredation" along the St. Louis riverfront. Yet, paradoxically, in this rag-tag remnant of the current labor market were those who would help slender, middle-aged William Henry Ashley revolutionize the Rocky Mountain fur trade and secure a vast and virtually unknown region for the then twenty United States of America.

Although Ashley had already proven himself an astute business man, a competent Lieutenant Governor of Missouri and General in the Missouri militia, failure had often undermined his plans for wealth and prestige.

Only a year earlier the treacherous Missouri River had claimed one of his keelboats and \$10,000 worth of trade goods. But despite

this misfortune, he and his partner, Andrew Henry, had built a trading post far to the north at the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Now their success depended largely upon the response to Ashley's advertisement — in a business where the lure of sudden wealth was always tempered with the prospect of sudden death.

None-the-less, on March 10, 1823, Ashley's two keelboats loaded with men and trade goods headed up the intractable Missouri bound for the post on the Yellowstone. There Ashley planned to join his partner, his complement of trappers and 24-year-old Jedediah Smith whom he considered a "very intelligent and confidential young man."

Almost three months and 1,400 river miles later, the expedition approached the two villages of the Arikara Indians. The Arikaras, or Rees as they were called, had long been unpredictable. Eighteen years earlier Lewis and Clark had passed their villages unmolested. Only the previous year Ashley had encountered no difficulty, after, of course, paying the customary tribute.

Now he noted with suspicion that their mud huts strategically located along the riverbank had recently been fortified with a row of log pickets. As a precaution, he moored the two keelboats in midstream. At nightfall he dispatched about forty of his hunters and trappers ashore to a spit of sandy beach. Ashley and his boatmen remained aboard. The current lapped peacefully against the hull — in contrast to the throb of drums in the Indian villages.

Early the next morning one of his men clambered aboard. "General!" the man shouted. "The Rees have killed Aaron Stephens!"

Ashley bounded to his feet, fearful of further treachery. But should he commit his command of about a hundred men to almost certain failure against a force of more than 500 warriors, presumably well armed and ready for battle? The question was answered



The Keel-boat in the Fur Trade about 1810.

for him when puffs of gunsmoke billowed out from behind the Indians' barricade of log pickets.

Bullets whined overhead, gouged up splats of sand on the beach. Then the Rees found the range. Twelve of the men ashore were killed outright, three died later, and nine others were wounded. Though openly exposed and shaking with the fright of greenhorns, the men fought with the courage and tenacity of veterans.

Ashley, still aboard the keel boat, yelled to his head boatman: "Culver! Launch the skiffs! Pick up the men on shore!"

Culver looked over his panic-stricken crew. "It's no use, General. The boatmen refuse to budge."

"Then cut the cables!"

When the boats edged nearer shore, the crew picked up survivors who were retreating into the river. Drifting downstream, they found protection in a patch of timber several miles below the Ree villages.

The battle (if it could be called that) lasted less than half an hour, but it was unquestionably another disaster for Ashley. Yet in a very real way it changed the westward course of empire.

With the river route to fur country virtually closed, Ashley resolved to abandon traditional methods. No longer would he rely upon Indians to bring furs into trading posts located along the principal waterways. Instead, his men would do their own trapping and he would send them westward in search of new fur-bearing regions. But what of that immense expanse across the plains, through the Rocky Mountains and the land beyond?

President Thomas Jefferson had recognized

the significance of this *Great Unknown*. John Colter, after leaving Lewis and Clark on their return journey, had explored parts of it. Many thought his descriptions of mountains that pierced the clouds and springs that spewed boiling water were the tales of a man gone mad.

To sustain his men in this almost unknown wilderness, Ashley decided that he would send in supplies and trade goods by pack train to some pre-arranged place or rendezvous. Here his men would gather once each year to exchange their furs for another year's trapping equipment and other necessities. The same pack train would take the fur harvest back to St. Louis.

The site selected for this annual gathering was usually some open valley or "hole" in the mountains where abundant pasture, wild game, and space for a large encampment were available. Pierre's Hole (today's Teton Basin in Idaho) and the valley above Ogden, Utah, were favored places. Each succeeding year saw the rendezvous grow bigger and bawdier.

