

Appears in Clamper Plaque Book, 1995 edition. Printed with special permission of Yerba Buena Redivivus No. 1. Original painting at the Huntington Library, Collection of XSNGH Sid Platford.

THE ARMS OF ECV

Quartering of 1. Sable, a clamp or, debruised by a baton sinister gules, for Clamp-Bastard.

The Escutcheon: 2. Or, a jackass sable balled of the first. For the state of wellness.
3. Or, guttee de sang, a heart gules. For a heart bleeding for all Widows.
4. Sable, a record book proper. For Grand Noble Recorder.

The crest: Issuant from the wreath of the colors, an arm coupled at the shoulder proper, and over it, on an escrol, the word "Satisfactory."

Supporters: Dexter, a Clamper proper, holding in his hand a bottle of "Taos Lightning."

Motto: CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM, which is also the motto of the Order.

For those who find the foregoing obscure (or opaque) the following glossary may be elucidating.

<i>Baton.</i>	A diagonally placed stick or staff one fourth as wide as a bend and coupé at both ends used as an abatement in a coat of arms to denote illegitimacy.
<i>Coupé.</i>	Cut off from the body or cut at both ends so as not to touch the edges of the shield.
<i>Debruised.</i>	Any charge with an ordinary (in this case a baton) placed over it is said to be debruised.
<i>Dexter.</i>	The side of the shield to the right of the bearer and to the left of the viewer.
<i>Escutcheon.</i>	Either whole coat of arms or the field, usually in the shape of a shield, upon which the arms are painted.
<i>First.</i>	The first tincture, or color, mentioned in the description of that particular quartering.
<i>Gules.</i>	Red.
<i>Guttee de sang.</i>	Guttee, a field sprinkled with drops, in this case, de sang, of blood.
<i>Proper.</i>	In natural aspect and coloring.
<i>Quartering.</i>	The division of an escutcheon containing different coats of arms into four or more compartments.
<i>Sable.</i>	Black.
<i>Sinister.</i>	The side of the shield to the left of the bearer and to the right of the viewer.

(From a keepsake by Hobart "Ik" Lovett, Grand Council Archivist and NGR Yerba Buena Redivivus Capitulus No. 1, 1969; designed and printed by Clamper George Hawkins, Jr.)

At the Hall of Comparative Anatomy
Jan. 10, 1935

Ignatius, Ah, Ignatius:

Enclosed is a tentative program for
the Annual Inidwinter Rampage of
Chapter Redivivus, from which you will
see that you are scheduled for the
most important performance. The
thing is all built around the ancient
narrative recently turned up by Hon.
Sweet Sun, that of the ^{intrepid} Chinese Explorer
Hi Lai (pronounced He Lie), who first
discovered the land of Jum Shan (now
called California) when, on a voyage in
the Yellow Sea, a cockroach crawled

into his compass, and, expunging
it to point in the opposite direction, and
so misguided the ancient navigator that,
under the impression that he was sailing
west to his celestial anchorage, he sailed
eastward instead, and landed at
Monterey, exactly 1500 years ago.

To a reading of this Tremendous tale
is prefaced an account of how the
lusty Vituscan Fathers Hierodorus,
Stomachus and Bellicus had previously
carried to China the doctrines & principles
of that great Hon. Order, which Hi Pai
took on across the Great Ocean & inoculated
into the widows of Jun Shan - The
other items on the program speak for
themselves, & I'm sure that with this
background you will be able to
produce a moving masterpiece of
rhetoric that will conclude the program
like a clash of Chinese cymbals.

We consider you the cornerstone
of our Junshanian Temple, and
count upon your coming with a goodly
crowd of Platikes.

J. Gray, C.N.P.

P.S. Douglas told me today that I had been
nominated to succeed you on the Board of Directors
of the C. H. S. Needless to say I feel flattered, but
I wish we could be serving together. I'd belong here & you
must come back. Meanwhile don't think that I
forget the cause cause of all the satisfaction and
pleasure that I have had & continue to have through the
contacts that you made for me. C.E.

Celebrate
GOLD RUSH RENIVAL

AND

Annual Convention of *E. Clampus Vitus*
JUNE 1 AND 2, 1935 AUBURN, CALIFORNIA

H.C.O.

Auburn, California April 10th 1935

G. Ezra Dane, G.N.R.,
Balfour Bldg.,
San Francisco, California.

Dear George:

Yours of the 9th contains to my mind the most inspiring suggestion yet made for the promotion of interest and the preserving of the traditions for which our order stands. I refer to making the Placer Herald official organ of E.C.V. What would be more appropriate than to choose the oldest paper in California to chronicle and record our endeavors for the benefit of posterity? I have only one amendment to offer to the suggestion. Why limit the subscription to two months? Surely if our order is to flourish and prosper its activities must be more than spasmodic. Subscription price is only \$1.50 per year. This could be added to the initiation fee of each new member, or added to dues (if any). Or perhaps the chapter could stand a portion and the subscribing member a portion.

I think your idea for the stage show a splendid one. Don't forget the goat. We are preparing a prologue to precede the comedy along more serious and sentimental lines - campfire scene with miners, gamblers, etc. - possibly a recitation of Bret Harte's "Dickens in Camp" - a song or two. Some fair writers are working on it. Let us have your MS as soon as possible - also photo of Clampatriarch and life sketch.

Do not call No. 3 nameless in the Curious Book of Clampus. Let it go as Lord Douglas in the Book and in some subsequent edition it can be changed.

Regarding your Sunday trip. I suppose you will leave on Saturday. Why not stay here as my guest? Kelsey is only 28 miles by way of Georgetown. I have a bed for you and will get some back numbers of the Herald for your perusal.

Yours truly erred in the letter to the Clampatriarch - the date for the theater show, which we are calling the "Gold Rush Prevue" is set for May 9th and 10th.

I enclose a few clippings from current issues of the Herald and also copies of ancient clippings.

Until Saturday - Clampatriotically,

Follow The Gold Trail To Auburn : : There's A Pot of Gold At The Rainbow's End

Harry
H. S. FURLONG,
C. V.

HSF:EH Encs.



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CLAMPUS



VITUS — *

Selfan Bldg., P.F.
Apr. 11, 1935

Carl J. Wheat,
Visitador General de F.C.V.

Sir: The activity of Chapter Redivivus and of Lord Douglas Chapter No. 3 of Auburn and Quivira Chap. No. 4 of Santa Fe more than compensates for the moribund condition of Platte Chapter. Consider:

① Mr. Farley (per 2d act) has just approved the detailed plan for pony express Ephie to Auburn as outlined in our petition.

② Next issue Pony Express Carrier is to be devoted entirely to F.C.V.

③ We are adopting the ancient Platte Herald as official organ of the Order, & every member whose address we have will receive it for 2 mos free of cost, with reports of progress.


④ The Nomenclature Committee has just completed a liberious remedy entitled GOLD FROM OFFICE, which Lord Douglas Chapter is to perform at Auburn

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Coffroth
(over)

P.S.
Please send pictures San Francisco
back anyway. June 7/35

Dear Supreme A.G.H. of the Universe:—
Received your lovely letter with pictures
enclosed, for which many, many thanks, and
they sure are fine.

I hope we will all see many more such
times as they certainly are a fine lot of men
and it puts new life in all of us to meet
together.

The folks want to have some of the pictures
enlarged, will you let us have the negatives
of the pictures enclosed, and if you want to
keep them we will send them back to you
would like the ones of the pictures enclosed.
Have got another relic of the old days, it is
the staff of relief that Sheriff Bush stole or
bought from some Sodge, but we had it as far
back as 1878, it is a cane with big knots on it
looks something like this.  It sure would be
tough for the Candidate, I thought it was gone so said
nothing about it, but the same lady that saved my
hat found it and sent it to me, I took it down
to Jane and he sure was delighted. as ever
your sincere friend
A. L. Moon
1518-21st Ave

CLAMPUS

VITUS — *



CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. 1
Hall of Comparative Ovations

Balfour Bogg
San Francisco
June 10, 1935

Dear Carl:

Your tip as to Stutler is a hot one. We will get back to the original clampus yet. And the farther we go the better it gets. The Clampusian has offered to write a history of the Order if we will supply him with the material. The old man has nothing else to do, and judging by his contribution to the Enigmatical Book of Vitus, he might produce something rich. He came in three times to the office today, while I was out, just to show me your letter to him, which had touched his heart. The old man merely loves you. He has now obtained the original STAFF OF RELIEF from Sigh-era City, and it is a thing to inspire awe in the most important candle date - manzanita, with clusters of gnarly knots, and the candidate is told, say the

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Coffroth

theatre on May 10, 1935 - which is ^{to be} Campers' night in Auburn. The Campaticerch will be present and will issue 50 ft charter.

⑤ The Curious Book of Campus is about to go to press, and will be a classic.

⑥ The F.C.V. expedition to the Gobi Desert is now being equipped, and Dr. Chas. L. Camp, the Grand Capt., promises frequent reports as to the ~~material~~ evidences of ancient Camper organizations in the interior of Asia.

I enclose list of Peabodies on which I have checked those whose addresses I have. Can you help with any of the others?

How I would like to go with you & the Boys to the Hopi Country you can well imagine, and how impossible it is you will know. You should have a good time.

Can you send any Camper material for the carrier? Let us have a message at least. Probably they will print your intro. to the Book of Virtues.

If you get as far as Santa Fe be sure to look up the N.G.H., Jesse L. Musbaum of the Lab. of Anthropology, or the B.N.R., E. Dana Johnson, Ed. of the Santa Fe New Mexican.

Campatically,
C. Fry

Clampat March, "If you take it to this knot, you will be relieved of half your dues, but if you go to this knot (the top) you will be made an honorary member, and never have to pay any dues as long as you live." It is then handed to the candidate, who does as he has seen done and receives the enlightening traditional instruction. Permission might possibly be obtained to send this hallowed relic to Peabody Chapter for one of its forthcoming functions.

I am writing to Stutler and will see that he gets one of the Enigmatical books, and any miscellaneous extra material that I can find. I hope that he rides through.

It was really a great get-together at Ophi, despite drawbacks. We are getting better organized now, and it looks as though the stamp business, properly handled, will finance a lot of fun in the future.

Clampatically,

J. Ezra.

P.S. Thanks muchly for the snaps. They have been deposited in the archives.

E CLAMPUS VITUS

CAPITULUS PLATRIXI IN EXILIO

Hall of Comparative Ovations
Pueblo de Nuestia Senora
la Reina de Los Angeles de
Porciuneola

October 8, 1935.

Esteemed Clampolitie Brother:

The first Pilgrimage to the Diggin's of this Chapter of E Clampus Vitus will take place over the November 11th week-end, at which time we will join with members of Yerba Buena Chapter on a historiferous frolic at that greatest and most interesting of Ghost Cities, the justly renounced one-time silver camp of Panamint.

Panamint is located at the head of Surprise Canyon, in a great pink amphitheater, beyond the head-wall of which lies Death Valley. To the north rises the formidable nassif of the Panamint Range with Telescope Peak as its master mountain. No more remarkable location is to be found in all the west.

Panamint may be reached by automobile via Mojave, Trona and Ballarat, thence to Surprise Canyon, at the mouth of which is Cris Wich's ranch. From there the last six miles is steep and a light car is to be preferred over a heavy one. The entire trip can easily be made in around ten hours from Los Angeles.

There are no hotels, nor any inhabitants, at Panamint - only ruins full of fascination. So you must take your own blankets or sleeping bags, and sufficient food for all meals. It is suggested that groups of three to four Clampers get together and form their own mess, since a combined commissariat appears to be impracticable. Several members are planning to take along their sons of high-school age, and if you have such a boy, bring him with you. Also, bring along some Poor Blind Candidate for inspection by the Brethren.

The San Francisco contingent plans to meet us at Panamint not later than five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, November 9. You can make that by starting early that morning, or better still by starting late Friday afternoon and camping on the desert, which is what the undersigned plans to do. We will spend Saturday night, all day Sunday, and Sunday night at Panamint, returning to Los Angeles on Monday, a holiday. On Sunday we will explore the vicinity under the guidance of Neill Wilson, of San Francisco, whose delightful manuscript on Panamint is to be published next

year by MacMillan. Sunday evening will be devoted to the unfolding of Clamptent mysteries and to the ceremonious and ceremonial unveiling of a bronze plaque to "The Forgotten Miner" on the wall of the Stewart Wonder Mill.

Probably you will never again have the opportunity of visiting this remarkable spot under such agreeable auspices. All we ask is that you notify the undersigned of your intention to make the trip at least one week before November 8th, giving the names of those who will accompany you. Further information will gladly be furnished on request.

Come one! come all! You will not regret it.

Clampatriotically yours,

Carl I. Wheat,
416 City Hall,
Los Angeles, California.

The Inyo Register

W. A. CHALFANT
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

ESTABLISHED 1885 BY P. A. CHALFANT & SON

BISHOP, CALIFORNIA

Oct. 17, 1935.

Carl I. Wheat, Esq.,
416 City Hall,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mr. Wheat:--I thank you for order and remittance for revised "Story of Inyo." the book is being sent by this mail. The price is \$3.00 and stamps for the overpayment are enclosed. *and sales tax!*

I thank you also for the cordial invitation to join the "Clampers" expedition to Panamint. The company will without doubt be enjoyable, and I would be delighted to mix with them on such a trip, the kind I enjoy most. This is specially true in this instance, as Panamint is one of the very few historic Inyo places I have not seen. A trip out there once for the purpose of a visit was headed off by a rainstorm which had washed out the road, we found at the foot of the canyon. But--there's often a "but." With the small force in this office and variable volume of work I can never be sure of a day or two of liberty. I am trying to shape things for a San Diego trip, and can't say how that might interfere.

If a branch of the party could be organized here, with the same fellows with whom I have camped from the summit of Whitney to the floor of Death Valley, and points δ at intermediate levels, the crew would be made of men who would mix anywhere, would know what it was all about, and I am sure would be acceptable camp comrades anywhere. But at this writing getting up the party is too indefinite to justify your counting on it at all.

The expedition would be most enjoyable, and welcome, and I appreciate the invitation to make it with you. If by any chance the way should become a little clearer than it now looks, will advise you later, but the prospect is not encouraging for me just now.

Again, thank you for both the order and invitation.

Sincerely,

W. A. Chalfant.

E. CLAMPUS VITUS

CAPITULUS PLATRIXI IN EXILIO

El Pueblo de Nuestia Senora
la Reina de Los Angeles de
Porciuneola

October 10, 1935.

Esteemed Clampolitie Clamper:

You will recall that at the Grand and Efflibuous Tamalada held at Noble Grand Humbug Dalton's excruciatorious Hacienda on October fifth, a few copies of the new Quarterly of the Southern California Historical Society were distributed, with the suggestion that every good Clamper who has received the ennobling Staff of Relief should show his interest in the past of our Queen of the Cow Counties by joining that Society. It was suggested that all Clampers be given this opportunity, and I therefore take Clamprognathous glee and Clamprolific pleasure in sending you a complimentary (!) copy of the first issue of that quarterly, together with an Application for Membership all filled out and ready for your signature (!!).

You will note that there is no initiation fee, and that the dues are ridiculously low (!!!) (only \$3.00 per year, unless perchance you may happily desire to become a sustaining or patron member). For this paltry sum you will receive all publications of the Society, together with notices of its monthly meetings, which are of great interest to all who are intend - as you are - upon matters historical. It would indeed give us clampotent pleasure to enroll you as a member.

Why not sign your Application today and mail it to me in the enclosed envelope, to which I have already affixed the necessary stamps?

Clampatriotically and hopefully yours,

Carl I. Wheat, Ex. N. G. H.,
416 City Hall,
Los Angeles, California.

P.S. Don't forget that, while they last, the few copies which remain of The Curious Book of Clampus may still be obtained for the infinitesimal sum of only two Roosevelt dollars. Let me know if you want a copy.

C.I.W.

N.B. If you are already a member of the Historical Society of Southern California, "Pass this on to the next Brother."

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

October 21, 1935

LESLIE EDGAR BLISS
LIBRARIAN

Mr. Carl I. Wheat
416 City Hall
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Carl:

I was glad indeed to receive your complimentary copy of No. 1, Volume 17, of the Historical Society's Quarterly Publication, and regret exceedingly that I cannot at once take out a membership. That day in the future when I can join both historical societies of California is not approaching very fast, but I assure you that with good fortune I will certainly be able to do so sometime in the next five to ten years. At present the question of attendance at Pomona College and one or two other universities is keeping my finances at a rather low ebb, consequently several societies which I would otherwise gladly benefit are going to fail to receive my subscriptions. As I told you in San Gabriel Canyon a couple of weeks ago, I feel that your labors with the new Quarterly of the Historical Society of Southern California have borne good fruit indeed and I only hope that they will succeed in attracting many more members.

Again I am very sorry that I cannot go with you to Panamint, since I should much like to see the old ghost town and I know that you will all have a good time - Clampers and Sierra Club members together. I note that the E Clampus Vitus vocabulary is increasing apace and rather imagine that we shall have to have a glossary attached to our next annual volume. However, if the sycamore tree continues to pour forth its sap in the usual way I have no doubt that we shall be able to compile an entirely new dictionary by a year from now.

With all best regards and good wishes for the trip to Panamint, I am, as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

Leslie E. Bliss

LEB:P

* E *

CLAMPUS



VITUS

CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. I

Hall of Comparative Ovarions
October
Twenty-second
Nineteen
Thirty-five.

Mr. Carl I. Wheat,
City Attorney's Office
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Carl:

I received your letter of October 12th and also letter re pilgrimage to Panamint which you sent to the brethren in exile. I shall be among those present.

Just talked with Lee Stoppie and am riding over there with him so I will go from the north rather than from the south.

After I waded, stumbled and fell through your effusion of October 12th which I assume you characterize as a letter but in my judgment resembles a very adroit effort at platitudinous ponderosity, I am reminded of a rule which I learned many years ago which is entitled "Don't Use Big Words" a copy of which I am enclosing for your edification. You will observe that the whole theme running through this entire copy is to sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity.

I always get a great kick out of your word coinage and I sure got it out of your letter. I like the new stationary of Platrix Chapter - and particularly the message on the bottom line thereof.

I shall see you at Panamint.

Sincerely,

Leon O. Whitsell
Leon O. Whitsell, M.G.H.

LOW:N

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Colfrith

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One Drizzly Saturday Morning...DP

Dated ~ 29 March '04 (CY 6009)

One drizzly Saturday morning along the Embarcadero in San Francisco, a man wearing a black vest, red shirt and battered black cowboy hat walked up to the Java House, the oldest restaurant on the waterfront. Two similarly attired men soon joined him.

Within half an hour, a moth-eaten army of about 60 a veritable 1850s fashion parade of stovepipe hats and prairie coats had assembled on Pier 40. Some were nursing the first beer of the morning. Some worked on the second.

As if their own serious whiskers muttonchops, even! were not sufficient, several men had adorned their gear with small pelts that may have originated as road kill. One carried a pickax.

"Dynamite!" Deke Sonnichsen, a professorial gent in an antique coat covered with at least five pounds of brass badges, cast a serene eye over the crowd and pronounced it "satisfactory. Then the retired engineer and munitions expert went back to lecturing a bystander on why they don't fire black-powder cannons at events like this anymore.

Cannon or no, the brothers of E Clampus Vitus, a fraternity that calls itself a "drinking historical society" or a "historical drinking society," party like it's 1849. While others may drink to forget, the red-shirt brigade drinks to remember: Over the last 70 years, this rolling costume party has installed about a thousand commemorative plaques in all corners of California, recounting the historic significance of saloons, school houses, bordellos and blacksmith's shops.

If you've ever driven past a 150-year-old building in the Gold Country and wondered what its story is, the brothers probably have a plaque there to tell you.

On Pier 40, a ragtag brass band began to play "California Here I Come." There was a brief speech about the significance of the Java House. A bottle of Anchor Steam was poured over a new brass plaque by the door.

With the serious business of the day behind them, gentlemen and scholars of Yerba Buena Chapter No. 1 decamped for a park eight miles down the freeway, where there were more beers to be drunk and more legs to be pulled. Within 10

minutes all that was left of the 19th century flash mob was a puddle of beer and the lingering aroma of two dozen cigars.

SUBHED

E Clampus Vitus (which means exactly nothing in Latin) is the Golden State's longest-running practical joke. The brotherhood sprang to life in the mining camps of the Mother Lode as a parody of the self-serious fraternal orders of the day. When the mining towns became ghost towns, E Clampus Vitus faded away with them.

The modern organization was conceived in 1931 by Carl Wheat, a San Francisco lawyer and amateur historian of great repute. Over strong waters at the Clift Hotel, Wheat convinced some of his buddies from the august California Historical Society that the Gold Rush spoof should be revived, with a new historical mission. It would be, Wheat proclaimed, a "comic strip on the page of California history."

Today, California's cultural rear guard operates as a loose conspiracy, in which all members are said to hold the rank of "Chairman of the Most Important Committee."

A senior leadership council does meet once a year in Sonora (mostly to formulate guidelines for Things Not To Do While Drinking), but each chapter is autonomous, governed by a chapter president called a Noble Grand Humbug.

As with so many things Clamp, membership numbers are a little slippery. The total brotherhood may number 100,000 or 130,000. There are more than 40 chapters in California and four other Western states.

While other fraternal groups wane, the spoof is growing. San Francisco's Yerba Buena No. 1 chapter (YB1) has about 1,300 members and Santa Clara County's Mountain Charley chapter has about 2,000. Both add 50 to 100 members each year. Central Valley chapters are gaining hundreds of new members at each event.

"A big part of it is you feel strangled by political correctness," said Patrick "Aloycious" Sweeney, an ex-Noble Grand Humbug for the Mountain Charley chapter. "Sometimes you need to just get away from it all. Sometimes you just want to go some place where you can cook big hunks of meat over an open flame and pee on the ground. And it's difficult to find opportunities like that."

SUBHED

With the exception of an occasional parade, the Mountain Charley chapter keeps a low profile around the South Bay. Still, it's hard to go more than a few miles without running into its handiwork, marking everything from the site of the world's first radio station (in downtown San Jose) to a carbonated spring (in the Almaden Valley).

The most prominent marker may be the one outside Terminal C at San Jose Mineta International Airport, commemorating the introduction of honeybees to California. "We put up a plaque once that said, "On this spot absolutely nothing of historical significance has ever happened.'" Sweeney said. "It had been a while since we'd put up a plaque, and we didn't have anything better to say."

The brethren's traditional cry of approval and affirmation is "satisfactory!" Historians say the plaques are far better than that.

"It's excellent that's what's so bizarre about the whole thing," said Stephen Becker, executive director of the California Historical Society. "They do this excellent work figuring out these historic spots that they think somebody should stop and look at so you can feel tied back to something."

For most of the brethren, the post-plaque beer-and-barbecue is of equal or greater importance. A typical "DOINs" might call for one pickup truck of ice, a pallet of garlic bread, 250 pounds of steak and a chili pot that looks like a small trailer-mounted Jacuzzi. In the Central Valley's mega-chapters, crowds of 1,500 red shirts are not unheard of.

San Jose's Mountain Charley chapter, with its fleet of elaborate rolling bars and barbecue rigs, is particularly famed for its cuisine. The worst insult a Clamper could hurl at another chapter would likely be an accusation that they cannot cook.

SUBHED

Since a good 80 per cent of Clamping comes down to standing around shooting the bull, it should surprise no one that these are Olympic-caliber bull-shooters.

In the span of one beer, a Clamper at the post-Java House DOINs might have found him self in heated, simultaneous discussions about: the petty politics of local college radio, the science of using black powder to blast an anvil 25 feet in the air ("It's just a giant "ka-WHANG' that wakes the entire county"), the religious

practices of Supreme Court justices and the logistics of serving Dungeness crab to 200 Clampers. Satisfactory.

The appreciation of strong drink is still central to Clamper culture, but the chill wind of temperance has blown into the tent. "I probably shouldn't say this, but we have a lot of members who don't drink," Sweeney said. "I know. That's heresy."

Drunken driving may well be the only thing the Clampers take seriously. They're against it. "It's called growing up," he said. "Eventually, if you don't die you're gonna do it."

SUBHED

Unlike other fraternal and historic organizations that welcome only those with the right ancestors, E Clampus Vitus is an egalitarian crew. Any man with an interest in Western history can Clamp provided a brother deems him worthy of sponsorship.

Run the prototypical Clamper through a sociological assay office and he might be made of 20 percent California history buff, 20 percent biker, 10 percent High Sierra good ol' boy, 10 percent Boy Scout, 10 percent high school drama club geek, and 30 percent indeterminate substances most likely to be bull.

Sweeney's criteria for the ideal Clamper is someone who is both civic-minded and kind. "And he is generous with his brothers. You have to have a generous nature."

There was no dearth of bigheartedness at the Java House DOINs. Many of the brethren some of whom had traveled from other states had never met, and yet the men were at ease with each other in a way rarely seen these days.

Despite the Clampers' carefully cultivated reputation for partying, they are solicitous of each other. Everyone gets an equal measure of guff; under no circumstances is anyone made to truly feel badly.

There is a tremendous range of perspectives under the big red flannel tent and more than a few men whom society would simply label odd. Yet no matter how lubricated the brethren get, one will never see Clampers fighting. It is simply not done.

SUBHED

In addition to plaques and partying, the third piece of the Clamper holy trinity is "poor blind candidates" PBCs. There are many roads to Clamperdom and each is lined with some degree of extreme discomfort, filth and terror. Sweeney's induction 20 years ago was an epic bender that began with orders to chop 100 pounds of onions for chili. "A day of abuse for a lifetime of partying," he said. "It was a very good return on my investment."

Initiations are almost the only aspect of Clamper culture where the senior oversight body sets standards and enforces them with a panel of traveling inspectors.

It's all pretty basic, common sense stuff, said Joel Roberts, an ex-Noble Grand Humbug and proctor: "No guns. Watch stuff that goes in the eyes. Watch the stuff that goes in the mouth."

Many of the 32 hapless PBCs at the Java House DOINs had done their homework and wore clothes they could afford to discard afterward. But the Mother of all Chapters has a reputation for civility to uphold. The PBCs may have been shaken up or dirtied up a bit, but none were injured.

"This is YB1 they just talk them to death," remarked a Clamper from a chapter that takes a more hands-on approach.

The Grand Imperturbable Hang man in charge of the two-hour secret rite was Frank "Big Hitch" Reppen, a towering figure with a lab coat and a gray ponytail who apparently joined the Clampers because pro-wrestling deemed him too ugly.

As the brethren socialized, Reppen outfitted the candidates with the requisite baubles: dime store tiaras, plastic pig noses, ding balls. When his exhortations had the PBCs on the edge of panic, he marched them single file to a hidden place where they were to receive some enlightenment.

Becker, of the California Historical Society, said there are great advantages of throwing in with YB1, the class act of Clamperdom: "You can even go home after the initiation and your wife won't put you out of the house for two weeks until you un-smell."

SUBHED

What is it about a Gold Rush-era secret society that prompts men to drive great distances, put on silly hats and engage in a form of highly stylized burlesque?

California is a stratified society; we do not associate voluntarily with many people from different life circumstances. But the Clampers are above or perhaps below distinctions of class, age and geography.

A cultural anthropologist trying to understand the Java House DOINs would have to figure out why a twenty something college student was engaged in a passionate discussion about oak trees with a man old enough to be his grandfather. Why a PhD was receiving a Clamper-sized load of guff from a journeyman electrician.

The Clampers offer a social insurance policy: There will come a day when you're old and uncool. You will be marginalized. But you won't be alone, and you won't be forgotten. These guys in the red shirts will still be there. They'll still laugh at your bad jokes. Legs will still be pulled.

To feel safe and completely at ease in a public space should not be a luxury, but it is. Perhaps this is why, every so often, the men of E Clampus Vitus leave 2004 to take refuge in what they say is really the year 6009.

"It evokes a feeling of great trust," said Bill Clark, the historian of Mountain Charley chapter. "And for some people, it's very important to be able to say "Hey, brother ...'"

"Satisfactory!"

MEETING OF E. CLAMPUS VITUS BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Jan. 27, 1945

Called by Lee Stopple, Chairman at Benicia City Hall on the above date with Leon Whitsell, Thomas W. Norris, Edgar Jessup, Fletcher Taylor present and with the proxies of Charles Wetmore, W.E. Daire, Harvey Eich and Chester Smith submitted.

Chairman Stopple announced the resignation of Vanderhoof as secretary and member of the board of directors. It was moved and seconded and carried that the appointment of William Paden and Fletcher Taylor as members of the board be confirmed.

Whitsell moved and Norris seconded that a committee to be composed of Whitsell and Paden revise the ritual of E.C.V. in accordance with the intent expressed at the board meeting of 1943. Carried.

Norris moved and Whitsell seconded that a charter be granted to neophytes on the banks of the Ptomac for Little Hatchet Chapter, but that right thereof pertained only to the District of Columbia and that said chapter has no authority for granting of other charters, said authority residing in the parent organization in California and exclusively there. Carried.

Jessup moved and Norris seconded that Whitsell be a committee of one to amend the provision for meetings so that all meetings be held as special meetings at the call of the president. Carried.

Whitsell was requested to continue his work of examining and revising the articles of incorporation with particular emphasis on the terms of office and limitations thereof.

Lee Stopple was asked to communicate with Marysville and to ask for suggestion of a name for director to replace Dr. Barr, deceased.

Adjourned on motion of Whitsell. Seconded by Jessup.

/s/ Fletcher Taylor, Secty. Protem.
Fletcher B. Taylor

MINUTES OF SPECIAL MEETING

E CLAMPUS VITUS, INC.
Athens Athletic Club
Oakland, California

November 9, 1945
6:30 P. M.

Officers Present were: Lee Stopple, President
Edgar Jessup, Director
Tom Norris, Director
Harry Porte, Director
Fletcher Taylor, Director
Leon Whitsell, Director

Proxies: Harvey D. Eich
Chester A. Smith
Wm. E. Davies
Chas. A. Whetmore, Jr.
R.L. Olson
Wm. S. Paden

Meeting called to order for the transaction of business at 8:15 P.M., President Lee Stopple acting as Chairman. It was declared that a quorum was present and by proxy. Minutes of the January 27, 1945, meeting were read.

Norris moved and Whitsell seconded the minutes be accepted as read. Motion passed.

President Stopple then called for any new business. Whitsell reported that until he sees Paden he cannot complete matters regarding the final drafting of Ritual. It was moved by Jessup and seconded by Norris that a letter be addressed by the Secretary to the Columbia State Park Committee commending them for their fine work and assuring them of continued support by this organization. Motion passed.

Leon Whitsell reported that Mrs. Brady had given him consent to place a plaque to Ezra Dane at the Columbia Stage Driver's Retreat. Motioned by Jessup and seconded by Whitsell that this plaque be designed and installed by this organization as soon as possible. Motion passed.

The Chairman appointed Leon Whitsell as Chairman with power to appoint his own assistants to attend to this matter.

Proposed meeting to take place at Carson City was discussed at some length. It is the sense of this meeting that we recommend to Yerba Buena Chapter that a pilgrimage be made to Carson City in the Spring of 1946. Endorsed.

After a discussion of the advisability of collecting a brief biography of Adam Lee Moore for publication, Chairman Stopple suggested that he would communicate with Charles Camp and Carl Wheat to see if they would compile such material for as early publication as possible. Endorsed.

Fletcher Taylor suggested further discussion of plans for publication of the biography of William Bull Meek. Moved by Taylor and seconded by Jessup that Brothers Whitsell and Paden be approached on the drafting of this biography. Motion passed.

It was the sense of the Directorate that it be suggested to Yerba Buena Chapter that they hold their regular January meeting and that the theme be "The Sierra Tragedy". The Chair called upon Jessup for a report of the Nominating Committee. The committee nominated as follows:

Leon Whitsell, President
Fletcher Taylor, Executive Vice-President
Wm. S. Paden, Secretary

and the following as the Board of Directors:

Charles L. Camp
Leon O. Whitsell
Thomas W. Norris
Dr. Roscoe L. Clark
Lee L. Stoppb
William E. Davies
Harvey D. Eich
Chester A. Smith
Charles A. Wetmore, Jr.
Edgar B. Jessup
Harry W. Porte
William G. Paden
Fletcher B. Taylor
Lindley Bynum
Ralph E. Cross

The election was unanimous.

The meeting was then turned back to the Chairman, and the meeting was declared adjourned at 10:30 P.M.

/s/ H.W. Porte
Acting Secretary

Here is a story about the January 29 meeting of Yerba Buena on a rainy day in the city by the Bay.

I have made the section with the Dr. Fletcher Taylor news in **BOLD** type and the specific reference to him being elected NGH in **RED** type.

I made a search of the articles I have in my file (461 pages!), and if the name "Fletcher" came up, I copied the article it appeared in.

From the March, 1944 issue of The Pony Express:

March 1944:



On Saturday afternoon, January 29th, Montgomery Street of San Francisco, Broadway of Oakland, and Powell Street of Emeryville, closed down on war activities to join the annual pilgrimage of the Ancient & Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus. All brethren and neophytes got under way about two P.M. to invade and barnstorm all the ancient landmarks of 1856 made prominent by Sam Brannan's and James Coleman's Vigilantes. What started out as a barnstorm, however, wound up in a rainstorm in the graveyard of old Mission Dolores, where historian Bill Paden, Supt. of Alameda Schools, gave a most interesting talk on whose famous bones repose in the ancient sanctuary. Getting soaked outside didn't mean anything to those who cupped their ears to cemetery conversation. A little white mule on Clampers' hips kept dampness from taking hold, and chill blains from creepin' in. Fathers Serra and Fray Francisco Palou, and their building of the mission, were thoroughly discussed by Professor Paden and Father Joseph Munier who courteously escorted all Clampers into church where some had never been before.

Cora, Casey, James King of William, and Beautiful Belle

The graves of gambler Charles Cora. and James Casey, the ballot box stuffer of 1855, who killed James King of William, "Yankee" Sullivan, were visited in reverent solemnity. All these men were hung in 1856. The grave of Belle Cora, attractive siren operator of one of San Francisco's early bango houses, was visited with due homage. It was here that some Clampers stood longer than at any other grave, listening to

Edgar B. Jessup's oration in her behalf. Also, it was here that historians R.H. Cross, Thomas Norris, and Dr. Charles L. Camp of the University of California, said they got their worst soaking. Paden had to forego his prepared speech about Belle, as other Clameprs, well versed in Belle Cora's New Orleans and San Francisco escapades, insisted telling about her themselves. Even neophyte Eric Falconer later told about how she "tempted" Colonel Baker with thirty thousand dollars, in his address on the affairs of Col. Ord. James King of William, who gave up his life in order to impair, or stop the above illegal operators of 1856, came in for due praise, and still more conversation, which proves that a true Clamper still loves the wild west, and will stand up and talk about it any time. The real hero's grave, James King of William's, was not visited, but by no means was he forgotten. Discussion has already transpired relative to electing his vivacious, and beautiful granddaughter, Mrs. Orville Pratt, as Imperial Widow of the Order.

Two and half score of the loyal lovers of western history then foresook the environs of the dead, and with wet feet and muddy soles adjourned to Old San Francisco's famous El Jardin Street, not far from where the Vigilantes operated Fort Gunnybags, and held their meetings to pronounce death upon the culprits of early days. It was here that the ancient rites of .E Clampus Vitus were administered, with due process of Vigilante law, upon a short baker's dozen of helpless neophytes who wore miners' boots and spurs and rode the battering ram till heaved in rubble upon the dusty floors. Some of Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors, with titles to their Christian names, had to fight a new type of battle in order to survive and live to tell about it.

Neophytes Initiated Into Mystic Realms Of E Clampus Vitus

Those who traveled the miners' hard, rocky road and grabbed for the staff of relief ere they succumbed, were:

I.N. (JACK) BROTHERTON, Montgomery Street's lumber man, who claims to have the authentic two-bladed ax of Paul Bunyan, rescued from one of the numerous historic shipwrecks that he fathomed down deep through the years to obtain.

W.A. CHICK, of Berkeley's tunnel road, and California Packing corporation, whose Grandmother was of the early Spanish family, Esperanza, who settled California before the Gringo crowd peeked over the sierra, or crossed the Rio Grande.

ENSIGN CHARLES WESLEY DARBY, U.S.U.R., from New Jersey, who was appointed official Clamper Emissary to New Caledonia, New Britain, New Guinea, New Ireland, New Zealand, and New South Wales. Ensign Darby accepted his portfolio with due ceremonies, and promised to bring back Sioux-sized scalps Of Hirohito's midgets who entered some of those sacred countries unofficially. According to ex-Humbug, Lee Stoppie, he was also given a tempered steel staff of relief, which will be heated to a Japanese cherry-blossom red before inserting in to Hirohito when the Yanks enter Tokio. *(Ed. Note: A Sioux-sized scalp is all the scalp and not part of it, which allows one to live after the fast operation. Sioux Clamper, the late Lieut. Chief Skyhawk, Jr., was laid away on Tulagi Isle after his 7th naval battle with the almond-eyed heathens of the sea. He was buried Dec. 5, 1942.)*

W.J. EDINGER, Olympic Club, San Francisco.

By order of Dr. Fletcher Taylor,
Noble Grand Humbug, and
William Paden, Noble Grand Scribe.
-000-

February 1945

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XI - #9

Barnstorming Benicia

E CLAMPUS BARNSTORMS BENICIA

On January 27th the Ancient & Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus held its annual pilgrimage at the old historic town of Benicia, made famous as early as 1847 when Robert Semple, founder of the town, was battling with Sam Brannan for supremacy in California (*missing word due to tear in page*). Had newspaper, and real estate promoter, Semple, once thought that Benicia would not be more enterprising than San Francisco the five-foot-eighteen Kentucky frontiersman never would have left Monterey to start the new town and compete with nearby Yerba Buena (San Francisco.)

The day was spent enjoying a most courteous reception extended by Colonel Paul G. Rutten, former employee of Wells, Fargo & Co., Lt. Colonel G. Isling, and Major E. M. Moor. Two large army buses were furnished to drive the ninety visiting Clampers and initiates to all points of interest on the old army grounds where California's arsenal was once the strongest military post on the Pacific Coast. In the evening interesting papers were read, including data of early day "Doings" about the post where once the shadows of Ulysses S. Grant, William Tecumseh Sherman, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, General Johnston, and General Sumner, were cast about the ramparts.

Colonel Rutten, Lt. Colonel Isling and Major Moor were the speakers of the evening, and it is hoped to be the pleasure of the Pony Express to publish the interest data they brought forth from old archives pertaining to the history of the early fort. This has been promised and is now under preparation, and should appear in the March issue.

Leon Whitsell of Burlingame, California, one of the founders of the modern chapters of E Clampus Vitus, made a fine, informative talk on the history of the order which the new, incoming Clampers enjoyed hearing. Likewise, Dr. Charles L. Camp of the University of California, who is the Clampatriarch pro tem of the order, delivered an inspiring lecture on the Staff of Relief that was relished to the core by all the following neophytes who were initiated into the ancient realm that courts only historians, or those deeply interested in the history of the West:

"Bear Trap" Harry Barnett of San Francisco, **James E. Bobet** of Oakland, **Superior Judge A. B. (sic) (should be A. F.) Bray** of Martinez, **George M. Broemmel** of San

WILLIAM M. GRAY, San Francisco's Yosemite Portland Cement man, who keeps historic records of Portland output since its discovery in 1824 on an Island, of the same name, off the coast of England. According to records on Bill, he was born 5 years before the Earthquake by parents whose father and mother (*on his Mother's side*) trekked across the plains to California in 1863, and across the Isthmus of Panama. When his grandparents met in San Francisco they started the illustrious Gray family.

CAPT. J.H. HAMILTON of San Francisco, and the Pan-American Air Lines, of which company he is one of the flying pioneers, and has traveled many hundreds of thousands of miles over the Canadian and American Rockies, the Sierra, Andes, and jungle forests of Central and South America. To Captain Hamilton's distinguished name is also appended the single honor of being the last pilot to leave Wake Island (while rescuing soldiers) just before the sloe-eyed Japs took over. To Kappa Sig Clampers Leo Wilson and Steve Bancroft go full credit for rescuing Hamilton from too many women who wanted to heap honors upon him when he returned to the states. University of California's Steve Bancroft is also a Pan-American flyer, and has accompanied Capt. Hamilton on many of his hair-breadth journeys. Steve, it will be remembered, was California's All-American tackle and end for 2 years, between 1925 and 1929, when Andy Smith established a great record as coach. Bancroft knows a little about Western history, and also that a certain library goes by his famous name.

O.D. (OLLIE) HAMLIN, Oakland's leading attorney for the past decade and a half, whose family were pioneers, and who is an ardent follower of the old Western Trails.

PAUL P. PARKER, former owner and editor of the Salinas Journal and now Berkeley's Information Agent of the Farm Credit Administration. A man who goes for history first hand.

GEORGE A. SMITH, Watsonville's star American Legion man who still keeps the guns clean and rods varnished at the Rod & Gun Club. In addition to all this he is hailed as Salinas Valley's able civic leader, and very much interested in the early history of that part of California.

SGT. H.C. STALLINGS, U.S.M.C., a Hoozier from Marion, Indiana, born the year the original Roosevelt campaigned with Fairbanks. U.S. Marine Sergeant Stallings has had more groundwork in this war than his friends Bancroft and Hamilton. He came West in 1922 and San Francisco's four hills – Rincon, Telegraph, Russian, and Knob – have attracted him ever since. During his research work on Telegraph Hill he has dug up some rare old data and photographs.

Judge Price and Robert Allen Not Present

Judge L.T. Price, Noble Grand Humbug pro-tem of Snowshoe Thomson Silver Mountain Chapter, of Markleeville, could not attend as the mountains this side of Alpine County were covered with snow too deep to negotiate. "Snowshoe Thomson, himself, is the only one who could make it now," says Alpine County's noted jurist, "and he's been dead for 68 years." Also Robert A. Allen, Noble Grand Humbug pro-tem of Carson County, Nevada, Chapter, was in the same fix and it was no use

insisting on their presence. Perhaps in the fall they can join our next Pilgrimage, and enjoy the blessings of a true, loyal Clamper. Both of them are real disciples of the history of the old West and enthusiastic towards its perpetuation.

All Rode The Big Horn Sheep

All went well with the above candidates till Montana's imported Big Horn sheep, "Custer," was brought forth from his pen. Some Clampers claim this animal, whose ancestor bunted the Big Horn Tree on the Lomo Trail, has more odor about him than the Mountain Goat Litt Dalton rode in 1940. Old Timers claim Litt hadn't been in swimming since the Coffeerville raid of 1892, and the goat wouldn't stand for it. Bronco Litt, who died the year after, went off on the first bounce, and the goat hasn't been seen since. Edgar Jessup and Doc Camp got hold of Dalton's hat, which is now in the Pony Express Museum at Carson City. They both smelled inside and said it belonged to Bob Dalton, and not brother Litt. Clamper Jim Stewart, owner of the gold mines at Bull Run, and former owner of the Coffeerville trophy, was not there to defend the hat. Jim says: "Any good hound could smell the hat and tell it was Bob Dalton's, and not Litt's and I won't stand for slurs being thrown into the ring with it."

Tom Norris Talks Cattle Brands, Bruno Forsterer Big Money

Before the regular speeches got under way members of the left flank of the banquet table listened to dissertations on early Spanish cattle brands led by Clamper Thomas Norris, and early Spanish land values of the East Bay led by Oakland Tribune manager, Bruno Forsterer, who is also ex-Mayor of Fiddletown, Admiral of the Chinese Navy and General of the Hawaiian Army, or vice versa. Tom said he had many interesting brands, but the greatest of them all were the Estudillo and De Haro brands, which he prizes most highly. Clamper Skyhawk then perked up his donkey ears, as well as big chin, and started arguments that almost ended in fisticuffs. Everything went all right until Norris placed a low value of only four bits on the Martinez and Peralta brands, recently donated to the Pony Express Museum. Even Bruno felt half insulted because he has had much to do with the waning estate of the Peralta Grant which was originally 43,000 acres comprising all the land of the Berkeley, Oakland, Piedmont and Alameda. After the old cattle brand argument calmed down, Clamper Bruno told a story of a very, liberal minded lawyer who came to him one day. "You may not believe it but this lawyer was really liberal minded," continued the manager of Oakland's Tribune. "He actually offered to split one hundred million dollars two ways with me. He to only keep 25 million, and turn 75 per cent of it over to the estate I represented. He said that illegal holders of East Bay property held land that was worth that much and we could get it back with little difficulty, and he knew just how to go about it, as he was a lawyer.

"Well, what could a fellow do in such a case? Honest lawyers don't come in bunches like that," opined the senior Forsterer. "I thought it was my turn to be liberal too, so

I says to him: "I'll make a better deal than that with you. You just give me one million dollars, and I'll let you go ahead on the deal and keep the 99 million for yourself." "What happened after that?" quipped Lee Newbert, East Bay's manager of the P.G. & E. "Yes, what did happen?" shouted California's Professor Spindt across the table. "Well sir, ya know," drolled the ex-Mayor of Mother Lode's famous town, "He never did come back."

"Well you were a fool, Forsterer, not to take the 75 million!" chimed Clamper-lawyer R.H. Cross. "I'll say he was," amened Attorney Clamper A.T. Chine. "I know I was!" reported Bruno. "That's why they elected my 40 year old son, Oliver, the new Mayor of Fiddletown, and let me go hang myself."

Guy Giffen Last Shotgun Man Of Wells Fargo

Another interesting pre-banquet discussion, which started with the hoisting of a couple of highballs, brought out an interesting story of the last of the frontier days of Nevada when Guy Giffen rode shotgun on Wells Fargo's stage between Manhattan and Tonopah. It was about 1907 when Giffen, writer of two-gunman stories and critic of the hair-triggered brigade, did his stuff to guard the strong box and keep road agents at par distance. "How far away was that?" asked one heavy lifter of a highball. "Well," said Guy, "just far enough so 3 tiers of No. 1 shot couldn't reach him." Guy explained how the sawed-off shotguns were handled and loaded by the early riders. In his particular case he used No. 1 shot which is pretty good size. One must remember he was not out shooting ducks but highwaymen, when riding up on the left-hand seat. There are four of these buckshot to the tier, and 3 tiers to each load, with wadding packed tightly in between. Only a call to the banquet table broke up this interesting conversation with the Sacramento born blond who was just about the last of the old-time Wells Fargo Express riders.

Historical Speeches That Would Dumfound Shakespeare

After due bathing and cleaning process, and all asafetida was removed from neophyte's feet, so no scent would be left on California Street, the newly initiated candidates were escorted to a gorgeous banquet that whetted appetites of those whose stomachs were still right side up. Here they attentively listened to the roar and thunder of speechmakers the like of which have not been heard since California's most popular Ned Baker filled American Theatre to over-flowing, and shouting in October, 1860, only a stone's throw away from the banquet hall.

Doc Camp of Fort Bridger leads Host of Spielers

Dr. Charles L. Camp, western historian and Dean of Paleontology at University of California, led the parade of speakers. Hailed as the last remnant of Fort Bridger, Wyoming, the graduated professor brought tears to many Clampers' eyes when he told about our venerable Clarnpatriarch, 100 year old Adam Lee Moore, who was unable to attend. "This is the first meeting in 11 years that our aged and venerable

leader has not attended," said historian Camp. "Since the early '60s, when he was initiated into Balem (*Balaam*) Lodge of E Clampus Vitus at Sierra City, Adam Moore's heart and soul have been in this grand old order. His indomitable spirit has helped to keep alive the old ritual, and what you Clarnpers witnessed here tonight. This sacred Staff Of Relief is the original instrument which "put through" many old time Clampers now lying in their graves"

New Officers and New Blood To Lead the Order

New officers are elected each year to lead the ancient historical order along the hard pathways of caution and righteousness toward the widows and orphans. New blood each year aims to keep alive the old spirit, and gives many Clampers opportunities to spread their enthusiasm into new fields, and energetic programs. **After all ballots were cast Dr. Fletcher Taylor of Oakland was elected Noble Grand Humbug to lead the order.** Harry Tait, of San Francisco, who has worked hard to help make past programs a success, was elected Vice-Noble Grand Humbug. Dr. William Paden, of Alameda, was elected Noble Grand Recorder. Past Noble Grand Humbug, Harry Porte, who has also tried hard and done well trying, made a fine speech and ceremoniously relinquished the historic gavel to Dr. Taylor, who has many plans for the future, including inoculation of all Clampers against Clamperphobia. "There are too many good men not coming to interesting pilgrimages, or crowding our banquet halls," says Oakland's popular physician who is in the foremost rank as a lover of western history. "Doc Fletch" has the right kind of medicine, which fetches 'em in by injecting historical bugs into blood veins. "It's heap big medicine," says Doc Camp who's lived amongst the Cheyenne Indians. "One hypo-dermic," says Skyhawk "will put the jazz back into any old Clamper like Harold Holmes, or the youthful H.R. Wagner of San Marino, who can tell how to build pueblos or run a copper min in South America. Clamper Chairman Lee Stoppie made a fine speech with an alarm clock as his subject, which he presented to Porte as a means of awakening him early, and helping him keep Clamper appointments A good alarm clock is nothing to sneeze at now days, and Clamper Porte guarded his treasure all the way home.

Bill Paden and Eric Falconer Make Fine Talks

Clamper Bill Paden, who has traveled fast and furious over just about all the old trails known to the West, made a splendid talk on the history of the earliest days of our Pacific Coast - when the Chinese inhabited these regions, and left behind them monuments, and artifacts as far south as Old Mexico.

Eric Falconer, as mentioned above gave an interesting lecture on General Ord who was in California before 1849 with his friend General Sherman, and who not only contributed his share of good work during the Mexican campaign but also in the Civil War which followed. Pictures of California's camp, now named after him, and rare old photographs of the General himself, were passed around. Space does not

permit here to disclose all the interesting things said by speakers Paden and Falconer. In later issues we hope to relate them.