The promise of seeing new faces, renewing old friendships, days and nights of singing, dancing, gambling and contests of strength and horsemanship drew hundreds of Indians as well as white trappers.

And who cared if the raw alcohol that The Company bought in St. Louis for 15 cents a gallon cost six dollars a pint here in the mountains? And who cared about a few packs of stinking beaver skins? You couldn't eat them or drink them. And you sure as tarnation couldn't make love to them.

So a year's pent-up energies were soon dissipated in continuous rounds of uninhib-

ited wenching, bride-buying and counting coup on good times past as well as times fraught with danger ("... I mind the time up on the Popo Agie them varmints comes swarmin' . . ."). When the party was over, the trapper had usually squandered more than his credit in beaver pelts buying drinks for companions and trinkets for Indian women. Broke and in debt, he faced another year of wading in icy streams with little to remind him of his good time except a skull-banging hangover.

Ashley's concept of the fur fair or rendezvous was not entirely new, but his innovations soon made "Ashley methods," "Ashley beaver" and "Ashley profits" superlatives in the vocabulary of the fur trade. And "Ashley men" became the elite inner core of a new breed — the mountain men.

As the trade flourished, the mountain men (Ashley's men and their successors) became the agents of a ruthless commerce in a land where men lived, fought and died for beaver skins. Mere survival was ample evidence of success.

Survival depended upon many things: adapting to all the subtle changes of environment, the acquisition of total skill. A mountain man had to read sign — a branch floating down a stream (was it the work of a beaver, an Indian or another trapper?), buffalo moving with their tails instead of their noses into the wind, an animal in some unnatural place or posture, birds too noisy or too quiet — what must his next move be? He had to know instantly.

To live in some semblance of comfort he dressed like an Indian; in blankets, robes, buckskin and moccasins. He ate like an Indian; never less than six to eight pounds of meat a day when obtainable. He thought like an Indian often supplicating the demons of the wild, making medicine and interpreting omens.

Jim Beckwourth, the notorious mulatto who became a Crow chieftain, once said that an Indian can never become a white man but a white man easily becomes an Indian.

As time is measured historically, the changes were rapid; changes that profoundly affected the commerce, the land and the people — a far cry from the boatload of greenhorns who

fought alongside Ashley that summer of 1823.

Ashley had advertised for help. He received it in abundance. The men his want-ad recruited turned his disasters into triumphs of incalculable value. Never had one man commanded such a motley yet distinguished group.

Among them was Ashley's "confidential young man," Jedediah Smith, who, unlike most of his contemporaries, quartered the West with a rifle in one hand, a bible in the other. He was one of the first to traverse South Pass, the gateway through the Rocky Mountains over which one of the greatest mass migrations in history would find the way West. He was one of the first to see the vast inland sea shining in the desert sun, later to be called Great Salt Lake. On the first of his two incredible journeys to California, he arrived at San Gabriel mission on November 27, 1826, the first American to reach the Pacific from the interior West.

And there was David Jackson who left his name below the Tetons on one of the most sublimely beautiful spots on earth, Jackson's Hole.

Indians across almost half a continent knew lean, lanky Bill Sublette as Cut-Face. History does not record how or when he sustained the cut, but the swath he cut through the Rocky Mountain fur trade left a permanent scar on his ruthless competitor, John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company. He selected the strategic site and erected the first buildings at the great north-south, east-west intersection of Indian trails near the mouth of the Laramie River. A later generation of horse soldiers and emigrants would



Trappers leaving their hunting grounds.



The summer Rendezvous.

know it as Fort Laramie, a symbol of strength and sustenance 667 miles beyond the last outpost of civilization. And although Bill was the unequalled master of pack train travel, he was the first to prove the worth of wagons on the westward overland trail.

In dealing with Indians, using either the peace pipe or a rifle, Thomas Fitzpatrick had few if any peers. His understanding of them and their confidence in him spearheaded the work of early artists, scientists, missionaries and military men. As Indian agent in the latter part of his career, his service was invaluable. His command of English, remarkable in a class of men generally illiterate, made his reports a clear record of the problems and conditions of his time. Tom led Fremont and other subsidized "Pathfinders" over routes he had known by heart for a decade and more.