Clampers who attended the 1944 winter pilgrimage and banquet were: George Washington, San Francisco; Prof. H.A. Spindt, Berkeley; William M. Gray, San Francisco; George A. Smith, Watsonville; Guy J. Giffen, San Francisco; Edgar M. Kahn, San Francisco; Edgar B. Jessup, Piedmont; Edgar Harrison Bennett, Oakland; S.H. McAllister, Lafayette; T.W. Rosebaugh, San Francisco; Sgt. H.C. Stallings, U.S.M.C., San Francisco; Fred Will, San Francisco; W.L. Murphy, Sonoma; Thomas T.W. Chinn, San Mateo; James D. Glenn, Berkeley; Harold Forsterer, Oakland; Capt. Steve C. Bancroft, San Francisco; Edward P. Pfingst, Watsonville; Harry L. Stoddard, San Francisco; Harry V. Tait, San Francisco; William G. Paden, Alameda; Dr. Charles L. Camp, University of California, Berkeley; Lee H. Newbert, Oakland; Bruno A. Forsterer, Oakland; Thomas W. Norris, Livermore; Dr. Chesley Bush, Livermore; Atty. A.T. Shine, Oakland; Ralph H. Cross, Berkeley; Carl Sugar, (Platrix Chapt. L.A.) Oakland; Frank Holm, Oakland; Lester A. Biersch, Watsonville; Howard H. McCreary, Berkeley; Harry Porte, Redwood City; Lee Stopple, San Francisco; Eric A. Falconer, San Francisco; Ensign Charles Wesley Darby, U.S.N.R., Pittsburgh, Penna.; I.N. (Jack) Brotherton, San Francisco; Paul P. Parker, Berkeley; Atty O.D. (Ollie) Hamlin, Oakland; Capt. J.H. Hamilton, San Francisco; Leo K. Wilson, Berkeley; William M. Gray, San Francisco; W.J. Edinger, San Francisco; W.A. Chick, Berkeley; H. Hamlin, Hangtown, and John Porter, Watsonville.

To the last man goes the honors of a star Portuguese entertainer. No man can tell of the history of the Portuguese people of Salinas Valley like Super-Man John Porter. He is always saved to the last closing hour so wandering Clampers will remain in their seats, and wait for a good laugh before the final farewell when all good Clampers bid adieu to meet again in September when the leaves begin to fall.

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E CLAMPUS VITUS ANNOUNCEMENT

All good brethren will meet for the annual pilgrimage and banquet on Saturday, Jany. 27th, 1945, at 3 P.M. at the Main Entrance to the Benecia Arsenal, Benecia, California. After crossing Carquinez Bridge, keep on Sacramento Highway, and turn right at first light-controlled stop sign which leads straight to Benecia. From 3 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. a pilgrimage will be made around the old historic town, which, in the 1850s, was the capital of California. Arrange for your transportation with other brethren, or purchase bus tickets and get off at above stop sign.

Colonel Rutter, and Lt. Col. Ising, will conduct the historic gathering through the grounds of the old arsenal, which was once the central headquarters of the military organization of Northern California. This should be a most interesting trip. Initiation and banquet will follow about 6 P.M.

Francisco, **Dr. Paul Burke** of San Francisco, **Robert E. Burns** of Stockton, **Joe Chamberlain** of Watsonville, **Nalley J. Clark** of Livermore, **John L. Davis** of New Orleans, **R. E. Fowle** of Watsonville, **J. Earl Griffen** of Alameda, **Flodden W. Heron** of San Francisco, **“Clipper Ship” Lorena Noll** of San Francisco, **Ronald Ramsey** of San Francisco, **Royal Roberts** of San Francisco, **George Schipper** of Watsonville, **“Prairie Dog” Frank Stanger** of San Mateo Jr. College, **Burton Thamsh** of San Francisco, **W. H. Taylor** of San Francisco, **“Pony Bob” Robert Tuggy** of Wells, Fargo & Co., New York and San Francisco.

After Clampatriarch Camp’s lecture on the unforeseen pitfalls, and rough spots of life as illustrated on old Balem (*sic*) (*Balaam*) Chapter’s manzanita staff, used on candidates in Sierra City in the 1850s, the above neophytes took on a more serious aspect of life, and should become more astute in future dealings with veteran Clampers as well as their fellowmen.

Clamper Harry Porter (*sic*) (*John Porter?*, famous as teller of tales in a “Portagee” accent) of Watsonville, humorous entertainer of the order, brought out some very good pointers on “Portagee fallus” down in Salinas Valley, who got into trouble through divers ways. One story he told was about a fellow who had lost his ration book and went to chasing butterflies, took ‘em down to the markets in Watsonville and traded them for butter. Someone had told him he could do that and the idea worked. Many visiting brothers thought they would try the same stunt on their OPAs. Anyone who has never heard John, in his “Portagee” vernacular, has missed a rare treat. It is claimed his jocular brogue stories raised boisterous laughter as far north as old Sonoma.

To Noble Grand Humbug Dr. Fletcher of Oakland, Vice-Noble Grand Humbug Harry Tait of San Francisco, and Noble Grand Scribe William Paden of Alameda, go full credit for arranging the Army Day program that gave Clampers a glimpse of brass buttons and uniforms, together with tanks, machine guns, and other paraphernalia that is being used to beat the modern enemies. Also, they got a glimpse of the old graveyard where soldiers have slumbered as far back as the 1850s. In the civilian graveyards, on a distant hill, sleeps beautiful Concepcion Arguello, heroine of the Spanish days, and Miles Goodyear, once intrepid trapper and early resident of Salt Lake Valley whom Brigham’s hosts ran out shortly after their arrival. *These important graves are outside the confines of the Arsenal and hence were not visited.*

(Ed. notes: I find no listing for a “Dr. Fletcher of Oakland” as NGH of Yerba Buena or any other chapter. However, there is a “Dr. Fletcher Taylor, of Oakland, listed at the end of this article as having attended the doin’s. A check with the records of the Grand Council meetings shows a Fletcher Taylor as being in attendance on Nov 30, 1941. Then, at the Jan. 27, 1945 meeting of the Proctors, Fletcher Taylor was apparently the Secretary Pro Tem, and was again listed on Nov. 9, 1945 as a Director. At that meeting, Taylor was nominated and elected as Executive Vice President of ECV. However, at the Proctor’s meeting on Sept. 20, 1947, no mention is made of Fletcher Taylor. I have no minutes for the time between Nov. 1945 and Sept. 1947.

Harry Tait was YB1 NGH in 1946, and William Paden was NGH in 1948-50. However, a Harry Porte (no "r") is listed as NGH from 1942-45 during the time of this article, and a John Porter is listed as NGH in 1956. He was SNGH from 1969-71. I recall him as a sorta short, stocky, man with a clipped mustache. More research is obviously needed to clear the matter up. Tom Barry)

There are many other interesting items about old Benicia. Its early history could not all be told in one evening's session. And naturally there is considerable of its history that pertains not to the military. It grew fast after long-rifle-lanky Semple gave it the preliminary start.

In a few short years the capital of the state left San Jose because Green, a legislator, was serving "a thousand drinks a day" to the boys who were supposed to be making laws. Gen'l Vallejo promised them 156 acres of land and \$370,000 with which to erect buildings. So the "thousand drinks a day" legislature hot-footed it to Vallejo with their archives in June of 1851. According to Clamper Judge Bray, who gave a post mortem lecture while crossing Carquinez Straits, the boys put up headquarters in a second story, over a trading store, waiting for Don Marino (*sic*) (*Mariano*) Vallejo to sell some land, or \$370,000 worth of cattle so they could get the capitol building which never materialized.

Came the third legislature of Jan. 2nd, 1852, and a makeshift half -inished wooden building, with no furniture, greeted the lawmakers with scant rations of food to eat while making the laws. Only two weeks could the solons endure such "hardships" till they were invited to the new courthouse in Sacramento on the 16th, where in March a heavy rainstorm drove them to work in boats, and they were forced to retreat again to Vallejo.

And here was where Judge Bray's interesting story became still more interesting. He told of a town nearby called Pacheco, where today nothing remains but Bartnett's old horse barn and livery stable. "Well sir, do you know the blossoming town of Pacheco that was the center of all the grain producing country of Ramon Valley through with "bonified" promises that were most attractive," said the Judge. "In the meantime Benicia made a bid but that wasn't taken seriously as the legislators wanted to get farther away from Vallejo, and across Carquinez Straits. Pacheco was in the bag," opined Contra Costa's Superior Judge.

"The following day, in May 1853," a vote of California's illustrious lawmakers was to decide the fate of the capital, with Pacheco as the favored port of call. But something happened and poor Pacheco, never got the capitol," concluded the Martinez jurist.

Clampers' ears were cupped for anxious reception as the ferry boat..... (*two more missing lines due to tear in original*).

Well, what happened ...(*more missing*) quipped one. "Yes, what went wrong to spoil Pacheco's chances?" expounded another inquisitor. All water bound Clampers crowded

around to hear the secret of Benicia – the reason of her great success, and why she became the “Queen of the May.”

“That calls for another story,” drawled the Judge, reluctantly. “You have all heard of Mills College. Well, years ago it was Mills Seminary in Benicia, before Mr. and Mrs. Mills decided to move it to Oakland. And before that it was Snells College, or Seminary. This institution, in 1853 housed most all the beautiful women of California, all except one, Concepcion Arguello, who lived nearby in a nunnery. The cloister lady was proclaimed the most beautiful ever since her tragic love affair with the Russian Count. But close on her heels were all the bevy of beauties that strutted the Halls of Snell.

“Some smart fellow, with more vision than the averaged Chamber of Commerce secretary of today, conceived the idea of getting all the girls to pay a formal call on the legislators; or should one say ‘informal?’” This congregation did more good to raise the stock of Benicia, and lower the grain markets of Pacheco, than all the congress of modern pulchritudes could do from Atlantic City. These women had poise and charm that goes with culture and refinement, and when all this was added to entrancing smiles, interspersed with casual winks on the side, the legislators wilted in their seats. When the Roll call came the next morning for voting on the capital, Benicia was proclaimed victorious, and poor Pacheco had lost by just one vote.”

Other stories were unfolded by the historical Judge relevant to the country where he lives and where he dishes out daily justice to its populace. Some day the Clampers hope to hear further stories from Judge Bray who has much unknown history tucked away beneath his judicial hat. Also, they want to be favored with the history of early cattle brands by Clamper Tom Norris who has had his most interesting subject prepared since 1938.

And likewise from Clamper Harold Holmes who is one of the country’s foremost critics on authentic Western history. Ralph H. Cross, who joined the noble order in ‘39, has had a most interesting story to tell the historical gathering since 1940. His stock in trade is “California’s Early Hotels and Inns.” Literally, thousands of major unpublished stories he has uncovered in his intensive years of research.

And from venerable Clamper, Dr. Milton Shutes, they want to hear about “Lincoln in California.” No man, perhaps, is as well prepared to talk on the subject, or devoted as much time to research on it than the able Oakland Doctor. Also, Clampers who journeyed far to hear Naturalist Clarence Bennett talk on his “Thirty Five Years with California Junipers,” will have to await another time. When Clampers meet, one wishes that the hands of the clock could be made to stand still, but such is not the case. Time marches on, but with due patience, members of the Ancient and Honorable Order may some day have the opportunity of hearing the above able speakers.

The following members attended the historic gathering and when the hours of the day closed, proclaimed it a well-spent day.

L. A. Biersch, Watsonville,
Lindley Bynum, Platrix Chapt. Los Angeles,
Dr. Chesley Bush, Livermore,
Steve G. Bancroft, San Francisco,
Dan Bowerman, San Francisco,
Edgar H Bennett, Oakland,
Dale K. Campbell, Mariposa,
Thomas W. Chinn, San Mateo,
Dr. Roscoe L. Clark, Bear Flag Chapter, Sacramento,
Louis J. Breuner, Oakland,
Fred Diedendorf, San Francisco,
Ralph H. Cross, Berkeley,
W. H. Griffen, San Francisco,
Alfred Ghirardelli, San Francisco,
R. R. Emparan, Sonoma,
Jack Brotherton, San Francisco,
Eric A. Falconer, Berkeley,
Dr. Charles L. Camp, U. of Calif.,
W. J. Edinger, San Francisco,
Guy Giffen, San Francisco,
John L. Dexter, Mariposa,
O. D. Hamlin, Jr., Oakland,
Capt. J. H. Hamilton, S. F. Airport,
J. W. Humphrey, Oakland,
Ted Huggins, San Francisco,
George L. Harding, Palo Alto,
Lloyd Harris, Oakland,
Edgar W. Kahn, San Francisco,
Oscar Lewis, San Francisco,
W. L. Murphy, Sonoma,
R. H. Mann, Benicia,
Thomas Norris, Livermore,
S. H. McAllister, Lafayette,
Otto A. Nagel, San Francisco,
Richard N. Nason, Jr., San Francisco,
Major E. M. Moor, Benicia,
Lt. Col. G. Ising, Benicia,
Kay Kevil, Santa Cruz,
Col G. D. France, Benicia,
Maj. A. G. Sullivan, Benicia,
Fred Grunim, Sacramento,
William Paden, Alameda,
Lee Newbert, Oakland,
E. Rene Leach, San Francisco,
Edgar Jessup, Piedmont,

John E. Porter, Watsonville,
Col. Paul G. Rutten, Benicia,
W. F. Skyhawk, Bull Meek Chapt., Nevada City,
H. A. Spindt, Berkeley,
Peter tum (sic) Suden, San Francisco,
George A. Smith, Watsonville,
Edward W. P. Pfingst, Watsonville,
W. H. Taylor, Watsonville,
Harry Porte, San Francisco,
Lee Stopples, San Francisco,
Dr. Fletcher Taylor, Oakland,
A. T. Shine, Oakland,
Dr. Milton H. Shutes, Oakland,
James H. Snell, Oakland,
Frank M. Stanger, Burlingame,
C. Bertrand Thompson, San Franciscoc,
J. H. Stark, Oakland,
J. L. Wells, Oakland,
Leon O. Whitsell, Burlingame,
H. C. Stallings, San Francisco,
J. P. Serres, Aqua Caliente,
Harry L. Stoddard, San Francisco,
Harry V. Tait, San Francisco,
William S. Wells, Jr., Piedmont.

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March 1946

E Clampus Vitus Storms San Francisco

Highlights of annual winter Conclave, including election of new officers, initiates who took first degree, Colonel Mootz' frontier speech, and Dr. Camp's program commemorating 100th Anniversary of the Donner Party's tragic winter in the Sierra.

by Mike Howe Bellows

On January 26th, members and neophytes of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus met in San Francisco where annual banquet festivities were spread in the spacious hall of the El Jardin on California Street. Nothing was lacking to make the evening a grand success, and all brethren seemed to arrive with appetites whetted for action. Due to the lengthy program outlined, the first degree only was measured out to the candidates by having to sit and listen to air-cramming speeches and dialogues with no freedom of speech allotted them to protest. Some acclaimed it was worse than the hazing and horse play anticipated. Be that as it may, after a few highballs at "Pony Bob" Tuggy's Wells Fargo & Co. offices, some Neophytes announced themselves as willing to

put up with anything. This is no slur on “Pony Bob's” brand of frontier likker which often felt like a mule's kick instead of a Pony's.

Colonel Mootz Shoots The Works

Herb Hamlin, Editor of the Pony Express, who used to carry Buffalo Bill's bags when he was bellboy at the Albany Hotel in Denver, introduced the speaker. And the speaker of the evening was none other than Col. Edwin Mootz, old sidekicker of Buffalo Bill who holds the great frontiersman's last will and testament as to title of his name. Mootz recalled the days of yore when his father, Major Edward Mootz was host to Buffalo Bill at Kiowa, Kansas, near the Oklahoma border. Col. Mootz was then a strapping kid, still yellow behind the ears, but patiently waiting his turn to enter the ever changing panorama of Western life; waiting for his turn to come into the Boomer days of 1889 when with a gun on both hips he went to Guthrie with an old Washington hand press to start the Oklahoma Optic – first newspaper in the wild Territory. He told the boys how he had but thirty cents in his pocket and a shirt tail full of type with which to crusade against the bad men, composed of renegades, outlaws, con men, and dance hall operators who imported illegal houch, and ran crooked gambling games. “Kansas was the stomping ground of them before the rush of April 22, 1889 when most all of them piled across the line into Oklahoma,” said Mootz.

Historic Days of Capt. David Payne

The former Deputy U.S. Marshal related some of his experiences running down the Doolin and Dalton gangs. Special mention was given to Capt. David Payne whose followers were the rear vanguard of all Oklahoma Boomers. The former Civil War captain was as fearless and brave as any man who ever wore shoe leather. He was a friend of the Colonel's father, Major Edward Mootz, and the story of Capt. Payne's life has left a deep imprint on the colonel. It was Payne who led the first settlers' expedition into the Territory in 1884, only to be run out by Col. Hatch of the War Dept. at the behest of Henry M. Teller, then Secretary of the Interior. He claimed that historians of the middle west were neglecting their jobs to not write more about Payne – the six and a half-foot powerful pioneer, strong as an ox, who defied the United States Army, and only the pleadings of his old friends, Buffalo Bill, and Capt. William Couch, averted a terrible war and massacre; of how pioneer women were loaded into mule drawn wagons, without blankets or covers, and jolted for days across the rough terrain giving birth to babies that had no chance for attention, or living. “It is one of the darkest chapters of western history yet to be written,” shouted Mootz to the Clamper historians.

Buffalo Bill's First Trip to Europe

It was quite appropriate that Col. Mootz appeared on the 100th anniversary of the birth of his old friend, Buffalo Bill, recalling the Spring day of 1887 that they departed from New York for the 50th anniversary of the reign of Queen Victoria. Before her Majesty and sixty thousand spectators appeared America's great wild west show. “Bill

got a diamond signet ring, and others, including myself, got lesser gifts; mine was a silver-headed cane from Edward, the Prince of Wales. Imagine a cowboy getting a silver headed cane," he added. "It was Buffalo Bill's first trip abroad and half the crown heads of Europe were in the audience. I guess I'm about the last of the old bunch that went on that trip. All I knew, or remember, have gone to the happy hunting ground," concluded Oklahoma's former Deputy U.S. Marshal who brought in the Dalton boys the first time they were apprehended, and help to write his part of the history of the last frontier state.

Satyr On Chester Bowels

Clamper Lee Stoppie preferred certain charges against Clamper John Porter of Watsonville for violation of the New Deal food administration. He appointed Col. Mootz as Sergeant at Arms to bring forth the culprit from his lettuce patch and defend himself for crimes committed against the commonwealth. John's humorous answers to all charges were in Spanish accent, and brought riotous laughter almost equal to that which prevails when he tells his quaint stories of local Spanish color. Later in the evening the Clamper showman spun a few Porter yarns that brought down the house. For the benefit of Clampers who were not amongst the hundred present he should be prevailed upon at the next conclave to tell at least one of them over again – the story of the "horse apples", and having lunch with his friend only yesterday."

Reed-Donner Party Dialogue

One of the finest entertainments offered to the Clampers was staged by no other personage than western historian, Dr. Charles L. Camp of the University of California and Clampatriach pro tem of the order. It is the 100th anniversary this year of the coming of the Reed-Donner Party, and of the terrible, gruesome ordeal through which they passed, many dying of hunger and those that lived, survived only by eating those who were too weak to last. No little amount of research work was required to portray the spectacle in its true historic light, including all the work of the rescue parties. Only an historian like Dr. Camp could qualify as an authentic graphic playwright for such an undertaking. The University Paleontologist is a dramatist of first magnitude, and should be called upon to reproduce his drama before the year has ended. Actors took their parts in such realistic manner that Clamper Tom Norris didn't want to speak, or associate again, with the member who volunteered to take the part of Keseberg. Handkerchiefs were used for other purposes than blowing noses during the performance.

Atty. Eric Falconer took the part of Jim Reed who took the advice of Hastings to save 300 miles but spent six days and nights on the Salt Flat Desert. He explained how Snyder attacked his driver, Milt Elliott, and then his wife, and how he was forced to kill him; and of his oldest daughter, Virginia, 12, who smuggled a gun to him at night on the Trail.

Dr. Ronald Olson, Anthropologist, University of California, took the part of William Eddy who never quit trying to climb the mountain, and who killed a coyote, and grizzly

bear, and a rabbit to head off the pangs of hunger. Ronald is an actor of the first water when it comes to pathos.

Harold Ellis Super-Drip Coffee Man

Too much tragedy regarding the Reed-Donner Party could not be unloaded in its full measure upon the spell bound audience. Dr. Camp realized this phase of the program and fortunately his radio announcer, Harold Ellis, rang true to the sponsors – the Super Drip Coffee Company. Interruptions were necessary for station announcements and identification. Ellis guaranteed that every drop of his Super-Drip quality, even though listening Clampers wished he would either hurry up and get through, or get off the beam, so the Donner Party drama could continue on from where it left off. No doubt Harold could get a top job with Alo-seller-sir any time. He's far more efficient than any other phiz on the air, and doesn't need poetry that rhymes to put over his product. It is rumored that Dr. Camp owns stock in the Super-Drip Coffee Co. and got in before the effervescing sound of the drip was adopted; which sent the stock sky high. Also, since this company sponsored the Reed-Donner party program the stock has advanced considerably. Be that is may, if Elliott Roosevelt can make two hundred thousand dollars going into the radio business, Dr. Camp is certainly entitled to any extra money he can make on the air with Super-Drip Coffee.

George Pettitt took the part of Mr. Foster, who told how Pat Breen took Mose Shallenberger's cabin, and that some had told him Keseberg killed his boy and ate him. George took his part well.

J.A. Sullivan took the part of Patrick Breen who kept a dairy and claimed it was the only accurate record of what happened. He also “played me fiddle to keep the spirits up.”

Hale Sparks, University Explorer More Dramatic Than Clark Gable

The scene of the first relief that arrived on February 18th, 1847, was given in dramatic form. Rozen (Reason B.) Tucker of Calistoga was taken by University Explorer Hale Sparks, who told how he gave biscuits to the Reed kids, and passed out food, and then took seventeen out of the snow-bound regions, but was forced to leave seventeen behind, and of Keseberg walking out with the 5th Relief Party. Hale has great talent, a flair for acting and is more attractive on the legitimate stage than over the radio.

H. Hamlin of the Pony Express took a minor part, with great effort, but was drowned out by the ever-dripping of the Super-Drip Coffee Company. Otherwise, he might have registered.

Everyone present proclaimed the dramatization as the greatest extravaganza of 1946 – at least so far – and Clamper Camp is the greatest playwright in California including Hollywood's matured crop.

Clampers Returned from War

The following Clampers, who had served with Uncle Sam's forces, and not seen for many harvest moons, were given a rousing cheer of welcome: Warren Howell, U.S. Navy; N. Loyall McLaren, U.S. Navy; Hale Sparks, U.S. Navy; Jim Stark, U.S. Navy; Ty Cobb, Coast Guard.

Major George Dawson, of Wells Fargo Bank, and Major Albert Shumate, M.D. of San Francisco, had not returned in time to be present. Clamper Dawson is now back at his San Francisco desk and last accounts of Major Shumate. He was at Pine Mountain Medical center, Atoka, Oklahoma.

Robert Woods from Los Angeles arrived on time to represent Patrix Chapter. Some folks claimed he flew up from L.A. with Hale Sparks so the latter would have no trouble finding his way around to the Clampers rendezvous.

Wendell Robie from Auburn was present to represent Lord Shoto Douglas Chapter, while Dr. Roscoe Clark of Sacramento came in waving a remnant of the old Bear Flag Chapter that he and the late Clamper, Harry Peterson helped to establish. Dr. Clark brought forth sundry chuckles with his part in the Saytr on Chester Bowels, whom he referred to as "Chickling Bowels."

Clampers W.L. Murphy and R.R. Empan represented Sonoma County. Clamper Murphy is editor of the Sonoma Index, and Clamper Empan is grandson of the noted General Vallejo.

Clampers Bennett Brothers – Edgar from Oakland, and Clarence from Hillsborough, claimed to represent the state of Maryland "the Old Line State – which with Virginia is the very heart of the deep South. "All other places are only outposts," opined Clarence.

Achievement of Out-Going Officers

The out-going officers – **Dr. Fletcher Taylor of Oakland as Noble Grand Humbug**, and William S. Paden, as Noble Grand Scribe marks the conclusion of two years of good service rendered to the order, during which the highlight event was the historic pilgrimage to old Fort Benicia.

Regrets to the Clampatriarchs

Honorary Clampatriarch No. 1, Adam Lee Moore, the 100 year old Clamper from Sierra City, was unable to be present, as well as 88 year old Clampatriarch No. 2, Haven A. Mason of Palo Alto, who was a member of Sierraville Chapter way back yonder in the early days. The Clampers all regretted that these two oldest veterans of the order could not be on hand to help celebrate as they did in days of yore.

New Officers Elected

The new officers elected to guide the destinies of E Clampus Vitus for the ensuing year are: Harry Vincent Tait of San Francisco, Noble Grand Humbug; Dr. Milton Shutes of Piedmont, Vice Noble Grand Humbug; Eric A. Falconer of San Francisco, Noble Grand Recorder.

Guy J. Giffen was appointed Keeper of the Scrap Book. Guy has been keeping good track of the western bandits for many years, and now he's to keep track of the Clampers.

Harry Tait needs no introduction to the order. For many years he has worked faithfully, and arduously on many details which helped to make the success of numerous conclaves. Harry is much interested in the history of California. It is said that his antecedents came with Stevenson's colonizing regiment in the late 1840s to California via the Cape Horn route.

Dr. Shutes has distinguished himself as author of a fine contribution to western history – *LINCOLN AND CALIFORNIA*," published by the Stanford Press. Many speakers have used it as reference book in their Lincoln Day addresses, including the humble writer.

Eric Falconer is one of San Francisco's leading attorneys, and author of a contributing manuscript on General Orr which he delivered to California Historical Society and E Clampus Vitus gatherings. It is claimed he has many other good historical "aces in the hole," which will unfold themselves as time goes on. In World War One he distinguished himself as a good soldier under the late Gen'l "Gatling Gun" Parker who was also a staunch member of E Clampus Vitus.

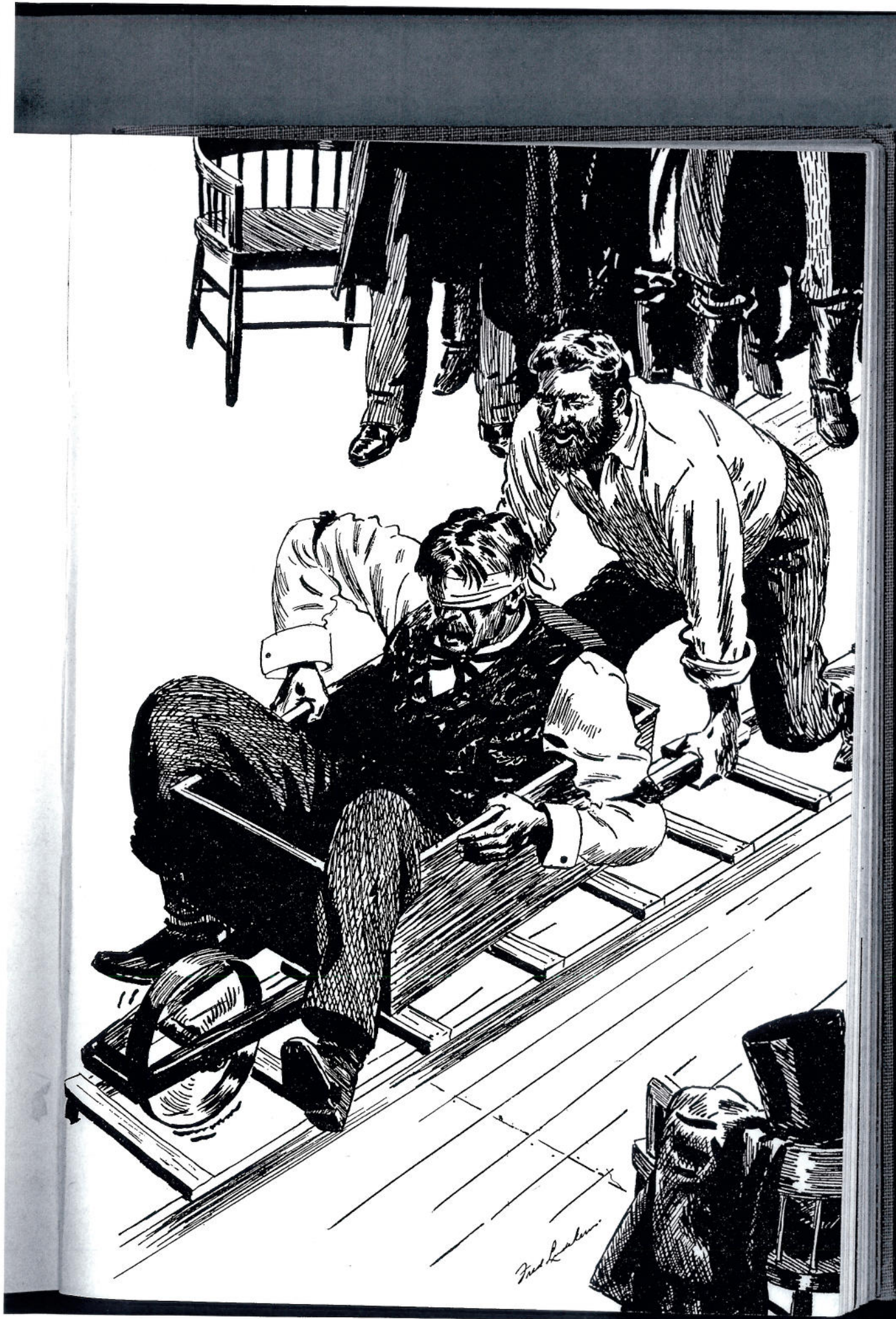
Members and Neophites in Attendance

The following members attended, and hope to be back again next year for another joyous and instructive session: H.L. Stoddard, San Francisco; C. Bertram Thompson, San Francisco; George A. Pettitt, Berkeley; Dr. Ronald L. Olson, University of California; Harold Ellis, Berkeley; Hale Sparks, University of California Explorer; J.A. Sullivan, Oakland; R.H. Cross, San Francisco; Stewart Mitchell, Sacramento; Fred W. Panhorst, Sacramento; John E. Porter, Watsonville; W.S. Wells, Jr., Oakland; H.W. Low, Oakland; A. Rigby, San Leandro; Lawrence O. Olson, San Leandro; J.H. Stark, Oakland; Frederic Shaw, San Francisco; Robert Tuggy, San Francisco; John H. Thies, San Francisco; Roscoe D. Wyatt, Redwood City; S.H. McAllister, Lafayette; Dr. Roscoe L. Clar, Sacramento; Frank Holm, San Francisco; E. Renee Leach, San Francisco; Fred Diefendorf, Berkeley; James Hall Snell, Oakland; Lorenz M. Noll, San Francisco; Alfred Ghiardelli, San Francisco; N. Loyall McLaren, San Francisco; Richard Prosser, San Francisco; Kay Kevil, Santa Cruz; Flodden W. Heron, San Francisco; Edgar M. Kahn, San Francisco; Curtis E. Warren, San Francisco; Westono Settlemier, San Francisco; Thomas N. Norris, Livermore; Robert J. Woods, Los Angeles; Warren R. Howell, Francisco; Manley J. Clark, Livermore; Lee Newbert, Oakland; Louis J. Breuner, Oakland; William A. "Bill" Biglow, Pope Valley, Napa County, Calif.; William Penn Humphreys, San Francisco; Fred G. Will, San Francisco; Fred H. Jenkins, Watsonville; H.A. Spindt, University of California; George Shipper, Watsonville; Lester A. Biersch,

Watsonville; Guy J. Giffen, San Francisco; Otto A. Nagel, San Francisco; Ralph Coffey, Oakland; William M. Gray, San Francisco; George Washington, San Francisco ; Fulmer Mood, Harvard University; R.R. Emparan, Sonoma; W.L. Murphy, Sonoma; Jan Kujawa, San Francisco; Edgar H. Bennett, Oakland; Clarence K. Bennett, Hillsborough; Eric A. Falconerer, San Francisco; Harry V. Tait, San Francisco; Dr. Fletcher Taylor, Oakland; Col. H. Edwin Mootz, Hollywood; Dr. Charles L. Camp, University of California; Lee Stoppie, San Francisco; Edgar B. Jessup, Piedmont; H. Hamlin, Hangtown.

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CHAPTER **17** *Wherein the Old-Timer
discourses of Drink & of Devilment; of several
elegant saloons & some less elegant; of the
theory & practice of practical joking; of the
ancient & honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus,
whence it came & how it spread; of the Mystic
Lodge of Gobblers, and why so little is known
of it; of the Royal Order of G. S., mighty &
terrible; how it took charge of the Community's
Morals & what it did to a Sucker*

YES SIR, as I've told you before, them was the days of great depravitation and plenty of whisky. Old John Copeland used to say:

*"When I am dead and in my grave
No more whisky will I crave,
But on my tombstone shall be wrote,
'They's many a jolt went down his throat.'"*

Well, that would be proper enough to carve on most of the old stones in the graveyard up the hill. The miner's life was a hard one, you know. It was back-breaking work to dig all day out amongst the boulders and wheel the dirt and gravel up to the sluices and throw it in, and then fork out the rocks; a man would get wore out. He'd go back to

GHOST TOWN

his little shack and eat his beans and bacon, and then he'd crave company and life and something to buck up his spirits. Most of these men was out here alone, you see, and for want of the natural home life, they had to find something to take the place of it. That's where the saloon come in. Yes, old Paddy Farley hit it just about right when he called his saloon *The Miner's Home*.

The temperance people, they never did have much success here in Columbia. You take, now, one time a party of women come up from down below to preach on temperance. Somebody told them about a man that was ninety-seven years old and had never took a drink or used tobacco in all his life. The women then naturally they wanted to use him as an example in their lecture, so they went out to interview him.

They asked him was it right what they had been told, that he was so old as that and had never smoked or drank. He told them "Yes," and they asked him: "Do you attribute your old age to that?" He said, well, he didn't know. Then they asked him would he sign an affidavit to his case so they could lecture on it. He said yes, he'd do that for them. But while they was drawing up the paper for him to sign, there was a sudden commotion in the next room — some dishes crashed and a chair kicked over. The women was kind of startled, but the old man says: "Oh, don't pay any attention to that," he says. "It's just my old dad. He's on a drunk again."

Yes, we had some real robustious drinkers here.

The one I always most admired was Jack McCarty, because he was so efficient. When he come to town of a Saturday afternoon and got his gold exchanged he would set out with the one object of getting drunk as soon as possible; it usually took him about twenty minutes.

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One day, though, old Jack got behind schedule. He had been in town almost three quarters of an hour and he was still sober, and impatient. The usual number of the usual drink hadn't had the usual effect. He went into Paddy's place then, and just as he stepped up to the bar and Paddy asked him what he'd have, he happened to look out into the back room and saw a man lying dead to the world under a table there. So Jack pointed to the man and he says to Paddy: "What I want now," he says, "is some of the same stuff you give that feller."

If you could have seen this town in them days, you'd have thought the main business here was the booze business, and I guess if you had the figures on it you'd find that most of the gold the miners dug crossed at least one bar before it got out of town. They was as many saloons here as all the other business houses put together — about thirty — and that don't count the grocery stores and other places where you could buy liquor, or the three breweries. But of course, like with anything else, they was different classes of saloons; they was good ones, and bad ones, and worse ones.

The good ones you'd find up in the center of town along with the banks and stores and other respectable places. First, they was General Tom Cazneau's, facing Cazneau's Plaza on State and Broadway. *The Columbia Exchange*, he called it, because, you see, the General exchanged booze for money there. He averaged twelve hundred and fifty dollars a day cash receipts.

This saloon, it was fixed with nice mirrors, fine flowered carpets on the floors, and beautiful big spittoons. I remember when I was a little fellow how I liked to go into Cazneau's and stand up on the brass rail there and look over the bar to see myself between the bottles in the big

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mirror. But Cazneau wouldn't sell hard liquor to boys — only sody-pop from Brunson's sody works. Oh, it was up to date and a fine respectable saloon, I'll tell you. When Tom Cazneau got it all fixed up like this and had his grand reopening, that was a great day for Columbia. They had a band of choice musicians there and everybody was loud in praise of Cazneau for his enterprise, you know, and for spending so much to advance the interests of the town.

Then they was Ferguson's Saloon on the corner of Main and Fulton, that now they call the Stage Drivers' Retreat. At one time that was the biggest and most elegant saloon in all the Southern Mines. They had an artist paint pictures on the walls there, and one end of the bar, where the gold-scales stood, was covered with tapestry to catch the dust that spilled.

The head barkeeper there was Jack Douglass. He was the drawing card because he was such a good fellow and so popular with the boys. Afterwards he bought the place, and it was always a first-class saloon while he run it. Yes sir, Jack Douglass was an enterprising citizen, a general all-round first-class citizen and a good square saloon-keeper.

Then of course, across the street here was the Mitchel brothers' famous Long Tom Saloon and Gambling House, where the great louse race was run. That place never closed, night or day. The bartenders worked on six-hour shifts there, three and four at a time, and the three Mitchel brothers, they'd take turn and turn about at the till.

Now there you have the three best saloons. In any of these places a fellow could drink till he went under, without any fear of getting rolled; but they was plenty of other places where they wouldn't hesitate to clean a man's pockets out and throw him in the gutter. Those places in

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the center of town, you see, they got their patronage from the better class of men, and on their own merits. But further out was just rows of deadfalls set up to catch the fellows that couldn't wait till they'd get well into town for the first drink and the ones that couldn't resist a last drink going out. You take, now, in the last block of Washington Street, on one side they was twelve doors, and nine of them swung both ways.

The saloons, you see, they was the regular meeting places. Men would come there to close their business deals, for of course a bargain wasn't legal without a drink to bind it. Then the politicians, they had to come to the saloons to do their campaigning and prove what good public officers they'd make, by treating the boys. Yes sir, and many's the man has lost out on election day because he couldn't hold his liquor well enough to make the rounds. But principally the saloons served for general social gatherings and amusements.

A crowd like that, you know, it'll always divide up into the performers and the audience. Any fellow that had any talent, like if he could tell stories, or sing, or play the violin or guitar, he'd do it, and the others would cheer him on. The bright ones, they'd get off jokes on the ones that wasn't so bright. And in them days it was always open season for practical jokes; it was one of the main forms of amusement. They was even clubs or lodges organized by the lively spirits for no other purpose but to play pranks and jokes on any simple fellow that they could take in with their wheezes.

Now you take for instance the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus. The Clampers! Say, I can see them yet, parading with their paraphernalia. They had the great Sword of Justice tempered with Mercy — about

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seven foot long, that old sword was; and the Blunderbasket, just as long and with a two-inch bore. Then they had the Hewgag or Gewgaw, or Dumb Bull as it was first called, the great tin horn that the Royal Grand Musician blew to announce that a candidate was caught and that they'd be a special meeting to initiate him. The regular meetings was before and after the full moon, but the special meetings convened at the call of the Hewgag. Their mascot was a billy-goat, tastefully gilded, and their banner a hoop skirt with the words on it: *This is the flag we fight under.*

No sir, they's no lie about that; it was a great and mighty institution, the E Clampus Vitus was. I don't know what the name would mean to a hog-Latin scholar, but I know what it meant to us in the old days. Say, it was the biggest joke ever sprung on an unsuspecting community. They was a lodge of Clampers in nearly every town along the mining country, from Siskiyou clear down to Mariposa. The Clampers ruled the diggings; they allowed no human suffering, made fools out of men, men out of fools, Christians out of infidels, and hash out of grafting politicians. And this was a benevolent order, too, set up for the relief and protection of the widows and orphans, but more especially of the widows.

And what distinguished names they had on their roll! My! The Order was founded in the beginning of the world, you see: 4005 B.C.; "the memory of man runneth not back to the period of its non-existence." And it laid claim to the greatest names in history: Daniel Webster; Ned Buntline; Henry Ward Beecher; Bob Ingersoll; William Bull Meek; Henry Clay; Sylvester J. Box; Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, and his successor Adam II; Andrew Jackson;

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George Washington; Carl I. Wheat; Saint Vitus; the Blessed Brother Dumbellicus; the famous Chinese navigator and discoverer of California, Hee-Lai; all the great Cæsars; Mark Antony; Xerxes; the great King David; the wise King Solomon; and straight back to the original Clampatriarch Adam, who had smuggled the secrets of E Clampus Vitus out of the Garden of Eden, hid underneath of his apron.

One reason why the order had such an appeal was that every member was an officer, and of course all the offices was of equal indignity — the Clamps Petrix, the Clamps Matrix, the Royal Platrix, the Grand Gyascutis, and so on — all except the N.G.H. He was the main wheeze, the N.G.H. was — the Noble Grand Humbug.

Now, the way the E Clampus Vitus had such a success and the way it spread so far and so fast was by the taking-in process — taking in new members. It was all very secret and mysterious, you see, and you couldn't find out the inner secrets and mysteries without being took in. Then, of course, you'd have to put up the initiation fee, and that meant not only the laugh but the drinks was on you, and more liquid assets in the treasury to be divided amongst the brothers according to capacity.

So naturally the Clampers was always on the lookout for a likely candidate. Suppose a drummer would come to town. He'd go into a store and try to get an order, and the storekeeper would appear interested at first, but then he'd say: "By the way, speaking of orders," he'd say, "I suppose that you belong?"

The drummer, if he wasn't wise already, he'd inquire: "Belong to what?"

"To the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus."

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"Why no," the drummer would say, and then of course he'd want to know what this Order was, and the storekeeper would tell him. "It's a benevolent society," he'd say, "that we have up here for the benefit of the widows and orphans, and I'm sorry you don't belong," he'd say, "like the drummer that's due here next week, because we always try to favor our own brother members, and I won't be able to give you that order after all."

Then when the drummer went on making the rounds of the business places, everywhere he'd get the same story, and no orders, and he'd decide if he wanted to do business he'd have to join up. So towards evening the Hewgag would blow again, with a beller like a bull calf. That meant to the Clampers: "We've caught another sucker! They's fun and drinks ahead!"

So then the Clampers would all troop in and gather in the back room of their favorite saloon and proceed to take the poor drummer in. They'd blindfold him, of course, and seat him on the Expungent's Chair, a wheelbarrow with a cold wet sponge in it; then they'd ride him over the rocky road to Dublin, a ladder laid on the floor; they'd ask him if he believed in the Elevation of Man, and if he said he did, well, they'd elevate him with a block and tackle. By the time that was over, say, he was glad to receive the Staff of Relief and be admitted to the privileges and immunities of the Order. The most important immunity, of course, was immunity from being took in again, and the main privilege, to share in the fun and the liquid assets whenever they could get a new candidate to provide some.

But they was other rights and benefits, too, for anybody belonging to the E Clampus Vitus. Yes sir, that was no

*. . . then they'd ride him over the rocky road to
Dublin . . .*

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mean outfit. They paid compensation; that is, they'd pay compensation to any brother who was hurt while drunk. When he was sober, naturally, he was supposed to look out for himself.

They had an old-age pension, too; eighty dollars a month, it was, that any old Clamper could have just by coming around in person to collect it. The payments started eleven years after your death.

Now we want to get this straight. The E Clampus Vitus, it was a universal order, with an imaginary Grand Lodge and Grand Treasury at Mokelumne Hill; but each town had its special lodge, like Balaam Lodge No. 107,304 at Sierra City, and here at Columbia ours was the Gobblers' Lodge No. 107,368. We had a special side degree here, too — the Sooner Degree — that some of the Gobblers took. The reason we called them Sooners was they'd sooner take a drink than pay for one.

Well, they's a lot about the Gobblers and what they done for the uplift movement and the downpour movement here in Columbia that ought to go down in history. But the trouble is they's no written records, because, you see, at the meetings there was never anyone in condition to keep the minutes, and afterwards nobody could remember what had happened.

Over at Sonora there was an E Clampus Vitus lodge, too. The G.S. Lodge of E Clampus Vitus that was, to begin with, and they could boast it over the Gobblers that they had a regular lodge hall: the one and original Hall of Comparative Ovations.

The first Noble Grand Humbug there was a young lawyer by the name of Otis Greenwood. During the fifties he was one of the most prominent lawyers in the county. He could give Judge Dorsey, or old H. P. Barber, or Jim

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Coffroth himself as good as they sent any day. The only place where Otis Greenwood felt more at home than in the courtroom was in a barroom, and he was usually as full of devilment as he was of liquor; he was a regular hellion and a top-notch N.G.H. He was just brim-full of big ideas and theories, Greenwood was. So after the E Clampus Vitus had been functioning at Sonora for a while, he called a special meeting at the Hall of Comparative Ovations. He announced that he had made a deep study of the history and constitution of this Order, and he'd come to the conclusion that somewheres, he wasn't sure exactly where, but somewheres in between Xerxes and Saint Vitus, it had got off on the wrong track and had been a bogus proposition ever since, all out of line with the true principles that Adam had smuggled out of the Garden of Eden.

So Doc Walker, the druggist — he was a great joker and one of the most active Clampers — he inquired what did the N.G.H. propose that they do about it.

“I propose,” says Greenwood, “that we pull out of this bogus Order and start one of our own, on the true principles that I've discovered and will prepound to you,” he says.

So they put it to a vote, and the motion passed. That's how the Sonora lodge seceded from the Ancient and Honorable Order of the E Clampus Vitus and started the new one they called the Royal Order of G.S., Mighty and Terrible. G.S., according to Greenwood, that stood for George's Sons, because at that time California was practically overrun with Englishmen, like J. S. Nugent here in Columbia, who were supposed to be illegitimate sons of King George IV; and the Royal Order of G.S. was to provide a means for these bastard brothers to get together and be given titles proper to their rank.

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Greenwood then went on to explain to the brothers of G.S. the true principles turned up by his deep study.

"First," he says, "in the matter of morals. Now that's a matter that the general run of mankind don't understand at all," he says, "and the result is that they're always being imposed upon by whoever yells the loudest at them what they ought to do about it, and what they ought not to do. So I say it's our civic duty," Greenwood says, "as the selected and enlightened few, to take the morals of this town into our own special charge, and see to it that the preachers and pious wives that come trailing into this man's country don't get it altogether too damned moral for comfort and deny the sacred right of every man to the pursuit and capture of happiness. Do I hear a motion to that effect?" he says.

So Doc Walker made a motion that the Royal Order of G.S., Mighty and Terrible, declare its supreme authority over the morals of Sonora, and that a committee be appointed to take charge. It passed unanimous, and the Morals Committee was appointed with Doc Walker as chairman.

The principal matter of morals that they had to consider then was the bull and bear fights. The preachers and church people had been making such a big fuss about these little shows, you see, that the Morals Committee decided they'd put up one that would make a real stir. So they published an advertisement that the next Sunday afternoon, in the Sonora Amphitheater, would come off the greatest and most blood-curdling exhibition that had ever been witnessed in Sonora. They wouldn't only be a bull and bear fight, and a dog and bear fight; they'd also be a *man* and bear fight. An old California bear-hunter would fight to the death with one of the fiercest of grizzly bears.

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Well sir, you can imagine what a turmoil uprose over that. The preachers and the deacons and the church women took it as a challenge. They held indignation meetings about it, and on Sunday afternoon they went out to the Amphitheater to make their final protest. If they couldn't stop it any other way, they was ready to throw themselves in the ring, like the old Christian martyrs. By singing hymns along the way, they worked themselves up to the point of sacrifice, and then, when they got there, they found that the only exhibition was themselves. Instead of bear-baiting, you see, the sport was preacher-baiting, and the whole thing a great hoax just cooked up to make them ridiculous. Say, that sure did squelch the crusade, and it left the Clampers in full control of Sonora's morals.

Well then, another of the true principles that Greenwood had dug up by his study, he explained to the brothers of the G.S. "It's this," he says, "that life is just a big joke, and it's against nature and a fraud on the public for any man to take himself serious. So anyone who does, it becomes our duty to protect the public from this imposition by showing him up for the joke he really is."

Yes sir, and as proper a subject as ever fell into the hands of the old G.S. was a fellow by the name of Garland — the Honorable Judge Garland, they called him.

The simple fellow had seen a traveling theatrical company playing down below and had got completely stage-struck and so bedazzled by one of the actresses that when this company finished their run in Stockton and started for a tour of the mines, Garland just packed his carpet-bag and took to the road after them. And when they got to Sonora he put up at the City Hotel, where they stopped.

Well sir, a fellow in that condition, he can't keep it to

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himself, you know, and it wasn't long before the Royal Order of G.S., Mighty and Terrible, took his measure. So Greenwood appointed a committee to go with him and make a formal call on Mr. Garland.

The next morning they put on their frock coats and high hats and went down to the City Hotel.

"Mr. Garland," says Greenwood, "we are the Committee of Honor and Safety of the Royal Order of G.S.," he says, "and it is our duty and pleasure to welcome all distinguished visitors to our community. So, in the name of our Royal Order and in the name of the town of Sonora, let us give you the glad hand of welcome, sir, and tell you how much we appreciate the honor of having you amongst us."

Well, this sort of took Garland's breath away, to find at last he'd come to a place where he was appreciated. "Oh, thank y', thank y'!" he says.

"Oh, you're quite welcome, Mr. Garland," says Greenwood, "it's a pleasure. And now," he says, "if you'll just make us acquainted with the nature of your business, we'll do all we can to help you," he says.

"Oh, thank y', thank y'!" says Garland. And then, when he saw how friendly and helpful this committee was, he opened up and told them how he wanted to go on the stage, and all about his tender feelings for this actress.

"Well, well, Mr. Garland," says Greenwood, "I'm glad you've told us, and if only you'll put yourself in our hands we can fix this up for you. All you need to do is to make a big impression at the play tonight," he says, "to show this company and the young lady how the town receives you as a distinguished visitor and honored guest; for you know what P. T. Barnum says: 'Publicity lends enchantment!'"

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So when the audience gathered at Valleau's Theater that evening, there sat Garland on a raised platform in the dress circle with a big wooden sword dangling from his belt and a paper cap on his head, and, hanging from his neck, the Badge of Honor. This was a blue cardboard heart about a foot across, and on it "G.S.," in big gold letters. Then all around the platform was the brothers of the Committee of Honor and Safety, wearing smaller wooden swords and badges, setting there and keeping just as solemn as they could.

Well, you can imagine the effect of this side-show on the audience, and then on the actresses when the curtain went up, for of course Garland was a joke to them already. After the show the committee and members of G.S., Mighty and Terrible, marched out with Garland and down Washington Street, in military formation. Naturally the audience followed along.

Well, wherever they's an audience they's bound to be a performance. So Greenwood, he stopped the procession in front of the Placer Hotel and took Garland up onto the steps to make a speech. And while Greenwood introduced the Honorable Judge Garland to the people of Sonora, Doc Walker, to brace Garland up, slipped him a glass of whisky with some croton oil in. Then they pushed him out to make his speech. But the oil stopped that speech off almost as soon as the whisky got it started, and the Honorable Garland went off on the run towards the City Hotel, tripping over his sword at every step, and with the crowd running after, yelling: "Hang him! Hang him!"

Well, between the excitement and the drink, Garland was laid up for several days, and in the meanwhile the theatrical troupe moved on to Columbia. But Otis Green-

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wood and the brothers of the G.S., they wasn't through with Garland yet. Doc Walker took good care of him and told him that if he lost his actress, never mind; they'd make a famous actor of him anyway. They knew he had it in him, and the whole town was anxious to see him perform. So they said they was getting up a performance of *Macbeth* and he should have the leading role. Well, they spent a week drilling Garland for that part, and when he come out on the stage in the dagger scene, dressed in a sort of short nightshirt buttoned up the back, and with his arms and legs all smeared with red paint according to the fancy of the brothers, I can tell you he brought down the house. It was a Comparative Ovation.

Then after the performance was over they brought Garland out before the curtain, and while the audience whistled and hollered, Otis Greenwood presented him with an enormous diploma. It had a seal on it as big as a soup plate.

Next day, when the Committee of Honor and Safety packed Garland off on the stage for down below, they commanded him never to let that diploma out of his hands and to guard it as his life because it carried with it all the privileges and honors of the Royal Order of G.S., Mighty and Terrible. If he presented it to any of the brothers, anywhere in the world, it would be their duty to take him in — just like the Sonora lodge had done.

GHOST TOWN NEWS

A Western Magazine
from
Ghost Town Village

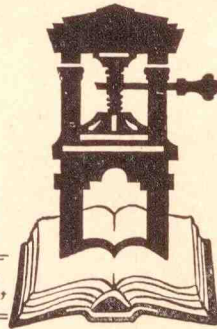
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Norton I, Emperor of United States

By ALLEN STANLEY LANE

What! an Emperor of the United States? Yes, sir-ee! When? who was he? and where was his seat of government? From 1859 to 1880; he was Emperor Norton, the first and last of his line; and his imperial headquarters was in San Francisco.

But the history books—?

Pass them by, brother; they are dull records of "sound and fury," compiled by unimaginative pedants. For the fact remains that the United States had an honest-to-goodness emperor in the not long distant past. Admittedly his authority and empire were formally unrecognized—more's the pity!—but His Imperial Highness did the best he could under the circumstances.

He burst on an amazed San Francisco ten years after the gold rush with a revolutionary proclamation printed gratis in the *San Francisco Bulletin* of September 17, 1859, beginning: "At the peremptory request and desire of a large majority of the citizens of these United States, I, Joshua Norton, formerly of Algoa Bay, Cape of Good Hope, and now for the last nine years and ten months past of San Francisco, California, declare and proclaim myself Emperor of these United States." This *coup d'état* was followed a month later by a second imperial edict, also published in the *Bulletin*, in which Norton I, as he signed himself, abolished Congress. Shortly afterward another royal ukase wiped out the Supreme Court and called on the nation to recognize the Norton Empire. The country, however, was slow to do so. Finally, becoming impatient and considering it "necessary to our Peace, Prosperity and Happiness, as also to the National Advancement of the People of the United States proper" that "an absolute monarchy"

should displace the republic, the new Emperor decreed that "We, Norton I, by the grace of God and the National Will . . . do hereby dissolve the Republic of the United States; . . . and all laws made from and after this date, either by the National Congress or any State Legislature, shall be null and of no effect."

His regime established—though not officially recognized—Emperor Norton blossomed out in a blue military uniform with



—Courtesy California State Library
Emperor Norton

shiny brass buttons and enormous gold epaulets, a tall beaver hat decorated in front with a brass rosette holding in place a rakish plume of gay-colored feathers, a rosebud in his lapel, a sword in his belt, and a knotty cane in his hand. A stocky fellow with a thick mustache and beard, he strutted pompously along the sidewalks of San Francisco, frequently accompanied by two remarkable town-dogs, Bummer and Lazarus.

To the credit of the city it accepted the Emperor without question. Hats were lifted to him, bows made, imperial salutations offered. Here was something new, unique, amusing, and warmhearted, sentimental, tolerant San Francisco gave Norton I a royal welcome. "In what other city would a harmless madman who supposed himself emperor . . . have been so fostered and encouraged?" asked Robert Louis Stevenson about Emperor Norton in *The Wrecker*, in which novel His Majesty appears. Surely only in romantic San Francisco, and in that fantastic, devil-may-care period following the gold rush.

How did he get that way? The tale is brief. He was a '49er, Joshua Abraham Norton, an English Jew from Cape Town. Setting up as a commission merchant on his arrival in San Francisco he did a thriving business and made a fortune. In 1852 he invested all his money in an attempted corner of the rice market, but the unexpected arrival of several ships with rice made a fiasco of his venture. Worry over his financial loss and an interminable lawsuit affected his health and brought on a mental breakdown. Formerly he had been one of the most prominent business men in the city; now, his brain befuddled, he disappeared from public life. Several

years later, in 1859, he reappeared with the hallucination that he was Emperor of the United States and inaugurated his "reign."

He soon became the best-known personage in San Francisco. Every afternoon he promenaded publicly in his imperial regalia or busied himself with the manifold duties of the Empire. It became the fashion to cater and kow-tow to him, and he was graciously granted all the royal prerogatives possible. He was seated with much deference and served without charge at the best table in restaurants. He was permitted free entrance to all theatres, being escorted ceremoniously to a front seat, the orchestra blasting out a fanfare and the audience rising until His Majesty seated himself. He rode without paying a fare on streetcars, trains, and ferryboats. His royal manifestoes, flowing profusely from his pen, were featured in the newspapers. He issued Imperial script, printed for him without charge and honored by his loyal subjects at face value, usually fifty cents. He was presented with uniforms by the best tailors, who vied with each other for the privilege.

And why not? Emperor Norton was no Hitler. Not a more kindly monarch ever ruled. Though dignified and regal in manner he was gentle of heart, affable, and pleasant to converse with, for on all subjects but the Empire he talked rationally. He was particularly gallant to women and children; he labored conscientiously for the welfare of "the Queen of the Pacific," as he called San Francisco; he was peace loving and never declared war on another country. Everybody, young and old, liked Emperor Norton. Let him be Emperor if he wants to, was their attitude. And so the most picturesque and fascinating character of old San Francisco continued unmolested along his Imperial path.

A year after he inaugurated his New Deal, Norton I assumed added responsibilities. Owing to the troublous internal condition of Mexico he took upon himself the personal protection of that country, and thereafter throughout his entire reign, to his title of "Emperor of the United States" he added "and Protector of Mexico."

Among the outstanding proclamations Emperor Norton issued, besides those mentioned, were the following—the abolition of the office of President, Vice President, and Speaker of the House; a command to President Johnson to deliver Jeff Davis to him in person; a convention to meet in Petaluma to alter the United States Constitution; and the abolition of the Democratic and Republican parties.

But the most famous of all Norton's fulminations and the one that shows most clearly the far-seeing imagination of the

Emperor is his Bay Bridge proclamation. It was to be sixty-five years before the people caught up with his vision and started building the bridge, but when construction was finally begun the eastern section of the structure followed Norton's plan precisely. This historic document reads in part:

WHEREAS, reliable information has reached us to the effect that our neighboring sovereign, the reigning Queen of the Friendly Islands, is desirous of annexing her dominions to the United States, and herself to our royal person, and

WHEREAS, it is our pleasure to acquiesce in all means of civilization and population;

Now, therefore, we, Norton I, *Dei Gratia*, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, do order and direct . . . that a suspension bridge be constructed from . . . Oakland Point to Yerba Buena, from thence to the mountain range of Saucilleto, and from thence to the Farallones, to be of sufficient strength and size for a railroad . . . Whereof fail not under pain of death.

Given under our hand this 18th day of August, A. D. 1869.

—NORTON I.

For twenty-one years the Empire flourished. Its continuance and his own successor were matters which often concerned Norton. An heir to the blood royal was essential, but he felt that it would not be fair to all the other American ladies to choose one of them for his wife. Marriage plans with the Queen of the Friendly Islands—arranged by the "good offices" of

the Western Union—were never realized, and Emperor Norton had just about concluded an alliance—also through the telegraph company—to marry Queen Victoria when destiny intervened.

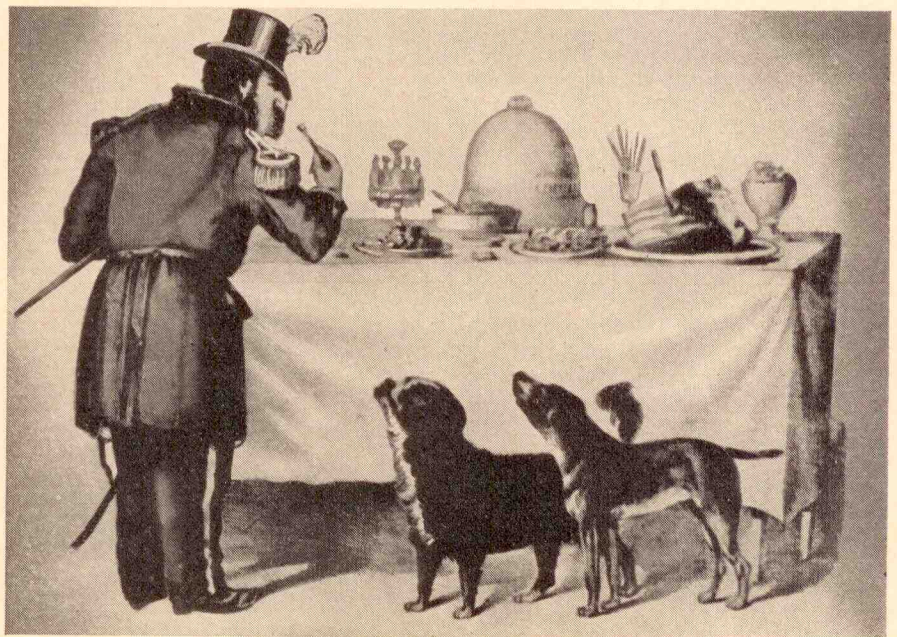
One stormy night in January, 1880, when the Emperor was in the early sixties, he was seized with an apoplectic stroke while on his way to a lecture. He sank to the sidewalk and died in a few minutes. San Francisco mourned his passing, and over ten thousand persons paid their last respects to their late ruler as his body lay in state. He was interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery, and reburied with honors in 1934 in Woodlawn Cemetery.

All during his reign Norton I strenuously endeavored to secure official recognition of himself and the Empire. He never succeeded, but long after his death—in 1934, at the unveiling of the monument over his grave—his most ardent wishes were at last consummated. For on the granite shaft, chiseled in imperishable stone and with no ironic quotation marks around his imperial title, was formal recognition of his regime—

NORTON I
EMPEROR
OF THE UNITED STATES
AND
PROTECTOR OF MEXICO

JOSHUA A. NORTON
1819 - 1880

The interested reader will find a complete biography of Emperor Norton, including chapters on Bummer and Lazarus, George Washington the Second, The Great Unknown, etc., in my book, *EMPEROR NORTON, The Mad Monarch of America*, recently issued by the Caxton Printers, Ltd.



Emperor Norton and Bummer and Lazarus

Courtesy: California State Library

The Black Cat in Rabbit's Clothing

By G. EZRA DANE IN COLLABORATION WITH BEATRICE J. DANE

Well, old Main Street looks pretty dead, doesn't it? There's Garibaldi's yellow dog sleeping right plumb in the middle of the crossroads, and old Sandy Peterman dozing on the bench in front of the City Hotel, waiting for some tourists to come along so he can show them the town. He likes to take them over to the engine house there and show them old Number One Fire Engine that was made for the King of the Sandwich Islands, and the old buffalo-hide hose. "Ladies and gentlemen," he'll say, "take this here hose now. It's made from the hides of buffaloes that they shot right up in the hills here. This country was just lousy with buffaloes in them days," he'll say. No, sir, Sandy's not the man to let a thousand miles or a couple of mountain ranges stand between him and a good story, not Sandy.

Well, I don't know as I blame him. He ain't got much left here to show. Just a shell, that's all it is, just a shell of what it used to be. The life's all gone out of it, because them as made the life is gone. Those of us that's left, we're just like a few old shriveled apples, still clinging to the tree past the season. And they'll be no more crops like the first one. No, sir, nowadays, with the radios and the movies giving folks the same notions and the same tastes and the same manners, they all grow of a size; and a pretty small size at that.

In them days, say, men wasn't playing nursemaid to each other, I can tell you. Every man had to look out for himself, and to think for himself, and people had to amuse themselves. And that life, you see, if they was anything in a man, good or bad, it brought it out. So each man wasn't just another man, he was a different man. That's why these old fellows I knew, I never can forget them.

Yes, they was some great fellows here in them days. If I could just take you down the street and let you meet some of them you'd understand what I mean.

You might see Nervi in front of Knapp's wholesale and retail grocery store there on the corner of State and Main streets. He'd be loading his string of nine jacks with supplies to pack out the trail that wound along the mountainside above the South Fork of the Stanislaus, where the road runs now, out to Italian Bar. That's where most of the Italian miners congregated in the early days, and that's where Nervi had his store. He stuck it out for more than fifty years there, Nervi did, and Italian Bar lost its last inhabitant when he died at the age of ninety-four.




But when Italian Bar was in its prime, say, Nervi was a big man amongst the Italians there. His real name was Joaquin de Luke or De Lucca, but nobody ever called him anything but Nervi. Just why

WHEREIN WE LEARN WHY LIFE IN THE DIGGINS PRODUCED SUCH REMARKABLE CHARACTERS; ARE INTRODUCED TO SEVERAL OF THEM, INCLUDING NERVI THE HIEROGLYPHOGRAPHER; THE COMPARATIVELY LEARNED MR. MATT BRADY; THE JOVIAL HOST AND JOKER, AND J. B. HARMON, THE WATERWALKER; AND ARE TOLD OF THE COOK THAT WAS TOO GOOD FOR COLUMBIA, OR, THE BLACK CAT IN RABBIT'S CLOTHING.

they called him that, I can't say for sure. They's one fellow has studied about that for forty years, and he says that Nervi was really nicknamed Nerva, after a great Roman emperor, just because he was kingpin of all the Italians around these parts. Others say he was called Nervi on account of the nerve he showed in running a charge-account business when he couldn't read or write or cipher.

No, sir, Nervi didn't know B from a bull's foot, and he couldn't write a figure, but he was so smart he kept a set of books anyway. I'll tell you how he done it. He invented himself a set of hieroglyphics. It was a one-man language, that's what it was, just a one-man language. And who's to say that Nervi was more ignorant than others? He couldn't read anybody else's language, but neither could anybody else read his.

For his customers he'd put down marks. Supposing it would be a tall, thin man, he'd put down a long narrow mark; and a short wide mark for a short fat man. Then if they was more than one customer of the same build, he'd have other marks, so as he could tell them apart. You take, for instance, George and Henry Streeter. They was brothers, customers of Nervi, and each of them lived with a Me-wuk squaw, the same as Nervi did, that they'd married Indian fashion. But George and his squaw, they lived under a big pine tree; so Nervi drew in a pine tree to make sure that he didn't mix George's account with Henry's.

Then he'd draw pictures of the articles his customers would buy. If a fellow would get a cheese, he'd write a circle, like this:  and for the price he'd put in lines:  Two bits worth would be two lines for ten cents each, and one half as long, like this:  That would make twenty-five cents' worth of cheese. Then if

he sold a gold-pan, he'd draw it the same way, only with two circles, one inside the other. For a wedge he'd just draw a wedge, and so with an ax or saw.

One time a fellow by the name of Tolman disputed his bill on account, you see, of Nervi's book-keeping system. He was one of these smart old fellows, Tolman was, and he thought that Nervi's books wouldn't be good in law. But Nervi sued him, and they called Sewell Knapp in as witness. Knapp testified how Nervi kept accounts, and that he'd dealt with him for years, and Nervi's books was always right. So the Judge made Tolman pay.

Another time some of the boys out there at Italian Bar, they thought they'd test out old Nervi's system. Thirty-two of them come in and each one ordered some different articles that Nervi didn't have, so he'd have to get them down at Knapp's here in Columbia. Well, old Nervi took the orders and drew his pictures, and he filled every order without a mistake.

So far as I know, he never made but one mistake. That was in Cross and Pitts' account — Horatio Cross and Sylvanus Pitts, father to Judge Johnny Pitts. They was working a gravel channel at Philadelphia Diggins and they'd get their supplies from Nervi. Well, he marked their account on his books with a cross, and he got everything straight in it until once when they come in to pay their bill he had them charged for a cheese.

Pitts said: "We never bought no cheese."

"Butta looka," says Nervi, "I write-a da cheese in da booka."

"We can't help that," says Cross. "We don't even like cheese."

"But hold on," says Pitts. "We did buy a grindstone."

"Ah, Santa Maria!" says Nervi, "I forgetta da hole."

Yes, Nervi was like an old Irishman, name of Donnelly, that kept a store here in Columbia in the boom days. He couldn't read or write, either. So he had a row of tumblers on a shelf, and when he made a sale he'd put a toothpick in one of these tumblers for each dollar he took in, to keep track. Then he'd take a toothpick out for each dollar he'd spend, of course.

Well, Donnelly managed all right with this system for a while, but then he run into trouble. No matter how much business he did, he seemed to be always losing money. One after another the tumblers emptied, until poor old Donnelly was worried to death. He was just about to give

Continued on Page 18

THE BLACK CAT IN RABBIT'S CLOTHING

Continued from Page 15

up and go bankrupt when he discovered that some of his customers had been picking their teeth with his accounts. So he switched from toothpicks to beans, and when he sold out to Matt Brady and went below, old Donnelly was fifty thousand beans to the good.

Matt Brady, now, on the other hand, he was a great reader. Like as not you'd see him setting out in front of the store with his chair tilted back against a post, a-reading and a-reading away at the newspaper. The Irish miners that wasn't so educated, they'd gather around him and he'd read out loud to them. Half of what he read wasn't in the paper at all, but he'd go right on reading about how the English was a-persecuting the Irish. With tears in his eyes he'd read how in County Cork they'd shipped five hundred Irishmen off to Australia for not paying the pig tax, and how in Dublin they'd whipped through the streets and hung a hundred of them for wearing a bit of the green, and how in Tipperary they'd put in prison three hundred more for digging their potatoes without the King's license.

Well, he'd go on reading hideous things like that, you know, that the English was doing in Ireland, until he had all the Irish in town in an uproar and ready to beat up any Englishman they could lay their hands on. When anybody asked them where they'd heard all these awful things, they'd say: "Sure, Matt Brday was raidin' it to us right out o' the noospaper!" So then George Foster—he was an Englishman who run the City Hotel down there where Sandy's sitting—he'd have to lay low till the Irish quieted down.

CITY HOTEL

by

George Foster

That's what the sign used to say, that hung over the door. Sounds like a book, doesn't it? And say, enough has happened in there to fill a book as full as some of the customers used to be when they shoved back from George Foster's table. All you could eat for one price was the rule, and some fellows sure got their money's worth. Then they was plenty of fun from Foster to help along the digestion.

Old George, you see, something was always striking him funny. It might be something somebody else would say or it might be his own joke, but generally it would be some droll idea that struck him. His laugh would start shaking him way down by his heels somewhere and gradually work up until it would break out of his face in a great guffaw. This laugh would work on him so long, and would tire him out so, that when he got over it he would have to take a glass of ale to refresh himself. Of course, he wouldn't drink alone, so whenever George Foster laughed, everybody knew it meant drinks on the house.

"Haw! haw! haw!" he'd say: "Step up and 'ave a glass o' ale."

You take, for instance, once Foster heard of a fellow that was mining up on Rose's Creek, old J. B. Harmon. He was

a big old, tall old chap; a Southern man. I can see him yet, with his big bowie-knife. He never went any place, not even to church, without his bowie-knife. Well, this Harmon, he had to cross the creek to get to his mine. He had an inventive quirk in his head and he took a notion he would fix himself some floats, so as he could walk across, you see. He wouldn't fell a tree for a footbridge; that would be too easy, and no invention to it.

So he took his bowie-knife and he fashioned out two little floats or boats about four foot long, with boots inside. He'd put his feet in the boots and give a shove, and balance himself with a pole, and across he'd go to the other side of the creek. Well, that seemed a great thing, you know, to the people for a fellow to walk on the water; and they got to talking about it down in Columbia. So when this Harmon come to town, George Foster thought he'd have some fun with him. He called him in.

"Come in and 'ave a glass o' ale, Mr. 'Armon," says he. "I 'ear you've found out 'ow a man can walk on water, Mr. 'Armon. Come in and 'ave a glass o' ale and tell us 'ow it's done."

So old Harmon, he explained it over the ale. Foster said he was ready to back the invention, and he invited Harmon to stay there at the City Hotel while he was improving it, and making a bigger pair of floats to demonstrate. Foster, of course, he had an eye to business, too, so he set up a shop for the fellow right in the barroom. And there he kept him, working and whittling away with his bowie-knife. Naturally, everybody wanted to see how this water-walking apparatus was made, and Harmon drew a crowd that kept Foster busy passing out the drinks.

Well, after old Harmon had his floats all finished he was going to demonstrate his walking. Foster set a Sunday for it, when Harmon should walk across the Gold Springs Reservoir. So the word went out, and that Sunday folks come in from all the surrounding camps.

Then George Foster, he led the procession, with Harmon carrying his pole and a dozen fellows lending a hand to pack the floats. So they paraded out the Gold Springs road and up the hill to the reservoir, with the crowd following after them, of course.

Now, it was winter time and they was ice on the reservoir that day, and some of the boys had to go out in a boat to break it; so you can tell how cold it was. But old Harmon, he wasn't afraid. No, sir, he got his floats ready, and he put his feet in the boots, and then he shoved right off with the pole he had to balance himself and to guide himself along. His motion was a shove, and a shove, like this; and he went along careful-like, and was doing fine. The crowd—they was hundreds there—they begun to holler and cheer. Well, Harmon he got braver then and he thought that he'd show off a little. So he started stepping high and was going to skate along, first on one foot and then on the other. But no sooner did he raise his one foot up than the other one slipped out from in under him and he lost his balance

and dropped the pole, and down head first went Mr. Harmon. There he was, with his head down under that icy water and his feet up, still strapped to the floats.

Then they was a great commotion, of course, and the poor fellow would of drowned, I guess, but the boys that had the boat, they rowed out and fished him out. Well, that ended the exhibition. As soon as Harmon got dried off and thawed out a bit, he struck out for Rose's Creek, and I never heard that he walked on the water again.

No, sir, they's no lie about that—no fixing about that. That's genuwine. And how old George Foster used to laugh about it! "Did you see 'Armon walk on the water?" he'd say. "Haw! haw! haw! Come in and 'ave a glass o' ale."

Oh, he was a jolly host and a great joker, George Foster was. And the City Hotel was a popular place with the miners while he and his family run it.

They was a time, though, when Foster's City Hotel had some stiff competition. That was when Antoine, the French cook, come to Columbia and opened his celebrated French Restaurant right next door. If you wanted good plain food and plenty of it, and good English ale, you'd go to Foster's. But if you wanted a real fancy, tasty, elegant meal, with choice wines and all the fixings, you had to go to Antoine's to get it.

It was something wonderful how popular that place got to be. It was an education for a man to eat a meal there. Antoine, he cooked and he served with such a flourish, that really it give a different air to the town. He knew that, too, Antoine did.

"Before I come 'ere," he used to say, "Columbia eez zhust anozzer mining camp. Now"—and he'd stop and give a flip with his hand—"Now," he'd say, "eez a city!"

Antoine, he made the boast that they was no dish any customer could order that he couldn't serve. Anything that could be had, Antoine would get; and if it couldn't be got any other way, he'd **make** it. All he asked of the customer was to order time enough ahead so as he could get the makings and prepare them. Well, in them days, you know, a man couldn't make a challenge like that without being took up on it. Antoine was smart enough to know that if he set up such a contest between himself and the town, it was sure to bring business. He knew, too, of course, if he wanted to hold the business, he'd have to make his boast good. And he was ready.

Well, you would of had to be here to believe it—the change that come over the Columbians. From a crowd of plain old bean- and bacon-eaters, they all of a sudden turned into a regular citted, finicky bunch of high livers. Everybody was thinking and talking about what fancy dishes they could order that might stump Antoine.

You can imagine what this done to Antoine's trade—and what it done to George

The Joseph Zumwalt Story.

By Russ Robinson

Second Edition
Revised 15 June, 2002.



Joseph Zumwalt plaque. Murphys, California.

**Joseph Zumwalt is recognized for his important role in bringing
The Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus
to California during the early days of the Great Gold Rush.**

**Here then, is the fascinating account of this early pioneer
and his family as written by his Great, Great, Great, Grandson,
Mr. Russ Robinson, Historian and Honorary Staff Commodore of
The South Bay Yacht Club in Alviso, California,**

who has graciously allowed us to include his article on our website.

SATISFACTORY!

"The pioneer spirit of these Zumwalt's is fantastic. One account is that during the French-Indian War, one of my ancestors was a store keeper on the frontier. The French tried to give the Indians some watered down whiskey and it came down to who the Indians would support, the French with the poor booze or the American frontiersmen. My Zumwalt saved the day with some really good booze. The Indians loved it as it made them see visions, while the French stuff made them sick. Now that sounds like a Clamper story doesn't it?" - Russ.

As a descendent of Nancy Ann (Zumwalt) Bailey and Peter Bailey, I have wondered for years about them but I could never find the time to further explore who they really were, where did they come from and try to generally understand them more. As a child of maybe 3 or 4 years old, I can remember talking to this wonderful old completely white haired lady, Malvena (Baker) Johnson Gregg, my great grandmother. She was born Feb. 25th, 1864 at Dixon, California. At the time when I met her, she would have been about 74 or 75 years old. This meeting took place at the home of her daughter-in-law, Edith Johnson south of Bakersfield, California. Edith was the wife of Ray Johnson, my grandmother's brother. Edith was the child of Malvina's sister, Mary Louiza; therefore they were first cousins. I do not remember many of the details but I do remember vividly her telling about her mother's family coming to California. Crossing the plains, the Indians and the trips that her mother, Mary Ann (Bailey) Baker had made down to Nicaragua and the Isthmus of what is now Panama, She told of their going overland by mule, taking a ship to the East Coast and then a train back to Illinois. Then she told of the trip back to California by covered wagon. My later research has proved all of this to be true, but I am getting ahead of my story.

I guess it was at this tender age that the seed was planted for me to learn more. I am just sorry that it took over 60 years for it to fully germinate. During those years I

would ask some questions and I would get some answers from my grandmother or my mother. They both didn't have much information or details and no real documentation. I only took their information in as family lore and failed to dig deeper. It is only in retrospect that I now know some of what they told me was correct and some had strayed a bit from the actual story or more likely I didn't clearly understand what they had told me.

One of the items they had told me was that Nancy Ann and Peter Bailey, my GGG Grandmother and Grandfather were mentioned in the "Shirley Letters, From the California Mines, 1851-1852". This book was a compilation of letters written by Louise Amelia Knapp Smith Clappe. Two of the letters were written when the writer was at Rich Bar on the American River in 1851. Early editions of the book only gave reference to a Mr. and Mrs. B. None of the footnoting gave their full name. I read the letters with interest, but I could not verify that this was my Nancy Ann and Peter Bailey.

One day when I was at the California State Capitol on business, I wandered into the bookshop. I found a new edition of "The Shirley Letters" which was augmented by a lot of research and was edited by Marlene Smith-Baranzini. Heyday Books in Berkeley, California published the book. This edition clearly stated that the Mr. and Mrs. B. mentioned were Nancy Ann and Peter Bailey. References to them can be found on pages 21, 34, and 35. I now had a piece of solid evidence to go on.

My mother and grandmother both passed away in 1985 and my source of first hand family information was lost forever. I regret that I didn't take more time and make a bigger effort to obtain more information and clarify what I had been told. My father passed away in 1999 and in going through his effects, I came across a document on the ancestry of another branch of the family. This branch however started also with Nancy Ann and Peter Bailey. In this document, I found that her father was a Tom Zumwalt. In reflection that was a big clue and I overlooked it for I found out latter that the "Tom" was incorrect and his name was "Joseph". At about the same time, my wife mentioned that she had seen written down somewhere, when looking through my mother's bible, that they had come from Will County, Illinois. My earlier attempts to find more about them on the Internet were not very successful. I was searching using the names of Nancy Bailey and Peter Bailey but with this new information I located through the Internet the South Suburban Genealogical and Historical Society located in South Holland, Illinois. I asked for their help and they responded at once. They told me of a book which I could purchase entitled "Will County on the Pacific Slopes, an Historical Sketch" written by George H. Woodruff in 1885. The book recalls much of who went West from Will County and their stories made up of recollections and letters sent home to Will County. The document was ordered and received. It contained a large number of references to the Zumwalt and Bailey families and was a wonderful collection of information of what went on with these hardy pioneers. It also uncovered that Joseph

Zumwalt was one of my ancestors.

Gold was discovered at Sutters Mill near Coloma on 24 January 1848, but the discovery was kept a secret for some time. It was not until December 1848 that the discovery was officially announced in Washington, DC. There is no evidence as to when word actually reached Will County, Illinois and Joseph Zumwalt, my distant Grandfather (5 times back). Historical records show however that speculation was running very high in the fall of 1848. Having learned of the discovery he and his brother Jacob Zumwalt and others in Will County apparently made plans quickly to go to the gold fields. The first people across the plains in this rush to the gold fields did not have much time to plan and get ready for the arduous trip such as they faced. Joseph, his wife Mary (Ogle) Zumwalt, three sons, Jacob, John and Daniel, and Peter Bailey and his wife Nancy Ann (Zumwalt) and their daughter Mary Ann, then about 4 years old were among the first across the trail in 1849. A wagon train made up of Will County pioneers left on the 9th of March 1849 from Joliet, Illinois. Many groups arriving in St. Joseph, the main jumping off place for the Overland Trail at that time, were greeted with a smallpox and cholera outbreak. Most hurried to get away from the sickness and set out early for California. Record show however that many pioneers did die along the trail from cholera.



Off to California.

The early start, and passing quickly through St. Joseph was probably beneficial as they were among the first over the trail, feed for the stock was becoming available and had not been eaten down by the hordes that followed. The trail still had not been ground into dust by the constant travel of the wagons over it, and thus they probably escaped much of the choking dust that later travelers complained of. The group finally reached California on 5 September 1849 and over the next month made it on over the Sierra Mountains finally arriving in Sacramento City on the 23rd of October 1849. Reports are that the "Will County Boys" lead by Joseph Zumwalt, then 49 years old set off at once

for the mines. Mrs. Zumwalt and Mrs. Bailey and daughter, Mary Ann Bailey remained behind. The women started a rooming house which became the meeting place for the Will County immigrants.



Joseph and Mary Ogle Zumwalt-1849.

It appears that the rooming house remained the meeting place for some time. Joseph Zumwalt was relatively successful because he came down from the gold fields, and early in 1850 when he was asked about his worth, he stated "that it is about \$25,000 plus the house and lot". Gold was the main medium of exchange at that time, and the value was set at \$16.00 per ounce. At today's value for gold, his \$25,000 would be worth close to half a million dollars. He also stated at the time that there were hundreds of mining areas that didn't have enough gold to exist on. He continued to work the mines and became somewhat of a celebrity. He is credited with a major strike at a location, which was called Zumwalt Flats where he gained more wealth. Public records show that he acquired a number of choice pieces of property in the Sacramento area. As an example the records show that on 4 June 1850 he acquired property which, today is the center of the business district in Sacramento.

Meanwhile Peter and Nancy Ann continued to seek their fortune in the diggings. They were at Rich Bar on the American River in the summer of 1851. Rich Bar, which today is but a wide spot in the river, was at that time a rough and tumble place of over 4,000 people. Nancy Ann was always helping and caring for the sick miners and she became known affectingly by them as the Angel of the Mining Camps.

While they were there, another daughter was born to them; Harriet Adelia Bailey. According to a record from Will County, she died about two years later of smallpox in Sacramento City on January 25th, 1853.

The 1850 census taken at Rich Bar, Butte County (now Plumas County) shows:

NAME:	AGE:	BORN:
Peter Baley (sic - spelling should have been Bailey)	31	Ohio
Nancy	26	Ohio
Mary	5	Illinois
HS. (f)	1	California

Nancy Ann Bailey became ill and died 30 September 1851 of apparently a ruptured appendix. She is buried in a pioneer cemetery near Rich Bar and her gravestone is still there. One story is that the miners were saddened greatly by her death and gathered money to have a gravestone made. Such an item was not to be had in California in those times so they ordered one from back East. The Native Daughters of the Golden West also placed a monument in the cemetery to honor the pioneers and also to give recognition to Nancy Ann Bailey.

Upon her death, Peter Bailey took the two girls to live with their grandmother, Mary Zumwalt who by this time was living near Maryville, California. This fact is recalled in the Shirley Letters previously mentioned. Records show that Mary Ann for a time lived with her grandparents through her childhood until she married Roland Baker apparently at the age of 16 or 17. Peter Bailey went back to the gold fields and reports show that he died "in a mining camp". Exactly which one is not recorded. The 1880 census for Silveyville, Solano County, California, lists the following:

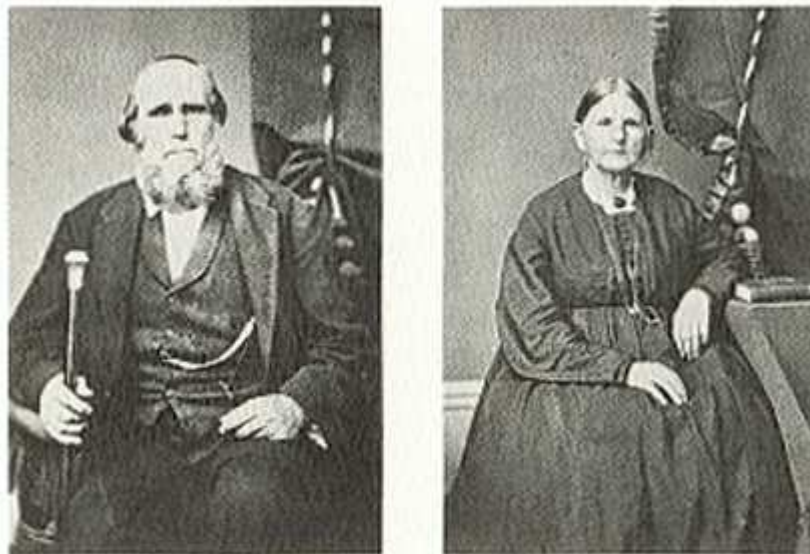
NAME:	AGE:	BORN:
Roland Thomas Baker (farmer)	43	Illinois
Mary A. Baker	33	Illinois
Malvena	16	California
Frank	12	California
Lenora *	5	California

* This spelling is questionable, it should have been Mary Louisa. The census data also apparently is wrong on the birthplaces of

Roland and Mary Ann Baker.

Joseph Zumwalt continued to mine gold until late 1852 when he returned to Sacramento to plan for a trip back to Will County. This time his family returned aboard ship, then they went across Nicaragua and took another ship to the East Coast. It was common for the ships to land in New York. From there they took a train back to Illinois. They remained there until the spring of 1854 when they returned to California by covered wagon. This time they brought cattle, hogs, and sheep to stock their ranch in the Sacramento Valley. It was also reported that they brought the first mustard seed to grow in California. (It has always been my impression the Franciscan Fathers brought that here to mark the pathways between the missions. Here again, is another "fact" to investigate.)

He continued to return to the mines from time to time while continuing to raise stock. In 1859 he and his wife went back to Illinois by way of Nicaragua and New York. This time the return trip was by ship rather than covered wagon. He decided to give up farming and concentrate on ranching, raising good-blooded stock. In Illinois he bought the stock and bees. The blooded stock and 150 stands of honeybees were shipped first by rail to New York and then by ship back to San Francisco. Ship manifests in the New York Times of 21 October, 1859 show J. Jumwalt (obviously a miss-spelling) and wife, on the passenger list for a ship bound for Nicaragua. They moved all of their stock and bees across the isthmus, where they then boarded another ship, which arrived in San Francisco on 11 November 1859.



Joseph and Mary Ogle Zumwalt-1859.

In the 1860's Joseph sold many of his holding in Sacramento and moved to Vacaville, Solono County, where he purchased property and engaged in raising stock and honey from the bees. He sold his property in Vacaville to his son Joseph, Jr. in 1870 and moved in 1872 to Colusa County and bought property. That property is now in the boundaries of Glenn County. He sold that land to his son Daniel Zumwalt who gave Willows 160 acres for a town site, Willows was founded in 1876.

The 1880 census for the 92nd District, Shasta County, lists Joseph Zumwalt, his wife Mary Zumwalt and their son Jacob Willard Zumwalt and family living nearby. Mary Ogle Zumwalt died in Anderson, Tehema County, California on 2 November 1885 at the age of 80. Joseph Zumwalt Died in Anderson on 23 July, 1892 at the age of 92. Both are buried in lot 169, Old Helvetia Cemetery, Sacramento.

A search of the Internet has shown that Joseph's ancestors were first noted in Switzerland in 1624. A clear ancestral and geographical trail shows them going first to Germany then to the United States in the early 1700's. Much more work will be required to fully document this history but the data available shows Joseph's and my ancestors trek westward.

One piece of history about Joseph Zumwalt I found was that he founded in California, the organization known as **E Clampus Vitus**. "The Ritual of E Clampus Vitus" was published in the Bowling Green Journal in Pike County, Missouri. Joseph apparently obtained a copy and brought it West and is credited with bring the organization to California. A couple of attempts were made to start chapters and failed, but the first chapter, ECV Lodge No.1001, was started at Mokelumne Hill in September 1851. The organization, essentially a philanthropic and humorous order, was basically a spoof on the more formal fraternal organization present at the time such as the Masons and the Odd Fellows. The organization spread quickly through out the camps and chapters sprang up. E Clampus Vitus, along with its happy-go-lucky nature was also know for the good things it did for widows, orphans and the down on their luck miners. Almost all of this was done quietly and with out any reservations. The organization was very popular and reports are that you better join the Clampers or others would not do any business with you or have much to do with you.

The organization became defunct in the late 1800's, but was revived in the 1930's and many chapters are once again active across the West. Much of the light heartedness and traditions of the early Clamper miners in the early 1850's are once again practiced by the present day group. As a spoof for the fine regalia some of the other organizations used, the Clampers tried to poke a little fun at it. One item is their tradition of making and wearing medals out of tin can lids complete with brightly colored ribbons. It is called "wearin' of the tin." Today, the organization continues to keep the history of the gold fields alive and works on placing monuments at historic places.



Zumwalt plaque in Clamper Park.
Downieville, California.

Now for some information on who Joseph's and my ancestors were.

A wonderfully complete book, published and copyrighted March, 2000, entitled "One Zumwalt Family" which was compiled by Helynn M. Carrier, was found in my search for more information. This book in detail chronicles the ancestral lineage of the Zumwalt family. I have taken the liberty to extract the information that pertains to my ancestors. To do this we must first go back to Europe to note the earliest reference to the family. One must realize also that family names were not always spelled the same each time. Many times they were spelled phonetically and recorded by someone else. As some examples, the name Zumwalt was Zumwald in Europe. I have even found references to a spelling of Somwalt and Somwald as examples. Census records in this country are great examples of wrong spellings as the census takers recorded what they heard, and many times did not ask for any written identification. From the initial immigration to this country by Andrew Zumwald and his family, over 40,000 connections have been identified.

The Zumwalt's were extremely active and spread out across the country. They were very much a part of the history of this expanding nation as were other well-known hard working families. Early Zumwalt descendents fought in the Revolutionary and the French Indian wars. There is records showing Zumwalt's marrying into Daniel Boone's family. Zumwalt's were active in the settlement of Texas and in their fight for independence from Mexico. In many aspects, the Zumwalt family is an outstanding example of the principals which made this country great. I am proud to be a small part of this legacy.

The European connection:

- The first recorded information was about my ancestor who was Daniel Zumwald and who was born in Switzerland around 1640. He became a brick maker and lived in Peterback and Weltersweiler. He married Veronica (no middle initial)?. Their third child was:

- Johann Philipp Zumwald who was born in Weltersweiler 25 February 1670. He died prior to 15 March 1711 and is probably buried in Weltersweiler or Loehr/Alsace. He married Susanna Feller who died in Overaverbach after 17 February 1726. One of their children was the first to come to America and who was my ancestor. He was:

- Johan Welhelm Andrew Zumwald who came to America at age 39 arriving the 24th of September 1737 aboard the good ship "Virtuous Grace", John Bull, Master. The ship's manifest shows a total of 225 passengers but only males over 16 years of age are identified. It is assumed that his wife and three daughters accompanied him. The family settled in Pennsylvania in 1737, only one year after the William Penn family and the Indians had signed a treaty.

My ancestor was born in 1698 in Switzerland and died at Toms Brook, Fredricks County, Maryland in 1764 or 1765. He is sometimes known as "Andrew the Immigrant". He married for the first time in Niederauerbach on 2 November 1728 to Anna Catherine Margaretha Jacob of Jacobs. She apparently died in 1743 or 1744. He married a second time to Anna Regina Fite. My descendent from this marriage was:

- Johann George Zugenbaldt Zumwalt. This is the first reference to the "t" being used instead of the "d" at the end of the name. Tax record of 1787 show him as George Sumwalt, born York County, Pennsylvania 10 October 1741. He served in the Virginia Malitia during the Revolutionary war. He died probably in Harrison County, Kentucky where his will dated 4 September 1815 was proven circa 1816. He married Maria Kale or Kole of North Carolina who died in Harrison County, Kentucky, circa 1803. My descendent from this marriage was:

- Jacob Zumwalt who was born in 1772 or 1773 and died Hancock County, Indiana or Will County, Illinois. He is probably the Jacob Zumwalt who with Anne his wife sold to Dan'l Amen (of Botetourt County, Virginia) at Highland County, Ohio on 5 November 1807, 160 and 2/3 acres of land. They had purchased this same property on 4 December 1805 from William Barlow of Harrison County, Kentucky.

Jacob married Nancy Ann Spurgon who was born in Pennsylvania. They were married in Harrison County, Kentucky on 9 February 1797. My ancestor from this marriage was:

- Joseph Zumwalt who was born in Boone County, Kentucky on 15 July 1800. He died 23 July 1892 at Anderson, Tehema County, California. He married Mary Ogle who was born in Adams County, Ohio on 24 June 1804. She died at Anderson, Tehema County, California on 2 November 1885. They are both buried as previously noted at the Old Helvetica Cemetery in Sacramento California. My ancestor from this marriage as previously noted was their daughter, Nancy Ann.

- Nancy Ann Zumwalt was born in Adams County, Ohio 23 July 1825. She died at Rich Bar, Plumas County, California on 30 September 1851. She married Peter Bailey at Joliet, Illinois in 1845. Peter Bailey was born in Ohio about 1820. According to information contained in the book, "One Zumwalt Family," he died in the mining camps after 1851. My descendant from this marriage was:

- Mary Ann Bailey who was born in Will County, Illinois in 1847 and died at Bakersfield, California on November 24, 1931. After her mother's death in 1851, She, along with her younger sister, was taken to live with their grandparents, Joseph and Mary Zumwalt. Her sister Harriet died of smallpox in 1853 but Mary Ann continued to be raised by the grandparents. She apparently was a favorite of Joseph's because he left a share of his estate to her upon his death. She lived with the grandparents until she married Roland Thomas Baker who was born 14 January 1835 in Clark County, Illinois and died February 4, 1935. In an interview with the Bakersfield Californian newspaper near his 100th birthday, he noted that he cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln and he stated that he had voted for over four-score (80) years for Republican candidates. My descendent from this marriage was:

- Malvena Baker who was born at Dixon, Solano County, California on February 25, 1864 and died in Bakersfield, California February 14, 1942. She married the first time to John Abner Johnson who was born July 8, 1864 in Winters, California, and who died March 25, 1937 in Long Beach, California. His family name was Johnston but he chose to drop the "t" from the name. Malvena and John divorced and when she died her married name was Gregg. They had ten children, one of which was my grandmother.

- Ruth Goldie Johnson born Bakersfield, California March 17, 1896 and who died December 30, 1985. She is buried in Visalia, California. My grandmother first married a Mr. Haden but he was killed in an oil field accident during their first year of marriage. She next married Bernard Pierre Sartiat. They had one child, my mother.

- Esther Louise Sartiat was born in Reno, Nevada October 27, 1915 and died January 7, 1985 at Morro Bay, California. My grandfather was there managing the Mapes Hotel for a short while, and my grandmother came to visit. It was while there in Reno that my mother was born, and as such was not born in California, which was a scant 15 miles or so to the West. My grandparents and my mother returned to Bakersfield, California

shortly after my mother's birth for my grandfather to manage the hotel and business interests in East Bakersfield of my Great grandfather, Pierre Sartiat. My grandfather died in the influenza epidemic in 1917 and my grandmother remarried Hugh Atkinson. My mother married on November 2nd, 1934 Roy H. Robinson who was born at Shep, Texas on April 9th, 1911 and who died on April 3, 1999 at Poulsbo, Washington.

- This entire trail finally leads to me, Russell Henry Robinson. I was born July 20, 1935 in Bakersfield, California. I married on December 19, 1959 Norma C. Francis who was born November 10, 1931 at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

I stated at the beginning of this piece that this is preliminary and certainly is subject to additions and changes as I find more information.

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Russ Robinson, author.

Contact Russ by email at:

russ1011@ix.netcom.com



Visit the Joseph Zumwalt plaque and many others at the famous
ECV Wall of Comparative Ovarions on the historic Peter L. Traver Building
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The un-official Clamper Capital of the world.



[Return to MAIN MENU.](#)

My Darling's E C V

Owing to the nature of the contents of this
volume the editors have at this point
carefully omitted the
BASTARD TITLE

E Clampus Vitus
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THE ESOTERIC BOOK OF

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Being Some Preliminary Materials
Looking Toward the Potential De-
velopment of Fundamental Data
for the Possible Preparation of an
Introduction to the History, De-
velopment & Characteristics of the

TO BE CONTINUED ON VERSO

Ancient
& HONORABLE ORDER OF



Clampus Vitus

CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM

Gathered, collected, arranged and
now set into print by Capitulus
Platrixi-in-Exilio at the
Queen of the Cow Counties
E.C.V. 5941
(A.D. 1936)

This Book,
THE ESOTERIC BOOK OF

E

is the third of the Clampotent Series of Volumes
published by the New Dispensation.

The earlier numbers of this series were:

THE CURIOUS BOOK OF

CLAMPUS

(Published in 1935 by *Capitulus Redivivus* at the
press of Brother Clamplawton Kennedy
in Yerba Buena)

and

THE ENIGMATICAL BOOK OF

VITUS

(Published by *Capitulus Redivivus* Clampdestinely,
after midnight, at the University of California Press,
in 1934, under the direction of Brother Samuel
T (oo good to be true) Farquhar.)

**THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
OUR LATE BROTHER AND REVERED CLAMPATRIARCH
WILLIAM BULL ("BILL") MEEK,
GRAND HONORARY HUMBUG,
TALLEST STORYTELLER OF THE NORTHERN DIGGINS,
GENEROUS FRIEND,
GOOD FELLOW EXTRAORDINARY**

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CEREMONY AND RITUAL OF INITIATION

GRAND CLAMPROSTER

COMIC SUPPLEMENT

CLAMPREGNANT WORDS OF WISDON,

From Leon O. Whitsell, Noble Grand Humbug of the Grand Lodge of E Clampus Vitus

THE YEAR 1930 should be illustriously “*recorded*” in the annals of California as “*satisfactory*”—indeed, as a red-letter year—for it marked the rebirth and revival of *The Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus*, that hog-latin, horse-play, jackass-braying society which so abundantly contributed to the amusement and edification of the hard-working, hell-bending, rip-roaring boys of forty-nine and the early fifties.

An organization, like an individual, should be judged by the standards of the period in which it flourished: So judge the rollicking Clampers of the early days of California. They worked hard and they played hard. There were few of the kid-glove, lounge-lizard variety among them. They took their fun where they found it, and considered a good belly-laugh as the best obtainable remedy for all the ills to which the human flesh is heir. It is recorded that the average Clamper of the elder day could deliver such a string of round old oaths as would shake the rafters of Heaven “with a vehemence so extremely rich and rare as to savor of the fervency and eloquence of prayer.”

The Clampers’ mental spirits were ever high and their capacity for spirits of a more material nature was such as to establish a record which their present-day successors have never been able to approach, let alone equal. It has been declared that we of today know little of the inner workings of the Order during the mining period, because no Clamper was ever in condition to take minutes during the course of any meeting and, after it was over, none of the Brethren could recollect what had happened.

At the same time, this roisterous, fun-making, fun-loving aggregation of bibulous good fellows could see the serious side of life, and the Order had its serious moments. In fact, throughout the entire Mother Lode the Clampers engaged in acts of relief and assistance which earned them an enduring place in the affections of a multitude of deserving unfortunates—the special objects of their unbounded charity.

The Order’s ritual bespoke but one stated meeting—the Ceremony of Initiation—before and after the Full Moon at the sound of the Hewgag, following the appearance of a suitable sucker in the diggings. The ritual was replete with the sublime and the ridiculous in startling juxtaposition but with the latter predominating. And the Brethren of *E Clampus Vitus* boldly asserted a genesis for the Order coevil with the coming into existence of the human race, flamboyantly recording, as Clampatriarchs of the venerable institution, all the distinguished—and many of the undistinguished—characters of antiquity.

The primary objects of the revival of this Incomparable Confraternity were two fold: *first*, it affords an excuse for a group of hard-working and ordinarily serious-minded lovers of California’s golden yesterdays to engage from time to time in a rollicking get-together (wholly in keeping, be it said, with the proprieties of our somewhat drab period), and thus to revive the spirit of horse-play and tokeep green

for succeeding generations the zest for hilarious comedy which so richly characterized that glorious epoch familiarly known as “the Gold Rush days”; and *second*, it furnishes a medium through which earnest students of California and of Californiana may acquaint themselves with each other, with each other’s work and interests, and with the gorgeous mosaic of California’s richly worth-while background. In addition, the Revived Order seeks to search out and to perpetuate important source material, and to quicken the public conscience to the vital necessity of preserving and of adequately marking the historic sites of this grand old state.