And, of course, there was the inimitable Jim Bridger, Mr. Mountain Man himself. Meekness was not one of Jim's attributes, and his contact with writers and journalists (a dubious blessing most of his contemporaries missed) did nothing to suppress his reputation. Half of the West appears to be named after him. Rightfully so. He spent a lifetime learning to survive in a wilderness of almost a million square miles and a

business where skullduggery had been honed to an edge by experts.

Small wonder then, that when the action and the glamour of the early days wore off, "Old Gabe" became the Indispensable Man. His advice and knowledge guided saints and scoundrels, armies and families to new opportunities in a land that to them was as challenging as it had been to him two decades earlier.

So these were a few of the men who challenged the Great Unknown. In their relentless search for beaver pelts they fought their way up every mountain creek to the edge of melting snow, through the passes, over the divides, into new country beyond. And always westward. Exploration was the fortuitous by-product of their livelihood.

Then, as their names began to settle on the geography of the West, their era ended. Newcomers invaded the field in ever-increasing numbers. Silk replaced the soft underfur of the beaver for making hats. The price of beaver plummeted. In a desperate attempt to preserve the business, liquor was used in the trade more than ever. Debauched and shamelessly cheated, the once-proud Indian, erstwhile friend of the white man, became a resentful enemy instead of an ally.

By this time the mountain man's path up

the valley of the Platte and into the broken lands beyond became the great central route to the Pacific — a road wagons could cross carrying families hungering for a home. They knew it as the Oregon Trail.

Within the span of a single lifetime the respondents to Ashley's help wanted ad saw their world topple about them. In the end it was they who needed help, for they had, unwittingly, destroyed the lonely majesty of the life they had created. But in so doing they opened an empire that would end only when it reached the shore of the western sea.



Monthly Roundup...

has discovered the identical design in Spain, as well as obvious parallels in such diverse places as Russia, Italy, and Maryland. It was the typical neoclassical church facade.

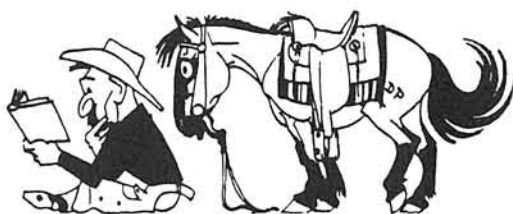
NOVEMBER

By means of comment and the showing of slides, Paul Benisek, Art Curator of the Santa Fe Railway, showed Corral members samplings of their collection of some 630 oil paintings of the American Southwest. The collection was established in 1896 by W. H. Simpson, the advertising manager of the time. His job was to alert the public to the beautiful scenery along the Santa Fe route, and it is not surprising that he lit on the idea of having artists paint it and then using their works in colorful brochures and calendars. The railroad helped to nurture and sustain two colonies of artists — Taos and Santa Fe — almost forty years following their founding. Often lodging, transportation for the family and meals were traded for works of art. The first Santa Fe calendar was first printed in 1907 and there after was chief among the very few early patrons of western art. In time the collection has grown and the paintings have been displayed in ticket offices, executive offices, and in travel brochures. The program was a treat as few have seen examples of the collection together in one place. Nearly 150 members and guests were in attendance.

Corresponding Members Welcomed by Corral

The Westerners Los Angeles Corral welcomes the following new Corresponding members:

Stuart Horwitz, Santa Monica
Dove Menkes, Fullerton
Elmar E. Taylor, Orange
Rob Hixson, Newport Beach
Tom K. Enman, Laguna Beach
Philip V. King, Van Nuys



DOWN THE WESTERN BOOK TRAIL ...

Water for the West: The Bureau of Reclamation, 1902-1977, by Michael C. Robinson. Chicago: Public Works Historical Society, 1979. Illustrated, 117 pp. Paper, \$6.00.