It is with pardonable pride that I record the fact—and I declare it without shame or shiver—that I am the sole and only holder of that truly historic and venerable relic, the hand-carved “Gazinta,” which tradition informs us was first brought to our shores by that distinguished Chinese Clampatriarch, Low Hung Whang, whose epoch-making visit to these shores in prehistoric times preserved for posterity the vital essentials of this universal brotherhood. The glorious symbolism of this esteemed relic should forever be sacredly preserved in the breasts of the faithful who have experienced the aesthetic joy of passing the Staff of Relief. Its esoteric significance should be carefully, nay prayerfully, guarded from the unthinking members of the profane populace, lest they, in an attempt to emulate the example of our revered Chinese Clampatriarch, should in their ignorance fathom some inkling of the hidden mystery of our venerable institution.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without calling to the attention of the Brethren the sad fact that since last we foregathered the Grim Reaper has taken his toll among us, and has removed from our midst our illustrious Grand Honorary Humbugs, William Bull Meek and George N. Napoleon. Peace to their ashes!

In a happier vein, however, I feel no inconsiderable delight in being able to report that our esteemed Clampatriarch, Adam Lee Moore, Humbug Extraordinary, now in his ninetieth year, is still in full possession of his fortitudinous faculties and able to intone with pristine vigor that priceless gem of gold-rush folklore, “For She’s a Good Woman and I’m a Good Man.” Whole-heartedly we extend to the Clampatriarch our affectionate greeting and our fraternal regard.

And now I must close my swan-song as Noble Grand Humbug.

To all Clampers, whithersoever dispersed, I grant my Apostolic Blessing:

May the spirit of the Brethren of old be unto you a continuing inspiration.

May the insistent cry of distress of all widows and orphans—and especially of widows—never find you unprepared.

May the euphonious sound of the Hewgag be forever as music to your elongated auricular appendages.

May the Sign of our revered member of the animal kingdom, when he is in full possession of this virile strength and vigor, remind you that age takes its toll; may you never experience the pangs of envy when you hear the familiar clarion call announcing that delightful period when “love hath all seasons for its own,” and may you never find yourself in the distressing predicament of that other (and unrevered) member of the animal kingdom who, at the crucial moment, was found wanting.

Finally, my beloved Brethren, when the Heavenly Hewgag sounds and you have crossed the Dark River and are resting in the shade of the trees on the other side, may you hear those welcome and familiar words, so fraught with momentous significance to every true and loyal Clamper:

SATISFACTORY

“And so recorded!”

THE ANCIENT AND VENERABLE ORDER OF ECCLAMPISIS VITIS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By William M. Hall (Who was there and saw it)
(See Editor's note on William M. Hall at the end of this section.)

In 1847, while I was reading law, there came to Bedford (Pennsylvania), from the west, a traveling agent for a patented invention of a cutting-box. He instituted a new secret society called the Ecclampsis Vitis. It was in truth a burlesque on all secret societies—an exaggerated travesty, full of fun and very enjoyable for the younger members. The secret of the thing was wonderfully well kept for many weeks, and the society flourished and had grown to large proportions, with numerous candidates for initiation, at the time of the denouement, which resulted in its downfall.

The society was constituted with a worthy patriarch and two past grand worthy patriarchs, with outdoor sentinels and indoor sentinels, and divers other officers. The ceremony of initiation was formal, solemn and imposing. The place of meeting was the grand jury room of the court house, quite a large room, now divided by a partition into two rooms, one of which is used as the sheriff's office and the other by the recorder of deeds. Behind a long table sat the grand worthy patriarch, Joe Mann, as homely a specimen of humanity as you could find in a week's travel, who was then a student at law. He was supported on either side by the past grand worthies, John Ottinger and Ben Cromwell. The only light in the room was a short piece of tallow candle, which stood in the center of the table in front of the worthy patriarch, without a candlestick, supported in an upright position by a spot of its own grease, dropped on the table for that purpose. The dim light only served to make darkness visible and show the eyes of the circle of members, who sat around on chairs and benches.

The candidate for initiation was conducted by the friend who had proposed him, to the sentinel, who stood armed with a musket, in the entry on the outside of the door, to whom he made known that he had a candidate duly voted on and now present for induction into the ancient and venerable order of Ecclampsis Vitis; whereupon the outside sentinel rapped thrice on the door, which was opened an inch or so, and a stern voice from within demanded, "Who is there and what is wanted? By virtue of what authority do you venture into the sacred precincts of the ancient and venerable order of the Ecclampsis Vitis?" When informed in extended language, formal and precise, of the name of the candidate and of the member who vouched for him, the door was opened and the candidate turned over, in the dim light, to the charge of two stalwart inside sentinels, armed with bayoneted muskets, each of whom took him by an arm and marched him up in front of the grand worthy patriarch, whom one of them informed, in stilted language, "Most worthy patriarch of the ancient and venerable order of Ecclampsis Vitis, we present here to you, for initiation into the mysteries and benefits of our most wonderful, and benevolent, and exalted order, Mr. Blank, who is vouched for as being an intelligent, upright and virtuous citizen, free from bodily infirmity, by our most worthy Brother Blank, whose name, having been duly proposed, was voted on, and no single black ball

having been cast against him, was duly accepted, and is now present for initiation into the sign and mysteries of our beloved, benevolent, and truly charitable order.”

Whereupon the worthy patriarch arose and put on a hat made of brown paper, imposing-looking in the gloom of the room and the fright of the candidate, and in a short address informed the candidate that the origin of the order was lost in the mist of antiquity. That it embraced people of all nations—go where he would, he would find members who would welcome him with charitable hearts and hands to all social privileges. That he would be taken care of in sickness, and if he died he would be buried at the expense of the order. That the society was far superior to other secret societies which made greater pretensions—that it was older, wider spread and particularly that it excelled them in the fact that its benefits were extended without requiring of the members any fees or charges—that it conferred its benefits without money and without price. How it did this was a mystery that he could not then learn, but that hereafter, as he advanced to the royal arch degree, he would know more. That secrecy was essential to the existence and welfare of the society, and the members were all bound by a solemn oath, which would now be administered to him by the grand worthy scribe.

He was then sworn by the uplifted hand, “In the presence of the Great Creator of the universe, from whose all-seeing eye nothing can be hid, you do solemnly pronounce and declare that you will faithfully keep the secrets of the ancient and venerable order of the Ecclampsis Vitis, and you do solemnly agree that if you violate this oath, your heart may be cut from your living body and be burned, palpitating, before your eyes, and your body be dismembered, and quartered, and burned, and the ashes thrown to the four winds of heaven,” etc.

The oath being taken, the candidate was again brought before the grand worthy, who said to him, “I will now initiate you into the signs of the order. Wherever you go the broad world around, you will be recognized by these signs by the brethren of the order, and be welcomed with joy. Place your chin in your hand, in this way, inserting the end of your chin between your thumb and forefinger and extending the hand held level in front of the chin.” When the candidate had done this, he proceeded, “Now wave your hand up gracefully in this way three times, thus” (showing him, and the candidate doing it). “That,” proceeded the grand worthy, “is to keep the oats from falling out.”

This was the first intimation of the burlesque except the paper cap, but, in the novelty of the situation and the grave and solemn-looking surroundings, and in the dim light, the candidate would fail to notice the intimation of the oats, as he had previously failed to notice the tallow dip and the paper cap. The G. W. P. would then proceed: “I will now teach you the grand hailing sign. Put your hands in this way, as I do.” He would then put an extended hand on each side of his head, with his thumbs against his temples and the fingers upward, like a mule’s ears, and require the candidate to do the same. “Now, move them backward and forward three times, thus.” Further addressing the candidate, “You will now repeat after me these words: When—repeat, sir! When—shall—we—three—meet—again?” This being done, raising his hand solemnly, the grand worthy would cry with a loud voice, “Even now,” and would unroll in front of the new brother a large picture of two mules, which he was left to look upon, and the initiation was over, amid the uproarious

shouts of laughter of the assembled throng, who up to this time had been as mute as mice. Some would stand dazed, some got mad; but in a few minutes all would get over it and be ready to enjoy the fun of initiating somebody else.

Well, we had a torch-light procession all over town and a speech. Jacques W. Johnson, a young lawyer, delivered an oration on the order in the court house. Judge Black was there to hear it, and old Mr. Russell and all the beauty and the chivalry of the village, Johnson's oration was in manuscript, and Judge Black borrowed it and read it through with a great deal of pleasure, he said. He couldn't understand, however, how the society existed without levying contributions on its members; he couldn't possibly see or comprehend where the funds came from. But that was a mystery only to be learned by initiation into the royal arch degree, and the judge did not seem willing to go that far.

John Ottinger and Ben Cromwell were made past grand worthies because of their ability to sit and look wise with grave faces. Nothing would stir the facial expression of either into animation except the immediate prospect of a drop of old rye.

One of the laughable features of the meetings was to call upon P. G. W. Ottinger for a story. During the intervals of initiation, a brother would rise and gravely move that P. G. W. Ottinger now favor the lodge with a narration of some little incident or story from his extensive repertory. This being voted, in response, Ottinger told always the same story, utterly oblivious that he had ever told it before. It became a matter of absorbing interest to see how often he would, with no glimmer of recollection that he had previously told it, re-tell the story, and as long as the institution survived, some eight or ten weeks, Ottinger repeated, with a grave face, the same little story, and wound up with a peculiar laugh, which contorted his face but gave forth no sound, except a rumble, as if a laugh were rolling around somewhere in the cavities of his capacious abdominal development.

Cromwell rode at the head of the torch-light procession, as chief marshal, on a gray horse. The regalia was a strip of muslin about two yards long and four inches wide, which passed over the right shoulder and was fastened in a knot at the waist on the left side, ornament with a star cut out of the heavy purple colored paper that loaf sugar used to come in. For the officers the muslin was blue. The torches were balls of candlewick soaked in turpentine and fastened with wire upon uptight sticks. The Bedford band headed the procession.

Samuel Shuck was chairman of the committee on regalia, and John H. Filler of the committee on torch lights.

Dr. Keyser was the first man to betray the order. He had been peculiarly anxious for initiation. His name was pending a good while before he was voted in. Somehow we feared he might divulge it, and hesitated to trust him. His anxiety to join sprang from an idea that the order was going to be a great power socially and politically—just the thing for a rising young doctor to belong to.

But Keyser, when initiated, got furiously mad, and would not be placated, and denounced the order as a burlesque. We talked some of drowning him, but didn't do it. Our fun was done for, and the ancient and venerable order of Ecclampsis Vitis passed away forever, so far as the village of Bedford was concerned. But we had fun—lots of it—while it lasted.

(Editor's Note: Doggone if I ain't gone and lost the dope on this feller Hall,--if I ever had it, which I disremember. You see, that old duffer Tom Norris pricked up Hall's book of remy-nitioneses in some old bookstore and by accident found this here chapter on Eclampsis Vitis in Pennsylvania in it is 1847. Ths sly old Tom, the old rascal, he went off east again afore we could get him to put down the biblygrafik details for this here note. Leastwise, if he ever did it, we can't find it no-how. And we've had Ton's whole family hunting for the book for a week. He's got a locked case and nobody can't find no key to it, and Tom's fergit where he put it by telegraph. So if there here book is in there you'll have to wait till the next Clamper book for the dope. So there, I wash my hands of this whole durn business. Ed.)

EPHRAIM BEE, GRAND GYASCUTIS, AND HIS VIRGINIA E C V OF 1853

Reprinted from the *West Virginia Review* for August, 1931.

By Boyd B. Stutler

“There is a vein of humor and absurdity running along through human nature that makes the wit and clown the admiration of the mass of mankind. Hence it is that Falstaff and Artemus Ward are more popular than Hamlet and Julius Caesar or Milton and Lord Bacon. The real wit of the world is not an artificial product but a natural one. And the greatest and most original one I ever knew was an unlettered son of West Virginia—Ephraim Bee of Doddridge County.”

This estimate of the noted Doddridge County citizen was written more than thirty-five years ago by one who knew him in the flesh. To the people of central West Virginia fifty to eighty years ago, Ephraim Bee was a personage, combining the qualifications of a shrewd wit and love of fun with a keen eye for value in a horse-trade or a deal in “wild land.” To the younger generation he has become something of a legend, so great and wide-spread was his fame. In this same section there are few who have not heard their elders tell stories about Ephraim Bee, and perhaps fewer who have not heard of a burlesque secret order that flourished under the name of the E Clampus Vitus.

Like that of his more famous contemporary, Abraham Lincoln, Bee’s reputation as a raconteur and practical joker has grown with the years. It is true, stories and jokes have been told as coming from Lincoln or Bee that would be as strange to them as to the Emperor Napoleon. But that is the penalty one pays for greatness or the acquiring of a reputation.

Lincoln and Bee had more in common than a sense of humor. They were built on something of the same architectural lines—long, lean, and lanky, and with faces that could not be termed handsome by their dearest and closest friends. They were saved from positive ugliness only by that same sense of humor and softened, kindly eyes that lit up and redeemed an otherwise unprepossessing physiognomy.

Ephraim Bee came of sturdy pioneer stock. He was the son of Asa Bee, a soldier in the New Jersey line during the war of the Revolution, and was born at Salem, New Jersey, about 1799. His father’s family joined the westward movement of the Seventh Day Baptists early in the nineteenth century and, after a brief stop in Preston and Taylor counties, established their home at Salem, West Virginia, the Seventh Day town established in 1794. There, Asa Bee builded his home and reared a family of almost patriarchal dimensions. Thirteen children formed his family circle, which accounts somewhat for the frequency with which the name is found in West Virginia.

Ephraim was received into the Seventh Day Baptist Church at Salem on May 17, 1822, according to the record preserved in Corliss Fitz Randolph’s *Seventh Day Baptists in West Virginia*. He was married to Catherine Davis on June 19, 1823. A year or so later, with his widowed mother and other members of his family, he took up his residence on Meat House Fork of Middle Island Creek, where they had

obtained proprietary right to a strip of land some four miles in length and about half a mile in width.

In 1828, Ephraim established himself as a blacksmith at Middle Island, later known as Lewisport, a town that was but is no more. The location of this town was opposite the present town of West Union, county seat of Doddridge, and the establishment of the latter town marked the decline and fall of Lewisport.

The blacksmithing business was good. Bee's smithy had no competition, but there were not a great number of people to serve. To add to the family income, Ephraim and his good wife opened a tavern for the entertainment of travelers. The hostelry became justly popular and was soon made a regular stage stop, where the passengers broke the tedium of the journey with food and drink.

The food served at the tavern was of excellent quality, and the entertainment furnished by mine host and his cronies was of the highest order. None could tell a story better than the proprietor, and few could draw a horsehair bow across the fiddle-strings with such pleasing effect as could Eli Tucker. A traveler who visited the place in 1846 says that he had a smoking-hot dinner, consisting of boiled ham and greens, mashed potatoes, dried peach pie, and store tea, with an "appetizer" thrown in, all for a price that seemed hardly enough to pay for the cooking, though plenty of firewood could be had for the chopping.

It was this same traveler who, when he learned the name of the proprietor and observed the number of children playing about, said that it had never before been his pleasure to dine in a Bee hive. This observation tickled the fancy of the proprietor so much that for years the inn was known by that name.

The passing years brought more people into the country. The blacksmith and hotel proprietor began to turn his attention to land speculation as a means of adding to the family bank-roll. He became interested in public affairs and was one of the moving spirits in the campaign for the formation of a new county, with, of course, Lewisport as the seat of justice. But in this he reckoned not the strength of the owners of the land just across the creek, who also wanted the county seat.

Doddridge County was formed in 1845, and Bee and his friends entered into a spirited contest with Captain Nathan Davis and his son-in-law Preston F. Randolph, for the location of the county seat. This rivalry was perhaps intensified by an old trouble dating from 1831, when Captain Davis, as a justice of the peace, returned a judgment against Bee in a lawsuit. Bee charged favoritism, and a controversy arose between the two men which became so acute that the Middle Island Seventh Day Church took cognizance of it. Bee and Davis were members of the church, then but very recently organized. After formal consideration of the matter, Bee was relieved of his duties as clerk of the church until the differences would be adjusted.

Ephraim lost his fight. Victory perched on the banner of the Davises and Randolphs, and the town of West Union was established to become the county seat. Joseph Diss Debar, who was not a party to the scramble for the location of the courthouse, but who arrived on the scene within a year after the location had been made, said that "the great secession war, which settled many another neighborly strife about a stray sheep or a breechy pig, brought about a state of retribution which sent Ephraim Bee to the Legislature and Preston Randolph to Camp Chase as a prisoner of war."

Like Lincoln, Bee told stories in his inimitable way to illustrate his point of view or to bring about a horse-trade to better advantage to himself. He was a man of great natural ability and of strong common-sense, though possessing but little more than the rudiments of an education. He was a student of men rather than of books, and knew much of the nature of mankind that is not taught in schools and colleges. Many of his practical jokes were aimed at the Achilles heel of the victim. Certainly his greatest joke, the E Clampus Vitus, was a leveler of pride or feeling of superiority in the candidate who faced the Grand Hotentote and his minions.

Man is a gregarious animal. He finds pleasure in the society of his fellows. Many men in whom the social instinct is highly developed are inveterate "j'iners" of secret societies, some of which have flourished for ages. It was just this tendency that first suggested to Ephraim Bee the possibility of formulating a ritual and establishing a secret order of his own, if only as a burlesque upon existing orders. He felt called upon to enlarge his reputation as a funster by spreading the sunshine of his personality to distant places. His job was to produce a grin where only a crouch had flourished.

It is not known just when the first "exemplification" of the secrets and mysteries of the ancient and exalted order of E Clampus Vitus was given. Perhaps the ritual was worked out and perfected at West Union as early as 1850. By 1853 it was being introduced to other towns and had won a very considerable following of zealous members. Its great popularity may not have rested solely upon the merits of the order or the moral teachings of its "unwritten work," but as a rich burlesque on the secret, oath-bound political societies then in popular vogue. These societies went under the names of the "Sons of '76" and the "Order of the Star-Spangled Banner, which in 1854 united in the Know-Nothing political party and at that time threatened the political balance of the nation.

Bee claimed to have derived his knowledge of the mysteries of the order from China, through the good offices of Caleb Cushing. The noted Massachusetts statesman and jurist was sent as a commissioner from the United States in 1843 to open diplomatic relations with the Celestial Kingdom, and remained in the Far East until 1845. China was a land of mystery, and the report of Mr. Cushing occasioned much discussion.

Mr. Bee announced that the Emperor of China, who was the Grand Hotetote of the order, had selected a descendant of the great Confucius to bring to him a commission as Grand Gyascutis, authorizing him to extend the work and influence of the very ancient Chinese order of E Clampus Vitus. The scion of the house of Confucius was charged to instruct the new Grand Gyascutis in the rules, secrets, and sacred mysteries, and to communicate the grip, signs, and password. The organization was shrouded in all the mummery and mystery of established societies, but the rite of initiation varied widely from the formal ceremonies.

It is said that the first real success of the ancient and honorable order, then but recently evolved from the brain of Mr. Bee, was at Richmond, to which place the founder had gone on some political mission. He gained a hearing and initiated some of the members of the Legislature. Within a short time the rolls of the Richmond branch bore the names of nearly all of the members of that august body, including, it is said, the name of the mayor. The governor was approached and was inclined to

favor such a popular society with his distinguished presence; but some of friends, who knew a little too much, persuaded him that the dignity of his high office would not permit association with a society of such humble origin.

Elated with his success, Mr. Bee discarded his title of Grand Gyascutis and arrogated to himself the dignity of Grand Lama. As such officer, and claiming jurisdiction over the continent of North America, he commissioned a number of organizers, each with the title of Grand Gyascutis, and these organizers labored with the energy and zeal of new converts. Impromptu ceremonials and initiations were held in various towns, usually during a session of circuit court. Thus the E Clampus Vitus spread from county seat to county seat and from town to town, with many variations in its rites and ceremonies. A Colonel Yancey, assisted by a Dr. Eagon, made his appearance in the town of Weston about the middle of November, 1853, for the purpose of spreading the light. A report of their activities was published in the *Western Herald* for November 28, which also assured the public that Colonel Yancey "is legally deputed and commissioned by the Grand Lama, Ephraim Bee, to lecture and initiate in the honorable order, within the limits of northwestern Virginia." The Colonel seems to have been a zealous worker. The newspaper reports him as saying in his lecture on the origin and progress of the order that it was "destined to bring within the pale of brotherhood the whole family of Adam." It further says that several applicants presented themselves and were solemnly initiated into the sublime mysteries of the E Clampus Vitus.

Of the founder of the honorable order the *Herald* says "Mr. Bee was the first commissioned Grand Gyascutis for the United States of America by the Grand Hotetote of China, but he being a very popular lecturer, sacrificing his time, money, etc., to the great work, has since been promoted to the dignified office which he now fills so honorably to himself and so satisfactory to the brotherhood throughout North America."

With all the elaborate background, there was none of the philosophy of Confucius in the teachings of the order. It was a burlesque pure and simple, so conceived and so carried out. Many who had undergone the initiation became very zealous in their efforts in their efforts to secure new tyros in an effort to even up the score, while others, perhaps of a more serious and sober turn of mind, became very thoroughly disgusted. Those of the class made much of a mystery of the "lodge secrets" in order to attract flies into the web. The disgusted ones were quiet because they did not want it to become generally known that they had been admitted within the "pale of brotherhood."

The founder's brother was one who could find no appreciation of the broad humor of the occasion. His curiosity was aroused. He wanted to know what it was all about, but he did not want to "jine" the lodge when Ephraim was present. A very kind friend arranged with the brethren at Weston, many miles distant, to confer the several degrees upon the brother, at the same time advising Ephraim of his action. A special ceremony was arranged—extra-special in honor of the distinguished candidate. Members were invited from Clarksburg, West Union, and other towns, and Grand Lama graced the occasion with his presence, though keeping discreetly out of sight of his brother.

The degree team gave him the whole works, with flourish of trumpet and roll of drums. After being released from the chamber of mysteries, though he had reserved a room at the old Bailey House, he mounted his horse and rode through the night to his home several miles distant. The ceremony had been a torture to him, and he was humiliated and ashamed. Upon his arrival at home it is reported that his only greeting to his family was a few explosive snorts. But he survived the ordeal. It is not recorded that he became a proselyter for the very ancient and honorable order or was ever able to take pride in his membership therein.

An anonymous writer in the *Parkersburg State Journal* in 1896 gave a brief outline of the initiatory ceremony. "The candidate was initiated in a room where there was only a blue or red glimmering light, with every member more or less disguised. The first thing in order was a solemn prayer and a doleful song, which signified the misfortunes and uncertainties of life. The candidate was then sworn to answer any and all questions that might be propounded to him by the General Hotetoote. These questions were often of a very delicate and embarrassing character, and the replies often brought upon the victim the shouts and jeers of those present.

"The form and ceremony depended upon the peculiar idiosyncrasy of each individual applicant. If he was sensitive and proud some means were devised to humiliate him; if he was self-conceited and vain he was compelled to disrobe and plunge blindfolded into a tub of foul or ice water, according to the season, and the torture and supplications of the victims afforded merriment for all present."

Enthusiasts rang the changes on the ancient forms until at times the founder could scarcely recognize his own handiwork. However, the noble order of E Clampus Vitus flourished for many years, and when crowds gathered at the circuit court terms it was a never-failing source of amusement. Some of the most distinguished men of western Virginia were members of the society and on solemn ceremonial occasions took their places in the torture chamber to assist in receiving strangers into the brotherhood. A few of the men who are remembered as serving as Grand Hotetote of their respective divisions were J. M. Jackson, Sr., at Clarksburg; James M. Stephenson and Jacob Beeson Blair at Parkersburg; Robert S. Brown at Ripley; A. A. Lewis and John Morrow at Weston; and Andrew S. Core at Harrisville. The names of many men who later held high office, even that of governor and United States senator, were inscribed on the rolls of E Clampus Vitus.

Ephraim Bee outlived his order, but the memory of both remains green. Tales of the high-jinks of the lodge, told in the hearing of a boy who, some thirty years ago, loafed around a lawyer's office, had a very decided influence in shaping some parts of the initiatory ceremony in his post of the "Order of the American Boy." Even the boys were "J'iners" in the days before the auto, movie, and radio came into general use.

Ephraim Bee gained not a little in reputation by the success of his lodge. He was known personally in many parts of the State, where carried on an extensive land business and periodically made the rounds on horse-trading and cattle-buying trips. When the Civil War broke over the land he became an ardent supporter of the Union and an enthusiastic New State man. He was then more than sixty years of age, far too old to go into the field for services. He was just as valiant in home service.

He became a candidate for the Legislature in 1863, the first to assemble for the new State of West Virginia. His opponent was Joseph H. Diss Debar, a talented French-Alsatian who had settled in the county some years previously as the agent for a great land company. Diss Debar had youth and dash and vigor, a vast reserve of self-assurance, and almost impregnable political alliances. He was a foeman worthy of the best steel of the veteran humorist. When the votes were counted, Diss Debar was apparently elected and presented himself at Wheeling on June 20, 1863, ready to take his seat. Mr. Bee was also on the ground and, at the first opportunity, filed his petition contesting the seat of Mr. Diss Debar. A committee of the House passed on the merits of the claims of each candidate, and after a few days reported in favor of Mr. Bee, who then took his place in the Legislative chamber.

Diss Debar was an artist of no mean talent. For some years he had amused himself by making very creditable sketches of people and places that interested him, and he was equally at home in the field of caricature. The homely face and ungainly form of Mr. Bee lent themselves readily to that form of art, and as a last retort Diss Debar drew a rather uncomplimentary sketch of his opponent, dated it 1863, and filed it away in his portfolio. The date leaves but little doubt that it was drawn as a result of his pique at being ousted. He was, however, not entirely overlooked; the Legislature that denied his admittance as a member commissioned him to design the State Seal, which is still being used without change.

The taste of legislative service was sweet to Mr. Bee. He was twice returned to the capital, then at Wheeling, to represent Doddridge County, in the development of which he had contributed so much. He served in the sessions of 1866 and 1867, and then more or less retired from public life. He lived out a long and useful life, and, in 1888, was laid to rest in his home county.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF JUDGE PEMBROKE MURRAY OR THE INITIATION OF "STEAMBOAT JAKE."

From the "History of Siskiyou County," 1881, by Henry L. Wells

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County, California, 1881. Chap. XVIII, Scenes and
Incidents, p. 111, et seq.)

*"Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere."*

IN ANCIENT DAYS there lived a Jew, who made Yreka his abiding-place, and engaged in the uncertain vocation of selling "dry goots and clodings sheep for cash." He rejoiced in the name of Jacob Ehrenbacher, which had been his from the cradle, but however mellifluous and euphonious this may have been in the owner's ears, it had to give way in the ordinary affairs of life to be more popular pseudonym of "Steamboat Jake." How this marvelous change was wrought and how a prominent justice of the peace fled from the wrath to come, is the province of this chronicle to relate.

It was in the palmy days of Yreka, in the year 1856, that Mr. Ehrenbacher felt his heart drawn towards the noble principles of Odd Fellowship, and sought to unite himself with that order. His actions in the matter led those to whom he applied to believe that he wanted to join for the purpose of becoming sick, apparently so, and enjoying the benefits devolving upon one in that condition. It was resolved to punish him and give him such an idea of secret societies as would banish from his mind all thought of joining one in the future.

There existed at that time, 1856, in Yreka a Judge of the most Ancient and Honorable Order of Eclampus Vitus, an order that existed solely and simply for the sport that could be had in initiating novices into its mysteries. The ceremonies were the most ludicrous and awe-inspiring that the fertile brain of man could conceive. Into this order three practical jokers of the town, Pembroke Murray, Geol W. Stilts, and Wiley Fox, proposed to induct the inquisitive and mercenary Jew. They represented to him that for the modest sum of fifty dollars he could join the Odd Fellows, Masons, and Eclampus Vitus, and took his application and cash, having a royal good time with the latter. The most appalling ceremonies of the Eclampus Vitus as well as all the means they could devise by which a man could be deceived and frightened, were arranged in one grand programme, as he was not to be inducted regularly into the order. All the good fellows in town were posted on the affair, whether members of the order or not, and when the night came which was to remove the veil of the confiding Hebrew, the hall was crowded with eager spectators. The ceremonies commenced in the most solemn and impressive manner, and as they proceeded, ever and anon the whole assembly would give a sepulchral groan, to which, according to instructions previously given, the candidate responded "Timbo." As the evening wore on and he became more and more terrified, his pronunciation of the magic word became less distinct, until nothing could be made of

it but "Steambo," and he became "Steamboat Jake" upon the spot. At one time it was represented to him that each of the three orders must brand him with a red-hot iron, and to fully impress him with the reality of the intended act they began to dispute among themselves as to which order took precedent. Pembroke Murray dated the Masons back to Moses, but Stilts settled all dispute by conclusively proving that Adam was the first member of the Eclampus Vitus, and to that order was granted the privilege of first putting its brand upon the now thoroughly frightened man. Great demonstrations of heating an iron and making other preparations were made, and when all was ready he was touched upon the bare back with a piece of ice. In his imagination he could feel the scorching iron burn deep into his flesh and he bounded into the air, screeching the intensity of his pain and fright. His yells and cries could be distinctly heard a block away by people in their houses. For a long time he writhed and shrieked under the relentless deception of his persecutors, while all were convulsed with laughter. Finally his nervous system gave way under the strain, and he fell down in a fit, frothing at the mouth. The merriment was suddenly changed to fear and apprehension. The unconscious man was borne to his store, where four physicians labored over his for an hour. No one expected to see him open his eyes to the light of day again, but he was at last resuscitated, and all danger was past. Before this Murray had gone home, having word with Stilts to come to the house and tell him the result. As soon as the good news was announced, Stilts said to John Long, "John, have you got the old cayuse sown at the stable"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll have a good joke on Murray."

"How so?"

"Why, I'll go down there and tell him the Jew is dead, and we must leave town to avoid arrest, and you send him the old cayuse to ride on."

The plan was well laid, and all the late revelers were in the secret. Stilts went to Murray's house and rapped softly on the door, which was opened by the anxious justice. Assuming a most lugubrious expression of countenance, he said:

"He's dead as a smelt, and I'm going to Oregon. Dave Colton is getting out the papers now to arrest us. I've told the boys we were going to Oregon, and Dave will hear of it, and ride to the Klamath ferry to capture us. Now there will be a horse here in a few minutes, mount him, and get to Shasta as quick as you can. I'm going to Oregon on foot, and I will be across the line by daylight."

Saying good-bye, he struck off in the direction of Oregon at a rapid pace. Soon a horse was led cautiously up to the door by George Waterhouse, who assisted Murray to mount, and charging him to get out of the country before daylight, bade him Godspeed.

The old cayuse was a pack animal, to which any gait faster than a drowsy walk was an utter stranger. He took so long to pass any given point as a procession. In vain did the anxious fugitive on his back cluck, kick, and swear. He had no spurs nor whip to encourage him with. Riding up in a fence he broke off the top of a picket, and with this commenced a vigorous prodding, eliciting a spasmodic trot of half a dozen steps, and then the walk was resumed. Again and again was the brute prodded and again and again did he respond with a bone-racking trot of six steps. After plodding

slowly along Main Street until Miner was safely passed, the exasperated man gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears and imprecations. "This is a pretty beast to give a man to save his life with," he blubbered. "If I had a pistol, I'd shoot the man that gave him to me. If I only had a knife I'd cut the brute's throat. Get up, you lazy hound!" he shouted as he dug the fence picket into the offending animal's ribs. "Get up, get up; I'd walk if I wasn't lame; get up! Oh, I'll shoot the man that did this."

Just then the jokers, who had followed close behind him began to yell, "There he goes," and to fire their pistols. The sensitive ear of the fugitive caught the sounds, and he redoubled his exertions to entice a trot from the old cayuse, but in vain. Wiley Fox soon overtook him, mounted on a fine horse. As he came up he asked:

"Is that you, Murray?"

"Yes. Is that you, Wiley?"

"Yes, and you had better hurry up; they are after us."

"I can't hurry."

"Why not?"

"Why, the fools have given me an old crow-bait that won't go off a walk. Have you got a pair of spurs?"

"No."

"Have you got a knife?"

"No; why?"

"I want to cut his infernal throat."

When they arrived at Greenhorn, Wiley turned around and said:

"I'm going back to face the music; come on."

"No."

"I'll see it through if it costs me every cent I've got. No Jew can drive me out of town."

"If you're going back let me take your horse."

"No, let's both go back."

"No, I won't. Let me take your horse."

"Murray, you're the worst sold man I ever saw."

"Why, the confounded Jew isn't dead; it's all a joke."

Silently he sat and cogitated; then turned the old cayuse about, and slowly plodded toward the town. There was no sleep for the jokers that night, but their shouts and laughter mingled with the clink of convivial glasses, until the stars faded from the sky.

Stilts and Fox have moved away, while Murray has been gathered to his fathers, but the woes of "Steamboat Jake" and the midnight flight of the worthy justice will be repeated in Yreka long after their bones will have mingled with the elements of nature.

THE "TAKING IN" OF LORD SHOLTO DOUGLAS.

By Ignatz

Seated in a quiet corner of his London Club, the staid, dignified and highly respected uncle of the Marquess of Queensberry, His Honor, Lord Sholto Douglas, seldom allows his aging and rather John Bullish mind to wander untethered among the wild oat patches of his far-away youth. Especially does he eschew—when sober—all conscious remembrance of that very far-away and extremely undignified chapter of youthful indulgence when he toured with a traveling troupe of Hams the rather beastly back-country of the American Far West—don't you know?—and particularly his visits to the then quite seedy and generally uncivilized villages of the erst-while gold diggings along the dusty foothills of the land of California.

But there are moments!

Moments when, in silent meditation over a satisfying Scotch and Soda, His Lordship relaxes the bonds of memory and opens his mental postern gate for a wild and at times orgiastic sortie of recollections. And it is usually during the sipping of the seventh high-ball that Lord Sholto's mind customarily seeks out those strange experiences in the then—to him—unlovely town of Marysville when he became a Clamper.

Then it is that this honorable descendant of the Black Douglas, this scion of the great James Douglas, who carried the heart of "The Bruce" to the Holy Land, this much-married but now extremely settled-down Peer recalls with momentary feelings of mingled pain and delight that wild night over forty years ago on the banks of the turbid Yuba when the embattled Brethren of our Ancient and Honorable Order opened wide their hearts and gloriously "took him in."

Little does His Lordship reckon that out upon that lonely shore the memory of that eventful night still lingers on, to the delight of the Brethren of the New Dispensation. Little does he think that there now flourishes in those far-away foothills the Lord Sholto Douglas Chapter of the Revived Order. Just what Lord Sholto would say if—while sober—he were to be apprised of these startling but highly indubitable facts must be left to the imagination.

It was during the soggy month of January in the Year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-six that the somewhat discouraged group of would-be and has-been actors was wending their way through this section of the Yankee wilderness. Arrived in Marysville, the twenty-four year old "Lord" and his bride of less than a year, the petite "Lady Douglas," née Mooney, saw little to encourage them. When the curtain rose on "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the evening of the 21st, the audience was not only apathetic, but pitifully small. The total "take" of the box office was the miserable sum of \$71.00,—not sufficient to pay the members of the company and leave enough over to get them to the next town. The youthful troupers were down at the mouth as well as at the heel, and His Lordship, who was the company's manager, as well as its leading man, was in a high state of despair; it seemed impossible for the already-scheduled performances to continue. Gloom settled upon the firmament.

Then came the miracle. We are fortunate in the fact that a full and complete account of what happened next has come down to us from that hoary period. The very name of its author has long been lost in the mists of passing time, but his tale, obscured though it be toward the end by the swirl of alcoholic vapors, deserves to be rescued from the oblivion in which it has lain so long. It is entitled "The Inimitable Initiation of Lord Sholto Douglas." and goes as follows:

Lord Sholto Douglas paced the floor backstage. As he paced to and fro behind the curtains he wrung his hands and muttered to himself: "What shall I do? What shall I do? I tell you I'm ruined! Utterly ruined!"

One of the stage-hands seeing his Lordship in such a frenzied state inquired of him: "My good friend, what is the matter?"

"Matter? Matter? Cawn't you see what is the matter? Look at this bloody 'ouse—The bloomin' natives of these 'ere parts refuse to witness my hexhibition of 'istrionic ability. I say, I'm positively disgusted, to say nothing of being reduced to the status of a mere pauper. Feature me, a member of the nobility, without a blasted shilling in my pocket! It sounds incredible—However, when a man's ruined; he's ruined. I'd jolly well like to know what I can do about it though?"

The stage-hand being a rather benevolent character endeavored to comfort his Lordship. Taking the Britisher aside the stage-hand said: "I see you don't understand the people and conditions of this locality, which extends for about a hundred miles through the mining regions. You see these people are kind of clanish and have their own peculiar ways. It's might hard for an outsider to come in and do business with them in a big way unless you fall in with them and join their society. Once you join their organization and get the secret password you can go anywhere, do anything and carry on your business without any trouble. And another thing, I'm sure it would mean your show would be a success."

Upon hearing this Lord Sholto Douglas seemed to take more of an interest in life and the things connected with it, and said: "I say, what sort of a society is this thing? Just 'ow does a gentleman go about gaining admittance? And by the bye, old chap, 'ow much does it cost? I 'ave no ready cash; but if the jolly fellows cuff it; I'm willing to become a member of the blinkin' thing."

"It's called the Clampers. I don't know the real name because I'm not a member; but I know some of the people who belong and will introduce you to them—from then on it's up to you to see if they are willing to admit you." replied the stage-hand in a most matter of fact tone.

Lord Sholto Douglas made his application in the due form and upon its acceptance a date was set for the initiation. The application signed by his Lordship consisted of quite an imposing document made up of innuberable questions and forms. As far as the "Clampers" were concerned he was accepted before the application was started. His Lordship took the entire proceeding from beginning to end as a very serious matter and throughout the initiation looked upon the ritual as being a solemn and somber affair. The "Clampers" never attempted to disillusion the gentleman and the night after the initiation when he appeared on the stage and gave the countersign of the Well Jackass, his Lordship received a great ovation from the packed house.

I cannot recall the exact date, but “A man may forget, and not be the worse for forgetting.” However, at the appointed time Lord Sholto Douglas presented himself for initiation—duly instructed; properly clad, and royally introduced. Accompanied by the guard, his Lordship entered the hall.

(From this point on Lord Sholto Douglas will inform you as to what took place.)

“With ‘ands and feet fettered by massive chains and shackles I entered a room of most extraordinary darkness. I say, old thing, it was so dark a fellow couldn’t see ‘is own ‘and before ‘is face. With the bloody guard a-leading me I was told to advance with the greatest of caution, as I was walking on dangerous ground. And don’t you know, it was deucedly chilly on the bare feet. Sent the shivers up and down me back, and all that sort of thing. All of a sudden the blasted guard says: “alt—So I ‘alts. And then the blighter leaves me a standing there in the cold alone. Next I ‘ears a voice from quite a distance above and ‘e commands me to answer his bloomin’ questions while I stand there ‘alf frozen. ‘e says: ‘What’s your name?’ So I tells ‘im m’ name. Next the fellow askes me my age, occupation and finally what my desires were for ‘aving dared to enter this dreary and desolate region alone. I informed the bawly fool that ‘e know very well my desire was that I should learn the mysteries of the bloomin’ order.

“Then this same bloody, far-off voice from somewhere above me says: ‘It being your request to advance in this order I will free you from the chains with which you are now bound.’ And at ‘is command the miserable chains and shackles fell with a most tremendous crash.

“I thought the blighters would turn on the lamps and continue the beastly ceremony, but to my consternation that deuced voice continues: “Lord Sholto Douglas you are now free from any obstruction of your person. At the proper time you will advance alone through many obstacles;--through thorns and brambles in the first stage of your journey. You will then enter the cave of silence and while in there will be protected from any storms which you may encounter, for in this desolate and barren region we are accustomed to terrific thunder storms of the severest nature. On leaving the cave of silence you will turn to the East emerging from darkness and you will then see the light of the rising sun.”

“At last I reached the cave of silence and I thought they were going to beat the blasted pipe to pieces with their infernal ‘ammerin’. Sounded like a bloomin’ boiler works to me. ‘owever I got out of that mess with losing too much of me ‘ide and was wondering what sort of a thing was next on the ghastly menu when the same ghostly voice in the darkness says ‘At the foot of the cliff to the left, you will find a small jewel case which you will take with you and defend with your life. You will now bow to the rising sun, acknowledging that you have the box of jewels.’

“So I bows to the East and while so bowing some chap gave me such a severe jolt in my posterior region I thought my spinal cord ‘ad been driven through the top of my blinkin’ ‘ead. At this time and place some chap informed me that the password of the Order was O. M. A., which I often repeated as I passed my ‘and over my already tender posterior extremity.

“The region which I was now passing through was a beastly one—nothing but blistering rocks and drifting sands. While crossing this bleak expanse about a dozen

disreputable blighters accosted me and asked if I 'ad seen a box of jewels they 'ad lost. I told the blathering idiots I 'ad the bloomin' box myself and 'ad instructions from the Noble Grand 'umbug only to deliver the bloody box to the person giving me the proper sign and password for the receipt of the box. The ruffians again demanded the jewel casket, and upon my refusal to part with the beastly thing the beggars set upon me and endeavored to take it by force. In the scuffle that followed one of the scoundrels bashed me on top of the 'ead and knocked me senseless.

"From then on until consciousness returned all is but conjecture.

"I rather imagine the scoundrels thought they had killed me. They found some old slabs and made a sort of a casket or other in which to place my body in order that they might carry it more easily, for there was no place to dig a grave, the ground being so rocky and hard. Evidently there was a river close at 'and so the blinkin' fools carried me to the river bank and tossed the bloody coffin with me in it into the icy waters. No doubt the band thought if the body were found there it would tell no tales. But the box being so poorly constructed when I was in mid-air I fell out, carrying the bottom boards with me. The icy waters refreshed me and I regained consciousness. I took in the bloomin' situation at a glance and remained quiet until the ruffians departed. I then crawled from the reeds of my oozing and icy bed and found that I now had 'E CLAMPUS VITUS'—A TIGHT GRIP ON LIFE'."

We of this Latter Day make due obeisance to the unknown author of this sprightly tale, but we recognize that the Brethren of the New Dispensation might well consider it somewhat apocryphal were it not for the following actual newspaper accounts of the occurrence of that eventful night.*

This is how the Marysville *Appeal* for January 22, 1896, related the incident:

HE IS A CLAMPER

Lord Sholto Douglas Was Initiated Last Night

A BIG CROWD WAS THERE

*The Show Plays Here To-Night at Invitation
of the Order – Last Night's
Performance Good*

Lord Sholto Douglas, third son of the Marquis of Queensbury, one of the most famous peers of the British Realm, is a member in high standing of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus** Vitus. He was initiated last night with all the pomp and dignity usually attendant on like occasions and having answered all the solemn questions and manfully shown his capacity, is now from henceforth shall ever be, a Clamper of noble degree.

**We are now told that "Doc" Barr, N. G. H. of King Solomon Lodge, is the unknown author of the account above reprinted. Inasmuch as, from the newspaper story, he appears to have been on the committee which took Lord Sholto in, he ought to know. (Ed.)*

***The added "s" is clearly apocryphal. (Ed.)*

The initiation took place at the lodge headquarters in Turner Hall. Every Clamper was on hand and the hall contained over five hundred souls. N.G.H. Forbes administered the degrees assisted by Noble Brother Wallace Dinsmore who read the charge from the high place. All the secret work of the order was carried out. After the candidate had been initiated into the mysteries of the order he was requested by the lodge as a body to hold his company over for one night and to either repeat the performance of last evening or change the bill and play at the theatre tonight. The lodge guaranteed its brother Clamper a full house if he would remain and he agreed. After the regular business of the lodge had been transacted they adjourned to the money factory chamber and there the plan of action for filling the house was laid out.

N. G. H. Forbes appointed the following committee of citizens:

Norman Rideout, Judge Davis, Will Swain, W. H. Carlin, E. A. Forbes, Dr. J. H. Barr, J. H. Tranyer, O. F. Stoodley, Ben Cockrill, W. Dinsmore. James Morrissey, Sam Ewell, George Eckart, A. P. Lipp, Bill Leech, F. W. Johnson, Fred Buttleman, W. T. Ellis & Son, J. R. Garrett Company, Sam Trayner, Prof. Wills, Ike Colin and Henry Flint. This committee will meet at the office of Forbes & Dinsmore this morning and will start out to sell tickets for tonight's performance. The proposition of the Order is to fill the house. Among the courtesies extended to Lord Douglas as a Clamper will be the services of the orchestra tonight free of charge. Prof. Wills volunteered. Lord Douglas, Clamper, was the recipient of a great deal of congratulation for the way in which he took the degrees clear up to the 169th.

Next day the *Appeal* reported:

LORD SHOLTO DOUGLAS INITIATED INTO E CLAMPUS VITUS

Yesterday Lord Sholto Douglas and his lady were entertained by the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus in a manner befitting their station.

A carriage and four-in-hand was turned out and under the espionage of N. G. H. Forbes, the noble pair accompanied by Henry Stuart of the American Farce Company were driven around the town in style.

At 10 o'clock in the forenoon most of the committee appointed by N. G. H. Forbes met at the office of Forbes & Dinsmore and tickets were distributed to all the members present. They went to work with a will and inside of two hours over five hundred tickets had been disposed of for last night's performance.

At 2 o'clock in the forenoon most of the committee appointed by N. G. H. Forbes met at the office of Forbes & Dinsmore and tickets were distributed to all the members present. They went to work with a will and inside of two hours over five hundred tickets had been disposed of for last night's performance.

At 2 o'clock the four-in-hand with Henry Elmore in the seat, was driven up to the Western Hotel and Lord and Lady Douglas were taken on. A short time after a hack containing Wm. Leech with the huegag (sic) was driven around the town and the lusty

lungs of the auctioneer made the huegag give forth sounds that rattled the window panes in the buildings on both sides of the street as the carriage passed by.

The crowd on D Street has not been so large as yesterday for a long time. The thoroughfare presented the appearance of a holiday in every sense of the word. Last night the theatre was filled. The company was in good form and presented two acts from “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” and “Confusion,” very successfully.

The demand to see and hear Lord Sholto was complied with. He came on the stage and addressing the audience as “ladies, gentlemen and fellow E Clampus,” introduced his wife. This was “satisfactory” and so “recorded” by the E Clampus present. Likewise was the dancing and singing of her ladyship.

Lord Sholto is proud of his membership in the ancient order and last night expressed great regret that he would be unable to see the degree work. The candidate for last night failed to pass the rigid examination of the medical board. He also said that he would always bear Marysville in mind. He could not forget the place and people.

“They have true appreciation of merit,” said he. “Last night they only gave us \$71.00 to see our show and to-night we get over \$300.00. That shows the great hospitality that exists. No, we don’t expect to find many towns like Marysville.”

And this is what the San Francisco Examiner for January 23 remarked:

JOINED THE CLAMPERS

Lord Douglas Tossed In a Blanket As An Initiation Into the Order

Marysville, Jan. 22.—Lord Sholto Douglas is a member in high standing of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus, a secret organization that has a flourishing branch in this city. For short, the order is known as the Clampers.

Last night Lord Douglas played “Confusion” at the theatre. After the performance was over the sonorous tones of the Hewgag floating over the city warned all good Clampers that a stranger sought admission into their order. Presently 500 men had assembled within the walls of Turner Hall to witness the ceremony of the initiation. The Clamp Petrix announced that he who sought admission was no less a personage than Lord Sholto Douglas. When he had been blindfolded, the shoe removed from the right foot and the pants leg rolled from the right knee, the work of introducing him to the mysteries of the order was announced.

His ride in the wheelbarrow over a ladder, and the elevating influence on a blanket in the hands of 40 stalwart brothers were appreciated by the candidate. With three cheers for England and America the meeting adjourned.

A moment more and we are done. It was in 1933, when the Brethren made a pilgrimage to Camptonville, that our late respected Brother William Bull Meek unleashed the shackles of his memory and related—as only “Bill” could relate—the story of that gorgeous night in old-time Marysville. At the very close of the impressive ceremony of initiation, said “Bill,” after all had apparently been accomplished to the entire satisfaction

of the assembled Brethren, the English Lord was directed to stand before the N. G. H. for “Final Instruction.”

Then it was that Bill Meek’s classic poetic effort was delivered with the most telling effect of its eventful half-century of history. Silence stalked serenely about the Hall of Comparative Ovations. The Noble Grand Humbug rose in all his dignity. Lord Sholto stood respectfully before him. In solemn tones the mighty truth rang out:

“When you have crossed the River
And joined the immortal class,
You’ll never forget the Clampers
Who made you a _____ !”*

*A certain Chinese proverb has here unfortunately been deleted by the Clamprognosticator, and it is said that there is now no man living who can discern the hidden significance of the cryptic passage.

A PRAGMATIC HISTORY OF GAZINTA, BEING AN EXPOSE OF THE ANCIENT, MORE OR LESS HONORABLE, BUT SUPREMEY OFFICIAL GAME OF E CLAMPUS VITUS.*

By Milford "Panchito" Springer

*At the Clampowwow at Sutter's Fort on Feb. 22, 1936, Roger Dalton, N. G. H. of Platrix Chapter, presented a grandiose Gazinta to Leon Whitsell, N. G. H. of Yerba Buena Chapter. Today, as a result of this occurrence, Leon "O'Boy!" Whitsell is said to be the only holder of an honest-to-goodness, genuowine, hand-carved Gazinta. Indeed, he himself is convinced thathe now possesses the gloriousest Gazinta in the whole durn State.

This manuscript was discovered under ten historical strata on Olvera Street in Los Angeles by that histermite Milford "Panchito" Springer

The game of Gazinta is contemporary with the creation of the human race. Our first Clampatriarch, Adam, introduced the game to Eve. Eve was hesitant at first but being clamplayful she became expert at the delightful sport of Gazinta and later confessed that she always experienced a feeling of ecstasy while indulging in the sport.

In the Diocletian era Gazinta became such a popular pastime that clampers suffered from over exertion and were afflicted with Chorea, a nervous disorder characterized by spasmodic twitchings. And so Gazinta is responsible for the origin of a dance named after our Patron Saint Vitus because of the custom of dancing before the image of Saint Vitus as a means of securing his intercession.

Brother Dumbellicus was the only clamper who did not play Gazinta. The Egyptians, Babylonians, and Greeks became devotees of the game—in fact, the Greeks had a word for it, but it lacks euphony so I shall relate the Latin origin of the word Gazinta. It is derived from two Latin words. The first is "gaza," which means feminine treasure and the second in "intacta" which is interpreted as intact or untouched and so we have the two words "gaza" and "intacta" contracted to Gazinta which is a picturesque name for the clampacifying and official sport of E Clampus Vitus. Clampers have always been adventurers and treasure seekers—eager to delve into the unknown.

During the early days in California the Mexicans developed the art of Gazinta to a torrid degree and to encourage the playing of Gazinta this symbolic apparatus was devised by clampotent clampers.*

The lower portion is the Phallic emblem and the upper is the image of Venus. The object is to put Venus in flight and have the Phallic emblem pursue her. Then at the end of this graceful arc, if you are sufficiently skilled you will accomplish the liaison!—and shout "Gazinta!"—you see, the one gaz into the other.

Gazinta has always been the sport of kings and aesthetes who invariably played the game in private, but during the gold-rush days the non-conformists made a public exhibition of the contest and a poem was written commemorating that eventful and clamprolific period.

The miners came in forty-nine

The scarlet trollops in fifty-one
And from this union not divine
Sprang the ornery native son.

Anon.

*See symbolic demonstration of Gazinta in the Rotogravure Section, at the end of this book. (Ed.)

ANNALS OF THE NEW DISPENSATION

NOTE:

Our gentle readers will now transpose
this notable illustration with that on p. 87.

Since the appearance of *The Curious Book of Clampus* much of significance has occurred to find record in the *Annals of the reborn E Clampus Vitus*. The Vale of Ophir, la Casa de Don Rojerio, Panamint, Olvera Street, Sutter's Fort, Death Valley, Camp Cady and Calico have all drawn their share of clampilgrims. Now, therefore, it is meet that we of the latter day should present, preserve and protect in imperishable print the data from which future historians of our Ancient and Honorable Order will draw their tales anent these solemn moments in the lives of the Brethren.*

Before proceeding with further details we are impelled to record with pardonable pride the publication of no less than three notable books from the facil pens of Brothers of the Order. We refer, of course, to those eminent and praiseworthy best-sellers: "Degrees of Damfoolishness,--their Nature, Evaluation, Admeasurement and Care," by Lee I. Stoppulovitch; "Some Associated Aspects of Asininity," by Samuel T. Farquarskey** and "Horrendous Humbugs I have known, and how to avoid them, by Harry Petersonoff. Newspapers in the Diggins please copy.

*The names of the strictly anonymous authors of these sprightly accounts will be found noted at the commencement of each article. Needless to say, these names must forever remain unknown, even to the Brethren.

**Asses, declares this noteworthy author, are of no less than five separate and distinct classes: (1) plain or ordinary; (2) consummate; (3) perfect; (4) egregious, and (5) equine (here listed in ascending order). This great truth, says Farquarskey, is to be gleaned from certain passages contained in Volume LXXXI, Chapter III, Part IV, of the unwritten and unpublished works of our erudite Patron Vitus, where the entire subject is accorded obscure as well as exhaustive, not to say exhausting, treatment.

“OPHIR HAS FALLEN—BUT STILL LIVES!”*

*By Sclamperino. It is recorded that the above title became the rallying cry of the Ophirites after all-consuming fire destroyed her pristine glories, back in the sixties..

It was early in the month of June, 1935, that the members of the Grand Consistory of our Order, accompanied by a bountiful bevy of the plain, garden variety of Clampers (each, be it remembered, an officer, and each of equal indignity with all his Brethren), foregathered from all the Dinnins at the antique and long-somnolent town of Ophir, there to sound the Horrific Hewgag; there to partake of never-before-not-ever-to-be-equalled ham, eggs and sausage from the generous hand of Tia Ramona Lozano (Peace be to her memory, for since that day she has gone to the far but joyous land of all good sausage and enchilada makers); there with solemn rites to ordain Charlie Camp as the Order's first, and only, Vituscan Missionary to the Heathen who still grope in Darkness, and to invest him with the robes and panoply of this high office; there to present to the retiring N. G. H., Tom Norris, a token in the form and shape of a fittingly framed portrait; there to install Leon Omnivorous Whitsell as the N. G. H. of the Grand Lodge, and there to pull off a joyous and successful hoax on the world's stamp-collectors by running the Clampus Pony Express (four miles, from Ophir to Auburn) and selling “covers” broadcast to the suckers of Philately.”*

*Page Brother Jessup!

At this Pilgrimage the Noble Grand Humbugs from all parts of the Diggins gathered to consider and discuss the Order's past and future, and to enjoy its present. The flourishing Lodges of the following localities were particularly well represented: Pot-belly Slough, Ladies' Canyon, Hen-roost Camp, Lousy Ravine, Git-up-'n-git, One Eye Diggins, Push Coach Hill, Wildcat Bar, Petticoat Gulch, Ants-in-his-pants, Ground Hog's Glory, Bogus Thunder, Poorman's Humbug, Nigger Piety, Blue-belly Ravine, Loafer's Retreat, Swellhead Diggins, Centipede Hollow, Seven-by-nine, Gospel Swamp, Gouge Eye, Hell's Delight, Puke Ravine, Slap-jack Bar, Rat-trap Slide, Geehosopha Gulch, Damfool's Draw, Hogswallow, Seven-up Ravine, Paint Pot Point, One House Town, Slumgullion, Dog Town, Whiskey Hill, Half-'n-half, Jackass Hill, Brandy City, Poker Flat, Mormon Circle, Shirttail Bend and Skunk's Misery.

One of the most important events was the great *Louse Race*, the official rules and regulations for which follow:

Owners and breeders of pet lice are hereby notified that the official Louse Race of E Clampus Vitus will be held at Auburn during the Clamper Whiskerino Celebration, May 30-June 2, 1935. Further details as to time and place will be announced later.

Any Louse fancier may enter the contest. It will be conducted in a strictly humane manner without harm to the lice. Anyone caught doping, pinching, biting or otherwise artificially stimulating the runners will be disqualified. Lice are sensitive, affectionate creatures, and besides we don't want complaints from the S. P. C. A. Contestants will enter one louse and one only. The committee serves notice that it cannot be held accountable for escaped entries.

The entry shall belong to one of the two well-known breeds, *Pediculus humanus* or *P. vestimenti* commonly known as the cootie. Any of the varieties now recognized by breeders—such as *P. humanus germanicus* and *P. h. Chineenis* may be entered.

Shrimps, crabs, sow-bugs, chicken lice, fleas, etc. will positively not be qualified.

Each racing louse must be provided with a distinctive name such as Scam Squirrel, Clothes Hanger, Back Biter, or Pants Rabbit. The officials of the arena will supply the colors to be used in identifying entrants.

Fighting lice must be muzzled and each owner will be responsible for the conduct of his entry.

The race will be run in heats, on heated platters, and time will be allowed for the winners of each heat to *cool off* before coming up for the finals.

An appropriate prize will be given to the owner of the victorious louse, as well as certificates of merit to the winners of each heat.

Firearms and knives will be left in charge of the Doorkeeper during the events.

Motion picture rights will be granted only upon application to the Committee.

Experience has shown that lice properly trained for this event will stand a much better chance of winning. The entry should also be fed well on the owner's person for several days, then starved, if possible, for twenty-fours to develop speed.

The assembled Clampers of the Grand Lodge joined with the embattled members of Lord Sholto Douglas Chapter, No. 3, at nearby Auburn, in celebrating the gold-days anniversary of that notable diggings. And after three great days—and nights—at the hospitable House of Lozano, all were convinced that if Ophir ever did fall—"It still lives."

EL RANCHO DE DON ROJERIO*

*By Whiffenpiffle.

“**T**amalada! Tamalada!” Yo-ho, festive Clampers, Señora Dalton is stirring her celebrated Spanish Stew in Enrique’s good old copper kettle, brought around the Horn in 1841 to try out tallow, later used for the earliest baths of the youthful Rojerio, and now *pot par excellence* for the Señora’s Magnificent Mexican Mixtures. ‘Tis September, 1935, and tamales are in the making.

Under the arbor the Brethren gather. And still they come. At last the procession starts,--around the hill, across the mesa, out to the stark old rock where just a year earlier the Clampers dedicated their first plaque “To the Memory of the Forgotten Miner,” and finally to the Druid’s Grove on the hilltop, where nervous Poor Blind Candidates witness the ceremonious passing of the Staff of Relief, with Hugh Gordon as the esteemed President of his Class.

Shadows race across the mighty *Cañon* of the San Gabriel, the sun sets in colorful splendor, twilight drapes her sensuous sinuosities upon the earth, and the assembled Clampers scamper down the hill and once more gather under the arbor at *La Casa de Don Rojerio*. Lights flicker on, tamales, enchiladas, frijoles, arroz español, tortillas, caballos, caballeros, conciudadanos, hacendados, Clampatoros, señoritas,--Whoops! And again, Whoops!

And then the ceremony of tapping the fruitful Sycamore! Don Rojerio at his best! Rich red blood from the generous tree flowing in seemingly unending cascade! Inebriating glory! Mounting voices! Tales of the old days! Song! Laughter! Good Fellowship! A Clamper night for fair! Solemnly, with unanimous acclaim, the Brethren vote it an annual event.

“Tamalada! Tamalada! On to Don Rojerio’s!

THE GHOST OF PANAMINT*

*By Don Rojerio himself.

Twas near the Ides of November in the year 4940 of our Order's glorious Era that the Grand and Near-Grand Chisellers, singly, in pairs, and by trios, cut their classes and their jobs, packed their bedrolls and their dunnage bags, bought their sardines and their flap-jack flour and hied themselves Panamintward. The desert schooner of the Humbug from whose pen drip these winged words, after some coaxing, prodding and priming, was at last made ready, and ably assisted by Skip Kemman and Chiseler Guy Giffen, we nosed out of town and headed for the sun-swept sage. After some hours we spied the road to Dove Springs and shortly discovered a motley crew, painfully bandanna-ed, camped right in our way. After some parley we finally recognized this as the Wheat-Springer-Olmstead-Palmer-Charlie Adams gang, just preparing to roll in for the night. (Little did I then reckon that, before another midnight, bitter words would pass between me and said Adams, Landscapist, by gosh.)

Hardly had Rosy Fingeread Dawn tinted the Orb of Heaven with her fair Saffron Glow ere we were off once more, our little fleet consisting of the flagship, the Santa Maria (de Wheatena), the Pinta (de Daltonio) and the Niña de Olmsteady). Filibustering along with a brisk tail wind and not a little hot air, we set the helm hard avast—also belay, my heaties—and bounded merrily over the desert waves, past Inyokern, Salt Canyon, Trona and Ballarat, until at last we made safe harbor at Cape Chris Wicks, where Surprise Canyon spews out its detritus into and upon the varminted vale of Panamint. From then on "it's up hill to the top, 'n' no foolin'."

We prepared to storm the mountain, placing Wheat in front where Mother Johnson, the Harpy of the Hills, would fill him with buckshot first, if she should take it into her head to attack us. We (editorially speaking) hauled Olmstead out of several ditches, pushed ourselves over the worst stretches, stormed the Narrows, and unwound one of the most tortuous roads that the Lord Almighty ever permitted sinful man to travel,—only to find that Neill Wilson, with his father and the artist and the photographer had preceded us, and were already fondly embraced in the arms of the ghost of Panamint City, in the rarified air of that glorious spot, so high above our usual mundane encirclements that only an overly aged steak is higher.*

As dusk fell the roar of gasoline motors filled the great pink amphitheater about us with soul-rending echoes. Marshal Stimson, Hugh Gordon, and Phil Johnston hove in from South of the Sierra Madre, and Leon Whitsell, Lee Stoppie, Edgar Bennett, Chet Wittington and Oliver Kehrlein blew up the canyon from West of the Sierra Nevada. And when the campfire lit with eerie rays the old ruin of the Surprise Canyon Land and Water Company's erstwhile establishment—built like a fort—no less than twenty-six men and boys gazed at the flickering flames. We put the boys to bed ere long and prepared for the Sacrifice.

Then was the Staff passed with éclat to Marshall Stimson, President of his class of P. B. C's., and thereafter tall tales of the elder days and many a hair-raising

story of the past from the lips of Neill Wilson lent color to the scene. It was just after Fair Luna rose to shine upon the vale that Charlie and I clashed. All the others, it appears, slept without (not blankets, to be sure, that freezing night, but without roofs to shelter their heads), but my gang and Charlie had found an old, deserted shack, and here we laid (or hung) our heads. All would have gone well had not Charlie sought to close the shutters of the sole and only window. Forgive me, Charlie, for my hot words and pregnant temper; Oh, forgive me, lad.

And with the morn the Stewart Mine was found, and poor old Bob McKinney's grave, lone relic of the burying-ground of Panamint. We spruced up dits unkempt fene and wandered back to town while the redoubtable Neill told us about it. Hurry the book, Mr. Wilson, I implore you. "Treasure Express" has got us all a-quiver, not to mention a-gog, and we long impatiently for your tales of pristine Panamint.

But last, and best of all, after a motley throng had stormed the steeps about us and had gazed down upon the wild, rockbound home of "Hungry Bill" (alias "Panamint Tom") and the playas of Death Valley, we installed a pure bronze plaque to the memory of "The Forgotten Miner" upon the great, erected stack of the Stewart Wonder Mill, with much accompanying oratory,--and a tear or two from the assembled Brethren.

And then farewell! The northern Clampers first, then those of the southern vales. As for myself, had the beans lasted, I'd have been there yet. But alas, the last can bit the dust, and we were off,--off for the land of mockery and boredom,--and pay-checks. Ho-hum!

Panamint, like Ophir, may have fallen, but she still lives. And if you don't believe me, ask Neill Wilson.

THE LOST PLAQUE OF OLVERA STREET*

*By "Panchito," Springer the First.

On February 8, 1936, the Clampers-in-exile mobilized in the city to which the Reverent Father Crespi applied the sonorous appellation: El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, La Reine de Los Angeles de Porciúncula. With such a name as that, it's no wonder that its city limits extend from hither on the east to yon on the west, and from Gog on the north to Magog on the south. Anyhow, at that time and place, all eyes, as well as feet, were turned toward Olvera Street, most colorful *paseo* of this phantasmagoric metropolis,—a bit of old-time California sheltered from modernity. Since the street is closed to vehicular traffic, we parked our V-8 *carreta* near the Plaza and sauntered past the old Avila adobe, where Commodore Stockton is said to have parked himself *pro tempore* after entering the Pueblo with his Gringo army.

In booths along the middle of the street were Mexican clay toys, black-paper cigarettes, hand-dunked candles, earthen images, glass, pottery and cacti, but most significant of all to Conquistodorish Clampers, the symbolic "*Gazintas*." Along either side we passed intriguing *ramadas*, where before brick ovens, traditionally-garbed Mexican women moulded *tortillas* and ladled out *frijoles* to their guests. At the far end of the one-block street, at an open-air forge, mementos of Old Mexico were being wrought in white-hot iron by a fierce-mustachioed but soft-voiced smith. 'Twas an ideal place for a Clampowwow!

More than two-score Clampers soon foregathered in the *Sala de Fiesta* of the Café la Golondrina—an ancient *bodega*—where our gracious hostess, Señora Consuelo de Bonzo, paid titanic tribute to our more or less ancient and honorable Order. Amid *enchiladas muy caliente*, blushing beautiful Mexican girls in colorful China-Poblana costumes, and song-provoking music from guitars and mandolins, many of the Brethren were christened in the traditional manner by the Señora, who gleefully broke confetti-stuffed eggshells over their bald, near-bald and ri-bald crania. I emerged from this ceremony with the moniker "Panchito," but felt amply compensated for my ordeal and the resultant jests and gesticulations of my brother Clampers by the one great, tropical, consuming caress bestowed upon me during the course of this symbolic baptism by the lovely Señorita who did the egg-laying, as it were.

After the feast the Clampers migrated to the antiquated Avil adobe, where, in the old-time patio, a class of P. B. C's., headed by David Faries, were exorcised and immolated, and our sonorous Ritual, recently revised and purified by the Roisterous Iscutis, "dazzled" the ears of all the beholders. When each member of the assembled crew had given the sign of the healthy hybrid to the entire satisfaction of the Brethren, we meandered to the other side of the courtyard for a bombastic, roof-raising dedicatory address by N. G. H. Dalton and the unveiling of an infamous bronze plaque by G. H. H. Kirkwood.

Why is the plaque called infamous? Because, dear little children, within a fortnight after our conclave some light-fingered maniac (sex unknown) caused it to

vanish from its wholly appropriate setting upon the wall of the primordial privy, not six paces from the rear door of the adobe. In other words, swiped it.

Special Agent Wheatcroft reported the disappearance to Inspector Groninger of the Southwest Unmounted. who made this rapid deduction:

“On this plaque, which was fastened to the wall of that fine old outhouse, erected long before the Specialist Era, were these words, ‘In Memory of Forgotten Hours of Meditation.’ No doubt some plaquophile is at large in this community. Possibly he is preparing to affix the plaque to the tower of the City Hall.”

And there, my confreres, dangles the tale, not of our patron animal, but of the lost plaque of Olvera Street.

ON, SUCKERS, ON TO NEW HELVETIA!*

*By the Capitol Doctor, oftentimes yclept Clark.

A milling crowd of angels surged about the Bolden Bar of Heaven. Some drank ambrosia, some argued in subdued tones. An air of anticipation (sic), of suppressed desire, was noticeable. The 21st of February, 1936, had just been torn from the calendar. For some time it had been dull as hell in heaven. Now, one Guardian Angel was being detailed to earth. All had volunteered for the service, each had advanced her qualifications. Suddenly it was deathly quiet. Jehovah himself appeared, saying, "it is not strange that you all should wish to go to California. But one only can be spared. The little lady who had the California beat in 1849 will please step forward."

A sun-tanned blonde sprang to her feet.

"This is a mission of grave responsibility, my dear. You will be in New Helvetia by five this afternoon; better be there by noon. You know the lay of the land. Ninety years have wrought great change in the roads, but you will know them. Sandwiched among the trucks you will find many carloads of men filled with the spirit of 1849. These men will be hurrying to the Fort of Johann Sutter. Guard them well. Protect them. I know how greatly they need divine protection. For there lives in the Fort of Johann Sutter a lineal descendant of Ananias. Watch him! Report at high noon tomorrow. Begone!"

Califia, for such was her name, ordered out a cloud. She was chagrined to find that all the big clouds had already been sent to Southern California. But a small one would be satisfactory for so short a trip, and selecting a tiny white one she was soon off, floating along the Milky Way.

At high twelve of February 23rd, a worn out, discouraged, but highly excited Califia shot thru the Pearly Gates and was quickly taken before Jehovah.

Humbly she struck a few harp notes and reported, "I've spent the night with the Clampers" and fell in a swoon at his feet. A little nectar was poured between her lips; her frame shook; her bosom heaved; she sat up and whispered huskily:

"Now, listen, here's my story and I'm going to stick to it. First I repaired to the appointed spot and found all cars heading for a place called *Morven*. Car after car unloaded its quota. Half a hundred men entered,--a motley throng. Some had about them the fresh clean smell of the Sierra, others the odor of the cow pastures of La Reina de Los Angeles. These latter seemed so happy, so carefree and innocent. I thought them returning from an exile. It seemed no place for me, dear God, but I got close enough to hear a great gurgling, a smacking of many lips. I thought myself discovered when I heard them singing praises of the product of the Angel's Tit. And I shivered with fear when a man telephoned the Master of *Morven* and said the *Sacramento Bee* wanted a story of the scene for its next edition.

Promptly at six they roared away to the westward. I followed them on my cloud. Soon all were at the Fort of Johann Sutter. At the gate stood an armed watchman, scanning each passport in the flicker of a bull's eye lantern. I recognized

him as an acquaintance of my old beat. Inside was a banquet. On the table were beef, beans, cornbread, just such as I saw John Henry Brown prepare for Captain Sutter ninety years ago. Those men from south of the Tehachapi must not have eaten for a week.

Followed much oratory from Leonidas Whitsell, whom they called Noble Grand Humbug, and from Tom Norris and Roger Dalton. They also seemed to be Humbugs. Adam Lee Moore, who was born just before I was taken off the California beat in 1850, played the fiddle. He also sang. (The poor angel blushed). Doctor Barr paid a glowing tribute to good old Bill Meek, our newly arrived brother on your right; Earl Burke talked 5000 years on history; Lindley Bynum and George Dane made reports on something (Dane's was clean). The world's oldest game, Gazinta, was explained by an obvious expert and past-master, "Panchito" Springer. His learned discourse brought reminiscent expressions to many faces. He, it was, who presented to Leonidas Whitsell the only hand carved Gazinta in existence. The ceremonies of initiation were performed by Carl Ignatius Wheat and the rest of the recking(sic) crew from the cow pastures. Lord, do not ask me for details. Doctor Porter of the Bay Regions had himself elected president of his class,--an ideal candidate. I recommend him to you for future initiation here, if he should make the grade. A swarthy Southerner and a curly-haired Swede then proved that wild oats will grow in white hair, if parted in the middle. The finale came with the unveiling, by Leon Whitsell, of a plaque marking the spot where Jim Marshall exhibited to Sutter his flake of gold. In the pouring rain the Noble Grand Humbug unveiled the plaque with many graceful and appropriate gestures. But he left it leaning against the adobe wall, the four screws necessary to fasten it to the door in the proper place being just four more than he had left. Then, Oh Lord, their 5,941st annual banquet broke up and they disappeared to the four winds."

Califia was warmly commended for her thorough report and her guardianship of the Clampers, whereupon she burst into tears and hysterical sobbing.

"But, God, I failed. I failed miserably. I was deceived,--and by a Clamper,--by that old wretch Harry C. Peterson, who lives at the Fort of Johann Sutter. He must be the lineal descendant of Ananias, about whom you warned me. He was not billed on the program. The Noble Grand Humbug simply declared that Harry Peterson was going to make an important Historical Announcement. This man, apparently so simple, so guileless, briefly told the story of the Bear Flag Affair. Well do you know the tale. After getting the Flag raised at Sonoma, that sleepy June morning in 1846, and after the Vallejos and Victor Prudon had been imprisoned (in the very room in which he was now speaking), this Munchausen quickly changed the scene to Palo Alto on that April morning in 1906 when you gave the terrible lesson to San Francisco. He told of his bed shaking, and the furniture coming across the room. He sprang from the bed and rushed to the Stanford Museum. The relics there were safe. He bethought himself of his sister, in the fire. His brother owned one of the four cars in Palo Alto. They stopped at two drug stores for bandages and other first-aid supplies, at a department store for blankets. These they carried with them, the first such taken into the stricken city. At Fourth Street they were stopped by Federal troops. No one could cross that line. Peterson knew Lieutenant Lowsley. He begged for one last look in Pioneer's Hall. The Lieutenant agreed to look the other way but

warned that the building must soon be blown to bits and that he must leave on the command. Wildly he rushed into the building, past the Mastodon, tears streaming down his cheeks as he took a last look at those priceless relics, doomed to destruction. A man brushed by his arm. It was a soldier laden with dynamite. The command to evacuate rang out. The fuses had been lighted. As he fled the building he reached into a showcase tottering to the floor, and seized a rag which he stuffed beneath his coat. Reaching his brother's car he hid it under the seat, and proceeded to forget it. Six weeks later, when helping the brother clean the car, he rediscovered the rag. It would be useful in the cleaning. Opening it up he gazed a moment in terror, then hid it away in the woodshed, where it lay for fifteen years before he moved it to a more secure place. Through thirty long years this thing preyed on his mind. At last he could stand it no longer. He confessed, to a Sacramento physician, who convinced him that he was safe from prosecution, because of the statute of limitations; that the institution of New Helvetia Chapter of E Clampus Vitus made this the most important evening in the history of Sacramento since Marshall came in with his gold; and finally, that the men there assembled were real lovers of California and her romantic history. In consideration of all this, he produced a package, wrapped in a San Francisco newspaper of 1906. From it he took a dusty rag, shook out clouds of dust, and unfurled the Bear Flag. As the flag was run up the pole, cheers rent the roof. Hands were clapped till they hurt. Backs were thumped and pounded. Peterson was lauded to the skies. It was suggested by many that he be made permanent Grand Honorary Humbug. Pandemonium reigned supreme. After ten minutes of hysteria the Noble Grand Humbug was reminded of his promise to ask for further proof. He that asks shall receive. Peterson furnished the proof. He did not need to prove the Fort, for they were sitting in the very room in which the Vallejos and Prudon were imprisoned. He had stated the mountain men "forded" the river, and as proof he exhibited the steering wheel of an old Ford. He had stated that the men rode to Sonoma on horseback, and he passed around neat cellophane-wrapped packages containing the proof, well preserved. He had told of the difficulty of getting the men started for Sonoma, not wishing to leave their squaws unprotected. And he passed around little bags of sand with which the squaws were provided, and demonstrated the technique. On the approach of a man, if she perceived that he was a Clamper, she immediately sanded herself generously. He proved the San Francisco fire with a can of pickled ashes; that he was in Pioneer's Hall with the jawbone of the Mastodon, coyote size, explaining that it had been steadily shrinking through the years. And as final proof he exhibited a parchment document swearing to the accuracy and honesty of all his statements and all his exhibits, signed on the 14th of June, 1846, by Johann Sutter, James Marshall, John Frémont, Kit Carson, Robert Semple, William B. Ide and Mariano G. Vallejo."

Jehovah sat in deep thought, while Califia knelt with downcast eyes. Finally He smiled and said, "Rise Califia, and be of good cheer. I still commend you for a task well done. I, myself, believed that old son-of-a-gun while he was telling his story."

THE PHANTOM PHRATER OF PHURNACE KREEK*

*By Panamint Pete.

Your official expedition formed to trace the tracks left by our late lamented and esteemed Clampatriarch William Lewis Manly during his tour through the great depression** in 1849 and 1850, left Los Angeles on April 4, 1936, returning across the Mojave in time to catch the Brethren at Camp Cady on the 11th. Manly, it appears, was the first real, honest-to-goodness tourist of this region; he not only paid it one (involuntary) visit, but after he got out he turned right around and came back (voluntarily) for more. Than which there can be little whicher.

By When I say Depression, I mean **Depression, not the little economic dimple you guys of the nineteen-thirties think of when you hear that fearsome word.

Well, my dear friends, after much tribulation and some very sandy eggs and bacon, I have the honor to report that the tracks of the mighty N. G. H. of Furnace Creek were happily discovered by your explorers one night, during the graveyard shift, upon a headstone, hard by the Coffin Mine on Skeleton Ridge in the Funeral Mountains of Death Valley, at a point overlooking the Devil's Golf Course, just one-half mile from Hell and four hundred and sixty-seven miles from Nowhere. If you don't believe it, go see for yourself. We recommend the months of June to September for this.

Not only were these tracks discovered, but high upon the rugged ridges of the Panamints there was found a beautiful set of gold teeth, left there as a sign by the D. F. D. of the Lodge, who passed that way as guide and mentor for the Jayhawker Party. And, as we were stumbling our way through the sand, one of the boys kicked at a small piece of iron and found it to be attached to a buried frying pan,--indubitably the very skillet on which the redoubtable Juliet Brier cooked her last flapjack that none-to-happy New Year's Day in 1850. Next to it we found the whitened jawbone of a wild ass, ample evidence that Clampers had once frequented the spot. These mementoes we brought home as souvenirs..

Yes, indeedy, the trip was a success. And to show that our hearts are in the right place we intend to return as soon as cool weather comes again to the desert, there to find the Gunsight Lode or bust* and we shall gladly pass the Staff to such Poor Blind candidates as we may discover hiding beneath the mesquite bushes at Bennett's Well.

*Usually we bust.

CAMP CADY AND CALICO*

*By Navajo Phil Johnston

Ghosts of the past were marching and countermarching across the old parade ground at Camp Cady, when, on April 11, 1936, a contingent of Clampers arrived at the ruined military post in the desert. This locale was ideas for a pilgrimage, since its romantic story has almost been lost, and its very existence is all but forgotten by the simple folk of Southern California. Camp Cady was a center of military operations in one of the most lonely and desolate sections of the southwest. On the south flowed the Mojave River, a mere trickle of water screened by a dense growth of willows and mesquite—and this was the only verdure for leagues in every direction.

It was in May, 1860, that Major James H. Carleton with a detachment of First Dragoons from Fort Tejon wandered out into the Mojave Desert under orders from the War Department to chastise marauding Indians and to establish a permanent garrison to protect travelers. This assignment was carried out with a thoroughness and dispatch characteristic of the man who later became military governor of New Mexico. The Piutes were quickly brought to terms, and a site was selected for a fort near the junction of the routes to Santa Fe and Salt Lake City.

During the ten years that followed, troops were constantly patrolling the desert. A brief interruption of this surveillance occurred when, in April, 1866, the War Department ordered the post's abandonment. Residents of Southern California became highly incensed, and protested so strongly that the authorities were virtually forced to order the fort reoccupied shortly afterward. Scarcely more than two months elapsed after the soldiers had been returned to Camp Cady, when an incident occurred that showed their need in that locality, for in an ambush five of the troopers were killed in a brief but furious battle,—the most serious reverse suffered by Federal arms in the Mojave Desert.

After viewing the ruins of the old camp, the Clampers hid themselves to the Calico Mountains, cleft with spectacular gorges and spotted with geologic formations whose weird colors have suggested the unusual name. Threading their way through Mule Canyon and Odessa Canyon, new but little-frequented roads made accessible to them the most remarkable desert scenery in Southern California, while old mine tunnels and shafts yawned at the travelers from every side, for these mountains yielded a vast treasure in silver half a century ago!

The final destination was the ghostly town of Calico. Discovered in 1881 by John McBryde and Lowery Silver, this district proved to be so rich that a horde of miners, prospectors, boomers and miscellaneous gentry stampeded to the area and swelled the new town's population to more than three thousand in a short time. For seven years Calico prospered on silver, and the discovery of colemanite (sodium borate, which was not known to exist before that time) was a major event, destined to make of Calico the chief production center of borax for many years.

Eventually, when the largest silver deposits had been exhausted, and colemanite had been discovered in greater quantity in the Funeral Mountains east of

Death Valley, the camp entered a period of decline, which continued until it became a ghost town.

When the Clampers entered Calico, they found only three or four permanent residents in what was once the metropolis of the Mojave Desert. Successive fires had razed virtually all of the wooden buildings, but the few stone and adobe structures still remaining testified to the town's one-time importance. Huge dumps of waste, gaping shafts and tunnels, and a long deposit of tailings below the old mill-site were eloquent of the riches that had been taken from those highly colored mountains, estimates of which by those who should know ran as high as eighty millions dollars.

Camped on a vacant area between two venerable buildings, the Clampers were visited by Bob Greer, only surviving miner who participated in the "excitement" during Calico's heyday. Bob delighted and intrigued with several tales of the old camp when she was going strong. One of the best recalled a certain preacher, whose headquarters was a small town near the coast. He went to Calico occasionally to conduct services, and there made the acquaintance of a local promoter known as "the Colonel." When this acquaintance had ripened into friendship, the Colonel persuaded the man of God to buy a mining claim from him, which, he alleged, was rich in silver ore. As a matter of fact, it contained no silver, but in its veins was colemanite, which the Colonel then believed to be worthless. With implicit trust the parson paid \$300 for the property, and received a deed.

Eventually, the colemanite was identified as a valuable mineral, and the Colonel regretted his sale. Hurrying to the preacher before the latter could hear the news, he confessed that the claim had been misrepresented—there wasn't a bit of silver in the whole property. Now he was conscience-stricken, and eager to make amends. Would his beloved brother in Christ accept as restitution the full price he had paid for the mine, and return the deed?

Greatly moved by this exhibition of righteous generosity and remorse, the preacher accepted the refund and then knelt with the Colonel to thank God that his friend had repented of his wrong-doing. Immediately afterward, the Colonel found a man who was buying borax claims, and sold him one for twenty-five hundred dollars!

The Clampers then adjourned to their initiation, in a ruined structure under a shelving rock, once appropriately called "the Hyena's Den." Here Bob Greer was solemnly installed as a Grand Honorary Humbug, and Banker Johnstone of San Dimas received the ennobling Staff from a Clamper who in real life sorts the banker's money at the bank. Ho-hum! How topsy-turvy is this world!*

*Phil has neglected to tell the tale of the learned Van Dyke, Justice of the Peace, Mojave Pioneer, and owner of the Van Dyke Ranch at Daggett. With all solemnity "the Judge" was brought to Calico, and sat with the company listening to Bob Greer's tales. But when adjournment was taken to the Hyena's Den the old codger was nowhere to be found. Phil searched excitedly about the town. No Judge! The initiation went on. Morpheus was sought by tired Clampers. At last, a gaunt figure appeared amid the shadows; it was "the Judge." Made sleepy by the tales of elder days, he had sought solace on a rickety porch nearby, and missed the entire show.

There it is, friends of the radio world, that Platrix Chapter was cheated out of another Grand Honorary Humbug.

Thus end the annals down to date. May future historians find crumbs of delight among this flood of words.

Who knows what wonders to relate another year will bring?

THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ORDER E CLAMPUS VITUS CEREMONY AND RITUAL OF INITIATION

The true, authentic and clampotent Ritual of Initiation, carefully compiled, ceremoniously corrected, prayerfully purged of both egregious error and hateful heterodoxy, and now done damveritably anew by Brother Iscutis, the one and only holder of the Leather Medal, and *Visitador General* of the Order, before and after the Full Moon, in this, the five thousand nine hundred and forty-first year of the glorious and clampregnant era of E CLAMPUS VITUS.

Nihil obstat.....G.N.R.

Imprimatur.....N.G.H.

Sed prime viduaribus.....G.I.H.

Prolegomena

At the sound of the Hewgag the brethren will assemble in the Hall of Comparative Ovations. The initiatory officials and other officers will assume their traditional posts, as follows:

At the head of the Chamber will stand the Noble Grand Humbug, with the empty chair of the Clampatriarch upon his right hand and the empty chair of the Grand Noble Recorder upon his left hand.

Half way down the left side of the Chamber will appear the empty chair of the Royal Platrix.

Half way down the right side of the Chamber will appear the empty chair of the Roisterous Iscutis.

Some six to ten feet in front of the portal, directly opposite and facing the Noble Grand Humbug, will appear the empty chair of the Grand Imperturbable Hangman.

At either side of the portal (at the far end of the Chamber from the Noble Grand Humbug) the two Damfool Doorkeepers will assume their respective posts, the portal itself being closed. D.F.D. No. 1 will shoulder the Blunderbasket, and D.F.D. No. 2 will lean upon the Sword of Mercy Tempered with Justice.

The Clampatriarch, the Grand Noble Recorder, the Royal Platrix, the Roisterous Iscutis, the Grand Imperturbable Hangman, the Clamps Matrix, the Clamps Petrix and the Clamps Vitrix will attend without the portal, clad in their official panoply, bearing the Clampediments of their respective offices,* and having in their custody the miserable body of the Poor Blind Candidate.

The remaining multitude of Clampers will assume such posts about the Chamber as may be directed by the Noble Grand Humbug.

The brethren will maintain all proper decorum. When all is ready, the lights will be lowered and due solemnity will stalk about the Hall.

The Order of Initiation

N.G.H.—Let there be order in the Hall of Comparative Ovations of E Clampus Vitus...

*The Clampatriarch will lean upon the Royal Staff of Relief; the Grand Noble Recorder will bear the Great Charter of the Order; the Roisterous Iscutis will hold the Clampificated Cowbell; the Clamps Matrix will bear the Corruscated Candelabrum, minified with lighted candles, and the Clamps Petrix and Clamps Vitrix will each bear lighted candles in their right hands.

(Oh, so sorry! Excuse please! Wind has just blown the rest of Ritual out window. Printer, please leave blank page or two for Brothers and Widows to write in what they can remember, if any, of Initiation of poor Blind candidate.

I wring my hands in sorrow, and offer the well-known signal of Distress. Ed.)

E CLAMPUS VITUS
GRAND CLAMPROSTER

Venerated Past Clampatriarchs

Major Horace Bell, late of the Queen of the Cow Counties.
John Henry Brown, late of Yerba Buena.
Samuel Clemons, late of Jackass Hill.
Alonzo Delano, late of Grass Valley.
George Horatio Derby, alias John Phoenix, alias John P. Squibob, late of Sandy Ago.
William Lewis Manly, late of Furnace Creek.
James Wilson Marshall, late of Coloma.
William Bull Meek, late of Clamptonville.
Karl Friedrich Hieronymous, Freiherr von Munchhausen, late of Hanover, Deutschland.
George N. Napoleon, late of Columbia.
Norton the First, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, late of Yerba Buena.
Count Ganson Raoul de Raousset-Boulbon, late of Hermosillo.
Johan August Sutter, late of New Helvetia.
Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, late of Sonoma.

Grand Consistory

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Alfred R. Kirkwood, Grand Vice Clampatriarch, 1143 E. Howard St., Pasadena.
John McSorley, Grand Honorary Humbug, Mokelumne Hill.
Robert Greer, Grand Honorary Humbug, Yermo.
Dr. J. H. Barr, Grand Honorary Humbug, Yuba City.
Leon O. Whitsell, ex officio, Noble Grand Humbug, State Bldg., San Francisco.
G. Ezra Dane, ex officio, Grand Noble Recorder, Balfour Bldg., San Francisco.
Don Rojerio de Dalton y Zamorano, ex officio, Royal Platix, Azusa.
Carl I. Wheat, Visitador General, 416 City Hall, Los Angeles.
Charles L. Camp. Vituscan Missionary, Gobi Desert, Outer Mongolia, China.

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W. L. Ustick, G.L., % Huntington Library, San Marino.
Neal Van Sooy, V.A.N., Azusa.
Henry R. Wagner, G.H.O., 1135 Winston St., San Marino.
George W. Walker, F.E.S., 109 W. Fremont Place, Los Angeles.
Carl I. Wheat, X.N.G.H., 2561 Hill Drive, Los Angeles.
Albert E. Wheatcroft, G.I.H., 1410 Hill Drive. Los Angeles.
Thomas Williams, H.I.P., % Santa Ana Junior College, Santa Ana.
W. L. Wolfskill, G.O.M., 275 S. Union Ave., Los Angeles.
Fred E. Young, M.A.T., 5223 El Rio, Los Angeles.

Lord Sholto Douglas Chapter, No. 3, Auburn

Dr. Walter Banbrock, G.Q., Auburn.
Clarence Barker, R.P., Placerville.
Charles Beaver, G.I.H., Auburn.
Lyman Bolles, G.O.P., Auburn.
Quenton Brewer, F.D., Auburn.
Dr. Conrad Briner, G.D., Auburn.

Charles H. Brown, D.F.D., Auburn.
Edwin Brown, D.F.D., Auburn.
Lafayette Burns, R.I. Auburn.
R. Lane Calder, T.O.P., Auburn.
Alvin Carveth, F.A.T., Auburn.
Jack Champion, G.C., Auburn.
Paul Claiborne, G.N., Auburn.
Herbert Clegg, G.O.P., Auburn.
Will Cluff, N.G.C., Auburn.
Herbert Coney, F.A.N., Loomis.
Herbert Cooper, H.A.R., Auburn.
Earl Crabbe, N.G.H., Auburn.
Harry Davis, L.B., Auburn.
Dorman J. Dobbas, N.M., Auburn.
Andy Dorer, P.U.D., Auburn.
Max Dunievitz, H.T., Auburn.
John Dunnett, T.O.T., Newcastle.
Walter Durfee, D.F.D., Auburn.
Austin Erskine, Q.O., Auburn.
Harry Furlong, C.V., Auburn.
Felix Gervais, T.I., Auburn.
Henry Gietzen, F.L., Auburn.
Dave Gordon, F.A., Auburn.
Pierre Goss, Jr., C.P., Auburn.
Nicholas Harper, Q.Z., Auburn.
Chester Hatch, H.H., Auburn.
Chris Henney, G.H., Auburn.
Robert B. Howell, H.H., Auburn.
Wilfred Jansen, M.P.H., Auburn.
Trevor Jeffreys, C.O., Auburn.
David H. Jones, P.I., Auburn.
Fred W. Junker, S.O.S., Auburn.
C. A. Keema, R.I., Auburn.
William Kinz, R.O., Auburn.
Louis Klumpp, G.K., Auburn.
John B. Landis, L.L., Auburn.
Charles Lee, C.V., % P.G.E.Co., Auburn.
Marshall Lowell, F.F., Nevada City.
Earl, Lukens, R.R., Auburn.
Harvery MacDonald, R.P., Auburn.
Dr. J. Gordon Mackay, G.N.S., Auburn.
Robert Mason, T.I.N., Auburn.
V. G. McCann, G.N.R., Auburn.
John McLellan, G.N., Auburn.
W. H. Melinger, C.O.P., Auburn.
William Miller, P.A., Auburn.

E. A. Moss, G.H.R., Auburn.
James Nealis, G.O., Auburn.
Harry Oliver, D.F.D., Auburn.
Arthur Predmore, G.I.H., Auburn.
W. W. Polson, G.W., Photographer, Auburn.
Walter Reynolds, Noble Grand Keeper of the Blunder Basket, Auburn.
Harris Ricksecker, R.P.M., Auburn.
Wendell Robie, G. Goat Keeper, Auburn.
John Robinson, G. Hist., Auburn.
Dr. John Russell, G.D., Auburn.
Arthur Sather, T.O., Auburn.
W. A. Shepard, G.H. Auburn.
Ray Shumaker, T.I.T., Auburn.
Ralph Sinclair, E.M., Auburn.
Ike Smith, T.N.T., Auburn.
James D. Stewart, R.P., Auburn.
Max Strasberg, G.J., Auburn.
Emmett Sullivan, R.P., Auburn.
Arthur Sweet, F.F., Auburn.
Allen Thurman, G.M., Colfax.
John M. True, F.O.B., Auburn.
Robert Tyson, R.I., Auburn.
Loui Volz, V.D., Auburn.
Robert Wallace, P.D., Auburn.
James Walsh, L.O.T., Auburn.
John G. Walsh, C.M., Auburn.
Benton Welty, T.L., Auburn.

Quivira Chapter, No. 4, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Kenneth M. Chapman, C.P., Curator Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe.
E. Dana Johnson, G.N.R., Editor, Santa Fe New Mexican, Santa Fe.
Dr. Sylvanus T. Morley, C.V., Director, Chichen Itza Project for Carnegie Institution of
Washington, D. C., Santa Fe.
Jesse L. Nusbaum, N.G.H., Director, Laboratory of Anthropology, Santa Fe.
Carl Ruppert, R.I., Archaeologist, Carnegie Institute, Santa Fe.

New Helvetia Chapter, No. 5, Sutter's Fort

Roscoe L. Clark, C.P., Forum Bldg., Sacramento.
Jas. S. Dean, F.A., 1400 H St., Sacramento.
William Durbrow, D.Fl.D., Grass Valley.
Frank N. Killam, T.O., 1512 13th St., Sacramento.
Robert McKoy, C.A., State Capitol.
C. F. Metteer, T.N.T., 1137 43rd St., Sacramento.

Al. M. (Pete) Nash, A.L., 2500 42nd St., Sacramento.
Frederick W. Panhorst, G.O., State Highway Comm., Sacramento.
Harry Peterson, N.G.H., Sutter's Fort, Sacramento.
Percy G. West, C.V., 2571 Portola Way, Sacramento.

President Walker Chapter, No. 6, San Diego

James M. Clarke, G.N.R., 1620 Torrence St., San Diego.
Walter Hussong, N.G.H., Ensenada de Todos Santos, Baja Calif., Mex.
Stuart Lake, C.M., San Diego.
Franklin W. Walker, C.P., 308 W. Brooks, San Diego.

Captain Jack Chapter, No. 7, Alturas

Albert Spicer, N.G.H., Alturas, Modoc County.

Floating (or Whang) Chapter, No. 8, Pacific Ocean

Grant Leenhouts, N.G.H., 103 So. Helberta, Redondo Beach.

Bill Meek Chapter, No. 9, Clamptonville

William Bull Meek, Late Respected Humbug, 1849 Platrix Blvd, Clamparadise.
Acton Cleveland, N.G.H., Clamptonville.

Ephraim Bee Chapter, No. 10, Lewisport, West Virginia

Boyd G. Stutler, N.G.H. % American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Le Broke Lodge, No. 107, 305, Downieville

Tony Lavazola, C.M. Downieville.
George Taylor, N.G.H., Downieville.
Ross Taylor, G.N.R., Downieville.
Harry Tibbets, C.P., Downieville.

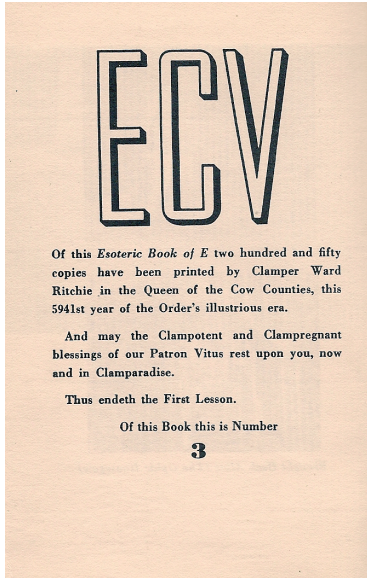
King Solomon Lodge, No. 107, 306, Marysville

Dr. J. H. Barr, N.G.H., Yuba City.
Harry C. Best, R.G.M., Yosemite Valley.
H. B. P. Carden, C.M., 927 F St., Marysville.
W. E. Davies, C.P., Marysville.
Lou Eichler, G.N.R., *Appeal Democrat*, Marysville.
Earl Ramey, R.I., 1600 Yuba St., Marysville.

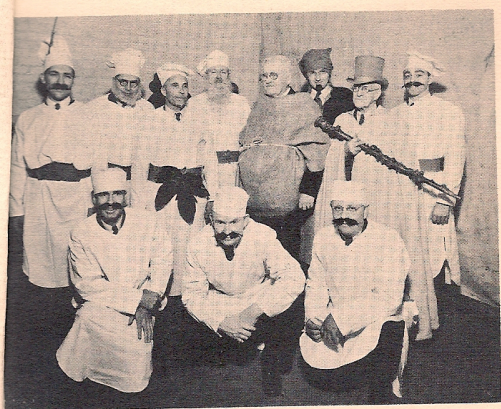
Randolph A. Schnabel, D.F.D., Yuba City.
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Grand Clamprepository of Archives

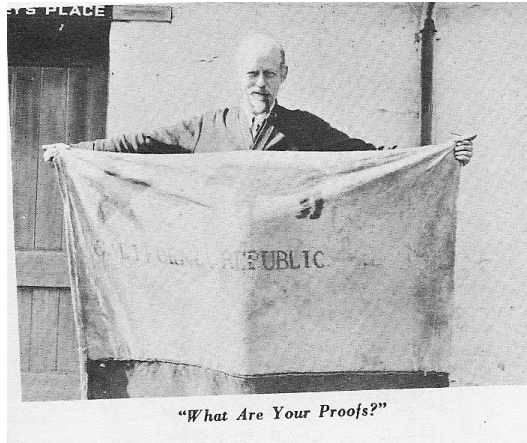
Henry E. Huntington Library, Harasser of Humbugs, San Marino.



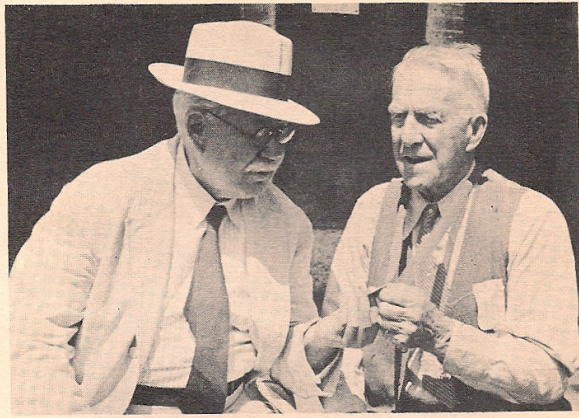
Clampatriarch Moore Gives the Sign of Recognition



The Platix Degree Team at Sutter's Fort



"What Are Your Proofs?"



Kid Wagner Kidding Adam



Panchito Displaying his Gazinta

SENATE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION NO. 6—SENATORS AMODEI, BEERS, CARE, CARLTON, CEGAVSKE, COFFIN, HARDY, HECK, HORSFORD, LEE, MATHEWS, MCGINNESS, NOLAN, RAGGIO, RHOADS, SCHNEIDER, TITUS, TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON AND WIENER

FEBRUARY 21, 2007

JOINT SPONSORS: ASSEMBLYMEN GRADY, ALLEN, ANDERSON, ARBERRY, ATKINSON, BEERS, BOBZIEN, BUCKLEY, CARPENTER, CHRISTENSEN, CLABORN, COBB, CONKLIN, GANSERT, GOEDHART, GOICOECHEA, HARDY, HOGAN, HORNE, KIHUEN, MABEY, MANENDO, MARVEL, MORTENSON, MUNFORD, OCEGUERA, OHRENSCHALL, PARKS, PARNELL, SEGERBLOM, SETTELMEYER, SMITH AND WOMACK

Read and Adopted

SUMMARY—Designates February 21, 2007, as E Clampus Vitus Day at the Nevada Legislature. (BDR R-1080)

~

EXPLANATION – Matter in *bolded italics* is new; matter between brackets [omitted material] is material to be omitted.

SENATE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION—Designating February 21, 2007, as E Clampus Vitus Day at the Nevada Legislature.

- 1 WHEREAS, It has come to the attention of the Nevada
2 Legislature that the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus
3 Vitus has maintained its honorable status throughout the known
4 world and especially in this great State of Nevada; and
5 WHEREAS, The Ancient and Honorable and Exceedingly
6 Humble Order of E Clampus Vitus has survived the test of time to
7 become one of the longest surviving brotherhoods of men that
8 continue to fulfill a fundamental need in providing protection and
9 kindness while advancing the noble cause of Clamperdom to



1 residents of the Silver State, especially all the “widders” and
2 orphans, and descendants of the Argonauts; and

3 WHEREAS, The Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus was
4 founded in West Virginia in 1845 by Ephram Bee, owner of a tavern
5 on the National Road, and shortly thereafter the warmhearted
6 brothers affectionately became known as the “Clampin Vipers”; and

7 WHEREAS, In 1860, William Stewart founded the first Ancient
8 and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus, Winnemucca Lodge #1,
9 in the Utah Territory, in the unsuspecting peaceful town known as
10 Carson City; and

11 WHEREAS, The creed of the Clamproctors, yesterday, as well as
12 today, is “to protect the ‘widders’ and orphans, and MAINLY the
13 ‘widders’”; and

14 WHEREAS, The State of Nevada is proud to continue the
15 tradition of 162 years of devoted service with the Nevada chapters,
16 which now include the Snowshoe Thompson Chapter of Douglas
17 County, the Julia C. Bulette Chapter of the Comstock, the Lucinda
18 Jane Saunders Chapter of Elko County and the Queho Chapter of
19 Clark County; now, therefore, be it

20 RESOLVED BY THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEVADA, THE
21 ASSEMBLY CONCURRING, That the members of the 74th Session of
22 the Nevada Legislature, of whom many are proud members of E
23 Clampus Vitus, do hereby declare February 21, 2007, as E Clampus
24 Vitus Day at the Nevada Legislature, a day to be marked by
25 appropriate revelry and thanksgiving; and be it further

26 RESOLVED, That the Ancient and Honorable Order of E
27 Clampus Vitus is praised and commended for its contributions to
28 mankind and others, and recognized as an illustrious group of
29 Clampers, Clampatrious, Vituscans and Frolicking Friars who must
30 continue to serve and protect the residents of the Silver State; and be it
31 further

32 RESOLVED, That the Secretary of the Senate prepare and
33 transmit a copy of this resolution to the Patriarchs of E Clampus
34 Vitus.