Reclamation in the West has in recent years emerged as an important area for study and research. Although significant articles and monographs have appeared, and a special issue of *Pacific Historical Review* was devoted to the subject, a general historical survey has long been needed. Robinson's *Water for the West* goes far in filling that need. It examines the problems and controversies that have confronted the Bureau in its 75-year existence and does not hesitate to assess shortcomings as well as accomplishments. Much of the success of Robinson's book seems to be due to the large number of academic historians, public works professionals, and reclamationists who reviewed the book for "factual and interpretive accuracy." The end result is much more than an institutional study of the accomplishments of the Bureau of Reclamation. The book also examines shifts in federal policy, the concerns of environmentalists, and the demands of succeeding generations of Western farmers, from pioneering settlers to modern agribus-

iness corporations, who have worked the reclaimed lands of the arid West.

Although Robinson is not writing a history of reclamation, he devotes considerable space to the issues surrounding the creation of the Reclamation Service and its development and expansion to the status of a major federal agency. He divides the 75-year history of the Bureau into four phases: the origins of reclamation, the irrigation age of 1902-1927, multiple-purpose triumphs from 1928-1952, and changing times, 1952-1977. We see the growth of the agency from its beginnings as an offshoot of the U.S. Geological Survey to its reorganization as the Bureau of Reclamation in 1923, the development of multiple-purpose planning in the 1930's, the threats to the Bureau's operations from private power companies and agribusiness corporations. Along the way the Bureau received praise for its engineering accomplishments, criticism for its positions on acreage limitations, and opposition from cost-cutting politicians. Failure of the Teton Dam in 1976 caused reevaluation of the Bureau's review process, and at present the Bureau is in a period of reorganization and transition as it attempts to balance future needs of water users while recognizing environmental concerns.

This book is illustrated with numerous photographs and features an excellent index and bibliography. It should serve well as an introduction to the Bureau of Reclamation's work in its goal "to conserve and manage water in the public interest."

—Abraham Hoffman

The Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest, by Russ and Anne Johnson. (With an appendix, *Aspects of Research*, by C. W. Ferguson). 1970. 10th ed., 1978. Chalfant Press, Bishop, CA 93514. 64 pp. paper (no price given).

This small guide book to the Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest, located on the upper slopes of the White Mountain Range, in Mono and Inyo Counties, is primarily a guide to the Forest itself, but being well illustrated and well written it serves as an excellent introduction to the subject of the pines themselves, their extreme

longevity, and the science of dendrochronology, or the science of determining the age of living trees by core sampling, as well as of deducing climatic conditions, year by year, for past centuries.

The book is marred by its insistence on proclaiming the bristlecone pines as "the oldest known living things," a statement repeated several times in the booklet. No mention is made of any other tree claimant to an equal or greater longevity, which is unfortunate, since only a few miles away there exist several ancient trees of the species *J. occidentalis*, or Western Juniper, at least one of which, the "Bennett Juniper" of Tuolumne County, "is scientifically estimated to be over 6000 years old, the oldest living thing on earth," according to an article in *Pony Express*, Vol. XXII, no. 7 (December 1955), p. 1. The bristlecone pines, at least those still living, are not believed to be much over 4000 years old. This present review is not the place to argue the respective merits of the claims for greater longevity of either species, but it ill becomes the publisher of what appears to be an official, or at least a scientifically oriented, guide book, to ignore rival claims to longevity, and to state apodictically that these trees are "the oldest known."

—Raymund F. Wood

A Treasury of Western Folklore by B. A. Botkin, 613 pages, Crown, \$9.95.

From the Great Plains to the Pacific Northwest, eminent folklorist B. A. Botkin traces traditions and tall tales in *A Treasury of Western Folklore*. Anecdotes, yarns, local amusements and lovely ballads are collected here as well as ethnic stories and early newspaper reports.

Botkin presents sagas about such popular figures as Billy the Kid, Judge Roy Bean, Calamity Jane, Black Bart and Joaquin Murietta. The miners and the Gold Rush sheriffs and outlaws, lumberjacks, sailors and cowboys are also discussed. There is even a section on Indian humor. This richly rewarding anthology will fascinate readers from cover to cover.

—Jeff Nathan