Noble Grand Humbugs of E Clampus Vitus of the modern era up to 1936.

Lord Sholto Douglas Chapter 3

1933 – 34 Harry S. Furlong

1935 – 37 Earl R. Crabbe

New Helvetia Chapter 5

1936 Harry C. Peterson

Platrix Chapter 2

1933 Carl I. Wheat

1934 J. Gregg Layne

1935 – 37 Roger Dalton

Yerba Buena Chapter 1

1932 Carl I. Wheat

1933 Douglas Watson

1934 Thomas W. Norris

1935 Leon O. Whitsell

1936 George Ezra Dane

Clamper activity consisted of a few Clampers getting together (seemingly no more than a couple of carloads!) and making a Clampilgrimage to some historic location, where a program of sorts would have been planned, and a meal or meals arranged for those attending. Mostly, like today, the important business of the day was to take in new members.

The following report on the pilgrimage to Camp Cady will be of interest mostly to our Brothers in the Billy Holcomb Chapter.

CAMP CADY AND CALICO*

*By Navajo Phil Johnston

Ghosts of the past were marching and countermarching across the old parade ground at Camp Cady, when, on April 11, 1936, a contingent of Clampers arrived at the ruined military post in the desert. This locale was ideas for a pilgrimage, since its romantic story has almost been lost, and its very existence is all but forgotten by the simple folk of Southern California. Camp Cady was a center of military operations in one of the most lonely and desolate sections of the southwest. On the south flowed the Mojave River, a mere trickle of water screened by a dense growth of willows and mesquite—and this was the only verdure for leagues in every direction.

It was in May, 1860, that Major James H. Carleton with a detachment of First Dragoons from Fort Tejon wandered out into the Mojave Desert under orders from the War Department to chastise marauding Indians and to establish a permanent garrison to protect travelers. This assignment was carried out with a thoroughness and dispatch characteristic of the man who later became military governor of New Mexico. The Piutes were quickly brought to terms, and a site was selected for a fort near the junction of the routes to Santa Fe and Salt Lake City.

During the ten years that followed, troops were constantly patrolling the desert. A brief interruption of this surveillance occurred when, in April, 1866, the War Department ordered the post's abandonment. Residents of Southern California became highly incensed, and protested so strongly that the authorities were virtually forced to order the fort reoccupied shortly afterward. Scarcely more than two months elapsed after the soldiers had been returned to Camp Cady, when an incident occurred that showed their need in that locality, for in an ambush five of the troopers were killed in a brief but furious battle,—the most serious reverse suffered by Federal arms in the Mojave Desert.

After viewing the ruins of the old camp, the Clampers hied themselves to the Calico Mountains, cleft with spectacular gorges and spotted with geologic formations whose weird colors have suggested the unusual name. Threading their way through Mule Canyon and Odessa Canyon, new but little-frequented roads made accessible to them the most remarkable desert scenery in Southern California, while old mine tunnels and shafts yawned at the travelers from every side, for these mountains yielded a vast treasure in silver half a century ago!

The final destination was the ghostly town of Calico. Discovered in 1881 by John McBryde and Lowery Silver, this district proved to be so rich that a horde of miners, prospectors, boomers and miscellaneous gentry stampeded to the area and swelled the new town's population to more than three thousand in a short time. For seven years Calico prospered on silver, and the discovery of colemanite (sodium borate, which was not known to exist before that time) was a major event, destined to make of Calico the chief production center of borax for many years.

Eventually, when the largest silver deposits had been exhausted, and colemanite had been discovered in greater quantity in the Funeral Mountains east of Death Valley, the camp entered a period of decline, which continued until it became a ghost town.

When the Clampers entered Calico, they found only three or four permanent residents in what was once the metropolis of the Mojave Desert. Successive fires had razed virtually all of the wooden buildings, but the few stone and adobe structures still remaining testified to the town's one-time importance. Huge dumps of waste, gaping shafts and tunnels, and a long deposit of tailings below the old mill-site were eloquent of the riches that had been taken from those highly colored mountains, estimates of which by those who should know ran as high as eighty millions dollars.

Camped on a vacant area between two venerable buildings, the Clampers were visited by Bob Greer, only surviving miner who participated in the "excitement" during Calico's heyday. Bob delighted and intrigued with several tales of the old camp when she was going strong. One of the best recalled a certain preacher, whose headquarters was a small town near the coast. He went to Calico occasionally to conduct services, and there made the acquaintance of a local promoter known as "the Colonel." When this acquaintance had ripened into friendship, the Colonel persuaded the man of God to buy a mining claim from him, which, he alleged, was rich in silver ore. As a matter of fact, it contained no silver, but in its veins was colemanite, which the Colonel then believed to be worthless. With implicit trust the parson paid \$300 for the property, and received a deed.

Eventually, the colemanite was identified as a valuable mineral, and the Colonel regretted his sale. Hurrying to the preacher before the latter could hear the news, he confessed that the claim had been misrepresented—there wasn't a bit of silver in the whole property. Now he was conscience-stricken, and eager to make amends. Would his beloved brother in Christ accept as restitution the full price he had paid for the mine, and return the deed?

Greatly moved by this exhibition of righteous generosity and remorse, the preacher accepted the refund and then knelt with the Colonel to thank God that his friend had repented of his wrong-doing. Immediately afterward, the Colonel found a man who was buying borax claims, and sold him one for twenty-five hundred dollars!

The Clampers then adjourned to their initiation, in a ruined structure under a shelving rock, once appropriately called "the Hyena's Den." Here Bob Greer was solemnly installed as a Grand Honorary Humbug, and Banker Johnstone of San Dimas received the ennobling Staff from a Clamper who in real life sorts the banker's money at the bank. Ho-hum! How topsy-turvy is this world!*

*Phil has neglected to tell the tale of the learned Van Dyke, Justice of the Peace, Mojave Pioneer, and owner of the Van Dyke Ranch at Daggett. With all solemnity "the Judge" was brought to Calico, and sat with the company listening to Bob Greer's tales. But when adjournment was taken to the Hyena's Den the old codger was nowhere to be found. Phil searched excitedly about the town. No Judge! The initiation went on. Morpheus was sought by tired Clampers. At last, a gaunt figure appeared amid the shadows; it was "the Judge." Made sleepy by the tales of elder days, he had sought solace on a rickety porch nearby, and missed the entire show.

There it is, friends of the radio world, that Platrix Chapter was cheated out of another Grand Honorary Humbug.



Peter Lassen

Peter Lassen

Peter Lassen, the second son of Joanne Sophie Westergaard and Lars Nielsen, was born Peter Larsen in Farum, Denmark on October 31, 1800. Peter's family moved to Hillerod, Denmark when he was around nine years old. After getting a basic grade school education, Peter left home as a teenager and moved in with his Uncle Christen Nielsen in Kalundborg where he learned the blacksmith trade.

Peter immigrated to America at the beginning of 1831 and promptly changed his name to Lassen. He soon got caught up in the western migration and moved to Clariton County, Missouri where he met John Augustus Sutter and became a member of a Masonic Lodge; Warren Lodge No. 74, Keytesville.

In 1839, Lassen headed west on the overland trail to Oregon with a small emigrant party. After reaching The Dalles on the Columbia River, they continued downriver to Fort Vancouver by boat or raft and eventually arrived safely in the Willamette Valley.

During the summer of 1840, Lassen sailed to California aboard the ship *Lausanne* with six others. After landing at Bodega Bay, Alta California, the Mexican authorities tried to arrest them, for they had no passports and had not asked for permission to enter Mexican territory. Hearing of their plight, Alexander G. Rotchev (Russian Governor of Ft. Ross from 1838-1841), intervened in their behalf and escorted them to nearby Fort Ross for a visit while they appealed to Mariano Vallejo for permission to stay. They were soon released while the proper visa paperwork could be done.

They then made their way southeast to the New Helvetia settlement where John Sutter warmly welcomed them. Eventually they received official permission from the Mexican authorities to stay and they were issued passports. Lassen spent the winter of 1840-41 in San Jose plying his blacksmith's trade. That spring he and some partners (Isaac Graham, Henry Neale, and a German named Frederick Hoeger), built a sawmill on Rancho Zayante, near Santa Cruz and Mt. Hermon. This was said to be the first water-powered sawmill in California.

After trading his interest in the mill and the land on which it stood to Isaac Graham and Henry Neale for 100 mules, Lassen traveled again to the Sacramento Valley, where he sold the mules to John Sutter. Lassen then established a small ranch on the Cosumnes River and did some blacksmithing. He also did considerable work for John Sutter and helped Charles Weber establish his settlement that eventually became the City of Stockton. In 1843 Lassen became a naturalized Mexican citizen with the name Don Pedro Lassen. At one point in 1843, Lassen, along with John Bidwell and a man named John Burheim, went to reclaim livestock that had been stolen from Sutter. The trip took them into the upper Sacramento Valley, to about where Red Bluff is today. There they caught up with the emigrants who had stolen the cattle and returned them to Sutter.

Lassen was captivated by the land they had traversed on the trail of the stolen cattle, and applied for and received, in December of 1843, a grant of five Spanish Leagues, or about 22,000 acres near the junction of Deer Creek and the east bank of the Sacramento River. The property was named Rancho Bosquejo, or "wooded place." With Indian laborers, Lassen began constructing the first ranch buildings in February 1844 near what is now the town of Vina, in Tehama County. He established a cattle ranch and raised wheat and grapes. He eventually built a crude adobe store

and a water-powered gristmill to provide those services to nearby families. At his "store", flour was \$50 a hundred, beef; 35¢ a pound, with pork at 75¢/lb., sugar at 50¢/lb., and cheese for \$1.50/lb. His buildings were on the south side of Deer Creek and perhaps a mile and a half from the mouth of it.

Over the next several years, noting the ever-increasing influx of emigrants to the valley, Lassen developed plans to build a town on his property he would call Benton City. He was planning to sell the new citizens of his town their property, as well as most of the goods they would need to establish ranches and homes there. In 1846, when it became apparent that California was being taken from Mexican control, he made plans to travel to Missouri to recruit families to form a wagon train, with the goal of bringing them to his new town.

In the spring of 1847, he accompanied Commodore Robert Stockton's party on his overland journey, along with John Frémont, Kit Carson and Archibald Gillespie. The 46-man party also included some other noted western explorers: Joseph Chiles and Caleb Greenwood and sons. Lassen arrived in Missouri in the fall of 1847 and began recruiting people for his wagon train. They would leave in the early spring of 1848. In May 1848, a small 12-wagon emigrant party left Missouri, heading to California. Questions have risen regarding whether or not Lassen knew about the discovery of gold by James Marshall, but even if he did, the news had not been publicized enough to cause the great Gold Rush that it would in 1849.

After reaching the Humboldt River, Lassen's party turned north and followed the Applegate Trail to Goose Lake. By mid-September, the party reached Goose Lake and the Pit River. Here, Lassen broke away from the Applegate Trail to head southwest, blazing a new trail into the upper Sacramento Valley and his ranch. Unfortunately, he hadn't thought about the difficulty of getting wagons through such wild, mountainous terrain. Leading his party along the Pit River, Lassen quickly ran into trouble. With food running short they found themselves lost (*what a statement!*), and began killing off their livestock for food. By October, the emigrants had been forced to cut most of their wagons in half because of the rough terrain. They were beginning to starve, and had lost patience with Lassen. Miraculously they were saved by a large emigrant party on its way to California from Oregon via the Applegate Trail. Having seen the Lassen train's tracks heading west from the Applegate Trail, they followed them, overtaking Lassen's party and saving them.

The Oregon group had among its members a man named Peter H. Burnett, who would later become John Sutter, Jr.'s Sacramento City lot salesman and the first elected Governor of California. Burnett noted later in a letter to a newspaper that the Lassen group had been practically stopped along the trail, in a most miserable state, but that all it took was for a group of the Oregon men to go ahead and "make road", which consisted of cutting some trees and filling in some spots where the wagons would become stuck. Soon, the party was moving again, and reached Lassen's Ranch by the end of October.

Lassen's dreams for a new city were dashed when he came upon the site to find it abandoned; all had gone to the gold fields. Most of his new emigrants continued on to New Helvetia where they, too, joined in the search for gold. Undeterred, Lassen continued to publicize his new route to folks in the east, claiming it was a shorter, easier route to the Northern Mines, one that avoided the dreaded "Forty Mile Desert" in Nevada. Sadly, thousands of emigrants believed him and the route was heavily traveled in 1849. The loss of livestock (thousands of dead animals littered the

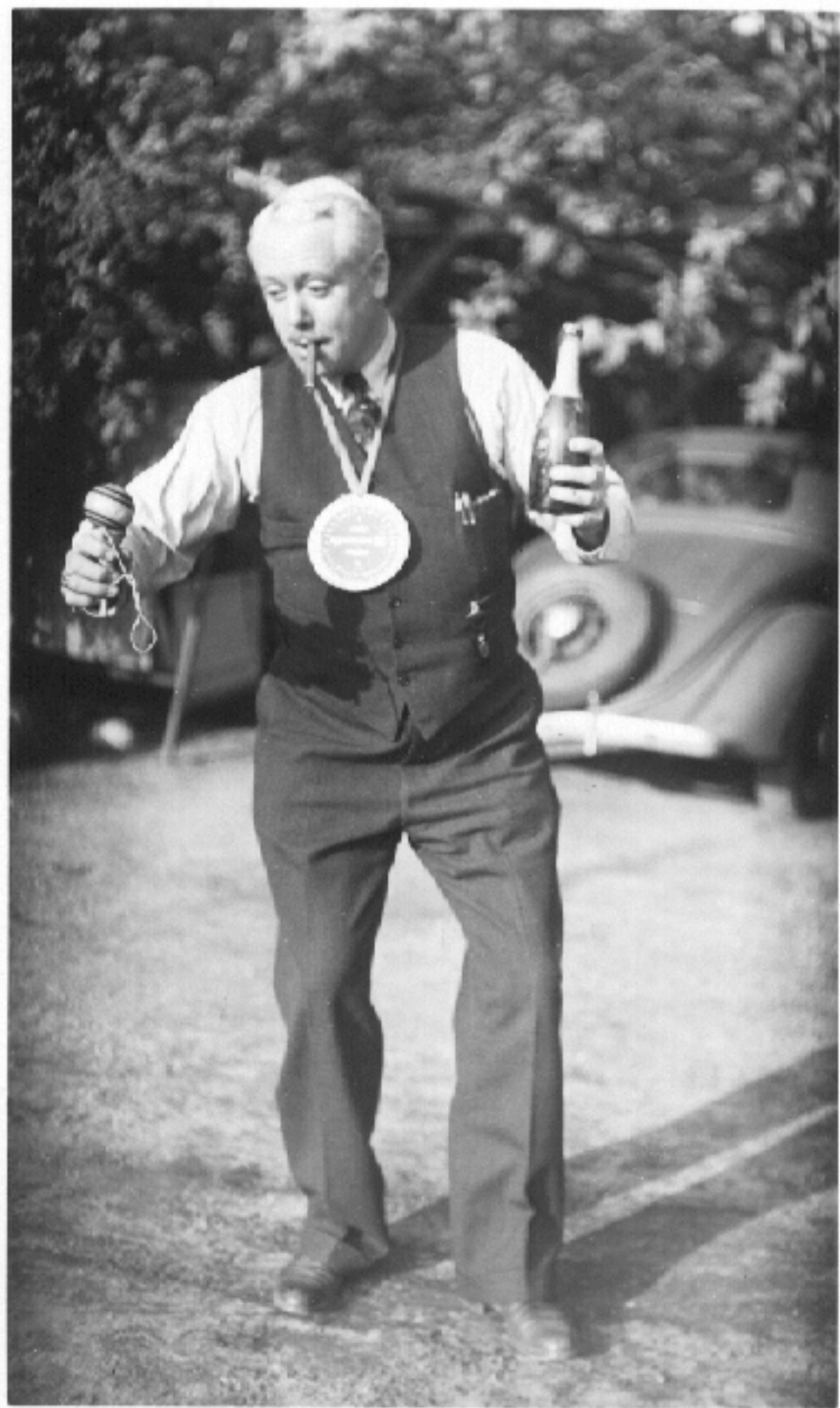
trail), and human lives (several hundred were said to have died along the way) led to the Lassen Trail being mostly unused after 1849, and totally abandoned in 1852.

Lassen had lost heavily in the Benton City and Lassen Trail schemes and was forced to sell his ranch. He moved to Indian Valley, near Greenville in Plumas County where he operated a store. By 1855, he had moved to the Elysian Valley near Honey Lake, near present-day Susanville. He built a cabin, planted a garden and mowed wild hay for the animals. The location of the valley was east of the mountains, and the people living there felt cut off from California. In 1856, the approximately two dozen residents of the area seceded from California and declared themselves to be an independent territory named Nataqua, with Peter Lassen as its president. Shortly thereafter, Congress established the Territory of Nevada, which originally included the Honey Lake area. It would later be included in California. Nataqua was a short-lived and unsuccessful civic experiment.

In 1859, "Uncle Peter", as he was then known, joined a party of prospectors and returned to the Black Rock area, possibly seeking a lost silver mine. After separating from the main party, Lassen and two companions, Edward Clapper and Lem Wyatt, camped for the night. At dawn a rifle shot rang out. Wyatt leaped from his bedroll and found Clapper dead from a ball through the head. He ran and shouted for Lassen to do the same, but Lassen grabbed his rifle and stood, trying to find where the shot had come from while shading his eyes from the early-morning sun. A second shot rang out and Lassen fell dead. The horrified Wyatt ran away as fast as he could, eventually catching one of their stampeding horses. He rode bareback for four days without food to Honey Lake Valley where he reported both Lassen and Clapper dead. A relief party immediately left for the scene of the killings. Finding the decomposing bodies a few days later, they buried them on the spot. No trace of the attackers was ever found. Some thought the killings were the work of hostile Indians, but nothing was missing from the camp. Others thought it might have been another miner; looking for a map Lassen supposedly had which showed the possible location of a rich silver mine. A suspected miner left the area shortly afterward, and was never heard from again. Even others thought it could have been someone with a grudge against Lassen for the hardships encountered on his "new, shorter" route west.

In November 1859, a three-man party was sent to bring back Lassen's body for burial near Susanville. He was laid to rest with full Masonic honors. Nothing was said about Edward Clapper's body, but in 1990, an old human skeleton was found in the area of the Lassen/Clapper shootings and it was buried besides Lassen's grave.

History has thought enough of Lassen to name a National Park, a county, a mountain and other things for him. He was said to have been a kindly man, industrious, generous and honest. He had made his share of mistakes over the years, especially his choice of a trail from the east. For that he was sometimes reviled as being a poor pathfinder. His trail was unused after 1852, and was replaced by the shorter Nobles Road, blazed by William H. Nobles.



CARL I. WHEAT -- A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

A Paper Given to the
Zamorano Club in Los Angeles

April, 1976

Francis M. Wheat

Carl Wheat's career was from beginning to end a celebration of life. In his mind, life was a banquet to which he was fortunate enough to have been invited. He meant to enjoy that banquet and to savor each dish before the repast was over. He lived every moment to the full. More than that, he infused life into organizations, both old and new, and in a sense brought new life to those around him through the infection of his enthusiasm. This is my central perception of Carl Wheat, gleaned over many years as admiring son, companion and friend. It is a perception which I am glad to share with you tonight in this brief reminiscence.

Carl began the practice of law in Los Angeles in 1920 with the distinguished and historic firm of O'Melveny & Myers, represented among us by Jim Greene. Here, he met and became a life-long friend of Zamoranan Will Clary. Within two years, however, he shifted to public service as assistant counsel to the California Raliroad Commission in San Francisco. It was in San Francisco that his love affair with California history blossomed.

As a small boy, I can remember my father's den above the garage in our home in Palo Alto, a mysterious place literally encrusted with books, manuscripts, journals and papers of all sorts, almost hiding from view the small table, typewriter and chair in their midst. In one corner stood a

Washington hand press which he had obtained through the aid of his friend, Arthur Ellis. This press, as many of you know, was initially loaned to the Zamorano Club when Carl left California for the East in 1936. In 1956, he converted the loan into a permanent gift to the club.

Our family returned to Los Angeles in 1933 when Carl became public utilities counsel to the city. Within a few months, he had become a member of the Zamorano Club. He moved to Washington, D. C. in 1936 to become special counsel to the Federal Communication Commission. After several more years of public service, he formed the Washington, D. C. law firm of Wheat, May & Shannon, specializing in federal power and federal communications law. Old memories of California and the West eventually became compelling, however, and in 1950 he returned to Palo Alto, never to leave again.

Carl Wheat savored the practice of law. He loved a tough case and, in particular, he relished oral argument before court or commission. This is not too surprising, for while a senior at Pomona College he had won an intercollegiate oratorical contest. But you will perhaps forgive me if I neglect to dwell this evening on Carl's devotion to the "jealous mistress" of the law. The law occupied Carl Wheat's days -- 5, 6, occasionally 7 times a week. But in the evenings,

and on stolen days, lunch hours, and the like, he turned to romance. And it is of romance that I would speak tonight -- the romance of the past, the romance of the trail, the romance of discovery, as well as of the joy of sharing and the love of friendship. These were the qualities that made up this richly talented and essentially uncomplicated man.

He delighted in creativity of a special sort. To him, a group of like-minded men could accomplish whatever they wished, assuming they possessed a sufficient desire. Within a year after his arrival in San Francisco, he had met the great authority, Henry R. Wagner, who was then in the process of reviving the defunct California Historical Society. Instantly, Wagner had a willing subaltern of immense energy and devotion. Carl threw himself into the editorship of the Society's Quarterly, avidly writing for it and stimulating others to do so.

I can recall as a child walking with him occasionally from our home in Palo Alto to the train at Mayfield Station, never with more than a minute to spare, and occasionally watching in terror as he ran to leap aboard the steps of the moving train just before the parlor car doors closed. It was on these train trips to and from his office in San Francisco, while other commuters chatted, played bridge or read the paper, that Carl immersed himself in the manuscripts submitted for the Quarterly and in his own nascent historical efforts.

Carl's friend, George Harding, recalls that it was on April 3, 1928 that a few men met in San Francisco for dinner at Carl Wheat's invitation to organize the Roxboroughe Club, our sister organization to the north. During the years before he moved to Los Angeles, he was its master of the press.

In 1929 Carl made his second of several shifts between public service and private law practice, becoming associated with the San Francisco firm of McCutchen, Olney, Mannon & Greene -- the Greene being our own Jim Greene's distinguished father. In this firm was a kindred spirit, one G. Ezra Dane, a young lawyer whose literary gifts in my humble estimation outshone those of many a more famous California author. I have often thought that Ezra's later tragic suicide stemmed from a seemingly insoluble conflict between duty and desire -- duty to his firm and its clients, and desire to give free rein to a marvelously creative spirit with all history and legend as its domain.

Alas, with his unquenchable zest for life and outgoing attitude, Carl Wheat never quite comprehended why his dear and sensitive friend was taken from him.

But this is getting ahead of my story. For a few short years, Ezra and Carl, the synergy twins, produced together more than either could have accomplished alone.

It was in the Spring of 1930 that Carl, Ezra and Leon Whitsell conspired to revive the mock fraternal order

of the Gold Rush days, E Clampus Vitus. All three of them were aware of the previous existence of the order from their historical research, but it was left to Carl to suggest: Why not revive it? Why not bring together those who love old mining camps and diggings and mix fun with the celebration of the past? It was agreed. As Carl told it in "The Enigmatical Book of Vitus", the first of those now scarce clamper imprints,

"A few months later, at a lunch room in San Francisco kept by Colonel Clift, E Clampus Vitus was reborn, with some lively San Franciscans acting as accoucheurs.

"As yet, however, little was known of our noble predecessor order. Then one day the telephone jingled and a voice said:

"'Say, young feller, are you the duffer that's starting up E Clampus Vitus again?'

"I pleaded guilty.

"'Well,' said the voice, 'I seen a piece about it in the "Mountain Messenger" of Downieville, and since I was the last Noble Grand Humbug of Sigh-era City Lodge, (thinks I), I'll just call you up.'

"'Come right down and see me,' I replied. 'Where are you? Take the next car.'

"A voice from the past, indeed!

"Thus, with the discovery of Adam Lee Moore, our honored Clampatriarch, was our little band blessed with the aura of Apostolic succession. He it was who signed our great charter forty feet long: He it was who charmed our ears with that glorious ballad of the early days, 'For she's a good woman and I'm a good man'; he it was who graced each gathering of the clan with the jovial fullness of his years, which now number eighty-seven...

"Thus was revived the luster of our ancient and honorable order. And in all solemnity it was determined that once each year we would dine together, before and after the full moon, at the Hall of Comparative ovations in Yerba Buena, to honor the anniversary of the discovery of gold by our late lamented humbug James Wilson Marshall. Once each year, likewise, before and after the full moon, we would join in the pilgrimage to the diggings, there to invoke the spirit (yes, and the spirits also) of the past...

"In January, 1933, the Red Room of the Bohemian Club witnessed the first of our annual dinners, and James Wilson Marshall turned over in his grave three times. A throng of poor blind candidates appeared and were inducted, the staff of relief being freely passed and as freely received. The Grand Noble Recorder read feelingly from the unpublished and unwritten writings of our noble patron, St. Vitus, the passages which are for the first time published in this volume. And the assembled brethren pronounced it "Satisfactory..."

"Now the order spreads. A new Hall of Comparative Ovations opens its doors in the Pueblo of Los Angeles, where the Platixes meet to deplore their situation, to mourn the dead past, and to pour libations to the Clampatriarchs of old."

"What a glorious order it was -- and is! Benevolent, indeed, is its motto, 'per caritate viduaribus orphanibusque, sed prime viduaribus.' The discovery of its erstwhile seal proves its procreation by Adam in the Garden of Eden. Ancient and honorable Order

"of E Clampus Vitus, we salute you!
May your refurbished glory never again
be dimmed!"

Now some of you are, I know, members of this semi-secret cabal. You know the sign of the well-jackass and have received the staff of relief. For others among you, who might be tempted to smile, know that it is written by none other than Ezra Dane that E Clampus Vitus was founded in the days of the Roman Empire by its patron Saint Vitus. Our founder formed the design of writing a cabalistic treatise on the origins of the order's name, comprising 83 volumes. Apparently he got no farther than the first three words: "Credo quia absurdum," which, freely translated, signifies that "faith rests upon absurdity." Alas, at this point, Saint Vitus was seized and thrown to the lions by the Emperor Diocletian. Hence, our motto remains "Credo quia absurdum", but no one to this day knows the true significance of the words "E Clampus Vitus."

Carl's task as editor of the Historical Society Quarterly led him into a mine of untapped historical material. There, he discovered the De Long journals which he annotated for the Quarterly. There, he found such early Californians as Ned McGowan and Theodore Judah whose exploits were the subject of two of his short books. Always, he had a lawyer's admiration

for one who could write with eloquence and grace. Thus it was that when his research brought to light an obscure lady named Louise Ameilia Smith Clappe, he was instantly captivated.

The writings of Mrs. Clappe had been published once before between 1854 and 1855 in the Pioneer, a small San Francisco literary journal, copies of which are collectors' items today. There they lay forgotten for almost 100 years, awaiting the touch of the person destined to bring them to life again. It came with the republication of the Shirley Letters by the Grabhorn Brothers in 1933, followed by the popular Knopf edition in 1849 and, finally, the paperback published by Ballantine Books in 1971. Carl Wheat's introduction bespeaks his deep affection for this charmer of a bygone age.

"She had come to California in 1849 with her physician husband, Dr. Fayette Clappe, and for more than a year they had lived in the roisterous metropolis of San Francisco. But the fogs and winds that swept through the Golden Gate had finally proved too much for the doctor's health, and after sticking it out through two winter seasons he had felt it imperative to head for a more healthful climate.

"Leaving his wife at the Bay, he took the trail for the upper Feather River, where, as rumor had it, the climate, though rigorous, was not too bad, and a physician might find use for his talents.

"By the time Dr. Clappe reached the area in question, quite a rash of doctors had broken out in those diggings, but he finally located what seemed to be a likely spot at Rich Bar, a small but bustling camp deep in the Great Canyon of the Feather. There he opened his office -- a rude canvas affair with a dirt floor and a few rough boxes for furniture -- and there, as soon as a place could be found for her to stay, he brought his wife.

"It was early summer. The year was 1851. Shirley had been waiting in the valley for news from her doctor husband... He appeared and rode with her into the mountains. Now, week by week and month by month, she was to address to her sister those twenty-three letters from the mines which -- after these many years -- are here republished...

"It was more than a decade before Shirley found herself at Rich Bar that Alexander Hill Everett, elder brother of Edward, sat down one day in a western Massachusetts stagecoach beside a young lady of Amherst some thirty years his junior. Though she was then barely turning twenty-one, her sparkling conversation apparently keenly interested the distinguished diplomat and man of affairs. An orphan from New Jersey, she had long since learned the repose and solace that may be found in books, but in a letter to her dated October 31, 1839 Everett wrote: 'If you were to add to the love of reading the habit of writing you would find a new and inexhaustible source of comfort and satisfaction opening upon you.'

"It was good advice, and little Louise Amelia Knapp Smith proceeded to take it to heart."

So also, many decades later, did her admirer Carl Wheat.

I hope I have been able to give you some flavor of the variety of experience which provided the background for Carl's ultimate achievement, the study of maps.

It was inevitable. Maps are the products of bits of evidence collated and weighed by the mapmaker and rejected or accepted as his skill may dictate. Mapmakers are the lawyers of another realm. Perhaps that is why lawyers of the traditional mold are frequently drawn to the study of maps.

Also, there is a special romance about maps for those who love them. Carl Wheat wrote of this in the following passage:

"Many books have been written on the general subject of the frontier and its passing and on the exploration of the West, a subject of never-ceasing interest to scholars and laymen alike. It is to the maps of the explorers, however, that one must turn to obtain a truly graphic picture of this complex process during the three centuries of probing that preceded the relatively knowledgeable eighteen-fifties. Only from the maps that reflect hard journeys and hazardous exploits over these many years may one adequately grasp the impressive story, or come to understand the thinking of those who were making known this vast and hitherto unknown land. It is not that

"the maps were always correct: In most instances they were far from accurate by present standards. But, with all their faults -- sometimes even because of them -- they, better than any other documents, illustrate the story of developing thought and understanding and vividly reflect the advance and the unfoldment of knowledge in respect of this enormous and majestic region."*

Carl's study of maps began at an early stage in his career. At first, he collected obscure, old maps concentrating on the gold fields of California and eventually amassing a collection now in the Bancroft Library. In 1942, his first book on the subject, Maps of the California Gold Region, was printed by the Grabhorns. Thereafter, his interest and enthusiasm waxed. While living in Washington, he poked around in arcane repositories and it was in the stacks of the American Geographic Society in 1953 that he made the great discovery of his lifetime -- a discovery which depended a good deal on his lawyer's instincts. The story is best told in his own words:

"Late in November of 1953, the writer was examining that Society's collection in connection with an historical study of

*From "Mapping the Trans-Mississippi West," Volume 1

"Western mapping then being undertaken for the American Antiquarian Society. While leafing over a large number of documents bearing in some fashion on this subject, I came upon a copy of John C. Fremont's well-known 1845 map of his first and second expeditions. This is not a rare map, though historically important, and I was about to pass it over when -- almost by accident -- I observed certain pen and pencil notations.

"The first item that struck my eye was the name 'Gibbs' below a central pen legend on the Fremont map. There were two early Western cartographers of that name, but the one who worked in California spelled it 'Gibbes', while in Oregon there was a George 'Gibbs', who did much early mapping and ethnological research. George Gibbs became well known in his day for his writings and his maps, and it was at once apparent that if this handwritten note had indeed been added by him to the Fremont map, the other pencil notations on the map

"might merit attention. However, no other appearance of his name was found: Instead, appended to a large number of penciled notes, were the words 'Smith' or 'J. S. Smith.'

"Here was something that might be decidedly worth while. Could Jedediah Smith himself have made these notes? Evidently not, for Smith had been dead a decade and a half before Fremont's map was published, and these notations were inscribed on a copy of that 1845 map. Careful inspection disclosed that the notes carrying Smith's name were written or hand-printed in the same hand as that of the note bearing the name Gibbs. It did not take long to conclude that George Gibbs must indeed have placed these notations on the Fremont map, especially since dates on certain campsites of the mounted riflemen (whom he accompanied West) were found along their 1849 route, in the same hand. Comparison with the writing on other known Gibbs' maps, and with notes in his hand on certain published

"drawings, confirmed this conclusion, and since this copy of Fremont's map was literally covered with Smith material -- far more than is to be found on any other map influenced by him -- it seemed apparent that this 'Fremont-Gibbs-Smith' map was a document of high historical significance."

And so it proved to be, for here was the lost Jedediah Smith map of the West, faithfully transcribed onto the Fremont base, the map which scholars knew Smith had prepared and intended to publish just prior to his death at the age of 32 on the Cimarron.

Carl had long since made the acquaintance of Dale Morgan, the indefatigable scholar of the Bancroft Library, and the great expert on the life of Jedediah Smith. As many of you know, Dale Morgan was rendered stone deaf by a childhood attack of spinal meningitis. He talked in a hoarse and peculiar voice requiring the most sympathetic effort to understand. One usually communicated with him by writing on scraps of paper -- he had been too busy with scholarship to learn much lip reading. Yet he was by no means simply a book worm, but a sensitive and often frustrated human being and a friend of iron loyalty.

By coincidence, it was in that same year, 1953, that Dale Morgan published his work on "Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West", a remarkable book which reads almost like a novel.

Together, in 1954, Morgan and Wheat put together the story of the discovery of the Fremont-Gibbs-Smith map and it was published in that year by the California Historical Society. I have a copy of this book with me and it includes a remarkable facsimile of the map itself.

The romance dramatized by the discovery of the lost Smith map filled Carl with wonder and astonishment. He had scouted many obscure trails of the pioneers. As a high school boy, I recall camping with him and my brother in the vicinity of Death Valley on an expedition to explore the probable routes of Manly and Rogers over the Panamints in 1849. We made our way up Warm Springs Canyon, camped in Butte Valley on the Panamint Crest, and then ventured down Six Springs Canyon to Panamint Valley. It was a great adventure for us all. But the travails of most of the 49ers were as Sunday outings alongside the incredible exploits of Jedediah Smith. Let me remind those of you who may have forgotten:

Smith was a youth of 23 when he entered the fur trade as an employee of William Ashley in 1822. On the Missouri River in 1823 he survived his first encounter with hostile Indians. The quixotic Rees killed 15 of Smith's

party both on shore and while the survivors tried to swim to their boats. The next year Smith rediscovered "South Pass" through the Rockies (later to become the principal route of the pioneers) and encountered a grizzly. The episode is described by one of his men:

"Grissly did not hesitate a moment but sprang on the capt taking him by the head first pitc[h]ing sprawling on the earth he gave him a grab by the middle fortunately cat[c]hing by the ball pouch and Butcher K[n]ife which he broke but breaking several of his ribs and cutting his head badly none of us having any sugical Knowledge what was to be done one Said come take hold and he wuld say why not you so it went around I asked the Capt what was best he said one or 2 [go] for water and if you have a needle and thread git it out and sew up my wounds around my head which was bleeding freely I got a pair of scissors and cut off his hair and then began my first Job of d[r]essing wounds upon examination I [found] the bear had taken nearly all his head in

"his capcious mouth close to his left eye on one side and clos to his right ear on the other and laid the skull bare to near the crown of the head leaving a white streak whare his teeth passed one of his ears was torn from his head out to the outer rim after stitching all the other wounds in the best way I was capabl and according to the captains directions the ear being the last I told him I could do nothing for his Eare O you must try to stitch up some way or other said he then I put in my needle stiching it through and through and over and over laying the lacerated parts togather as nice as I could with my hands water was found in about ame mille when we all moved down and encamped the captain being able to mount his horse and ride to camp whare we pitched a tent the only one we had and made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit this gave us a lisson on the charcter of the grissly Baare which we did not forget."

When he had recovered, Smith and his party reached and explored the Green, traversed the Snake River country, and explored an amazing area before returning to St. Louis with his furs in 1825. Less than a month later, he was on his way west again, this time as Ashley's partner.

After the Spring hunt of 1826 Smith, now senior partner of his own firm, started southwest from Great Salt Lake into completely unknown country. His party traveled down the Virgin to the Colorado, thence across the Mojave Desert, over the Cajon Pass, and on to San Gabriel Mission where Smith was welcomed and entertained by Father Jose Sanchez. Such mutual admiration developed between the two men that soon after their encounter, Smith named the Sierra Nevada "Mt. Joseph" after his host. It is known that he drew a map of his travels for the padre -- a precious jewel if it could be found. He was authorized by the suspicious Spanish Governor to leave only by the way he had come. Instead, Smith turned north up the Central Valley, left his party in camp at the Stanislaus River in April, 1827, and headed east into the Sierra with two men in order to try to reach the trapper's rendezvous before July. According to Francis Farquhar they crossed at Ebbetts Pass, taking only 8 days to do so, the first white men ever to surmount the great barrier.

The crossing of the desert was a terrible ordeal. On June 25 an emaciated trio reached the rendezvous north-east of Salt Lake. They could afford little rest for their men and furs remained in Spanish California. Within two weeks, Smith and a new party started southwest once more, down the Virgin River to the Colorado. As they attempted to cross the river, the Mojaves fell upon them, killing 10 of the party of 18 men and leaving Smith in desperate straits. His further adventures in California, including residence in the Spanish calaboose, are not for this narrative. Suffice it to say that in defiance of Spanish authority, he ultimately led his party northward up the Sacramento, crossing the coast range to the small river in Redwood National Park which today bears his name. Encountering the coast redwoods, he described them in his journal as "the tallest trees I had ever seen being 12 or 15 feet in diameter, straight and handsome."

The party moved northward up the Oregon coast. Here disaster struck again with even greater ferocity. All but four of the party were killed this time and their horses and furs stolen.

At Ft. Vancouver the British lent their aid, recovered the furs and purchased them, and received in return another Smith map, drawn on the spot and never found.

After wintering on the Wind River, Smith and his two partners conducted a successful spring hunt and sold out

to a new company. After five years in the wilderness, Smith was able to return to St. Louis. There, he employed a young man to copy his journals and to assist in drafting the map of the West he intended to publish. That his map was in fact completed there can now be no doubt. But shortly before its expected publication Smith decided on a trip to Santa Fe, a southern route to the West that he had not yet explored. The party took the Cimarron cutoff across the desert south of the Arkansas River and immediately ran into difficulty -- nothing new, of course, for Smith. By this time, he had escaped death four times when it seemed certain: once in the jaws of the grizzly and three times from Indian attacks. Perhaps, like the young George Washington, he had cheated death so often that he thought himself somehow invulnerable. He rode ahead alone to find water. At the waterhole he was suddenly set upon by 15 or 20 hostile Comanches. Valiantly, he defended himself. But the fight was soon over and with it his extraordinary career.

He was just 32 years old. After a mere 9 years as a trapper, he had traveled farther by land than any man in the history of the country. That, however, was not to be his real accomplishment. At this point, let me read Carl Wheat's words:

"(Here was) a tour-de-force unprecedented and never again equaled in the

"annals of western exploration. The fact that it was a by-product of the fur trade made it all the more remarkable, for Jedediah Smith was no mere fur trader. That without instruments, and beset by difficulties of every sort, he was able to construct a great map of the West discloses the caliber of the man. And the fact that his map remained unknown for so long -- and is, for that matter, unknown today -- cannot take away from him the credit for having drawn the first reasonably accurate map of the West."

Dale Morgan's assessment is instructive:

"When Smith returned from the mountains in the fall of 1830, he was prepared to announce on his map the answers to a number of cartographic riddles of long standing. The Missouri and the Yellowstone could remain as William Clark had portrayed them, and the Yellowstone did in fact rise in a large lake, as Clark had heard. Clark's hearsay information about the upper reaches of the Big Horn River was, however,

"erroneous. That stream did not rise in the lake which during Jedediah's time had been given David Jackson's name, and in general it did not have so great a western reach as Clark had given it. Jedediah's own map brought the Big Horn and its upper tributaries into focus, and even the names he used have stuck: Shell River, the Greybull, Medicine Lodge River, Nowood Creek, Badwater Creek, Wind River, the Popo Agie. [(Probably these were the common names used by the trappers of the eighteen-twenties, being for the most part translations from the Crow.)] Stinking Fork, however, a queasy modern society has renamed Shoshone River.

"Farther south, the character of the North Platte was made clear, and North Park in which it rises. On its lower reaches, Chimney Rock and Scotts Bluff were for the first time placed on a map; toward its head, the Sweetwater was defined and its relationship shown to the fundamental gateway across the continent's spine, South Pass."

* * * *

"It would have been a major contribution to cartography had Smith's map had no more than this to say, but as yet he had scarcely made a beginning. Everywhere he touched his pencil, west of the continental divide, Jedediah made cartographic news. At long last he got the facts straight about the Great Salt Lake, showing its self-contained drainage basin, with such features as the Bear River, Bear Lake, the Weber River, and the dependent relation of Utah Lake all made clear. To the south, the Sevier River and Lake, the Beaver River, and the Virgin River were all correctly depicted in relation one to the other, and to the general character of the drainage."***

"Most revolutionary of all Jedediah Smith's contributions was his showing with respect to the Great Basin, the barrier wall of the Sierra Nevada, and the Central Valley of California. All the legendary rivers of the West he swept into limbo. His map is the first on which we may

"recognize the Farther West as we know it today, only the Humboldt, Truckee, and Carson basins, principal features of the northwestern part of the Great Basin, having escaped him. Up the California and Oregon coast blazes the same white light of discovery. 'Smiths R,' the Klamath, is correctly shown, and just north of it the unnamed stream which now bears Jedediah Smith's name. Up through Oregon (and here the Gibbs map is especially illuminating) Jedediah ticks off the rivers in series: the Clamouth (Rogue), the Kakaoosh (Coos), the Umpqua (and on the Burr map is sadly named northern branch, Defeat River, now Smith River), the Siousla (Siuslaw), the Ulcea (Alsea), the Yacoonah (Yaquina), and the Killamook (Tillamook, now renamed the Trask). Inland, Jedediah for the first time has shown the Willamette in correct relation to its confining mountains and the Columbia, and William Clark's grotesque Multnomah has been swept off the map."

"With the wide knowledge of today organized and subject to command, with communications vastly altered, and with facilities for travel immensely improved, some of our capacity for wonder has been lost, and it is difficult to appreciate how monumental an accomplishment Jedediah Smith's map really was. His world of any one day -- through practical limitation of travel -- was rarely more than 25 miles across, and only nine years of almost constant movement the length and breadth of the West, during which he never ceased to reflect upon the relationship of all the geographical features he saw, made possible such a map as his."

"The continental divide itself took on new meaning in the light of Jedediah Smith's map, and it is instructive to study the Burr map in this connection. William Clark in 1814 had set forth the essential features of the fundamental divide as far south as the source of the Yellowstone, but beyond this point lack of information led him sadly astray.

"Smith showed how the divide curved southeast past Jackson Lake, separating the headwaters of the Snake and the Green from those of the Big Horn, then -- south of South Pass -- set off the watershed of the North Platte from that of the Green, and the drainage basins of the South Platte, the Arkansas and the Rio Grande from those of the Colorado and the San Juan.

* * * *

"There was, [however], another facet of his interests, another product of his travels. This was his contribution to the primordial science of ethnology.*** On the basis of personal observation, Jedediah was able to name and fix upon his map the habitat of the Omahas, Pawnees, Arikaras, Sioux, Mandans, Minnetarees, Cheyennes, Absarokas or Crows, Blackfeet, Nez Perces or Sahaptins, Flatheads, Pend d'Oreilles, Cayuses, Chinooks, Yamhills, Tillamooks, Calipooyas, Umpquas, Klamaths, and others of the northwestern tribes; and farther south, the Arapahos, Utes,

"Paiutes, Mojaves, Vanyumes, and the 'short-haired' Shoshonean stocks of California's Central Valley. Through inquiry he was able to add Osages, 'Stratan or Kites,' Apaches, Navahos, 'Kintara's,' and others. By some oversight, the maps which derive from his do not show the Snakes (or Shoshoni); he did not meet with the peoples of the Gila and lower Colorado River or with the Washoe; and his only encounter with the Comanches was the one in which he met his death. Otherwise his is close to a comprehensive catalogue of the Indian peoples of the American West."

The year which saw the publication of the Fremont-Gibbs-Smith map was a watershed year in Carl's life. Exhilarated by the thrill of his discovery, he conceived a massive project -- a series of volumes covering the entire history of the mapping of the West until modern times. Swiftly, he plunged into research for the period he intended to cover was no less than 350 years.

In August of 1966, Carl and Francis Farquhar were the first to arrive at Silverado Squatters Camp (which they had founded with several others) for the Bohemian Club's

annual outing. Grasping a rake, Carl went to work on the camp trails. The cerebral thrombosis struck suddenly, paralyzing his entire right side and dropping him to the ground. Francis carried him down to Palo Alto lying in the back of a station wagon. It seemed to him that the end had come just as he was starting work on the very first volume.

He regained his speech and the return of strength, although never more than a fraction of what it was before, called forth his old spirit again. His wife Helen's unwavering love and support gave him the encouragement he now desperately needed. He could not dictate. He could not use his right arm but he taught himself to scribble with his left hand. Surrounded in his home by the books and maps he loved, he began to write.

Volume I of "Mapping the Transmississippi West" appeared in April, 1957 and Volume II in 1958. I believe he managed to get Volume II to the printer before the hand of fate struck him down again. By the time Volume IV was completed in 1960, he could no longer write. One last volume remained to complete the task.

Then it was that Dale Morgan stepped forward. Consulting as often as possible with Carl, Dale managed by 1963 to complete the final volume, in fact, two final volumes. Greater love hath no man than such a friend.

It was finished. Three years later, following at least five major strokes over a period of ten years, all of which he had managed to survive with courage and an active mind, Carl Wheat was dead.

How does one assess him? Others may differ but in my view, Carl was never a pure intellectual. The adventures of the mind were less appealing to him than the adventures of real people, including himself and anyone else he could persuade to join him. He loved history but even more he loved the men with whom he could share his interest. And he was persuasive. Concerning the books of the Gold Rush, he wrote: "These are rich diggings, in which he who would delve deeper will always find new placers to explore, new nuggets to cherish and admire."

George Harding was struck by Carl's description of a map as "a visual experience." One needed the senses of touch and sight to enjoy it. Trailing the 49ers through Death Valley, he took pleasure in the out-of-doors, overnight in sleeping bags -- he disdained a tent -- campfires and camp cooking, mountain and desert scenery. Again, there was that special joy of discovery when he was one of the first to see a small, sunburned rock, found by a ranger in the desert northeast of Wild Rose Canyon on which were scratched the words: "W. B. Rood -- 1849".

When he spoke to the Zamorano Club in 1934 on early California printing, his narrative took the form of

the life stories of three early presses, those of Zamorano, Ames and Sam Brannen. He recounted their adventures as if they were themselves the living actors in a drama. Indeed they were, to anyone with a touch of the romantic about him.

The words of his friend Leon Whitsell, who joined him in the revival of E Clampus Vitus, provide a fitting epitaph for Carl Wheat:

". . .Finally, my beloved brethren, when the heavenly Hewgag sounds and you have crossed the Dark River and are resting in the shade of the trees on the other side, may you hear those welcome and familiar words, so fraught with momentous significance to every true and loyal Clamper:

. . . SATISFACTORY!"



LEON O. WHITSELL, PRES. COMMISSIONER
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 FRANK R. DEVLIN COMMISSIONER
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 ALBERT L. JOHNSON EXAMINER

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
 RAILROAD COMMISSION OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

W. H. GORMAN, MANAGER

April
 Tenth
 1935.

4/23/35

Mr. Carl Wheat,
 City Attorney's Office
 Los Angeles, California.

My dear Carl:

The Pony Express Courier, which as you know is published at Placerville, is desirous of procuring well written articles containing historical data but by reason of the fact that they are going on a shoestring and pioneering in an effort to establish a real historical paper they are unable to pay for articles. I know they would be pleased to receive permission from you, if agreeable to you, to publish that very well worded and thought-out manuscript you have on "Facts and Fancies of California History" (I think you named it.)

They sent an SOS to me the other day to send something to be published in the May issue. I sent them a little humorous story and intend to furnish them with other stories as time progresses. I remember how much we all appreciated your speech on "Facts and Fancies" and I know all the subscribers throughout California and the middle west would appreciate reading that article in the Courier. - - -

I just talked with Ezra Dane and he received an SOS from the Pony Express Courier to the effect that in the next issue they intend to make it an E Clampus Vitus issue. They expect us to furnish them the copy. I wish, Carl, that you would dictate an article in your own inimicable style on any phases of the E Clampus Vitus you desire to discuss and send it immediately to the Pony Express Courier, Placerville, Calif. Also it would be a good idea to have Gregg Layne as the Honorable Grand Humbug of your chapter to send an article and any other member who could write a good breezy article.

Mr. Carl Wheat

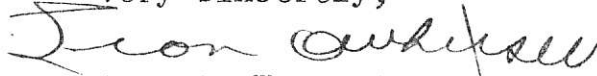
#2

Apr. 10, 1935.

I intend to work up an article on the discovery of the rituals including therein the one that was found up at Sierra City, the one contained in the book sent to Ezra Dane by the party at Stockton and also the ritual which showed up here in San Francisco and was published in an electrical magazine - these being the three authentic rituals which we have procured.

I am sorry I missed seeing you the other day but had to leave earlier than I anticipated but will give you a ring the next time I am in Los Angeles.

Very sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Leon O. Whitsell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the typed name.

Leon O. Whitsell,
President.

LOW:LN

* E *

CLAMPUS

VITUS



CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. 1

Hall of Comparative Ovarions
October
Twenty-second
Nineteen
Thirty-five.

Mr. Carl I. Wheat,
City Attorney's Office
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Carl:

I received your letter of October 12th and also letter re pilgrimage to Panamint which you sent to the brethren in exile. I shall be among those present.

Just talked with Lee Stoppie and am riding over there with him so I will go from the north rather than from the south.

After I waded, stumbled and fell through your effusion of October 12th which I assume you characterize as a letter but in my judgment resembles a very adroit effort at platitudinous ponderosity, I am reminded of a rule which I learned many years ago which is entitled "Don't Use Big Words" a copy of which I am enclosing for your edification. You will observe that the whole theme running through this entire copy is to sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity.

I always get a great kick out of your word coinage and I sure got it out of your letter. I like the new stationary of Platix Chapter - and particularly the message on the bottom line thereof.

I shall see you at Panamint.

Sincerely,

Leon O. Whitsell
Leon O. Whitsell, M.G.H.

LOW:N

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Colfrotb

Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus

committee on arrangements for MARIPOSA CENTENNIAL

May 8th and 9th, 1954

Canal
115 Spring Street
Placerville (Hangtown) California
April #30, 1954.

Honorable Carl I. Wheat,
Mills Tower,
220 Bush Street.,
San Francisco, California.

Dear ClampPatriarch Wheat:

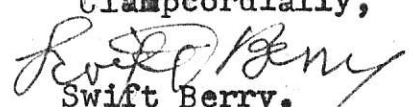
This is to remind you of your selection by Yerba Buena Chapter, and to cordially invite you on the part of this Committee to make a brief historical address on the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus at Mariposa on May 8, in connection with the Grand State-Wide Conclave of Clampers. It will be a public address in front of the Mariposa Court House, just prior to the start of the Grand Pioneer Parade; time about 2.30 P. M. It is hoped that you will join the Section of Visiting Statesmen and Clamper Dignitaries in the Parade.

It is expected that the start of the Parade will be reviewed by that distinguished PBC, Robert Gordon Sproul. There will be a public address system available.

We hope that you can join the Clamper miners trek at 9,30 A. M. on May 9, and join the Committee for brunch at Hornitos.

Hope you are having a pleasant and interesting trip in the Eastland, but will hurry home.

WHAT SAY THE BRETHERN??

Clampcordially,

Swift Berry.
Grand Coordinator.

SUPERIOR COURT

MARIPOSA, CALIFORNIA

11/11/53

THOMAS COAKLEY, JUDGE

November 6, 1953

Mr. Carl Wheat
Attorney at Law
Mills Tower
San Francisco, California

Dear Carl:

I am taking the liberty of using the familiar salutation because I am writing you in your role as a Brother Clamper and because we have so many mutual friends who have mentioned your name recently that I feel as though I know you.

The purpose of this letter is to tell you of the ceremonies and festivities to take place in Mariposa from May 7th to 16th, inclusive, in 1954. The occasion therefor is the 100th anniversary of our Court House, the oldest in active use in California and in the West so far as we can ascertain; also the 100th anniversary of the Mariposa Gazette, the oldest weekly in continuous publication in California.

When the Chief Justice was here in March he referred to our Court House as a "shrine" to the Bench and Bar and expressed the hope that we would do something appropriate in recognition of the occasion and on behalf of the Bench and Bar of the State.

Our plans are already well along. Invitations to be with us and to call calendar or hold meetings here have been accepted by a substantial and distinguished list of bodies identified with the Bench, Bar, Press and History of the State, the result being that each of our nine days will see a substantial number of special guests in addition to the general public.

For example, and here enters Carl Wheat, the James Marshall and the Amatuca Chapters of the Clampers will be with us on Saturday and Sunday, May 8th and 9th. Swift Berry, past N.G.H., Lloyd Raffetto and others from Placerville and Don Segestrom of Sonora, are handling the details for those Chapters. Lindsey Spight of San Francisco and others

Mr. Carl Wheat-2

November 6, 1953

have suggested that we extend the invitation to all Chapters and stage a really big round-up of Clampers on that weekend. Swift Berry will be here on other business next week and I shall talk with him further about it. What is your reaction to the suggestion.

From Wednesday, May 12th to Friday, May 14th, we will have with us the Supreme Court and the District Court of Appeal, 3rd District, each of whom will call calendar in our little old Court House, the Supreme Court on the 12th and 13th and the District Court on the 14th. Also to be with us during this three day period are the Board of Governors of the State Bar, Executive Committee of the Conference of California Judges, various State Bar Committees, Executive Committee of the Court Reporters Association, various State agencies whose activities are primarily concerned with the type of thing we have in Mariposa County, (mining, fish and game, forestry, etc.), and other bodies whose special interests are either akin to the law or to something connected with Mariposa County.

On May 14th and 15th, about 175 people, principally Publishers and their wives, members of the California Newspaper Publishers Association and the California Press Association will meet here.

Then on May 15th and 16th we expect to have the California Historical Society and individuals or groups who concern themselves deeply with California history. Mr. Knowland has assured me that the Directors of the California Historical Society will meet here and Homer Crotty believes that a number of members from the south will want to visit here during the Centennial. The exact date of an Historical Society Meeting has not been set.

You will see from the above that both the occasion and the groups accepting our invitation are close to your interests and affection. Thus I hope that you will want to take an active part in both planning and participating in our Centennial. Homer Crotty says that your participation should be a "must". He is undertaking three assignments in the Los Angeles area in connection with the

Mr. Carl Wheat-3

November 6, 1953

Centennial. Charles Beardsley, immediate past President of the State Bar, is acting as liaison between the Centennial Committee, the Board of Governors of the State Bar, local Bar Associations and lawyers generally.

We have a splendid Committee of Mariposans actively at work. The historical exhibits, tours of historical places, wildflower tours, to say nothing of the lighter features of the program, will, I believe, be something of which all who identify themselves with the Centennial program be proud.

At the moment I don't have any particular assignment in mind for you unless you would be willing to suggest names of persons in northern California who should be invited to serve on a statewide honorary or advisory committee which we are about to form. This is one of Homer's assignments for southern California. The Chief Justice has accepted the Chairmanship of this Committee. We do not contemplate that it be limited to lawyers and judges. Rather it should be composed of people who have evinced a real interest in California history and in preserving both the physical and spiritual evidences of that history.

We anticipate being able to take care of all of our special guests very nicely because we not only have reserved all of the accommodations of our motels in and about Mariposa but we have a hold on all the accommodations in Yosemite Park, (about an hour's drive).

I shall look forward to hearing from you and hope we can count on your active participation.

Sincerely,



Thomas Coakley

TC:W

P.S. Swift Berry has agreed to undertake the statewide meeting of Clampers. Perhaps you would like to serve with him in that capacity.

SUPERIOR COURT
MARIPOSA, CALIFORNIA

THOMAS COAKLEY, JUDGE

3/16/54

Prepare 500 wa f
article

March 2, 1954

Mr. Carl I. Wheat
Mills Tower
San Francisco, California

Dear Carl:

Many thanks for your note accepting membership on the Committee of Honorary Sponsors.

I am sure Swift Berry is in touch with your son Francis. I have seen his name in some of the carbon copies of Swift's correspondence. Incidentally, Swift is doing a real job of communicating with other Chapters, individuals like yourself, etc.

Unless this is a downright imposition, I would like you to consider the following:

We plan to put out an attractive souvenir program as a memento of everyone's visit, not limited, of course, to our Clamper Chapters. It will run in the neighborhood of fifty pages, about half to advertisements and half to stories, maps of historic places, etc. Advertisers will be limited to pioneer California firms, law book publishers, and banks and trust companies. West Publishing, Bancroft-Whitney, Wells Fargo, Bank of America, American Trust, Levi Strauss and other 100 year old firms of California have reserved space. The stories will be of the following character:

1. Story on the early history of the County to be written by Joe Smith of the Fresno Bee, who specializes on the Mother Lode.
2. The development of the early law in Mariposa, including its oddities, to be written by Noel Stevenson, District Attorney of Sutter County, who has written for the State Bar Journal in the past.
3. Wild flowers of Mariposa and the birds of Mariposa, each written by an authority in the field.
4. The Fremont story by Newell Chamberlain, author of the Call of Gold.

Mr. Carl I. Wheat-2

March 2, 1954

There will be other articles for whom the writers have not yet been selected, for example, on human interest material found in the old columns of the Mariposa Gazette (now 100 years old) and from early County records, perhaps a story on the old families in Mariposa; a message from Chief Justice Gibson and possibly one from Chief Justice Earl Warren; a story on the mines of Mariposa County, by Phil Bradley, President of the State Mining Board and President of the Company which owns the Lone Pine and Josephine Mines in this County; photographs of early day characters, etc. and finally --- if you think it appropriate, a story on the Clampers -- with your good self as the writer.

Please let me have your views on the idea of the Clamper story in such a souvenir program, which incidentally we expect to supply to libraries throughout the country in the event any remain unsold. If you deem a Clamper story appropriate, please let me know if you will write it and if not will you suggest the next best man or two to do so. All stories are to be approximately 500 words and by-line will, of course, be shown. Deadline for copy is April 1st and we must get a commitment from a writer without delay.

I have reserved a room for you at The Fremont Motel in the town of Mariposa, for the night of Saturday, May 8th.

I look forward to seeing you then.

Sincerely,



Thomas Coakley

TC:W

cc - Swift Berry

E CLAMPUS VITUS

CAPITULUS PLATRIXI IN EXILIO

Hall of Comparative Ovations
Pueblo de Nuestia Senora
la Reina de Los Angeles de
Porciuneola

October 8, 1935.

Esteemed Clampolitie Brother:

The first Pilgrimage to the Diggin's of this Chapter of E Clampus Vitus will take place over the November 11th week-end, at which time we will join with members of Yerba Buena Chapter on a historiferous frolic at that greatest and most interesting of Ghost Cities, the justly renounced one-time silver camp of Panamint.

Panamint is located at the head of Surprise Canyon, in a great pink amphitheater, beyond the head-wall of which lies Death Valley. To the north rises the formidable nassif of the Panamint Range with Telescope Peak as its master mountain. No more remarkable location is to be found in all the west.

Panamint may be reached by automobile via Mojave, Trona and Ballarat, thence to Surprise Canyon, at the mouth of which is Cris Wich's ranch. From there the last six miles is steep and a light car is to be preferred over a heavy one. The entire trip can easily be made in around ten hours from Los Angeles.

There are no hotels, nor any inhabitants, at Panamint - only ruins full of fascination. So you must take your own blankets or sleeping bags, and sufficient food for all meals. It is suggested that groups of three to four Clampers get together and form their own mess, since a combined commissariat appears to be impracticable. Several members are planning to take along their sons of high-school age, and if you have such a boy, bring him with you. Also, bring along some Poor Blind Candidate for inspection by the Brethren.

The San Francisco contingent plans to meet us at Panamint not later than five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, November 9. You can make that by starting early that morning, or better still by starting late Friday afternoon and camping on the desert, which is what the undersigned plans to do. We will spend Saturday night, all day Sunday, and Sunday night at Panamint, returning to Los Angeles on Monday, a holiday. On Sunday we will explore the vicinity under the guidance of Neill Wilson, of San Francisco, whose delightful manuscript on Panamint is to be published next

year by MacMillan. Sunday evening will be devoted to the unfolding of Clamptent mysteries and to the ceremonious and ceremonial unveiling of a bronze plaque to "The Forgotten Miner" on the wall of the Stewart Wonder Mill.

Probably you will never again have the opportunity of visiting this remarkable spot under such agreeable auspices. All we ask is that you notify the undersigned of your intention to make the trip at least one week before November 8th, giving the names of those who will accompany you. Further information will gladly be furnished on request.

Come one! come all! You will not regret it.

Clampatriotically yours,

Carl I. Wheat,
416 City Hall,
Los Angeles, California.

The Inyo Register

W. A. CHALFANT
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

ESTABLISHED 1885 BY P. A. CHALFANT & SON

BISHOP, CALIFORNIA

Oct. 17, 1935.

Carl I. Wheat, Esq.,
416 City Hall,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mr. Wheat:--I thank you for order and remittance for revised "Story of Inyo." the book is being sent by this mail. The price is \$3.00 and stamps for the overpayment are enclosed. *and sales tax!*

I thank you also for the cordial invitation to join the "Clampers" expedition to Panamint. The company will without doubt be enjoyable, and I would be delighted to mix with them on such a trip, the kind I enjoy most. This is specially true in this instance, as Panamint is one of the very few historic Inyo places I have not seen. A trip out there once for the purpose of a visit was headed off by a rainstorm which had washed out the road, we found at the foot of the canyon. But--there's often a "but." With the small force in this office and variable volume of work I can never be sure of a day or two of liberty. I am trying to shape things for a San Diego trip, and can't say how that might interfere.

If a branch of the party could be organized here, with the same fellows with whom I have camped from the summit of Whitney to the floor of Death Valley, and points δ at intermediate levels, the crew would be made of men who would mix anywhere, would know what it was all about, and I am sure would be acceptable camp comrades anywhere. But at this writing getting up the party is too indefinite to justify your counting on it at all.

The expedition would be most enjoyable, and welcome, and I appreciate the invitation to make it with you. If by any chance the way should become a little clearer than it now looks, will advise you later, but the prospect is not encouraging for me just now.

Again, thank you for both the order and invitation.

Sincerely,

W. A. Chalfant.

* E *

CLAMPUS



VITUS *

CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. I

Hall of Comparative Ovarions
October
Twenty-second
Nineteen
Thirty-five.

Mr. Carl I. Wheat,
City Attorney's Office
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Carl:

I received your letter of October 12th and also letter re pilgrimage to Panamint which you sent to the brethren in exile. I shall be among those present.

Just talked with Lee Stoppie and am riding over there with him so I will go from the north rather than from the south.

After I waded, stumbled and fell through your effusion of October 12th which I assume you characterize as a letter but in my judgment resembles a very adroit effort at platitudinous ponderosity, I am reminded of a rule which I learned many years ago which is entitled "Don't Use Big Words" a copy of which I am enclosing for your edification. You will observe that the whole theme running through this entire copy is to sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity.

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I shall see you at Panamint.

Sincerely,

Leon O. Whitsell
Leon O. Whitsell, M.G.H.

LOW:N

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Colfrith

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY

SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA

October 21, 1935

LESLIE EDGAR BLISS
LIBRARIAN

Mr. Carl I. Wheat
416 City Hall
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Carl:

I was glad indeed to receive your complimentary copy of No. 1, Volume 17, of the Historical Society's Quarterly Publication, and regret exceedingly that I cannot at once take out a membership. That day in the future when I can join both historical societies of California is not approaching very fast, but I assure you that with good fortune I will certainly be able to do so sometime in the next five to ten years. At present the question of attendance at Pomona College and one or two other universities is keeping my finances at a rather low ebb, consequently several societies which I would otherwise gladly benefit are going to fail to receive my subscriptions. As I told you in San Gabriel Canyon a couple of weeks ago, I feel that your labors with the new Quarterly of the Historical Society of Southern California have borne good fruit indeed and I only hope that they will succeed in attracting many more members.

Again I am very sorry that I cannot go with you to Panamint, since I should much like to see the old ghost town and I know that you will all have a good time - Clampers and Sierra Club members together. I note that the E Clampus Vitus vocabulary is increasing apace and rather imagine that we shall have to have a glossary attached to our next annual volume. However, if the sycamore tree continues to pour forth its sap in the usual way I have no doubt that we shall be able to compile an entirely new dictionary by a year from now.

With all best regards and good wishes for the trip to Panamint, I am, as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

Leslie E. Bliss

LEB:P

E. CLAMPUS VITUS

CAPITULUS PLATRIXI IN EXILIO

El Pueblo de Nuestia Senora
la Reina de Los Angeles de
Porciuneola

October 10, 1935.

Esteemed Clampolitie Clamper:

You will recall that at the Grand and Efflibuous Tamalada held at Noble Grand Humbug Dalton's excruciatorious Hacienda on October fifth, a few copies of the new Quarterly of the Southern California Historical Society were distributed, with the suggestion that every good Clamper who has received the ennobling Staff of Relief should show his interest in the past of our Queen of the Cow Counties by joining that Society. It was suggested that all Clampers be given this opportunity, and I therefore take Clamprognathous glee and Clamprolific pleasure in sending you a complimentary (!) copy of the first issue of that quarterly, together with an Application for Membership all filled out and ready for your signature (!!).

You will note that there is no initiation fee, and that the dues are ridiculously low (!!!) (only \$3.00 per year, unless perchance you may happily desire to become a sustaining or patron member). For this paltry sum you will receive all publications of the Society, together with notices of its monthly meetings, which are of great interest to all who are intend - as you are - upon matters historical. It would indeed give us clampotent pleasure to enroll you as a member.

Why not sign your Application today and mail it to me in the enclosed envelope, to which I have already affixed the necessary stamps?

Clampatriotically and hopefully yours,

Carl I. Wheat, Ex. N. G. H.,
416 City Hall,
Los Angeles, California.

P.S. Don't forget that, while they last, the few copies which remain of The Curious Book of Clampus may still be obtained for the infinitesimal sum of only two Roosevelt dollars. Let me know if you want a copy.

C.I.W.

N.B. If you are already a member of the Historical Society of Southern California, "Pass this on to the next Brother."

Postal Telegraph

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CARL I WHEAT=

416 CITY HALL=

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 AND OLIVER KEHRLEIN LEAVING THURSDAY DEATHVALLEY STOP KEHRLEIN
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LEE STOPPLE=

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Form
16

S14 49 DL COLLECT=RB SANFRANCISCO CALIF 4 925A

CARL I WHEAT=

416 CITY HALL=

1935 NOV 4 AM 9 51

COLLECT ⁷60-3

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LEE STOPPLE

Telephone Your Telegrams to *Postal Telegraph*

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S. L. MITCHELL
ARTHUR E. WELCH
JOHN L. VON BLON
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Editor and Gen. Mgr.
Business Mgr.
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Staff Artist



OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
9344 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif.
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

FORMERLY TOURING TOPICS

Owned and Published Monthly by the Automobile Club of Southern California

October 23, 1935

Mr. Carl I. Wheat
416 City Hall
Los Angeles, California

Dear Carl:

I am sorry that I shall have to be a rebel. I have no intention of making the pilgrimage to Panamint for it's an exceedingly arduous trip, is very apt to be most uncomfortable at this time of year, and I have long since given up sleeping in the open. I have put in something like twenty-five years at this sort of thing and I see no further reasons for battering the body about with a maximum of pain and discomfort and a minimum of pleasure. So that's my answer to all pilgrimages of this sort henceforth.

Nevertheless there are individuals who do continue to enjoy such ventures and I am taking the liberty of sending your original letter on to Philip Johnston who is one of such. I shall ask him to represent Westways and me personally. He knows a great deal about Panamint and the vicinity, and if you can get him to expatiate upon the subject I think you'll find him a most informative companion.

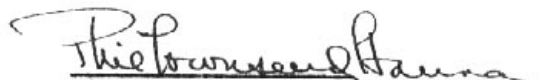
Westways

FORMERLY TOURING TOPICS

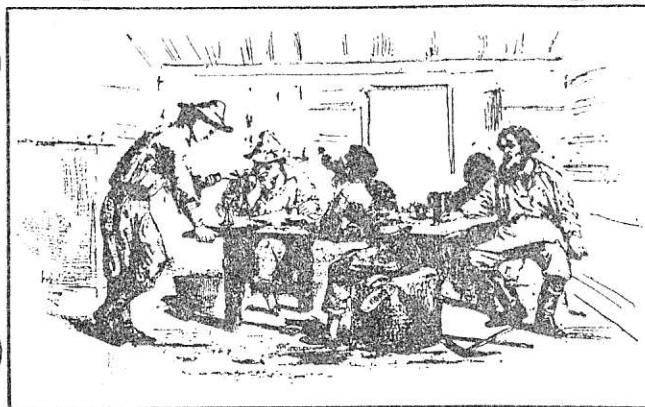
2601 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles . California

Certainly I'll have your travel instructions checked over by one of our competent cartographers and though I shan't be with you I give you, even at this early date, my blessing and my benediction. Pax Vobiscum.

Sincerely,


Phil Townsend Hanna

* E *



CLAMPUS

VITUS — *

CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. 1

Hall of Comparative Ovatons

THE PONY EXPRESS Runs Again, between two historic '49er mining camps in the heart of the gold diggin's on California's Mother Lode. From Ophir, a ghost town today but a roaring camp in the '50's, picked riders in relays race their ponies over the old road by way of the historic Stone House Station, enabling regular mail to connect with the rail and air service of the outside world at Auburn. The service is being operated on June 1st and 2nd, 1935, to maintain communication between Auburn, which is celebrating its "Gold Rush Revival" and Ophir, where the Ancient & Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus convenes.

This society, now composed of historians and historically minded Californians, revives a famous fun order that helped to make California life what it was in the gold rush days. The "Enclampment" at Ophir continues throughout the pony run and the "Clampers'" only communication with civilization is by means of penned letters carried by the champion riders of Placer County in an original Pony Express Mail Bag.

By courtesy of one of its officers (a member of E Clampus Vitus) and through historical sentiment, Wells Fargo Bank of San Francisco (successor to the famed Wells Fargo & Co. who operated the Pony Express in '61) consented to render its "customary unusual" service by accepting prepaid orders for covers to be franked with the E Clampus Vitus Pony adhesive, tied with the cachet, carried by pony and delivered to the Auburn Post Office for either air or regular mail to destination, all in accordance with permit of the Post Office Department.

The Pony label and hand stamp were designed by the Grabhorn Press of San Francisco, as was this letterhead, which is in the style of the rare "blue letter sheets" of the '50's, from one of which the illustration was taken. The label was engraved by Mallette Dean and printed in blocks of four by Lawton R. Kennedy.

Watch for E Clampus Vitus events next year.

PHIL TOWNSEND HANNA
S. L. MITCHELL
ARTHUR E. WELCH
JOHN L. VON BLON
RAUL RODRIGUEZ
DILLON LAURITZEN

Editor and Gen. Mgr.
Business Mgr.
Advertising Mgr.
Associate Editor
Associate Editor
Staff Artist



OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
9344 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif.
EDITORIAL AND EXECUTIVE OFFICES
2601 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

FORMERLY TOURING TOPICS

Owned and Published Monthly by the Automobile Club of Southern California

April 23, 1936


Mr. Carl I. Wheat
Room 416 City Hall
Los Angeles, California

Dear Carl:

The story on E Olampus Vitus is an entertaining thing and I wish we could print it, but unfortunately it is entirely too long. I have held it for two months trying to find a place for it on our schedule, but there just isn't a hole big enough to take it, and there probably won't be for six or seven months. I wish you could cut it to 1500 words or thereabouts and then we would be able to get it in -- that is providing of course that you don't place it in its present length elsewhere. If the latter doesn't eventuate, do consider trying to reduce its length to bring it within the limits I have outlined, for frankly Westways would like to publish it.

With all good wishes, I am

Very sincerely yours,


Phil Townsend Hanna
Editor and General Manager
WESTWAYS

Westways as "Touring Topics", has been published continuously for 25 years

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JAS. E. McCAFFREY
REPRESENTATIVE FOR
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

April
25th
1936.

Mr. Carl Wheat,
Attorney at Law
City Attorney's Office,
Los Angeles, California.

My dear Carl:

I just talked with Ezra and he suggests that you put the five following matters in our next book:

1. West Virginia Article.
2. The Pennsylvania Article.
3. The Illinois Minute Book matter.
4. The Clamper article contained in the Siskiyou History.
5. The Lord Sholto Douglas matter.

All five of the above are in the Huntington Library and Bynum assured Ezra that he put them in there in a special receptacle accessible only to himself and that if we desire to take them out for reference, etc., we might do so. I would suggest that you get in touch with Bynum. Ezra says the West Pennsylvania Review which published this article have the cuts to be used in connection with the article; they probably would be willing to furnish them to us. So contact Bynum and get those articles and if you agree with Ezra on the advisability of putting those in the book, it is okey. I am also writing to Bynum today.

Sincerely,

Leon O. Whitsell
Leon O. Whitsell,

LOW:LN

Hall of C. O.
Raffan Bldg.
Apr. 24th, Fair into the night

Dear Francis:

The N.B.H. says you are perturbed
by not being able to get access to the
archives. Take up the Staff of Relief and
enforce your demands on Brother Library.
I understand that these papers are being
kept in a private file of Bynum's, so
that they may be removed without
formality.

I understand you also are puzzled ^{as to} what
to use ~~for~~ the contents. The N.B.H. & I
had a little discussion today, and
we are agreed that the best thing would
be to use the historical material. This
is very interesting & amusing and
mostly it is ready to go to press with
very little editorial work. And as
for the idea of saving this for a complete
History of F.C.O. — Who knows when we
can get anyone to write it, and we
might as well use the best material
we have when we are ready to print.
There will be plenty of guff ground out
to kill future work.

The Historic Book of F
or

Materials for an Introduction to
the Study of the History of the
Ancient & Honorable Order of
Campus Vitus

And that it consist of, say:

① Stiller's article on the founding
of ECU in Virginia by Ephraim Bee
under dispensation from the Grand
Hottotote, the Emperor of China, trans-
mitted by Hon Calebushing, following
negotiation of treaty with China in 1844

This is rich and has some
swell illustrations - contemporary
drawing of early Campuses - perhaps
the cuts could be had from W. Va
Review.

② The Chapter from Wm. M. Hall's
~~Reminiscences~~ Reminiscences, telling of ECU
in Pennsylvania in 1847 -
Funny as a rubber crutch

③ An abstract of information gleaned from the Minute book of Division No. 100, Metropolis City, 90, in 1849.

④ The Story of the Initiation of Steamboat Jack and how the tables were turned on the N.G.H. at ~~the~~ from Hist. of Siskiyou County - Priceless!

⑤ The Initiation of Lord Dool to Douglas - from original newspaper accounts (obviously written by a roisterous Clamper reporter), copies of which are in the archives. Exerciating!

⑥ Annals of the New Dispensation - By the Roisterous Doctors - Pisicificating!

And I am on the track of original drawing of this affair by one who was here - Harry C. Best, the Yosemite artist & farmer-in-law of General Adams - Think

At the Hall of Comparative Anatomy
Jan. 10, 1935

Ignatius, Ah, Ignatius:

Enclosed is a tentative program for
the Annual Midwinter Rampage of
Chapter Redivivus, from which you will
see that you are scheduled for the
most important performance. The
thing is all built around the ancient
narrative recently turned up by Hon.
Sweet Sun, that of the ^{intrepid} Chinese Explorer
Hi Lai (pronounced He Lie), who first
discovered the land of Jum Shan (now
called California) when, on a voyage in
the Yellow Sea, a cockroach crawled

into his compass, and, expunging
it to point in the opposite direction, and
so misguided the ancient navigator that,
under the impression that he was sailing
west to his celestial anchorage, he sailed
eastward instead, and landed at
Monterey, exactly 1500 years ago.

To a reading of this Tremendous tale
is prefaced an account of how the
lusty Vitusian Fathers Hierodorus,
Stomachus and Bellicus had previously
carried to China the doctrines & principles
of that great Hon. Order, which Hi Pai
took on across the Great Ocean & inoculated
into the widows of Jun Shan - The
other items on the program speak for
themselves, & I'm sure that with this
background you will be able to
produce a moving masterpiece of
rhetoric that will conclude the program
like a clash of Chinese cymbals.

We consider you the cornerstone
of our Junshanian Temple, and
count upon your coming with a goodly
crowd of Platikes.

J. Gray, C.N.R.

P.S. Douglas told me today that I had been
nominated to succeed you on the Board of Directors
of the C. H. S. Needless to say I feel flattered, but
I wish we could be serving together. I'd belong here & you
must come back. Meanwhile don't think that I
forget the cause cause of all the satisfaction and
pleasure that I have had & continue to have through the
contacts that you made for me. C.E.

Celebrate
GOLD RUSH RENIVAL

AND

Annual Convention of *E. Clampus Vitus*
JUNE 1 AND 2, 1935 AUBURN, CALIFORNIA

H.C.O.

Auburn, California April 10th 1935

G. Ezra Dane, G.N.R.,
Balfour Bldg.,
San Francisco, California.

Dear George:

Yours of the 9th contains to my mind the most inspiring suggestion yet made for the promotion of interest and the preserving of the traditions for which our order stands. I refer to making the Placer Herald official organ of E.C.V. What would be more appropriate than to choose the oldest paper in California to chronicle and record our endeavors for the benefit of posterity? I have only one amendment to offer to the suggestion. Why limit the subscription to two months? Surely if our order is to flourish and prosper its activities must be more than spasmodic. Subscription price is only \$1.50 per year. This could be added to the initiation fee of each new member, or added to dues (if any). Or perhaps the chapter could stand a portion and the subscribing member a portion.

I think your idea for the stage show a splendid one. Don't forget the goat. We are preparing a prologue to precede the comedy along more serious and sentimental lines - campfire scene with miners, gamblers, etc. - possibly a recitation of Bret Harte's "Dickens in Camp" - a song or two. Some fair writers are working on it. Let us have your MS as soon as possible - also photo of Clampatriarch and life sketch.

Do not call No. 3 nameless in the Curious Book of Clampus. Let it go as Lord Douglas in the Book and in some subsequent edition it can be changed.

Regarding your Sunday trip. I suppose you will leave on Saturday. Why not stay here as my guest? Kelsey is only 28 miles by way of Georgetown. I have a bed for you and will get some back numbers of the Herald for your perusal.

Yours truly erred in the letter to the Clampatriarch - the date for the theater show, which we are calling the "Gold Rush Prevue" is set for May 9th and 10th.

I enclose a few clippings from current issues of the Herald and also copies of ancient clippings.

Until Saturday - Clampatriotically,

Follow The Gold Trail To Auburn : : There's A Pot of Gold At The Rainbow's End

Harry
H. S. FURLONG,
C. V.

HSF:EH Encs.



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SECRETARY

R. G. Bonestell

TREASURER

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**

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A. L. Crane

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'49 DANCE

Lew Volz

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WHISKERINOS

E. H. Gum

WHISKERETTES

Mrs. F. S. Roumage

"E. CLAMPUS VITUS"

James D. Stewart

CONCESSIONS AND
DECORATIONS

Max Joseph

BURRO RACE

A. M. Sather

PLACER MINING

W. A. Shepard

PONY EXPRESS

C. A. Keena

SPECIAL EVENTS

Sydney Holt



HAIL OF COMPARATIVE OVATIONS

LORD DOUGLAS CHAPTER NUMBER THREE
ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ORDER OF E. CLAMPUS VITUS
Auburn, California

March 24, 1935

(Being before and after the full moon)

G. Ezra Dane, G.N.R.,
Balfour Building,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Dear Clampatriot G. Ezra:

After bidding adieu to Lee and yourself I returned to the office and find that if my secretary forwarded to you the requested roster of membership of No. 3 Chapter as per my request before I left for San Francisco last Thursday, she neglected to leave the file copy on my desk. In case it did not go forward I give it to you herewith:

Name	Office	Occupation
Earl R. Crabbe	N. G. H.	Athletic Coach and Newshawk
W. T. Robie	C. P.	Ass't Manager, Auburn Lumber Co
V. G. McCann	G. N. R.	Associate Editor, Auburn Journal
H. S. Furlong	C. V.	Div. Sales Mgr., P. G & E.
Jas. D. Stewart	R. P.	Mining Engineer
J. H. Robinson, N.G.C.		Ass't. Postmaster
W. H. Mellinger, G.N.H.,		Jeweler
W. F. Durfee, G.F.H.,		Optometrist
W. A. Reynolds, G.M.		Insurance
Kenneth Wilson, B.K.,		?

We members whom you initiated here a year ago want you to know that we are proud that you have again selected Auburn (or Ophir or Ophirville) as your convention city for 1935. As Chairman of the Committee to stage the Gold Rush Revival on June 1-2 I wish to express my personal word of appreciation and to assure you that our brothers in E.C. V. will be heartily welcomed and that our little town will be yours.

I wish it also to be spread upon the records of our illustrious order that the members of Chapter Number Three have been most zealous in archeologic work, tending to uncover the doings, implements and physical prowess of the Clampers of other days. In this research work they have had the zealous co-operation of many of our leading citizens. Probably the most astounding discovery was that of Clampatriarch Adam Lee Moore's Sierra City Goat (he of the GILTY balls), still hale and hearty and cud chewing at the advanced age of ninety three years. He is being carefully cared for and will be in the parade on June first.

We have also engaged for the parade a number of Indians, direct discendents of the long reaching redskins that whiled away the dull hours of the days of the early Spanish explorers as narrated by Professor Herbert Bolton.

With these outstanding and upstanding attractions we are sure that the Grand Lodge will be duly proud of our humble efforts and that the participation in our celebration will do much to bring about the revival of our illustrious Order in Placer County.

In the Name of our great Clampatren St. Vitus (whose blessing we humbly pray for our undertaking) I send you and to all officers of the Grand Lodge our greeting and our pledge to everything in our power to make your convention successful and enjoyable.

Clampartiarchly yours,

H. S. Furlong
H. S. FURLONG
Clamps Vitrix.

Copy to Thos. W. Norris, G.N.H
Livermore, Cal.

Excuse typenry - no stamp - Sunday

SEE THE ELEPHANT!

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE, ENCLAMPMENT &
GHOST TOWN RE-

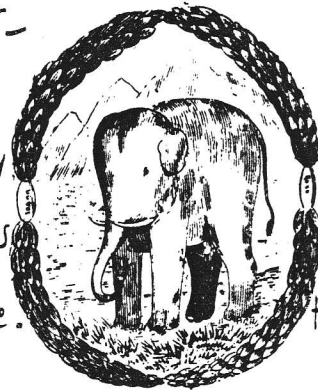
MAY 30, 31

OPHIR, PLACER COUNTY
TO AUBURN, MURDERERS
YANKEE JIM'S &c, &c.

VIVAL OF F.C.V.

JUNE 1, 2, 1935

WITH SIDE EXCURSIONS
BAR, RATTLESNAKE BAR,
HARK TO THE HEWGAB!



This Convention of the Grand Lodge of O Clampus Vitus, of which you have been reading in the Official Organ, will bring Clampers from the four corners of the Globe to Placer County where Lord Sholto Douglas Chapter has put more life into the Ancient Order than it has had since the twelfth last blasted in Sigh-ora City. The whole population of Auburn and the surrounding Camps is in a dither of excitement and promises a real Old East Festival and a warm welcome to all Clampers who attend on this "auspicious" occasion. Again the twigg is sounding & resounding from the mountain sides, and delegations of old-time Clampers are thronging in from Downville, N. San Juan, Marysville, &c., to march in the Grand Parade, led by the original Gilded Billy. The Calendar of events will also include: Tony Express, Clamper style, run by permission of the P.O. Dept.; Gen. Farley has told us to go as far as we like, so we are going to carry the mail from Ophir to Auburn; Louse Race, held pursuant to rules & regulations heretofore published; Tours of the Diggins by Stagecoach and car; Delicious banquets, sweetened with Syca



more juice; Initiation, in the old time style, with milk, held back; Ceremony of Ordination of our Vituscan Missionary, who is about to depart on his expedition around the World, to spread the joyous doctrines of O Clampus Vitus among the uninitiated heathen; many other events equally exciting, but too numerous to mention. We will make our headquarters at the Old Regency Hotel in Ophir, where Mrs. Vicenzio promises to equal the Spanish hospitality and good cheer that her pioneer parents extended to the miners at the same famous house in the '50's. You may not have feather beds, but you will have the best grub in the County. Each must arrange his own transportation, but it is suggested that few will care to miss the experience of a trip on the Palatial Story Wheeler that leaves San Francisco for Sacramento at 6:30 P.M. Wednesday, May 29th. The enclosed River Line folder gives details, but make your reservation directly with the River Line & make it early, as there will be holiday crowds.

Special Clamper rates have been arranged for at Ophir. Put yourself there & you will be taken care of with board, bed & Dino for not over \$3.00 per day, provided your reservation is made for the enclosed card before all accommodations have been taken. The sooner you send it the sooner you bed. So come, and cry out the watchword, "Ophir has fallen, but still lives!"

By Order of the N.C.H.

J. E. Dane
Lee L. Noble
C.N.R.



CLAMPUS

VITUS



CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. 1
Hall of Comparative Ovations

Balfour Bogg
San Francisco
June 10, 1935

Dear Carl:

Your tip as to Stutler is a hot one. We will get back to the original clampus yet. And the farther we go the better it gets. The Clampusian has offered to write a history of the Order if we will supply him with the material. The old man has nothing else to do, and judging by his contribution to the Enigmatical Book of Vitus, he might produce something rich. He came in three times to the office today, while I was out, just to show me your letter to him, which had touched his heart. The old man merely loves you. He has now obtained the original STAFF OF RELIEF from Sigh-era City, and it is a thing to inspire awe in the most important candle date - manzanita, with clusters of gnarly knots, and the candidate is told, say the

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Coffroth

Camp at March, "If you take it to this knot, you will be relieved of half your dues, but if you go to this knot (near the top) you will be made an honorary member, and never have to pay any dues as long as you live." It is then handed to the candidate, who does as he has seen done and receives the enlightening traditional instruction. Permission might possibly be obtained to send this hallowed relic to Peabody Chapter for one of its forthcoming functions.

I am writing to Stutler and will see that he gets one of the Enigmatical books, and any miscellaneous extra material that I can find. I hope that he kicks through -

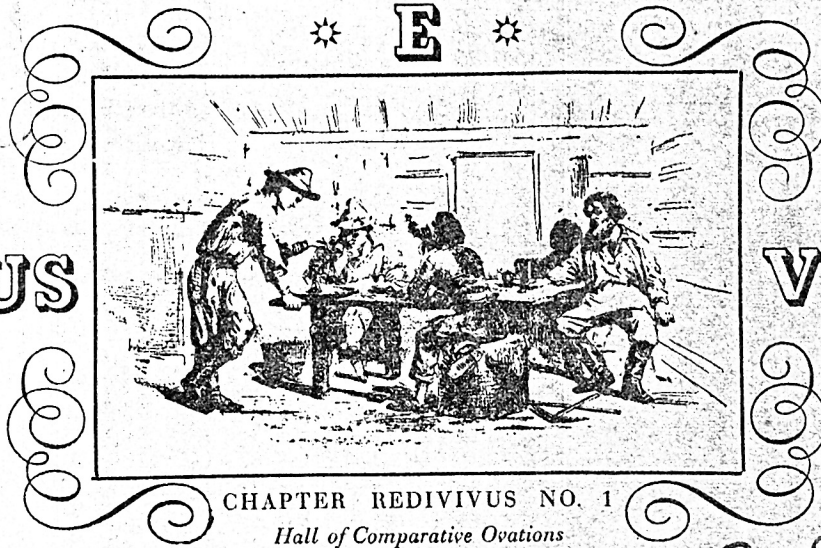
It was really a great get-together at Ophi, despite drawbacks. We are getting better organized now, and it looks as though the stamp business, properly handled, will finance a lot of fun in the future.

Campbellically,

J. Ezra.

P.S. Thanks muchly for the snaps. They have been deposited in the archives.

CLAMPUS



VITUS — *

CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. 1
Hall of Comparative Ovation

Balkan Bldg., P.F.
Apr. 11, 1935

Carl J. Wheat,
Visitador General de F.C.V.

Sir: The activity of Chapter Redivivus and of Lord Douglas Chapter No. 3 of Auburn and Quivira Chap. No. 4 of Santa Fe more than compensates for the moribund condition of Platte Chapter. Consider:

① Mr. Farley (per 20 asst.) has just approved the detailed plan for pony express Ephie to Auburn as outlined in our petition.

② Next issue Pony Express Courier is to be devoted entirely to F.C.V.

③ We are adopting the ancient Platte Herald as official organ of the Order, & every member whose address we have will receive it for a moa free of cost, with reports of progress.

④ The Dramatic Committee has just completed a ribonious comedy entitled GOLD FROM OFFICE, which Lord Douglas Chapter is to perform at Auburn

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Coffroth
(over)

theatre on May 10, 1935 - which is ^{to be} Campers' night in Auburn. The Campaticerch will be present and will issue 50 ft charter.

⑤ The Curious Book of Campus is about to go to press, and will be a classic.

⑥ The F.C.V. expedition to the Jobi Desert is now being equipped, and Dr. Chas. L. Camp, the Grand Capt., promises frequent reports as to the ~~material~~ evidences of ancient Camper organizations in the interior of Asia.

I enclose list of Peabodys on which I have checked those whose addresses I have. Can you help with any of the others?

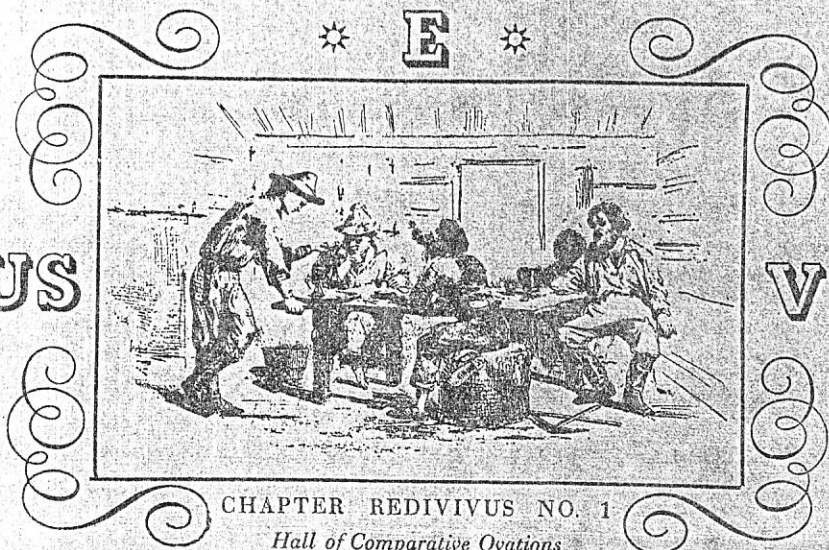
How I would like to go with you & the boys to the Hopi Country you can well imagine, and how impossible it is you well know. You should have a good time.

Can you send any Camper material for the carrier? Let us have a message at least. Probably they will print your intro. to the Book of Virtues.

If you get as far as Santa Fe be sure to look up the N.G.H., Jesse L. Nusbaum of the Lab. of Anthropology, or the B.N.R., E. Dana Johnson, Ed. of the Santa Fe New Mexican.

Campatically,
C. Fry

CLAMPUS



VITUS

CHAPTER REDIVIVUS NO. 1
Hall of Comparative Ovations

Sept. 19, 1935

Dear N.G.H. Emeritus in Perpetuo:

I much appreciate your generous attitude re Shirley MS. I parted with it in the favor of a furious swapping campaign, whereby I have managed to make some very useful additions to my working library of Californians with practically no outlay of my scarce cash. I still have a couple of Shirley MS and surely wouldn't take another from you now. The Californian has not yet destroyed the best streak of my sense of shame.

Jan F.C.U. plans are most clumpishotic. I don't see how I could attend in Oct or Nov, but on Nov. 11th maybe so can do. I've broached the subject with Lee & Mill and think we can get up a contingent to represent Chap. Redivivus. Be sure that notices are sent to all on our list as well as you.

"With tones auriferous wake the Heavenly lyre." Coffroth

(over)

In November we can talk some more about
the Lutter's Fort ceremonies. I think we
should install a chapter there. And by the
way, what do you suppose is the matter with
our missionary? Not a word from him.
I suspect he has absconded with the appropria-
tion. We'll have to cable for a full
accounting.

The Black Dart rumor was groundless.
I have all my material and was planning
to write on it during my vacation but meanwhile
made a deal with Fields on the Columbia
tales. Don't let it out yet, but they will be
ready about February. I have to do a lot of
cutting and revision, so BB has to wait.
Also (more confidence) Ed C. has set me to
editing & introducing Mark Twain's Hawaii
letters to the Sacramento Union. And that
will be done soon.

The Waboyah is about half printed - on gray
paper with black print illustrations in several
colors by Malette Dean and I think it will be one
of the prize numbers of the 3 series - more power to
your Terry enterprise. You should be able to do a
puller. If I can help on any references, etc., let me
know.

have

I just spoken with the N.G.H. and made
a date for lunch tomorrow to talk over
plans for the South celebration. He tells
me you have agreed to revise the ritual.
I think you can thereby give the revived
order a real identity that will hold it
together for those many years to come -
Unroll your platitudinous profundities, your
sonorous sentences and your prolific
periods - E.C.V. by diligent communication
will regenerate Society -

Credo quia absurdum!

B.N.R.

March 29, 1935.

G. Ezra Dane, Esq.,
1500 Balfour Building,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Ezry:

The stationery's grand and, if my recollection is correct, Ed Grabhorn has about fifteen or twenty little cuts which could go into the heading and thus make a number of different types of stationery, collections of which could be sold at great profit to stamp collectors and other historiachers.

In respect to your request for a list of the names of the members of Platrix Chapter, to whom the Staff of Relief has been passed, please be advised that after I got this chapter thoroughly organized I turned over all authority to the duly elected officials. I must admit that I have been as unable to get results as you have, and I am seriously considering the fomenting of a revolution and the capture of the scepters of authority from those now holding them.

Between you and me, we made two egregious errors in selecting these officials. The first of those was J. Gregg Layne as M.G.H. Gregg is a fine fellow but has shown no intention of making any move toward another meeting here, although many of the men have been trying to egg him on recently. The second mistake was Lindley Bynum, who is also a very nice "fellow," but who (between you and me) is absolutely the hardest man to get to do anything that I have ever seen. He was supposed to be the G.N.R., but I doubt if he ever took any notes, and I seriously doubt whether he has a list of members, particularly those who were initiated at the great conclave at Dalton's ranch last fall. Between you and me, I am absolutely unable to fathom Lindley. I had a letter from Dalton a day or two ago, also asking for a list of the new members, but I have had to write him that I have it not.

-2-

I think I shall have to conspire with Roger Dalton to oust the present officers and really do a few things. However, I have been so busy with my rather puny attempts to represent the public in public utility matters that I have found it difficult to think of anything else.

Best wishes for the success of the great Pilgrimage.

Sincerely yours,

C.I.W.

CIW/s

MINUTES OF MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF

E CLAMPUS VITUS.

Oakland, California
November 30, 1941

The meeting was called to order at 8:00 P.M. at 1475 Powell Street, Oakland, California, with President Stopple in the chair.

Directors present were:

Jessup
Norris
Olson
Whitsell
Camp
Patterson
Stopple

Absentees: Porte, Eich, Wetmore, Vander Hoof, Davies, Eichler, Smith,

Also present were: Lindley Bynum, and Fletcher B. Taylor.

The minutes of the previous Directors' meeting were read and approved.

✓ President Stopple reported the granting of a Charter to North San Juan with the initiation ceremonies conducted by himself and Clampatriarch Adam Moore.

✓ President Stopple further reported the granting of a Charter to Downieville, he being assisted in the ceremonies by the Clampatriarch and several Brothers from the Bay Region.

The appointment of Lindley Bynum to the Board of Directors to fill the vacancy created by the decease of our late Brother George Ezra Dane. was announced by the Chair.

A resignation read by President Stopple was ordered refused, rejected, deleted and destroyed.

A letter from William A. Chalfant of Bishop, California, expressing his delight at being re-elected a member of the Order in absentio and anticipating the day when he would be given "the works" in person was read and ordered filed.

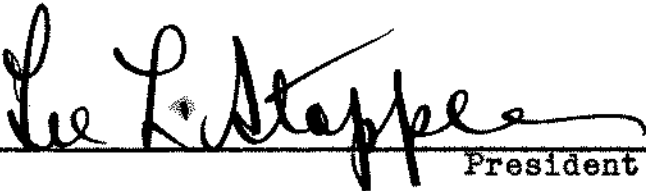
A resolution to send a letter of condolence to the family of the late George Ezra Dane was made and adopted.

Further discussion ensued regarding an appropriate memorial to commemorate the memory of George Ezra Dane. It was agreed by the Directors' present that a plaque placed upon the old Stage Drivers' Retreat at Columbia would be the most suitable tribute. Director Whitsell volunteered to inquire into the feasibility of the matter and report at the next meeting.

There was a general discussion concerning the rewriting of the Corporation's By-Laws for the purpose of bringing them into accordance with our present requirements. Director Patterson was appointed to head a Committee to undertake the revision, and make a report at the next meeting.

Director Whitsell proposed a revision of the Ritual of the Order, stating that in his opinion the present Ritual was too long, too complicated, and conducive to confusion. After a general discussion the matter was referred to Director Whitsell to explore the matter further and make such recommendations as he saw fit.

There being no further business before the Board, the meeting adjourned.



President



Secretary Pro Tem

Concord, Cal
Aug 7, 1943

Dear Lee:

Dammit - I have no typewriter and the kids got into my brief case and tore up my notes and nearly ruined those proxies I had with them. So I'll have to submit minutes as I remember the proceedings, which I'll admit with shame, was not a very good memory that evening. You will have to fill in the blanks.

— # —
Extraordinary meeting of Board of Directors
of E. Campus Vitae

June 19-1943

This meeting, held in the office of Edgar Jessup and the Marchant Calculating Machine Co of Oakland, was called to order by Chairman Stoppel at 6:30 P.M.

Proxies were received from directors Bynum, Davis, Eich, Eichler, Patterson, Porte and Wetmore. Minutes of meeting of Nov 1942 read and accepted.

Moved & seconded, ^{carried} to accept resignation of Don Patterson as a leave for the duration.

Leon Whitsell suggested that, in order to replace NCH's of outlying chapters, a meeting should be held at Marysville to discuss, among other things, suspension of inactive NCH's and revocation of charters of dormant chapters.

The chairman reminded the meeting that Yerba Buena chapter has sole right to use the name *E. Campus Vitus*.

Camp said revocation & suspension should be deferred until necessary.

Jessup thought now is the time to line up "lame-duck" NCH's in order to maintain the organization, which cannot exist on horseplay alone, but must have a more serious background.

A recess was taken at this point to have dinner at _____? eating establishment, after which the meeting reconvened.

It was moved & seconded & carried that Harry Porte be appointed NCH of Y. B. chapt.

Followed adjournment at 9.15 P.M.

Those in attendance were Stoppole, chairman, Camp, Olson, Norris, Jessup, Whitsell, Vanderhoof

Respy. submitted

V. Vanderhoof

cc: etc.

That is all I can record, though I know there was more.

I hope Porte can conjure up something but do not hold much hope for the food situation.

Thank for remembering the wife & kids - they send their good wishes to you and hope that you might visit us sometime soon at our "ranch" (4 acres). We have 4 ration books now so you will get plenty to eat!

Sincerely

Van.

MINUTES OF MEETING OF BOARD OF
DIRECTORS OF
E. CLAMPUS VITUS

---o0o---

Held at Sonora, California, September 20, 1947.

Meeting called to order by President Leon O. Whitsell, presiding.

Present: Directors Whitsell, Jessup, Porte, Cross, Norris, Stopple Paden (by proxy to Stopple), Bynum (by proxy to Roger Dalton).

The chair ruled that a majority was present for the transaction of business.

Director Stopple moved that the members present waive the constitutional provisions for the receipt of written notice of meeting. This motion, being put, was seconded and carried.

Present by invitation were Gerald W. Wickland, Noble Grand Humbug of Yerba Buena Chapter #1; E.W. Zuegger representing Marshall Chapter #49, and Dr. Robert E. Burns, president of the College of the Pacific.

President Whitsell ruled that the first order of business was the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Roger Dalton placed in nomination the following list of officers and directors for the ensuing year:

President:	Leon O. Whitsell, Burlingame, California	
Vice President:	Edgar B. Jessup, Piedmont,	"
Secretary:	Lee L. Stopple, San Francisco,	"
Directors:	Harry W. Porte, Redwood City,	"
	Thomas W. Norris, Carmel,	"
	Ralph H. Cross, San Francisco,	"
	Landley W. Bynum, Los Angeles,	"
	Robert E. Burns, Stockton,	"
	William G. Paden, Alameda,	"
	Charles L. Camp, Orinda,	"
	Harvey D. Eich, Marysville,	"
	William E. Davies, Marysville,	"
	Charles A. Wetmore, Jr., "	"
	Chester A. Smith, "	"
	Carl I. Wheat, Washington, D.C.	

Eriz Falconer

The nominations were seconded, and, there being no other nominations, Director Cross, taking the chair for President Whitsell, instructed the Secretary-elect to cast the white ball for those placed in nomination.

Clamper E.W. Zuegger made a statement on behalf of Marshall Chapter No. 49, inviting the organization to participate in a celebration in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the discovery of gold to be held at Coloma and Placerville on January 23rd and 24th, 1948. At the termination of his statement Mr. Zuegger retired from the meeting.

A general discussion followed the retirement of Mr. Zuegger concerning the feasibility of taking part in the celebration, and it was the unanimous opinion that such participation on the part of E Clampus Vitus was fitting and appropriate.

President Whitsell was authorized to ascertain from Mr. Zuegger the possibility of making hotel reservations for approximately one hundred members, and, in the event of a favorable answer, to communicate with the Noble Grand Humbug of Yerba Buena Chapter in order that plans may be made for taking an active part in the celebration.

The name of Haven A. Mason of Palo Alto was proposed for the honor of being designated Clampatriarch of the Order, and Mr. Mason's past record as a clamper and his outstanding qualifications and worthiness for the office being considered, it was unanimously decreed that the high office be conferred upon him, and that the secretary be instructed to so notify him in writing and to send him an official certificate of office.

Upon motion being duly made and seconded, it was ordered that the secretary write to Clamper William Gordon Huff and express to him the thanks and appreciation of the Board for his splendid and artistic work in preparing the plaque in memory of George Ezra Dane, to be unveiled on September 21, 1947, at Columbia.

Director Burns brought up the matter of having a celebration of an appropriate nature at the town of Hornitos, and that the organization constitute itself a town government for the day and function as such. Dr. Burns was of the opinion that accommodations could be secured at the old historic hotel at Coulterville, and that a joint celebration could be held in conjunction with the Society of California Pioneers, and that Clamper Alfred Ghiradelli would attend to the appointing of a liaison committee from that group. Director Burns was instructed to secure more detailed information and report to the President.

The matter of altering the ritual of E Clampus Vitus was then considered. Following considerable discussion it was the concensus that the ritual could be shortened without impairing its unique character. A committee consisting of Clampers Francis P. Farquhar, Joseph Henry Jackson and the President were instructed to take the matter in hand for their study and revision.

Director Porte brought up the subject of the completion of the plaque in memory of our late Clampatriarch Adma Lee Moore and its suitable placing. Mr. Porte stated that the plaque, designed by Clamper William Gordon Huff, was now in an uncompleted state, that appropriate lettering and its subsequent casting in bronze were necessary before any action could be taken. Mr. Porte was authorized to proceed with the completion of the plaque and report back to the board in order that plans may be made for its placing and unveiling.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the President.

/s/ Lee L. Stopple
Lee L. Stopple, Secretary

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF

E. CLAMPUS VITUS

--oOo---

Held at Marysville, California, April 6, 1940.

Present: Directors: Davies, Wetmore, Smith, Eich, Barrett

The meeting was called to order by Vice President, Davies who stated that the Board of Directors of this corporation consists of fifteen directors or trustees as provided in its articles of incorporation and that eight of the Board had passed away leaving only seven living directors.

A quorum being present of the surviving directors the Vice President then stated it would be in order to appoint successors to the deceased directors until their successors were subsequently duly elected and qualified the appointees to serve until such time as a new Board was elected at a regular meeting of the Members of this corporation.

Upon motions duly made and seconded the following appointments as directors of this corporation were made unanimously.

1. J. H. Barr, Yuba City, California.
2. Lou P. Eichler, Marysville, "
3. Lee L. Stoppole 642 Russ Bldg. San Francisco.
4. Ronald L. Olson University of California, Berkeley.
5. V. L. Vander Hoof " " " "
6. Leon O. Whitsell 1565 Newlands Ave. Burlingame
7. Edgar B. Jessup Emeryville, Cal.
8. Charles L. Camp University of California "
9. Thomas W. Norris Livermore, California.

The chairman then presented the resignation of Richard Barrett as a Director of this corporation to take effect forthwith and upon motion duly made and seconded the resignation was accepted.

George Ezra Dane, Balfour Building, San Francisco, was thereupon unanimously appointed a Director to serve in the place of Director Barrett, resigned.

The chairman then stated to the meeting that our esteemed and distinguished President and Noble Grand Humbag, Leslie B. Crook was with us no more and our High Priest Harry Hyde had departed from among us and in view thereof it was in order for the new directors to set a date for an election of officers to be held at a meeting of the new Board to be held for convenience in San Francisco, California at some date in the near future convenient to such Board, proper notice thereof to be given to all directors.

It was thereupon suggested that the 18 day of May 1940 be fixed as the date for such meeting and the place and hour thereof to be designated later by order of the Vice President and due notice thereof to be given to all Directors; and that the purposes of said meeting be to elect new officers, adopt new By-Laws, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly be brought before the meeting.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

Charles A. Wetmore
Clampus Vitus-Secretary.

We, the undersigned, being all of the surviving trustees and Directors of E. Clampus Vitus, a corporation, organized under the laws of the state of California, do hereby signify our consent to the holding of a meeting of such Board of Directors and Trustees at Marysville, California, April 6, 1940 at the office of Vice President W. E. Davies at the hour of twelve o'clock noon of said day and we hereby waive notice thereof and consent to the transaction of any business which may properly be brought before the meeting.

Dated, April 6, 1940.

Charles A. Wetmore
Chester A. Smith
Richard H. Bancroft
W. E. Davies
Stanley R. Fick

MEETING OF E. CLAMPUS VITUS BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Jan. 27, 1945

Called by Lee Stopple, Chairman at Benicia City Hall on the above date with Leon Whitsell, Thomas W. Norris, Edgar Jessup, Fletcher Taylor present and with the proxies of Charles Wetmore, W.E. Daire, Harvey Eich and Chester Smith submitted.

Chairman Stopple announced the resignation of Vanderhoof as secretary and member of the board of directors. It was moved and seconded and carried that the appointment of William Paden and Fletcher Taylor as members of the board be confirmed.

Whitsell moved and Norris seconded that a committee to be composed of Whitsell and Paden revise the ritual of E.C.V. in accordance with the intent expressed at the board meeting of 1943. Carried.

Norris moved and Whitsell seconded that a charter be granted to neophytes on the banks of the Ptomac for Little Hatchet Chapter, but that right thereof pertained only to the District of Columbia and that said chapter has no authority for granting of other charters, said authority residing in the parent organization in California and exclusively there. Carried.

Jessup moved and Norris seconded that Whitsell be a committee of one to amend the provision for meetings so that all meetings be held as special meetings at the call of the president. Carried.

Whitsell was requested to continue his work of examining and revising the articles of incorporation with particular emphasis on the terms of office and limitations thereof.

Lee Stopple was asked to communicate with Marysville and to ask for suggestion of a name for director to replace Dr. Barr, deceased.

Adjourned on motion of Whitsell. Seconded by Jessup.

/s/ Fletcher Taylor, Secty. Protem.
Fletcher B. Taylor

MINUTES OF MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF
E CLAMPUS VITUS.

---***---

Marysville, California,
May 18, 1940.

The Meeting was called to order at 8 P. M., at the Hotel Marysville, with Vice-President Wetmore presiding.

The Vice-President stated that the meeting had convened pursuant to the call of May 1, 1940, addressed to all members of the Board of Directors of the Corporation, for the purpose of electing officers and for such other business as may properly come before the Board.

Those Directors present were:

Wetmore
Eichler
Davies
Eich
Olson
Stoppie

Absentees: Smith, Forbes, Whitsell, Norris, Dane,
Camp, Jessup, Van der Hoof and Barr.

It being noted that a majority of the Board were absent, the Chair stated that the consent of the absent members for the transaction of business, and waiving their attendance, was on record in writing, the meeting was in order.

Director Eichler moved that the Noble Grand Humbug, the Vice Humbug and the Noble Grand Recorder of Yerba Buena Chapter of E Clampus Vitus be elected to the offices respectively of President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Corporation, to serve ~~for~~ such time as their successors are chosen.
(until

Director Eich seconded this motion.

There being no objection, the election was made unanimous, with the following named Brothers to hold the offices designated:

Lee L. Stoppie, President;
Ronald L. Olson, Vice-President;
V. L. Van der Hoof, Secretary.

President Stopple then spoke briefly, thanking the Directors for being chosen as the standard bearer of the Order, and assured those present that he was mindful of the responsibility incidental to his office and pledged both himself and his officers to the task of keeping alive the traditions of E Clampus Vitus, and maintaining the organization free from commercialization and exploitation by selfish interests.

Vice-President Olson also spoke and urged the necessity and importance of keeping the Order free from the intolerances based on races and creeds which bring in differences of opinion and thus tend to spread discords and hatreds; that all Clampers should come together on our common interest in and love for the great historical past of our State and thus avoid the pitfalls that wreck many organizations.

Directors Wetmore, Davies, Eichler and Eich in turn addressed the meeting, and expressed their satisfaction at the new turn in the affairs of the Corporation, and hoped that the Order would have many fine years of accomplishments in its new revival.

After several informal addresses by some of the members present, the meeting adjourned at 10.30 P.M.

Lee L. Stopple

Ronald L. Olson

Charles G. Wetmore Jr.

W. E. Davis

Chester A. Smith

Lou Eichler

We, the undersigned, members of the Board of Directors of E Clampus Vitus, a corporation, organized under the laws of the State of California, do hereby signify our consent to the holding of a meeting of said Board of Directors on the 18th day of May, 1940, at 8 o'clock, P.M., at the Hotel Marysville, Marysville, California, for the purpose of electing officers and for such other business as may properly come before the Board. We also nominate as our proxy Director Charles A. Wetmore Jr. for the transaction of any business before the Board.

Signed:

George Ezra Deane

W. H. Vanderhoof

Chas. H. Camp

W. H. Morris

W. A. Davis

Charles A. Smith

Low Eickler

Chas. A. Wetmore Jr.

Agnes J. Johnson

Dated May 10, 1940.

MINUTES OF SPECIAL MEETING

E CLAMPUS VITUS, INC.
Athens Athletic Club
Oakland, California

November 9, 1945
6:30 P. M.

Officers Present were: Lee Stopple, President
Edgar Jessup, Director
Tom Norris, Director
Harry Porte, Director
Fletcher Taylor, Director
Leon Whitsell, Director

Proxies: Harvey D. Eich
Chester A. Smith
Wm. E. Davies
Chas. A. Whetmore, Jr.
R.L. Olson
Wm. S. Paden

Meeting called to order for the transaction of business at 8:15 P.M., President Lee Stopple acting as Chairman. It was declared that a quorum was present and by proxy. Minutes of the January 27, 1945, meeting were read.

Norris moved and Whitsell seconded the minutes be accepted as read. Motion passed.

President Stopple then called for any new business. Whitsell reported that until he sees Paden he cannot complete matters regarding the final drafting of Ritual. It was moved by Jessup and seconded by Norris that a letter be addressed by the Secretary to the Columbia State Park Committee commending them for their fine work and assuring them of continued support by this organization. Motion passed.

Leon Whitsell reported that Mrs. Brady had given him consent to place a plaque to Ezra Dane at the Columbia Stage Driver's Retreat. Motioned by Jessup and seconded by Whitsell that this plaque be designed and installed by this organization as soon as possible. Motion passed.

The Chairman appointed Leon Whitsell as Chairman with power to appoint his own assistants to attend to this matter.

Proposed meeting to take place at Carson City was discussed at some length. It is the sense of this meeting that we recommend to Yerba Buena Chapter that a pilgrimage be made to Carson City in the Spring of 1946. Endorsed.

After a discussion of the advisability of collecting a brief biography of Adam Lee Moore for publication, Chairman Stopple suggested that he would communicate with Charles Camp and Carl Wheat to see if they would compile such material for as early publication as possible. Endorsed.

Fletcher Taylor suggested further discussion of plans for publication of the biography of William Bull Meek. Moved by Taylor and seconded by Jessup that Brothers Whitsell and Paden be approached on the drafting of this biography. Motion passed.

It was the sense of the Directorate that it be suggested to Yerba Buena Chapter that they hold their regular January meeting and that the theme be "The Sierra Tragedy". The Chair called upon Jessup for a report of the Nominating Committee. The committee nominated as follows:

Leon Whitsell, President
Fletcher Taylor, Executive Vice-President
Wm. S. Paden, Secretary

and the following as the Board of Directors:

Charles L. Camp
Leon O. Whitsell
Thomas W. Norris
Dr. Roscoe L. Clark
Lee L. Stoppb
William E. Davies
Harvey D. Eich
Chester A. Smith
Charles A. Wetmore, Jr.
Edgar B. Jessup
Harry W. Porte
William G. Paden
Fletcher B. Taylor
Lindley Bynum
Ralph E. Cross

The election was unanimous.

The meeting was then turned back to the Chairman, and the meeting was declared adjourned at 10:30 P.M.

/s/ H.W. Porte
Acting Secretary

Page

MINUTES OF CALLED MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

OF E CLAMPUS VITUS

---oOo---

Sonoma, Calif., Sept. 21, 1940

Meeting called to order at 2.30 P.M., with President Stopple in the Chair.

Directors present: Camp, Dane, Jessup, Olson, Stopple and Whitsell.

Also present were: Messrs. Adam Lee Moore, Henry R. Wagner, Harry W. Porte and Donald Patterson.

Communication was read from Directors Wetmore and Davies recording their approval of holding of the meeting for the purpose set forth in the written notice dated September 10, 1940.

President Stopple ruled that a quorum was present for the transaction of business.

Director Dane was appointed Acting Secretary.

The minutes of the special called meetings of the Board held at Marysville, California, on April 6, 1940, and May 18, 1940, were read and approved.

President Stopple announced the appointment of Mr. Donald Patterson of Berkeley and Mr. Harry W. Porte of San Francisco to fill vacancies on the Board occasioned by the resignation of Director Barrett of Marysville and of the decease of Director Barr of Yuba City.

Upon motion duly made and seconded, these appointments were confirmed by the Board members present.

President Stopple offered the following Resolution:

WHEREAS, The Supreme Being in His infinite wisdom has removed from our midst our very dear friend and fellow Board member, Dr. James H. Barr of Yuba City, after a long and useful life; and,

WHEREAS, Dr. Barr was for many years a loyal and faithful member of our venerable order and kept the light of our teachings constantly burning throughout the years while they were in danger of extinction in an otherwise crass and materialistic world; and,

WHEREAS, by his singular devotion to duty and his faithful attendance upon our meetings he has endeared himself to many of us by the benign influence of his presence and the great privilege of his friendship; now, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the Board of Directors of the Ancient and Honorable order of E Clampus Vitus, in meeting assembled, put on record this evidence of our sorrow in our great loss and of the high esteem in which Dr. Barr was universally held; and be it furthermore

RESOLVED, That this resolution be spread upon our minutes and a copy thereof be sent to the family of our late brother.

Upon motion duly made and seconded the resolution was adopted.

President Stopple then offered the following Resolution:

WHEREAS, Adam Lee Moore of San Francisco has for many years been an ardent and loyal member of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus, and has the distinction of being the oldest Clamper and the only surviving Noble Grand Humbug of the Gold Region; and,

WHEREAS, He has for the past eight years with due dignity and credit to our Order occupied the high office of Clampatriarch, and has for a period of two years been the accredited successor of his late majesty Norton I, Emporer of the United States and Protector of Mexico, under the title of Adam I, CI; and,

WHEREAS, He has rendered faithful service and has made a notable contribution to the successful revival of our Order for the past eight years, and has been unselfish in his devotion to duty, faithfully attending and gracing by his presence our many gatherings; and,

WHEREAS, He has steadfastly kept and preserved inviolate the tenets, signs and symbols of our Order, and has handed them down to us as a sacred trust for generations yet unborn; therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we, the Board of Directors of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus, incorporated under the laws of the State of California, in meeting assembled, do hereby confer upon the said Adam Lee Moore the title of Honorary President, and as such he be permitted to participate in all meetings of the Board; and be it furthermore

RESOLVED, That this Resolution be spread upon the minutes and a copy thereof be presented to the said Adam Lee Moore.

Upon motion duly made and seconded the Resolution was adopted.

A communication was read from W.H. Kessler, North San Juan, California, stating that the Clampers in that vicinity were prepared to organize a Chapter and ordering a Charter.

Upon motion duly made and seconded it was ordered that a Charter be granted, to be known as North San Juan Diggins Chapter No. 13, under the auspices of E Clampus Vitus, Incorporated.

In pursuance with the purposes for which the meeting was called, and after due discussion by the members present, the Chair announced the appointment of Directors Wetmore, Davies, Olson, Dane and Whitsell to act as a committee to draw up a Constitution and By-laws for the Order and for drafting such changes in the Articles of Incorporation as may, in the discretion of the committee, be deemed advisable. The Committee will meet at the call of Director Whitsell, who will act as Chairman, and report its findings and recommendations back to the Board.

The Honorary President Adam Lee Moore addressed the meeting briefly, as did Mr. Henry R. Wagner of San Marino, California.

Adjournment at 3.15 P.M.

/s/ C. Ezra Dane
Acting Secretary

Fraternal Name

FILED

In the office of the Secretary of State
of the State of California

APR 10 1950

FRANK M. JORDAN, Secretary of State

Walter J. [Signature]
Deputy

Filed in the office of the Secretary of State,

the _____ day of _____

A.D. _____

FRANK M. JORDAN

Secretary of State

By _____
Deputy



STATE OF CALIFORNIA
SECRETARY OF STATE

111 CAPITOL MALL
SACRAMENTO 95814

No. 829548

4-2-75 AB
DATE

G. Dave Teja
P O Box 1458
Yuba City, Ca 95991

COUNTY OR STATE

STOCK VALUE

DATE OF INCORPORATION

IF STATEMENT INDICATES BALANCE DUE, DETACH THIS PART AND RETURN WITH REMITTANCE

CORPORATION No. _____

RE: E CLAMPUS VITUS

AMOUNT CHARGED

\$65.00	Filing articles of incorporation stock (including () Certified Copies)		
15.00	Filing Articles—Nonprofit (including () Certified Copies)		
350.00	Filing Statement and Designation, Foreign Corporation		
15.00	Filing Statement and Designation, Nonprofit		
2.00	Affixing certificate and seal to copy		
1.00	Comparing		
30¢ per page	Making copy	3 ADJ	1 00
15.00	Filing certificate re amendment articles of incorporation		
15.00	Filing document supplementing or amending qualification papers, foreign corporation		
	Filing agreement of merger or consolidation and certificates constituent corporations		
15.00	Filing certificate of election to wind and dissolve		
15.00	Filing certificate of final dissolution		
10.00	Filing application to trademark, and/or service mark, and/or renewal		
5.00	Recordation of assignment of trademarks and/or service marks		
15.00	Filing designation of agent		
3.00	Issuing certificate of filing		
3.00	Issuing certificate of good standing		
3.00	Issuing certificate of listings re corporate documents		
5.00	Filing certified copy of decree changing name		
2.00	Certifying to qualification of (officer)		
5.00	Attesting commission		
1.00	Reproduction statement of officers		
	Special handling		
	Minimum franchise tax prepayment		

TOTAL CHARGES 1 00

AMOUNT RECEIVED 1 00

REFUND

BALANCE DUE

No. 829548

Application to Register Fraternal Name and Insignia

Under and pursuant to Chapter 409, Statutes of 1933, entitled "An act to provide for the registration and protection of the names and insignia of fraternal associations, and to prohibit the wearing, exhibition, display, or use of the same by any person not entitled to wear, exhibit, display or use the same; and fixing a penalty for the violation thereof,"

E CLAMPUS VITUS

Suite 1333, 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco 4, California

Address

a fraternal association, hereby applies for the registration of its name, as above set forth, and its insignia,

a facsimile or description of which is as follows: A circle within a circle, and between

the two are the words: "E CLAMPUS VITUS, Nov. 6, 1915." Within the

inner circle there is a man kneeling on a rectangular block with his

left knee; his right arm is erected and is holding a staff; his left

arm is extended to the rear. On the block on which he kneels are the

letters PBC, and within the inner circle are the words: "Sound the

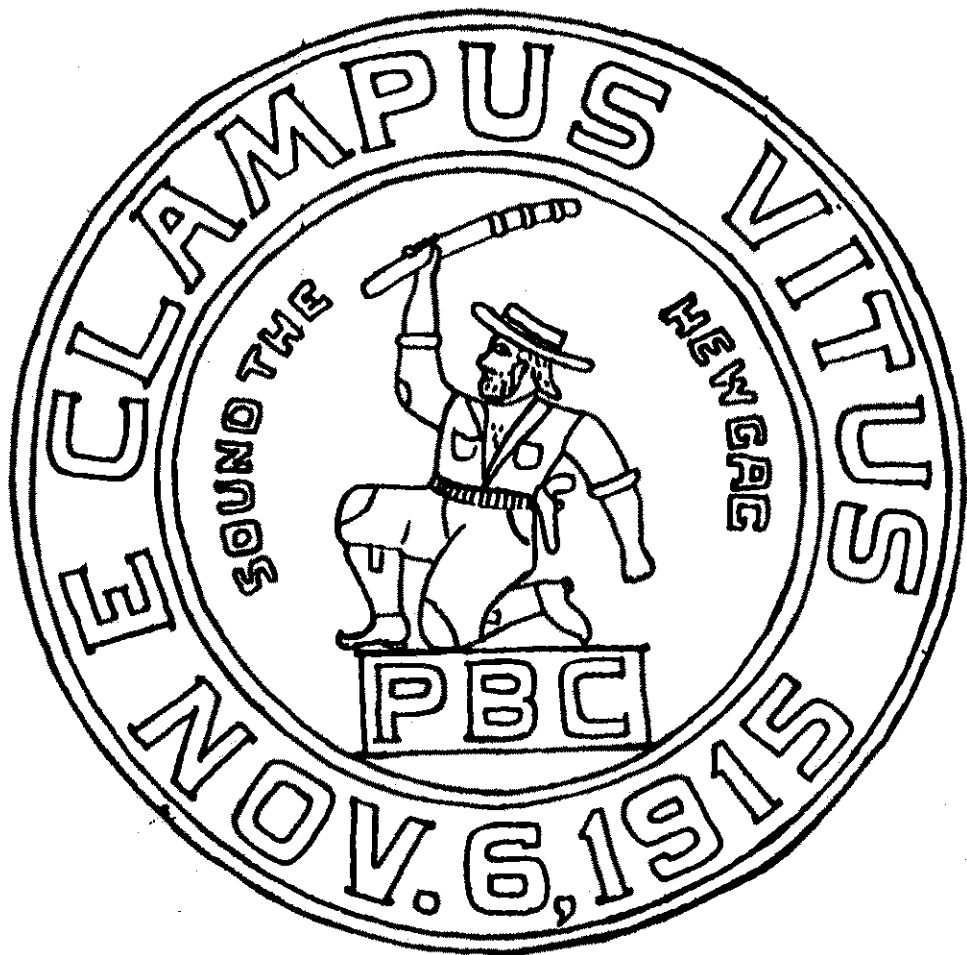
Hewgag." A facsimile of the insignia is attached hereto.


By Leon O. Whitsell, Pres. Chief Officer

Address 1565 Newlands Ave., Burlingame, Cal.


Ralph H. Cross, Secretary Chief Officer

Address Suite 1333, 111 Sutter St., San Francisco 4, California



Original

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION OF
E. OLAMPUS VITUS.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That we, the undersigned, members of a social and benevolent society, do hereby, in accordance with the rules of such society, and under and by virtue of the laws of the state of California, incorporate ourselves and form a corporation as follows, to-wit:

First: That the name of this Corporation is " E. OLAMPUS VITUS.

Second: That this corporation is formed for social, charitable and benevolent purposes, and especially:

A. To cultivate social intercourse among its members and to assist in improving and ameliorating social conditions of its beneficiaries.

B. The accumulation of a fund for the relief of sick and destitute persons and other charitable purposes commoted and commensurate with the aims and objects of the order.

C. To promote and promulgate the principles of fraternalism, brotherly love and kindness.

D. To promote the interests of the community in which the members of this order reside.

E. To purchase and own such real estate and other property as may be necessary for the purposes of the order.

F. For the purposes above specified, to receive donations to receive, manage, take and hold real and personal property, by gift, grant, devise and bequest, and to receive dues from the members of the order. Pecuniary profit is not the object of this corporation.

Third. That the term for which said corporation shall exist is fifty years.

Fourth. That the place where its principal place of business

shall be transacted shall be in the city of Marysville, County of Yuba, state of California.

Fifth: That the number of directors or trustees shall be fifteen. The names and residences of those who are selected for the first year and until the election and qualification of their successors are:

	residence	Marysville,	California.
L. B. Crook	"	"	"
W. E. Davies	"	"	"
G. A. Wetmore Jr.	"	"	"
Harry E. Hyde	"	"	"
Chester A. Smith	"	"	"
G. P. Clement	"	"	"
Lee Smith	"	"	"
Harvey Eich	"	"	"
Arthur Brannan	"	"	"
W. J. Guinan	"	"	"
Richard Barrett	"	"	"
Thomas O'Connor	"	"	"
William Freeman	"	"	"
^{R.} A. McKee	"	Yuba City	"
Floyd Forbes	"	Marysville	"

SIXTH: That there is no capital stock and there are no shares of stock.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands and seals on this 24 day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine hundred and fifteen, at the city of Marysville County of Yuba, state of California.

L. B. Crook

Floyd Forbes

G. A. Wetmore Jr.

Harvey Eich

Chester A. Smith

L. G. Smith

Harry E. Hyde

G. P. Clement

Arthur Brannan

W. E. Davis

William Freeman

W. J. Guinan

Richard Barrett

A. P. McRae

Thomas O'Connor

State of California,

SS.

County of Yuba.

On this 6th day of November, 1915, before me, H. G. Meisner, a notary public in and for the county of Yuba, state of California, personally appeared, L. B. Crook, W. E. Davis, C. A. Wetmore Jr., Harry E. Hyde, Chester A. Smith, O. P. Clement; Lee Smith; Harvey Rich; Arthur Brannan; W. J. Guinan; Richard Barrett; Thomas O'Connor, William Freeman, A. P. McRae and Floyd Forbes, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

In Authentication Whereof, I have hereto affixed my signature and seal of office, at said County, the day and year last above written.

H. G. Meisner
 Notary Public in and for the county of Yuba, state of California. My commission expires Dec. 6 1917.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, }
 County of Yuba, } SS.

Phil J. Diver
 I, Phil J. Diver, County Clerk and ex-Officio Clerk of the Superior Court in and for the County of Yuba, State of

California, do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copy with the original

Articles of Incorporation of C. Campus Vitae

in the aforesaid entitled Matter, as the same now remains of record and on file in the office of the said Court, and that it is a full, true and correct transcript therefrom and of the whole thereof.

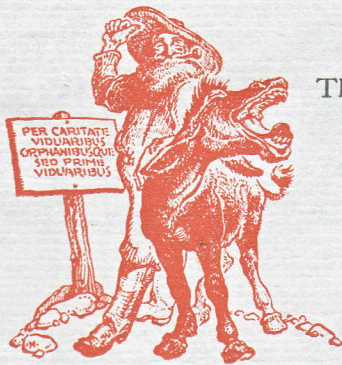
Witness my hand with the seal of the said Superior Court affixed at the City of Marysville,

the County Seat of said County, this 8th day of November, A. D. 1915.

Phil J. Diver Clerk
 By H. M. Stief Deputy Clerk

H. G. Meisner
 Notary Public in and for the county of Yuba, state of California. My commission expires Dec. 6 1917.





The unmistakable, undeniable, unconditional, indisputable, unmitigated,
irrefutable, incomparable, and universally accepted

GRAND COUNCIL OF

E CLAMPUS VITUS

A CALIFORNIA CORPORATION FOUNDED 4005 B. C.

AS YOU HAVE most likely heard, our Secretary, the Sublime Noble Grand Recorder, Lee Stopple, died on November 3, 1960. Only ten days previously he had attended Matuca's celebration at the Copperopolis Centennial.

Lee was one of the charter members who, in 1932, responded to Carl Wheat's call for the revival of the E.C.V. He served as N.G.H. of Yerba Buena in 1939-1940.

A great Clamper, a wonderful gentleman, Lee will be greatly missed. Our sympathy is extended to his devoted wife and his two lovely daughters.

I have been appointed by our President to serve as acting Secretary until the next meeting of the Clampatriarchs.

Our President, the Sublime Noble Grand Humbug, Ed Jessup, (incidentally also a charter member) has called for a meeting of the Clampatriarchs at Murphys Diggins during the Memorial Day week-end. Most likely the meeting will take place on May 27 or 28. Details will follow.

As I hope to have a new roster of the Clampatriarchs (similar to the one I made in 1959) ready by the May meeting, please send me changes in addresses, names of new officers, information of deaths of N.G.H., etc.

Also please send me, as outlined in the By-Laws, information regarding dates of Clamper meetings, so that the chapters may be notified and conflicts avoided.

Best wishes.

AL SHUMATE,
Sublime Noble Grand Recorder
490 POST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO 2, CALIF.



GRAND COUNCIL

Venerable Clampatriarchs of

E. CLAMPUS VITUS

INCORPORATED

Revered Clampatriarchs:

The Grand Council of Venerable Clampatriarchs, comprising all living present and past Noble Grand Humbugs of all recognized Chapters will assemble in august virtuosity to consider problems and practices of the Order.

The Hewsday will sound at 1:30 P.M. Saturday, May 30, 1964, at the Hall of Comparative Ovations, namely, the Firehouse, in the old mining town of Murphys.

Following the business meeting, the Clampatriarchs will solemnly march up the main street of Murphys to Coke Wood's Old Timers Museum. There, on the stone wall, will be dedicated a plaque to Carl I. Wheat, that great and grand Clamper who revived ECV in 1930-1932. Charles Camp will be the speaker.

At 7:00 P.M. a banquet will be held in the new dining room of the historic Murphys Hotel. (Price \$3.00 for steak dinner, which includes tip, tax, and D'Agostini wine). The program will include Clamper songs, led by Earle Wright; Archie Stevenot will recall early days in the Mother Lode; Coke Wood will be our honored guest; and that teller of tall tales, John Porter, will conclude the festivities.

All Chapters are asked to make a written report on registering their plaques with the Division of Beaches and Parks, as voted last year.

As in the past, the widows are welcome! If you are planning to stay overnight, make your reservations directly to:

Mrs. Pette Queirolo
Murphys Hotel
Murphys, Calaveras County, California

In order that the Chef may prepare the correct number of steaks, return the enclosed post card today! Fail us not!

WHAT SAY THE BRETHEREN?

Al Shumate, SNGH
Sid Platford, SNVGH
Charles Camp, SGNR

Mick

*Returned card
Apr. 9*

Venerable Clampatriarchs of



The Grand Council Convenes at 1:45 Sat., May 28, 1966 Murphys, California

Revered Clampatriarchs:

The Grand Council of Venerable Clampatriarchs, comprising all living present and past Noble Grand Humbugs of all recognized Chapters, will assemble in august virtuosity to consider problems and practices of the Order.

The Hewgag will sound at 1:45 P. M., Saturday, May 28, 1966, at the Hall of Comparative Ovations, namely, the Firehouse, in the old mining town of Murphys.

Banquet at 6:30 P. M. (Weather permitting, it will be outside).

Widows welcome and are invited to wear their 49'er dresses!

For overnight reservations, write to Murphys Hotel, Murphys, California.

Return the enclosed postcard, so the Hotel Chef will know how many to prepare for.

What say the Brethren !

Sid Platford, S.N.G.H.

Charles Camp, S.V.N.G.H.

Ernest Nielsen, S.G.N.R.

P. S. 1:00 P. M. — Meeting of New Chapters and Territorial Committee (Firehouse)

1:30 P. M. — Meeting of the Clamproctors of E.C.V. Inc. (Firehouse)



The
Grand Council
of
E Clampus Vitus
Monument

To The Old

ECV SALOON

Saturday
May 29, 1965
Murphys, California



THE ROCKS

The first rock built into the monument, on May 11, 1965, is at the front center base, and came out of the tailrace of Sutter's Mill in Coloma. It was in this tailrace that James W. Marshall picked up the first gold nugget on January 24, 1848 — and the big gold rush to California was soon on. (Credit: James W. Marshall Chapter; Milt Coffey, John B. Hassler, Jackson J. Bailey, El Dorado County Historical Society).

THE MOUMENT ALSO CONTAINS

Jasper from the foundation of the North Tower of the Golden Gate Bridge. (Yerba Buena Chapter; Francis Sperisen, Sr. and Jr.)

Cinnabar from the New Almaden Mine, Santa Clara County. (Yerba Buena Chapter; Lawrence Bulmore of New Almaden Museum.)

Lava from Capt. Jack's Battlefield, Modoc War, Modoc County. (Las Plumas Del Oro Chapter.)

Serpentine from Muir Woods, Marin County. (Yerba Buena Chapter)

Agate from Berkeley, Alameda County. (Yerba Buena Chapter)

Fool's Gold. (Platrix Chapter who publishes "Fool's Gold"; Sid Platford)

Quartz, dolomite and sandstone, copper and quartz, smeltered copper, from cairns of pack-rat Plumas County miners. (Las Plumas Del Oro Chapter; L. V. Aaserude)

Rock from Jack London's "Wolf House". (Yerba Buena Chapter; Earle Wright)

Bottle from the old Napa Soda Springs. (Argonaut Chapter; Curtis O'Sullivan)

Rock from the site of a now-gone fourth wall at Gen. Vallejo's adobe, Casa Grande in Petaluma and clam fossil from the borderline of an ancient sea near Petaluma. (Yerba Buena Chapter; Ed Mannion)

Petrified wood from the Temple of Venus which Sam Brannan built at Calistoga. (Sam Brannan Chapter; Conrad Weil)

Memorial rocks which belonged to the late Eldon Zeuger, NGH James Marshall Chapter 1947 to 1951. (Credit Eric Falconer)

Bull quartz from 16-1 Mine, Alleghany, Sierra County. (Downie Chapter; Dewey Johnson and Jim Hill)

Petrified wood from Valley Springs, opalite from Cramer Junction and rhyolite from Nevada. (Estanislao Chapter; Joe Domecq)

Limestone red rock from Bryce Canyon, southern Utah. (The Clamper, Wes Simard, Cliff Geddes, Coke Wood, Joe Simard)

Jasper from Hornitos. (Argonaut Chapter)

Agate from Suey Ranch, San Luis Obispo County, part of an old Spanish land grant where Leandro Castro, "last of the vaqueros", lived and worked. (Kenneth Castro)

Rock from the old Compere Trading Post, present site of this ECV saloon monument.

Danish pebble brought from Scandinavia as ballast in the early sailing ships and used at the Carson Hill Gold Mines, Calaveras County. (Matuca Chapter; Archie Stevenot and Ken Castro)

Blue quartz from the Sheep Ranch Mine, Calaveras County. (Matuca Chapter)

Mariposite from near Coulterville, Mariposa County. (Matuca Chapter)

Black and pink marble from the quarry near Columbia, Tuolumne County. (Matuca Chapter; Archie Stevenot)

143 pounds consisting of 30 different pieces of stones, bricks, fossils covering the San Diego area. (Squibob Chapter; Ben Dixon)

Black petrified wood from site of Silver City, Alpine County. (Snowsloe Thompson Chapter)

Stone from the Peter L. Traver Building, oldest building in Murphys, built in 1856, restored in 1949 by Dr. and Mrs. R. Coke Wood. (Old Timers Museum, Coke Wood)

Sandstone mortar from San Nicolas Island, one of the Channel Islands, discovered in 1853. (Juana Maria Squadron of los Barbarenos Bastardos de Platrix No. 2; Phil Orr)

Rhodonite from Trinity County. (Trinitarianus Chapter; Howard Lovely)

Quartz from the Ophir Mine near Virginia City, Nevada. (Julia C. Bulette Chapter; Marsh Fey)

Rhodonite from Fresno County. (Jim Savage Chapter)

Rock from Lake Tahoe North Shore. (Chief Truckee Chapter)

Gold ore from the Bodie Mine and Standard Consolidated Mine, taken in 1880. (W. Lee Symmonds, Mono County Historian)

A collection of stones from Murphys: historic Murphys Hotel, Stephens Bros. Building, a stone from the century-old basement of the grocery store, from the lot immediately adjacent to the site of the old saloon, Mercers Cave. (Harold Pittenger)

Other stones from Clampers were also received too late to be included in this list. Placement of all rocks have been carefully mapped and recorded for the archives during the building of the monument.



Dr. Albert Shumate, Sublime Noble Grand Humbug
Proclaimed — "One of the most historic findings
since the Drake Plate of Brass"

THE PLAQUE AND MONUMENT

The Sculptor — Clamper William G. Huff

The Pictorial Design — The PBC at gunpoint is being forced
To drink an excess amount of Deadeye — ECV Brand

The Lettering — "Near this site the ECV Saloon stood
in 1853. Believed the only E Clampus Vitus (miners' fun
fraternal order) saloon officially recorded.

Dedicated May 29, 1965, Grand Council, ECV"

THE MONUMENT

Built of stones sent specifically for the purpose by Chapters
and Clampers. (Clamper Eric Falconer started the pebble
rolling.) The monument was built by Clampers Ken Castro
and Harold Pittenger, using cement donated by Clampers
Orrin Weeks and Evan Hall of the Calaveras Cement Co.,
and sand from the Stanislaus River

This Clampsouvenir Compliments "The Clamper"





MURPHYS 1978

REVISED BY LAWS OF
E C L A M P U S V I T U S
A California Non-Profit Corporation

PROLEGOMENON

The organization of E CLAMPUS VITUS shall consist of the members of its recognized Chapters, represented by their elected Noble Grand Humbugs, past and current, who shall act as a Grand Council of Venerable Clampatriarchs, by which shall be selected a Board of fifteen (15) Clamproctors, who at all times and in all places shall act as its Directors of this Corporation, and shall manage, carry on and effectuate its corporate business and functions, as the Veritable Grand Lodge and Consistory, all to the end that the Ancient and Honorable Order of E CLAMPUS VITUS, in all its diverse forms, chapters and manifestations, may flourish and be preserved from untoward and unclamper-like actions by all and sundry; may be unified and continued at all times effectively coordinated throughout its entire organization, both temporally and spatially, and may be protected from any unauthorized or unworthy operations or actions by all and sundry and from the improper or unauthorized use of its ancient name and style E CLAMPUS VITUS, in all its several historic forms and variations, to which ends these By Laws are hereby adopted, promulgated and published this first day of June, A.D. 1957, and the year of this Ancient, Venerable and Honorable Order the five thousand, nine hundred and sixty-second.

ARTICLE I

Office

Section 1. The principal office and place of business of this corporation shall be the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or such other place as may be determined by the Board of Clamproctors.

ARTICLE II

Operation

Section 1. The business of this corporation shall be carried on by a Board of fifteen (15) Clamproctors, whose duties and privileges shall be those ordinarily appertaining to Directors of corporations. Five (5) of said Clamproctors shall be elected in each odd-numbered year by the Grand Council of Venerable Clampatriarchs hereinafter designated, for terms of six years, provided that any such Clamproctor may serve until his successor is elected, and that vacancies in said Board may be filled by majority vote of the Board at any meeting. At the first meeting of said Board next following the adoption of these By Laws, the present Clamproctors (theretofore known as Directors) shall draw lots for five (5) each of two, four and six-year terms, after which the rotating six-year term program hereinabove mentioned shall come into force.

Section 2. An Executive Committee of five (5) Clamproctors may be appointed by the Sublime Noble Grand Humbug to assist him and the Board in intervals between Board meetings, with power to transact all business of the Corporation, subject to confirmation by the Board. The Sublime Noble Grand Humbug shall be a member of, and act as Chairman of said Executive Committee.

Section 3. There is hereby created a body to be known as The Grand Council of Venerable Clampatriarchs, whose membership shall consist of all past and current Noble Grand Humbugs of all recognized Chapters of the Order. This Council shall convene at the call of the Sublime Noble Grand Humbug, but not less than once in each two years. Its functions shall be to elect the Clamproctors, and as an Advisory Body to consider the state of the Order, and report its advice and suggestions to the Board of Clamproctors. Grand Councillors present at any meeting of the Council shall constitute a quorum and action may be by majority vote of those so present. The officers of the Corporation shall act as the officers ex officio of the Grand Council, and all past officials of said Grand Council shall bear the name and style of His Benign Austerity.

ARTICLE III

Officers

Section 1. The officers of this Corporation shall be a President, to be known as the Sublime Noble Grand Humbug; a vice president, whose office shall forever be nameless; a Secretary, to be known as the Sublime Noble Grand Recorder; and a Treasurer, who may be the same person as the Secretary. All such officers shall be elected by the members of the Board of Clamproctors from its membership at times and for terms to be determined by the Board, and such officers shall perform the duties ordinarily appertaining to their respective offices in the operations of corporations. The Sublime Noble Grand Humbug may from time to time appoint such committees of the Board or of the Grand Council as he may deem meet, and he may also at any time dissolve any such committee.

ARTICLE IV

Meetings

Section 1. The Annual Meeting and such other meetings of the Board of Clamproctors shall convene at the call of the Sublime Noble Grand Humbug at such times and places as he may designate. Written notices of all meetings shall be given to each Clamproctor. A majority of the Board shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of all business at any meeting and action may be by majority vote of any such quorum.

ARTICLE V

General

Section 1. The Board of Clamproctors acting with and upon the advice of the Grand Council, shall at its first meeting next following the adoption of these By Laws enact a Resolution setting forth the names and locations of the principal offices of all presently recognized Chapters of the Order, and the names of all then recognized members of the Grand Council, and from time to time the Board may recognize new or additional chapters, and for cause and the good of the Order may withdraw or suspend such recognition, whether of existing or hereafter created chapters. In aid of these powers, the Board may inquire into the action and operation of any chapter or alleged chapter, and of its membership, and for these purposes may delegate such functions to a Committee whose report and recommendations shall be submitted to the Noble Grand Humbug, if any, or if there be none, to any alleged member of the Chapter or alleged Chapter in question, prior to suspicion or withdrawal of any such chapter.

Section 2. The preservation of the good name and repute of the Order and the protection of the Order's venerable name and style from unauthorized use of any kind or sort shall be the continuing responsibility of the Board of Clamproctors.

Section 3. The approval and authorization of the form, substance, publication and distribution of all rituals and all personal or Chapter Membership Certificates, and of such other documents as may be designated by the Board shall be the continuing responsibility of the Board of Clamproctors, which shall also determine the terms of their distribution, publication and promulgation.

Section 4. The Board of Clamproctors shall have the authority to amend or repeal these By Laws at any meeting of the Board.

ARTICLE VI

Property On Dissolution

Section 1. Since this is a non-profit corporation, no property at any time possessed by it shall inure to any of its officers or members, and upon its dissolution, all of its property shall become the property of the California Historical Society.

The above Revised By Laws of the Corporation of E CLAMPUS VITUS were adopted at the meeting of the Board of Directors (to be known henceforth as Clamproctors), held at Murphy's Camp on June 1, 1957.

ATTEST: _____ Secretary

Tax Exemption Affidavit
1950

AVIT

CLUBS UNDER SECTION 101(9)
OF PRIOR REVENUE ACTS
(person claiming exemption)

STATE OF California }
COUNTY OF _____ } ss.

Leon O. Whitsell deposes and says that he is the
(Name of person making affidavit)
President of the
(Title of affiant—as president, secretary, etc.)
E. Clempus Vitus located at
(Full name of organization)
Suite 1333 - 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco 4, California
(Complete address, including street and number—post-office box, etc.)

and that the following answers and statements, including all statements attached hereto, are complete and true to the best of his knowledge and belief:

1. Is the organization incorporated? Yes If so, under the laws of what State? California
(Yes or no) (Name of State)
When? November 9, 1915 If not incorporated, state the manner of organization and the date thereof
(Date of incorporation)

2. Is the organization the outgrowth or continuation of any form of predecessor? No If so, state the
(Yes or no) name of such predecessor and the period during which it was in existence _____

3. Has the organization filed Federal income tax returns? No If so, state return form number and year
(Yes or no) or years _____

4. State briefly the specific purposes for which the organization was formed. (Do not quote from, or make reference to, the articles of incorporation or bylaws for this purpose.) Was formed for the purpose of perpetuating an historical organization which was organized among the pioneer miners for social intercourse.

EXEMPTION AFFIDAVIT

FOR USE OF ORGANIZATIONS CLAIMING EXEMPTION FROM FEDERAL INCOME TAX AS SOCIAL CLUBS UNDER SECTION 101(9)
OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE CODE AND THE CORRESPONDING PROVISIONS OF PRIOR REVENUE ACTS

(To be made only by a principal officer of the organization claiming exemption)

STATE OF California

ss.

COUNTY OF _____

Leon O. Whitsell

(Name of person making affidavit)

deposes and says that he is the

President

(Title of affiant—as president, secretary, etc.)

of the

E. Clampus Vitus

(Full name of organization)

located at

Suite 1333 - 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco 4, California

(Complete address, including street and number—post-office box, etc.)

and that the following answers and statements, including all statements attached hereto, are complete and true to the best of his knowledge and belief:

1. Is the organization incorporated? Yes If so, under the laws of what State? California

(Yes or no)

(Name of State)

When? November 9, 1915 If not incorporated, state the manner of organization and the date thereof

(Date of incorporation)

2. Is the organization the outgrowth or continuation of any form of predecessor? No If so, state the

(Yes or no)

name of such predecessor and the period during which it was in existence _____

3. Has the organization filed Federal income tax returns? No If so, state return form number and year

(Yes or no)

or years _____

4. State briefly the specific purposes for which the organization was formed. (Do not quote from, or make reference to, the articles of incorporation or bylaws for this purpose.) Was formed for the purpose of perpetuating an historical organization which was organized among the pioneer miners for social intercourse.

5. Is the organization authorized to issue capital stock? **No** If so, state (1) the class or classes of such stock, (2) the number and par value of shares of each class outstanding, and (3) the consideration paid for outstanding shares
(Yes or no)

6. If capital stock is outstanding, state whether any dividends (or interest) have been, or may legally be, paid thereon **None Outstanding**
(Yes or no) If so, give facts in detail

7. If any distribution of corporate property of any character, including payments for services rendered, has ever been made to shareholders or members, attach hereto a separate statement containing full details thereof, including (1) amounts or value, (2) source of funds or property distributed, and (3) basis of and authority for distribution.
None made.

8. State all the activities in which the organization has engaged during its last two years of active operation. (Explain in detail.) **Organizing subordinate lodges and supervising ritualistic work therein and promoting the general welfare of these subordinate organizations.**

9. State all sources from which income or receipts are derived **From initiation fees and dues of members.**

10. State the purposes for which expenditures are made **Payment of bills contracted for refreshments and entertainment.**

11. Specify qualifications for membership in the club **Male citizens of the United States, over the age of twenty-one years.**

12. Indicate the different classes of membership, the number of members in each class, and the rights and privileges accorded each class **None**

13. State whether persons other than members and their bona fide guests are permitted to use the club facilities or participate in or attend tournaments and/or other functions conducted by the organization **No**

If so, state the amount received from such other persons during the last complete year of operation, \$

14. Is any part of the club's property rented or leased to others? No (Yes or no) Does the club rent or lease any property from its officers, members, shareholders, or employees? No (Yes or no) If so, state the reasons for such action, the amount received (or paid) therefor, and attach hereto copies of rental agreements or leases involved

15. Has the club ever sold any real property? No (Yes or no) If so, attach hereto a complete statement relative thereto, including reasons for the sale or sales, amounts received, and disposition made of the proceeds.

16. Does any part of the net income inure to the benefit of any private shareholder or individual? No

17. Attach as a part of this affidavit a classified statement of the receipts and expenditures of the organization during the last complete year of operation and a complete statement of the assets and liabilities as of the end of that year; a copy of the articles of incorporation, if incorporated, or if not incorporated, a copy of the constitution, articles of association, or other document setting forth the aims and purposes of the organization; and a copy of the bylaws or other similar code of regulations.

Leon O. Whitsell
(Signature of officer making affidavit)

Subscribed and sworn to before me this _____ day of _____, 1950

[NOTARY'S SEAL]

(Signature of officer administering oath)

(Title)

(This affidavit may be executed without cost before any Internal Revenue officer authorized to administer oaths.)

IMPORTANT

A mere claim or contention by an organization that it is exempt from income tax under section 101 of the Internal Revenue Code and the corresponding provisions of prior revenue acts will not relieve the organization from filing income tax returns and paying the tax. Unless the Commissioner has determined that an organization is exempt, it must prepare and file a complete income tax return for each taxable year of its existence. Accordingly, every organization that claims to be exempt should furnish the information and data specified herein, together with any other facts deemed material to the question, with the least possible delay, in order that the Commissioner can determine whether or not it is exempt. As soon as practicable after the information and data are received, the organization will be advised of the Commissioner's determination, and, if it is held to be exempt, no further returns of income, other than an annual return of information on Internal Revenue Form 990, will be required.